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TOWN TALK

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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The Auditorium for Symphonies

There is sound sense behind the project to secure the Exposition Auditorium, if possible, for symphony concerts. The Musical Association of San Francisco, which is the backer of the symphony orchestra, has requested the use of the Auditorium at a low rental charge. By all means should the city meet the association half way, or even more.

This is not a matter to be judged by the laws of rent. Presumably the community, in building the Auditorium, had other objects than profits in mind, such as the benefits accruing to the body of citizens through having an appropriate building available for just such purposes as this.

In its letter of request, filed with the board of supervisors, the music association points out that it is a semi-civic organization, and that it must find $80,000 a year, besides gross ticket receipts, to keep the symphony going. It is, says the letter, "anxious to spread appreciation of good music among the class of people who cannot afford to pay a price in keeping with the cost of production."

The situation is made more easily understood by the statement that the ticket sale for each concert is approximately $5,000, while the expenses, including salaries, are $6,000.

The project to use the auditorium, if it is a suitable building, is a broad-minded one to which there should be no objection. San Francisco can do well to emulate to this extent the system of subsidies prevalent in Europe, to which has been attributed not a little of the superiority of European art over American.

There is only one practical point to consider, and that is the matter of acoustics. It will be remembered that when Mr. Hearst first came to San Francisco, he conducted his initial concert, of which Beethoven's Ninth was the feature, in the auditorium. The acoustics were found all but intolerable. Since then, however, they have been improved. The big building in the civic center has taken an important place in the community's musical life. Tetrazzini, Melba, McCormack, Shumann-Heink, Galli-Curci and others singing there to multitudes. If the powers that be were willing to pay for it, there are engineers who could perfect the acoustic properties of the building. It is to be presumed the music association would not ask for the Auditorium were it not sure that it would serve adequately.

The use of this building for the purpose indicated would go far toward advancing not only the standing of the city as a musical center, but more important still, the knowledge of music among the citizenry.

* * *

Uncle Sam Begins to Count Noses

"Let's show where San Francisco stands" is the slogan adopted for the census luncheon, at the Palace, arranged for the last day of the year by the San Francisco Advertising Club and the Chamber of Commerce. It is a good slogan, especially pertinent as the last census, coming only four years after the fire of 1906, did not do justice to the city's wonderful growth. And the purpose behind the luncheon is no less excellent than the slogan —to secure the co-operation of all for a full enumeration in the canvass by field workers beginning January 2nd.

San Francisco's prestige for the next ten years will rest in a large measure on the results of the canvass, and it is a civic duty to see that the community is not robbed in statistics of a single asset.

There has been an admirable spirit of co-operation aroused by the preparations for the census, of which the training of 750 enumerators for this city was but one factor. Commercial bodies of all kinds have promised their collaboration, and more than that, the importance of the event is being borne home to each individual through generous efforts. It seems safe to predict that San Francisco will deal justly with itself, and beyond that it has, of course, no desire to go.

That there may be some more than ordinary need for impressing the public with its duty to give the required information is perhaps possible, and if that is the case, then the necessity for full co-operation is the stronger. In a leaflet issued by the director of the census, the hope is expressed that "clergymen, editors, school teachers, employers, agricultural agents, and other public-spirited citizens who come in contact with large numbers of people will grasp every opportunity to correct any erroneous opinions about the census which they hear."

Good Cheer and Wood Cheer

Doubtless the horrors of the death wave due to the drinking of wood alcohol have made even prohibition fanatics pause. A death toll of 200 within a period of a few days raises this distribution of fake whisky to the level of a calamity. There are few disasters, at sea, in mines, or in burning buildings, in which so many lives are lost.

Yet this is, like all such disasters, a comparatively insignificant matter when put beside the constant loss of lives, one by one, through the accidents of the sea and of land. It strikes the imagination powerfully, where the constant waste passes unheeded, though in the aggregate the toll of the latter is far greater.

And it is in the constant waste caused by prohibition that the greatest loss will be found when at last we come to measure the price of it over a long period of years. Two hundred dead and many more blinded is bad enough, in all faith; no one would question that. But it is not so bad as a percentage, and even a small one, of the entire population, reduced by drugs and other compensatory vices to a level worse than the worst that could be laid to alcoholic excess. And it is known already that the drug traffic has taken a tremendous spurt.

Undoubtedly there were abuses in the liquor traffic as it existed. Those abuses should have been corrected. In true temperance there would have been sanity. Now the country must pay the price of the intemperance of prohibition. Perhaps it will find that price much higher than that of the intemperance of overindulgence.

* * *

It's a Great Year for Hats

The presidential bee is not only buzzing, but stinging. From the frequency with which come the discreet and modest coughs of favorite sons and others not so favorite, calling attention to themselves, it would seem that by the time the conventions begin to convene, they would have to open as many rings as a very large circus to hold all the hats tossed into them. The one cheerful certainty is that plenty of sponges will be tossed after the hats.

The situation appears to get rather more complicated as time goes on. The dark secret is out that Hiram Johnson is after the nomination. Up till now his candidacy has been as quiet as a big bass drum, but at last it is formally admitted.

Senator Johnson filed an eight-word platform in a wire to the secretary of state of South Dakota. The eight words were, "Government belonging to all people; not favored

few." The hope that brevity would be the kepnote of his campaign was blasted forthwith, however. This will not be a fight of telegraphese. After wiring the eight words in question, he added some hundreds more.

General Leonard Wood's name has been placed on the Republican ballot in Nebraska for the primaries of April 20th, but the speculation as to what Wood himself would do has continued. Apparently rather more interest centers in him, despite this silence, than in General Pershing.

About the definite development of late has been the crystallization of opinion that the League of Nations will be the dominant issue. Johnson's stand on the league he has made amply clear. But when he goes before the people as a whole, when the issue is made not a question of Washington skirmishes, but of committing the country to an historic policy of prime importance to the existence of the world as it is, then will he find where the people really stand.

* * *

Shooting People Casually

It is a strange commentary on the present state of mind of the world at large when an individual, imagining that his wife is molested by mashers, follows her and shoots and kills the first man she happens to pass. It is a stranger commentary on more stable things than a state of mind when the man is acquitted because, according to the jurors, they thought he was crazy and as such would be sent to an asylum—and after rendering their verdict, they found him scot free.

The first element in the Woodcock case might be attributed to the melodramatic ideas purveyed by the moving pictures, plus the acceptance of the arbitratement of arms to which the world has become accustomed.

The second would seem to indicate that specific information on alternative courses to conviction should be laid automatically before juries.

* * *

Dr. Reinhardt as Spokeswoman

It would have been difficult for the Women's League for the Peace Treaty to have found a more fitting person than Dr. Aurelia H. Reinhardt, president of Mills College, to carry to Washington the petition asking congress to ratify at once the peace treaty and the league of nations covenant without modifications.

Dr. Reinhardt's grasp of the points of the covenant and her logical and lucid explanations to audiences of her point of view have awakened thousands to the importance of this world topic. After President Wilson, there has been no individual in California whose influence has been more potent in turning the trend of public opinion toward the adoption of the covenant as it stands than this brilliant woman advocate.

* * *

Rockefeller's Gifts

Perhaps the people are jaded. The announcement that John D. Rockefeller had given away $100,000,000 as a Christmas present attracted comparatively little attention in the press or on the street. His total donations are now esimated at $450,000,000. Not so long ago the giving away of such a sum as that with which he marked the Christmas of 1919 would have caused the nation to catch its breath.

Of the $100,000,000, half goes to the general education board, to raise the salaries of professors and the rest to the Rockefeller Foundation to finance its fight on disease. If our state insane asylums could have a share in this foundation, great benefit would follow to the mentally afflicted.

* * *

Those Proposed New Coins

The San Franciscan who remembers traditions will look with scant interest on the proposal to coin a two-cent coin and one of fifteen cents. These might keep the gray hairs from the blonde on the head of the lady at the movie ticket window; they might make paying as you enter easier, if street car fares rise; they might soothe the telephone operator who has to make change for a long-distance call through a slot box two miles from where she sits. But what is that to the old-time San Franciscan? Gone is the day when the humble penny was tossed into the gutter; gone is the time when the very beggars turned up their noses at a nickel and five individual cents could provoke the conductor to throw you off his car. That era is as dead as is its predecessor, in which the San Franciscan was insulted if one spoke in terms of less than a "bit". Let the two-cent piece come, the fifteen, what you will; the penny has taken foothold in the town and there is no balm.

* * *

The Path of Gold

The loss of the Path of Gold, which makes Market street one of the most distinctively lighted thoroughfares in the country, and probably in the world, would be a blow to San Francisco's pride—the more so, in all frankness, because Los Angeles came forward promptly with an offer to buy the standards if San Francisco allowed her main street to be dismantled of them. It is a matter for congratulation that the city has such a body of citizens as the Downtown Association, who came forward vigorously in a campaign to raise the sum required from the merchants for their share of the lighting costs—the surplus over the amounts contributed by the street railway company and the city, with the co-operation of the power company.

* * *

The Return of the Railroads

A period of grace has been given to congress by President Wilson in his selection of March 1st as the date for the return of the railroads and the express companies to private control. It was stated at the White House when the formal announcement was given out that the President had extended the time—in his message of last May he fixed the date for return as December 31—because of the failure of congress to enact remedial legislation.

The announcement of the date was followed, as was expected, by a favorable market for railrokad securities.

What is more important, however, is that when congress resumes after the New Year recess, it will take up the question of railroad legislation at a more advanced stage The passage of the Cummins bill by the senate (.46 to 30) puts that measure beside the Esch bill, passed a month ago by the house, and they will be taken up in conference.

The Cummins bill passed with its anti-strike provisions intact, after Senator La Follette's attempt to postpone for two years the government's surrender of the railroads had been decisively defeated.

The situation, therefore, is considerably clarified and progress can be hoped for.

The Wind and the Tree

Sang the wind to the tree,
O be mournful with me:
There is nothing can last or can stay;
And the joy of new leaves
Turns to sorrow and grieves
The bare bough—on a day,
On a day.

Sang the tree to the wind,
O be happy—I find
There is nothing time fails to restore;
And the fall that bereaves,
Makes the joy of new leaves
In the spring—evermore,
Evermore.

The wind sighed to the tree,
O be mournful with me:
The leaves come not again that I blow;
And I mourn for the lives
No renewal revives,
The leaves fall'n—long ago,
Long ago.

Tolstoi's Influence on Present Russian Conditions

With Dostoyevsky, individual self-improvement becomes the starting-point of a process which gradually leads to social, national, and universal improvement; and, indeed, with him the individual soul is but a co-operating part of the collective human soul; collectivity is the principle infused in the whole work of him who said that "every man is a sinner against every man." Individuality is but an instrument, the final aim is the great human family, and the only form for the final establishment of its happiness is one universal church, identified with social solidarity. Such were Dostoyevsky's ideas.

But now comes another literary giant; starting from the same point of individual self-improvement, he is led in quite the opposite direction As collectivity is generally obtained at the cost of individual compromises, as its benefits are overweighed by its deficiencies, the principle of collectivity is condemned and declared wrong as paralyzing the normal improvement of the individual; ties of social, national, religious collectivity are relaxed; the individual is abandoned to himself, and self-improvement, as leading to an inevitable regeneration of the whole through the partial regeneration of the units, is imposed upon man as his only duty, and the final aim of his aspiration. You see the difference between the two theories. With Dostoyevsky individual self-improvement leads to unification, it leads to division with Leo Tolstoi.

Strange are the relations of the artist and the thinker in this wonderful writer. With Tourgenieff the thinker is latent, he is subjected to the artist; thought is the emanation, the result of beauy. In Dostoyevsky, they coexist: the thinker predominates, yet he does not expel the artist; he takes much space, he is cumbrous, he makes it difficult for the artist, yet the latter forces his way through the material piled together by the former, and with a single scene of sublime psychological reality enforces pages of philosophy. In Tolstoi, the artist and the thinker also coexist, but they are rivals; they never speak at the same time, they seldom endorse each other's words; as a matter of fact, they sometimes do not agree at all. And yet, it is always the artist who is right; the thinker raises his voice with an intrusive persistence, but the artist will not be outdone, and whenever he reappears in all the indisputable authority of genius, his serene vision goes further, straighter, and higher than any philosophical lucubrations of the thinker.

The literary figure of the great novelist is well known; it is perhaps the first example in the history of universal literature of a writer during his life has attained to the fullest possible degree of fame, for he is the first great writer to whom it has been given to avail himself of all the means of diffusion offered by modern civilization. Whereas Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, had to wait centuries till they should be translated into all languages; till printing should multiply them to infinity; till the means of transportation should be so developed as to carry them into every corner of the world, Count Tolstoi had the luck of living in a time when just that very civilization which he so much reviles, grants him in the space of a few years the condensed result of centuries; his posthumous glory will not be greater than his popularity. Faithful to our programme we will not so much examine his talent and his ideas as their influence, and how far they have been accepted.

Seldom has a writer's talent been so universally acknowledged as the talent of the author of "War and Peace." All parties, all schools, all generations, all nationalities, agree. Indisputable as life itself are his wonderful pictures of life; they are broad and varied as life; they are terrible as life, and as profound. No one has fathomed such secret springs of the human soul; no one has followed it so close to the threshold of earthly existence; no one has with such inexorable persistency of analysis hunted up the microbes of insincerity which contaminate the human conscience; no one has ransacked with such cruel serenity the yawning wounds opened by psychological vivisection. And every one who reads Tolstoi's books feels subjugated by this power, and yields to the omnipotency of that genius, which in the epic panoramas of his novels embraces armies, nations, countries, and which in a short tale of two peasants, where the repenting "master" transfuses his life into his frozen "servant," has embraced the whole of humanity, and in the narrow compass of a sledge, lost in the winter tempest and buried under the snow, has concentrated the universe and shown the gates of eternity.

Such is the artist—with the greatest uniting power ever displayed by a novelist. But the thinker appears, and seems to make it his aim to undo the work of the artist. It is the most striking feature of Tolstoi's intellect, this contrast between the uniting power of his literature and the disintegration preached by his philosophy. The disintegration begins with his own person. The thinker detaches himself from the individual and becomes the analyzer, the judge, and the prosecutor of the artist. The author of "War and Peace" is condemned by the author of "My Religion." Art is declared a plaything unworthy of those who really care for the prosperity of their brethren. Does not the lower people ignore Poushkin, Gogol, Tourgenieff? Does it feel any necessity of knowing them? The upper classes must concentrate their activity only upon such things as bring an immediate benefit to the masses; all that does not aim at this is superfluous, and we must give up all superfluity. The thinker forces the artist to write fairy-tales for the peasants, and the artist is so beautiful in his universality, so unconscious of social distinctions in his picturing of the human soul, that these fairy-tales composed for peasants become favorites with every one. The thinker forces the artist to give up painting, to drop the brush, to pick up the pen, and to become a philosophical writer. At this point the spirit of disintegration passes from his person into his theories, and finally into the opinions of those who were so unanimous in their judgment of the artist. In a few words, Tolstoi's teachings may be summed up as follows: their basis is non-resistance to evil; their dogma, the perniciousness of civilization as the result of collectivity; their practical prescription, the dissolution of society to the benefit of the individual. We will not pause to consider the good side of his preaching which, in the main, can be reduced to a campaign against human insincerity in all its manifestations—the author pleads his cause well enough himself. We will rather follow up its defects, and even not so much the intrinsic defects of the teaching as the defective side of the influence.

The real followers of Tolstoi, the regular "Tolstoiists," are not numerous; they are people worthy of all esteem for carrying out within the limits of possibility the prescription of abdicating superfluity, though the line is always somewhat hard to draw between that which is really necessary, and that which only seems so. The Count himself, at his country-place, gives rather strange examples of practical application. The author of "Anna Karenina" plunges his hands into clay, and builds stoves which afterwards are rebuilt by regular stove builders. Every day he takes an hour at ploughing, after which exercise he enjoys the satisfaction of eating his dinner "in the sweat of his brow." Of all this, is it the plough and stoves the Count considers necessary, or is it the dinner he intends with time to eliminate as superfluous?

And yet this practical side, however ridiculous in its innocence, is the only positive element of the teaching; all the rest is negative, and just this negation which underlies the theory is the poisonous and yet attractive side of it, at least attractive to those who, themselves never having strained their energies in the cause of positive faith, feel glad to be absolved from any strivings by him who teaches that our ideal lies behind, and not before us. The relaxing of human energy, this is the corrupting element of the theory. Modern society as it has crystallized itself is declared wrong: therefore, all who had but a slight impulse of the sense of duty grasp at the theory as at a deliverence. Why should we work as long as the accomplishment of our best intentions depends upon a state of things which is wrong? All efforts of charity, all real enthusiasm, are undermined; nihilistic laughter greets the best strivings; a man has founded a hospital, but the hospital depends upon the government, and governments are immoral—consequently, the man is pitied as one who errs; another gives a sum for charitable institutions; if he were a real Christian, it is said he ought to have given away everything—this does not count. Here, we repeat, we do not judge the teaching, we simply state the results of its influence. People start from the point that, if measured by the Gospel, we are all insolvent debtors, and therefore those who make efforts to acquit themselves, at least of a portion of their debts, are ridiculed. The intellectual influence is no less relaxing than the moral; civilization is proclaimed pernicious, and the ignorant by the fact of his ignorance considers himself above all others. Authorities are undermined, all workers of human enlightenment dethroned, people who have never read a line of philosophy declare with profession of competency that there is but one philosopher in the world, and this is Count Tolstoi. The religious influence is still worse. Tolstoi constructs his teaching on a basis of scripture texts; he and his followers consider that they have the monopoly of the right comprehension of the Gospels—and thus people who never believed anything grasp at the Gospel, not in order to learn, but in order to establish the inferiority of those who believe, but cannot live up to its commands; on the basis of Christianity, a sect is arising which supplants charity and love by criticism and scorn.

And what is offered in all this as the positive beacon of hope? Tolstoi himself says he cannot foresee what will become of the world if all men follow his precepts; yet he asserts that

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Major Ernest Kinloch Johnstone Comes Home

By Helen M. Bonnet

Major Ernest Kinloch Johnstone Comes Home

One of the latest San Franciscans to come home from foreign service is Major Ernest Kinloch Johnstone, who, in his delight at being in San Francisco once more with his old friends, looks so smiling, so debonair and so youthful that it is difficult to believe he is a veteran of the Philippine war and has gone through the whole period of the Great War, seeing action from the beginning, on Flanders, Italian and French fronts.

Major Johnstone was retired from the army in 1913 and was in Europe with his wife for a long vacation when war was declared. He left Carlsbad immediately for England, where through the American embassy he offered his services to the British government, serving in the medical department in England and Flanders, and on the French and Italian fronts. He had charge, for a while, of the surgical side of Napsbury (England) War Hospital, besides acting as senior surgeon of the 58th Scottish General Hospital.

When the United States entered the war, Major Johnstone was recommissioned in the American army, and was later appointed chief surgeon of the U. S. A. Ambulance Service with the French army. Our country, instead of depleting the quota of 1,500 volunteers who formed the American Field Service with the French army, increased the number to 6,000. This was the unit to which many of our Stanford and U. C. students belonged, including Willie Shiels, Corbett Moody, Heber Tilden and John Goodman. Tod Sloan and Winnie O'Connor, the celebrated American jockeys, were valiant drivers of these Red Cross ambulances.

Major Johnstone has a great admiration for the dash and bravery of the Italian soldiers, especially their cavalry, "Than whom, no others know better how to die," he declared. The Bersaglieri, he calls the most mobile infantry in Europe; the Alpini he characterizes as second to none in mountain fighting—indeed, it would be hard to find their equals. The Alpini are fiery beings who can climb like monkeys. The Bersaglieri are in constant climbing trim, having no staircases built in their barracks, but use poles outside the windows as a means of ascent and descent. The French Blue Devils only are as famous for daring as these Italian regiments. The major described the maneuvers of the Bersaglieri in 1916 in the Trentino, when they were driven headlong over the mountains. In the first drive, they were saved by the Russians under Brusilof; in the second, there was no stemming the rout until the Piave river was reached, when French and British troops came to the rescue, with the Americans advancing.

When the major mentioned having been attached to the British Royal Flying Corps (afterwards Royal Air Force), I was eager to know if he had been up in the air a great deal, because my most burning ambition is to make a real air voyage. Major Johnstone said that any officer with an air squadron may go up if he desires. He had been up very often and seemed to think it an ordinary circumstance. He flew with a Scotch aviator from near Rouen to near London, three hundred miles, in two and a half hours and made the return journey also by plane. Once an officer of an aviation corps whom I asked about his air excursions told me that he had been up only twice. "Why?" I asked in surprise. "Because my wife won't let me," he smilingly answered. And I thought him a beautifully considerate husband, when the brave man who had been in all sorts of dangerous war encounters explained: "Why should I cause my wife to be miserable by making ascents of which she has a deadly fear? As with me it was a matter of personal choice and I preferred her peace of mind." Mrs. Johnstone, it would appear, was obsessed with no such fears, so the major enjoyed his aerial travels.

The British troops, he said, have a feeling of great cordiality for the American troops. He said that American soldiers who have been on fronts with the British have nothing but nice things to say of them, whom in action they found brave and brotherly. Any complaints of British boorish ill-treatment, upon analysis, the major added, could usually be traced to bases where older British officers, broken down nervously or impressed against their inclinations were in command at training camps. The major said that the thing par excellence that struck him about the British was their bulldog tenacity when they had to make wholesale sacrifice of their lives against the German guns, when, in the beginning, their own artillery was entirely inadequate and their air force undeveloped. Next to this was their modesty. In support of this assertion it is interesting, in these days of "Who won the war?" queries, to recall the British official communique from general headquarters announcing the war's termination to the various British armies: "In the 52nd month of war without precedent in history, the French army, with the aid of the Allies, has achieved the defeat of the enemy."

Major Johnstone expects to be out of the service by early spring, when he plans to resume medical practice in this city.

A month after the armistice, the major was assigned to headquarters at Paris and then returned to New York, where he was on temporary duty at Governor's Island, except for a period when he was in Bronx Hospital suffering from the effects of a gas attack. He and Mrs. Johnstone came home a month ago but the results of the gassing being troublesome, they went to Redlands, returning last week to the St. Francis Hotel, where they will remain for the winter. Mrs. Johnstone, who was intensely active in British war work, is the sister of Col. George Franklin Shiels and of Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, the well-known physicians, and of Charles Shiels of this city, where the family were all born and have spent most of their lives.

The major wears the meddaille de reconnaissance francais (the legion of honor of the sanitary corps); the Inter-Allied medal with five stars; the Italian veteran medal (given only for more than six months' service in the front line with the Italian army); the British general service medal and his Philippine service medal. On his sleeve he has four gold service stripes and the coq-de-Verdun, won also by the Californians and others whose names I mentioned in the beginning.

The major gave me an interesting document written by a German prisoner who was assigned as interpreter to the hospital near Rouen where Major Johnstone was in charge of a "cage" containing 1,200 wounded German prisoners. Finding the boy one day busily writing, the major reminded him that nothing he would write could be dispatched. The boy said, "I am simply practicing my English and will destroy it," whereupon, the major, realizing that the article not written for circulation would be a valuable indication of the actual feeling of the German prisoners, volunteered to correct it for him. Here it is appended from the original, written upon the backs of fever charts:

(Diary of a German prisoner with his own English construction and spelling):

"My Prisoners' Hap. in France, 1918-19.

Since the 1st of September we were laying in the trenches betwee Bourlon Wood and the North Channel. It was much better here in regards to the dug-outs, than in the awful mud of the Armentieres front where we came from. Never the les we have had terrible days. It was in the night of the 26th and the 27th, when we were ordered to go into our 2nd position, and reached our hole after running about for a long time with out being able to find it in the darkness, but we had luck in not losing a single man because there was artillery fire at all. I only fell down once with my machine-gun, on the railway road which was destroyed by artillery fire during the last days. Glad to have reached our place of destination I fell down and slept soon, until my chum awoke me at 4 A. M. the next morning to watch as gas guard. So fine the night was so terrible was the morning when heavy artillery fire forced me to go into the entrance of the dug-out, and to alarm my Corporal. Suddenly I was thrown to the back of the hole where I was lying without any knowledge of me until I got my senses back by the movement my comrades made by drawing my burning overcoat from me, and then we remarked the bright shining of the light shells and the smelling of phosphorous which made us badly suffering until we had our gas masks on our faces. Mean-while fire became worse and worse and made it impossible for us to reach our machine guns which stood across of the little valley, on the right of which our hole was. So time passed on until 11 o'clock when we heard the sharp and continual fire of English machine-guns which fired on us. Then a Canadian soldier came to our hole threw a hand bomb in it and asked for our coming out. I shouted that we would come and that he would let us come out without shooting. Several rifle shots were the answer, though we agreed to go out all together but that I should go first to act as the interpreter. So talking, I took my steel helmet, letters and photos and jumped out and tall Canadian's waited outside threatening to kill me with their bayonets. "Where is your pistol?" was the first question; then after taking my watch and money they sent me back to their lines. But I was waiting for my Corporal who would come behind me and who was my best chum, but remarking that they shot again on me, I must go, so I went away only hearing from the valley shooting and the crying of my wounded and dying comrades. But I also got a wound crossing a road behind our first trenches; the machine gunner shot at me at 3 steps distance only hurting me on my left thigh. I fell down and did not move until I heard my Corporal crying (Oh, Herbert—he also dead). I turned around and saw him kneeling on my side bleeding much of 3 thigh wounds. I at once took out my bandages to dress him but it was impossible, English machine gunners remarked us

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The Spectator

An Expensive Parking Place

James C. Bowles, owner of the Northwest Steel Works of Portland, Oregon, and of big shipping plants in Seattle and Vancouver is the defendant in a novel lawsuit which never could have had a cause for being in any age except the present. The plaintiff is a workman in the Portland plant who asks for damages because Bowles permitted some person to take out the workman's automobile without his written permission. Bowles is not the custodian of the automobile except when the workman is busily earning his eight or ten dollars a day. Then it, in company with 2,200 other autos of the same number of employees, is supposed to be parked in an enclosure of two square blocks, which Bowles has reserved for the use of workmen. Also, he employs three men to check the cars and pass on the owner's written orders for permission to take out; besides he pays an extra force to keep the inclosing fence and the ground in good order. Incidentally, he pays high taxes for the parking place. The cars are by no means just Fords, but include the Packard, Peerless, Dodge, Duryea, Chandler and others, and the models include many Sedans and touring cars. While the suit is pending, Bowles did not discharge the workman, who industriously continues to earn the price of a new car.

Bowles' Midas Touch

James Bowles, now in the early forties, began life at seventeen with $1.25 and a smile. He had lived all his young life on a farm near Portland and knew well the marvelous value of the grazing land there. He realized that cattle should be upon it, but were not. He discovered the fact that cattle men in the arid locations were seeking fertile stretches of grazing territory and with a scheme to domesticate the cattle in Oregon, he approached some Portland bankers with a scheme of procedure. These men were so impressed that they financed the venture with a sum of $200,000 of which $50,000 was Bowles' commission. With this sum to start with, he let no grass grow under his feet. During the war his government contracts in shipbuilding called for a payment to the government of $800,000 a month, leaving him a monthly profit of $200,000. His success is an argument in favor of "back to the farm". He is a genial, unassuming man, very charitable and during the period of the war rendered valiant service to the government in war work.

New Coins or Brown Leaves?

And now comes Bonhomme Janvier, in his hooded monk's gown and his sandals, bending upon his stick under the weight of stout bags as laden with gifts as those of Santa himself. What does he bring for the world in this new-born year of grace? Will he in reality be as kindly as Bonhomme Noel, or will he turn out to be as stingy as the latter's partner, Pere Fouettard?

At any rate, it is still early enough in 1920 for us to cherish hope like a good resolution. The young year brings it to us bright and glittering like a newly minted piece—but then the fairies are said to give such coins, too (or is it the devil?) and they turn to a shriveled leaf.

But come, come! This is no season for dry (too dry!) philosophizing! Let that dismissal stand for my resolutions.

Bonhomme Janvier and Memories

Who that has known him can forget the good man and the delight he brings to the children of France with his gifts, like a double Christmas, on the first of the year? France will be shorn indeed if ever he loses his hold on the hearts of her little ones, this old Janvier fellow. He has this superiority over Bonhomme Noel: he travels alone, and there is no lean and scowling Fouettard to leave a switch for naughty ones.

Smoke and the Coal Strike

Not one in all the country was happier than a little friend of mine, well known in the younger set, when the miners' strike ended at last in fact and coal began to come forth again to run our trains.

"Why so sad?" I asked her, as she sat disconsolate.

"It's all this horrid coal strike," she said.

"Lack of smoke a pall of gloom?"

"Exactly that," she answered. "You see, I have my own cigarettes made from a tobacco that is brought out from the east especially. And I just can't smoke the ordinary kinds. Honestly. And my tobacconist told me today that with trains being taken off because there was a coal shortage, and a freight embargo being talked of, I wouldn't be able to get my Turkish. Tobacco isn't a necessity in the eyes of the government, when it comes to limiting freight shipments."

When I saw her again, after the end of the strike, she was hidden in a blue cloud.

The Triumph of the Air

This girl has a friend, equally charming, whose home is on Pacific Heights.

"I've got a pain in my neck," she said when I met her.

"Why?"

"Watching the aeroplanes. They keep flying over my house all day long, coming up from the Marina or going back to it. And they're the most annoying things I know of. They buzz and buzz and one can't help looking—and do you know, they remind me of nothing so much as mosquitos. I wish I could swat them!"

But that, of course, was just talking.

Alfonso May Visit Us

It is not at all unlikely that King Alfonso may pay a visit to the United States this year. The cablegram the other day that said he and Queen Victoria were to go to South America in June brought but one of several reports on the probable travels of Spain's royal pair.

The possibility is all tied up with the matters disclosed by Rear Admiral Benton C. Decker, in which he, following the lead of Admiral Sims, refused to accept the navy cross awarded to him. In his letter Admiral Decker said that it was through his work as naval attaché to the embassy at Madrid, and the work of his associates —not including the ambassador—that Spain was prevented from declaring war against America and the allies in the spring of 1918.

Doubtless the admiral unconsciously overestimates the value of his services and those of his associates.

Nevertheless, it was no secret at the time—though it did not appear in the newspapers—that Spain was considering throwing in her fortunes with Germany's. Indeed, people with opinions worth heeding held that it was only German reverses that prevented such a decision.

But the point is that Alfonso himself did not wish such an eventuality. He threw his influence against the clique in Madrid that was working against the allies. And now that conclusions have justified him, he is anxious to offset as far as possible the harm done by the pro-German forces of his country. He would like to see America and Spain attain even a greater friendliness than that which followed '98.

The Medal Controversy

The entire dispute over the award of distinguished service crosses can cause only regret such as that occasioned twenty years ago by the Sampson-Schley controversy. It is a pity that achievements in war should perforce fall into the status of a Peary-Cook duel, whatever may be said on either side.

War Brides From England

The last of the British girls who married American soldiers are probably by now on their way to the United States, through the assistance of the Red Cross, to join their husbands. Seventeen hundred and twenty-five doughboys married in England. While the number is smaller than that of American soldiers who brought wives home from France, it might be found relatively higher were the time element analyzed and the total number of days spent by American troops in France compared with the total spent in England.

Mrs. William Meloney Decorated

"Billy" Meloney is as well remembered as any San Franciscan who has gone east and made a name, and there was a host of friends to be gladdened by the news that his wife is

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among those who have received the Cross of Elizabeth. It was awarded for service to Belgium in this country.

Meloney was a San Francisco newspaper man. He went to New York fifteen years or so ago, passed from newspaper work to politics, and during the war was active in various capacities. He is best known to the public as a contributor to magazines.

Orientalism to Be the Mode

The coming fashion will, according to what I hear from abroad, be built around orientalism. Poiret has thrown his influence toward that. He went to Morocco to get hints, and the trim military girl of yesterday will have to emphasize her femininity tomorrow unless she wants to be behind the times.

Orientalism implies color, of course, and Paris looks like a rainbow now. That, too, is natural: the French are not the people to keep themselves in black, whatever the provocation may seem. They know too well the psychologic effect of gay hues.

The hues are not confined to fabrics. Barbaric ornaments, bronze powder for the skin, make-up that leaves no possibility of its being mistaken for less than what it is—all this sounds terribly bizarre. But what a gorgeous effect it must give!

The only suggestion of conservation is in the length of the skirts. Not less than eight inches above the ground, and the average is closer to fourteen—think of the tremendous saving in material. Undoubtedly, yes, undoubtedly, that is why the dear creatures, bless their hearts, are doing it.

Who Could Do It Better?

And deep down at the bottom of my soul, I hope that San Francisco's girls and women will take to these styles. Where else is the setting for such color, where else the forms that could better show off such lines? It is a part of our heritage—that of sunlight and wine-air and gaiety of heart.

But no: one reservation. O beneficent heaven, let not the fair daughters of this gladsome town hide the beauty of their skins with dust of bronze. Better far that they should go back to the habits of the original damsels of San Francisco who needed no powder to give them a copper tinge, and plaster themselves with mud. That at least might have at length the virtue of enhancing the beauty of their complexions.

The new modes, however, will not reach from the Bois to Buckingham. Nobody thought they would, of course: Queen Mary has the Victorian bias on such things. Still, it looks as if there would be no more trains to court dresses, or at least they may not be obligatory. The nine-foot train of yesteryear may be discreetly bobbed, but that doesn't mean there will be presentations of damsels with fourteen inches of ankle exposed to the royal gaze and the palace drafts.

And this will be quite acceptable, for trains are costly, and at present the class that gets presented is conserving its finances as much as it can to pay its income taxes.

$425, 000,000 for Good Roads

Considerable support seems to have developed for the Townsend bill now before the Senate, providing for a Federal Highway Commission with $425,000,000 to spend during a five-year period. It would be strange if there were serious opposition. Good roads have won in virtually every sectional election of late. The expenditure of such a sum would be a factor in handling any unemployment situation. There is no need at this day for educational work on behalf of the advantages of good roads. Support is being asked, however, for this specific measure, and in the face of the cry of governmental economy such support may be needed, though such an outlay can be demonstrated to be good economy in the long run. Motorists and others interested are being asked to write to their representatives in Washington making their attitude plain.

An Export Duty on Art

Everyone knows, of course, that the town houses and country estates of famous old English families have been thrown on the market to an unprecedented extent, because of many reasons but chiefly that of taxation. But there has also been noted a tendency to sell works of art, with Americans, of course, in their usual role of buyers. While not a great deal of attention has been called to this trade, the importance it has attained can be gauged by the recent statement of Austin Chamberlain, chancellor of the exchequer, who, speaking before the House of Commons, admitted that the traffic was already of such scope that "there was much to be said in favor of imposing an export duty."

Inaccessible Masterpieces

Private treasures may find their way to America, but some of the most coveted pictures in England are forever immune to the desires of American collectors, being safe and snug in public collections.

The only Tintoretto in England is the St. George and the Dragon, in the National Gallery, which also has the four Botticellis in English possession. Of Filippino Lippi's works, five are in private hands in England. There are some splendid Giottos in the Duke of Northumberland's collection in Alnwick castle. Goyas, always scarce—there are said to be only three or four in America, counting out the doubtful examples—are not common in England: the only adequate collections are in Spain. Valesquez' works are found more frequently in England, and more than one American is known to have had his heart set on the Rokeby Venus—the Venus with the Mirror. That is in safekeeping, however. Still, even the most casual glance at the rudiment of a list, such as this, will show that England has works for which a score of Americans would gladly pay any export tax which pride might institute.

Clemenceau and the Presidency

Clemenceau is too strong a personality to be content with the virtual retirement of the presidency as it is now constituted. It is improbable that there would be any legal change of the chief magistrate's status, but Clemenceau has an individuality with the force and incisiveness to accomplish changes in fact. Given a weak premier, and he could, as president, exercise more actual power than any king today. In that respect, France might find itself with a president more akin to the occupant of the White House than to the titular ruler of Great Britain.

The Tiger and T. R.

Justice has not been done to the similarity between Clemenceau and Roosevelt. Both have had the knack of the dramatic,—have understood the value of the gesture and of the word. It is a question, indeed, whether the Frenchman does not make more of them than did the American.

Clemenceau goes to a German city. The mayor comes apprehensively before him, in welcome. Clemenceau hesitates, tears fill his eye, he looks scorn, then he lets generosity conquer and extends a hurried hand without heartiness. It all registers, as the movie picture men say. It is a close-up. It has its effect.

Roosevelt might have done the same under the same circumstances.

The Tiger has this superiority over T. R., however: by his writings he won an intrinsic place in literature before he became a man of state.

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Maeterlinck, the Conquering Hero

The mysticism of Maeterlinck, who is lionized in the east should prove profitable to him in this day, when all the world seems to have taken to mysticism of one kind or another. Doubtless in such added successes he will find compensation for the loss of prestige that has been noted of late, for to tell the truth, Maeterlinck is not regarded with the veneration that used to be accorded him. Even his most enthusiastic admirers must regret that he was ever dubbed "The Belgian Shakespeare". Such comparisons are usually worse than odious, and in this case the nickname has been capped by a parody by a cynical critic, not one who bows before Maeterlinck—"the Belgian Laura Jean Libby". But that is going too far.

Maeterlinck and "The Insects' Homer"

In his newest book Maeterlinck devotes another essay to Henri Fabre, and he has been criticised for skimming the best and most interesting from the naturalists' twenty volumes. Even were he alive, however, Fabre should forgive this, for it was Maeterlinck who turned popular attention to him after his half century of splendid labors that were known only to a few specialists. It would be odd if Maeterlinck remained in history only as the man who performed this service for the patient old French recorder of the doings of the praying mantis and a myriad other marvels.

There Are Newsboys and Newsboys

There has been considerable comment in London over the statement of a representative of the retail news dealers that some newsboys there make more than $5,000 a year net. One case was instanced of an income of $6,500 clear profit. London need not be surprised, however. The profits of sidewalk stands and similar points of commercial vantage, with no overhead to speak of except an umbrella on rainy days, loom up tremendously on examination more often than not. San Francisco itself can remember the disclosures made a few years ago when the rental of stalls and stands in the Ferry Building was revised.

A classic case is that of Old Apple Mary. Apple Mary was the widow of a city employee who perished in the path of duty. Therefore Apple Mary was allowed to put her little stand of fruit and papers and magazines (a most humble stand) on the edge of City Hall Park, in New York. Her position faced the terminal of Brooklyn bridge, which poured crowds over her all day long. And finally came a city regime with efficiency and economy for its slogan, and Apple Mary was told that she would have to bid against competitors for her stand, instead of paying the nominal rent she had been groaning over for years. And when the bids were opend, lo and behold! Apple Mary's name led all the rest with an offer of $10,000 a year.

Perhaps Apple Mary is still there. If so, it's a safe bet that she's wearing the same old shawl.

But It Isn't Always So

If that were the general rule, however, it is to be presumed newsboys would remain newsboys forever, and by now the universities would have pragmatic coureses in salesmanship and choragi to inculcate the proper tonal values into the chant of the curb. During the last legislature, when there was a move to legislate against the employment of youngsters in such a trade, the opponents of the measure came forth with a surprising list of California notables, including judges of high rank, business and professional men who attributed their start in life to their youthful industry in the sale of papers.

A Romantic Case in Point

And just this last week we have had the instance of H. B. Tooker. He started life as a news vender—the technical term is peanut butcher, I believe—on a railroad. And now he has been made traffic manager for four of the country's biggest copper properties, three railroads and a coal mine, a gold mine and a zinc company.

Ten years ago Tooker became confidential secretary to D. C. Jackling. That was four years after he had come to San Francisco as coast traffic chief for the Guggenheim smelting interests. Before that he had had extensive railroad experience in the Great Lakes region and elsewhere, while in pursuit of his ambition to have a private car.

According to the anecdote, when he was peanut butcher in the Middle West, he got off his train when it sidetracked one day, and the train went on without him. Along came the private car of the general manager of the road. The g. m. invited him aboard, chatted with him, assessed his qualities, and gave him a start.

How many Horatio Alger heroes will this story induce to leave their trains, papers under arm, and wait for the general manager's car to come along?

Roland and Oliver Down to Date

Is there a menace to the good understanding between the peoples who fought against a common enemy? Will acerbity come between them because M. Georges Carpentier and Mr. Jack Dempsey are contemplating the raising of their fisties to decide which is the better man? We are assured that M. Georges, who is a devotee of not la savate but of la boxe, will be a favorite over the American champion when they meet, possibly in London. We are assured also that he will not. But the spectator does not care. Maybe the spectator is getting old. Time was—well, do you remember Carson in '97, or the time when all America, from kindergarten to the Old Folks' Home, asked one question and one only: "Will he cop the dinge?".

He didn't cop the dinge. Perhaps that is one reason that we are more phlegmatic today.

But since it is to be an international bout, what a pity the idea wasn't utilized five years ago, with a twentieth century Roland and Oliver upon an island in the Rhone, or anywhere that seemed fitting! But it would have had to be a battle royal, and quite likely the crowd would have swarmed into the ring at the height of it.

Poor Gaby!

Poor Gaby Deslys! The world has not hung breathless these last few days and the bulletins of her illness have had comparatively small attention from the press. Her heydey of popularity (if one can call it popularity) was brief. Gaby, in truth, never captured the imagination of the public, especially the American public, as have others with whom she must be compared. With as great an opportunity as Anna Held to shine before the devotees of beauty, she remained always, even when the papers were full of her doings, a little too exotic. And yet it was not that quality that in the final analysis kept her from the position of cynosure: America was much more interested in Cleo de Merode, in her day. No: it was the comic sting given to her career by the babyishness of the royal face that was reputed to follow her every move as a sunflower turns to the sun. That, coupled with the report—apocryphal and quite possibly libelous—that she had a son older than her admirer. The public will forgive a son: one does not have to cast far to find an example of such forgiveness. But it will not forgive a son too old in comparison with a dancer's bosom friend. All the world will smile at a prince enamored of a dancer. That is one of the prerogatives of princes—though not exclusive to the purple. But it must be the dancing girl of romance, with an Arabian Nights youthfulness and grace, and not a ballerina with three putative husbands in the background.

The Growth of the Boy Scouts

The arrival in San Francisco of Baden Powell the other day brings to mind the remarkable growth of the Boy Scouts, which were organized by his father. General Baden Powell advanced the idea not much more than ten years ago, but it took hold and today we find the scouts in virtually every country. Of course, the appeal of war to the youthful imagination had much to do with the spread of the scouts. It made play seem more real, if that is possible to children, and gave it a constructive value to the belligerent governments.

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An Extra Guest for New Year's---A Baby of France

By Alice Manning Dickey

Holly in the window, turkey in the oven, presents weighting down the glittering tree, Christmas cheer in the air!

Can't you make room for one more guest in your Christmas heart—especially if it happens to be a little child whose eyes are big and lonesome, and whose little body looks as if it had been hungry for a long time?

For just 10 cents you can feed the hungry stomach of such a child on Christmas Day. For $3.00 you can care for it for the whole of the Christmas month. And if you can dig down in your Christmas pocketbook and pull $36.50 all in one lump, you can be godparent to a little boy or girl for a whole year, being put in touch with it through correspondence.

What kind of a child? Well, what do you think about a little ten-year-old boy who for three years worked every day from sunup to sundown, sawing up branches of trees for fuel? He must support one crippled leg with a huge stone while he worked. One end of a huge cross-cut saw was pressed against his tiny chest, the other braced against the ground, as with outstretched arms he drew toward him the branches which were to make fuel and earn 40 cents a week for himself and an old grandfather.

Or how about a little six-year-old girl who, when the Germans carried away every boy baby from her town, was thrown to the pavement by a burly German when she proved to be a girl? She is permanently crippled. Her mother was taken away by the Germans, her father was killed in the war.

These are just two of the 3,000,000 French orphans of the war. They are being taken care of now, but thousands of others are without help or friendship. All are fatherless, many have lost their mothers, either taken away by the Germans or dead from exposure, privations, or in the bombardments. The Fatherless Children of France, an American organization, co-operating with a similar one in France of which Marshal Joffre is the head, is trying to furnish American aid to the extent of ten cents a day per child, to add to the tiny pension the French government has been able to grant orphans of the war. Every cent contributed for a child goes directly to it. Not one penny is used either in this country or in France for any other purpose; the expenses of the work are borne by generous friends.

Can't you add one of these children to your New Year's list? Not only the money but your friendship will mean to such a child a new belief in the Providence of God, a new love and thankfulness, and will help to wipe out the memories of horror and suffering and the unthinkable atrocities which these children have witnesses.

To become a "godparent" to a child, or to make a Christmas donation, write to Mrs. Walter S. Brewster, Chairman of the Special Campaign Committee of this organization, who will mail a booklet of translated letters from some of the little children already helped, to anyone who will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope of business size to her at Room 928, 410 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Passing of Daniel T. Murphy

The sudden death of Daniel T. Murphy in New York on December 15th has blighted the holiday season for a large group of dear friends in this city, for he was a man of great heart and fine mind, one whose companionship will be missed by his intimates. After his graduation, at the age of nineteen, from Stoneyhurst College, England, he returned to his San Francisco home and became associated in business with his father, Daniel T. Murphy, senior member of the wholesale dry goods firm of Murphy, Grant and Co. After the death of his father he withdrew from the family business interests and devoted himself to travel and philanthropy. The N. Y. "Herald" said of him in a lengthy eulogy: "Like his father, Mr. Murphy kept his benefactions a secret to himself and the members of his immediate family. His father is known to have endowed several colleges and universities, but their identity never has been learned. He also endowed an altar in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth street, and presented a large window to St. Patrick's cathedral. During the war Mr. Murphy was lavish in his gifts to the Knights of Columbus and other war relief organizations." Mr. Murphy married Miss Mary Pope in 1893 in this city. His wife also is a member of one of our oldest families, her father having been of the pioneer lumber firm, Pope and Talbot. Mrs. Murphy's brother is George A. Pope, who left last Friday to join his family in New York, where they are spending the holidays. Miss Pope married a prominent Boston man last year, the brother of Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury. Besides Mr. Murphy's wife, two sisters survive him: Lady Beatrice Wolseley and Mme. Vicente Domingez, widow of the late Argentine minister to Great Britain. He was a member of the Pacific Union Club of this city and of the Burlingame Club and had also been a member of the N. Y. Pacific Union Club for twenty-two years.

Funeral services, conducted by Mgr. Lavelle, were held in New York and the interment will take place in this city, his nephew, Eugene Murphy, having gone to New York to bring home the remains.

Hoover and the Associated Charities

Herbert C. Hoover brought home the lessons in humanity that he has learned abroad and outlined them to his friends and neighbors at a luncheon given by the Associated Charities in the St. Francis last Monday. His message to the world on the nutrition of children as the salvation of the race was heard by an appreciative audience. When the great food administrator declared that "the attitude of a nation toward child welfare will soon become a test of civilization," there was a wave of applause. Another demonstration followed his assertion that women had done the real work of food relief in Europe. Mr. Hoover easily established the incontrovertibility of the fact that it is our racial, our national, our civic and our individual duty to care for the child born to misfortune and that the waif is entitled to the same chance for development, which will enable him to use his native abilities as is the well born. He showed that the initial fight and by long odds the biggest one is scrupulous care for the physical nourishing of the tender, growing child, who requires a different diet from the adult. He told how American organization had saved the future of the nation of Belgium by a separate mass feeding of 2,000,000 children. Mr. Hoover found himself among friends who greeted him with enthusiasm as he entered the crowded ball room and who made him stand and look pleasant for a full three minutes after the introduction by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur. One watched him, as he waited, apparently untouched by the swaying emotions of his admirers, and wondered if ever he would capitalize his tremendous reputation by accepting the tender of the highest office within the reach of an American. He spoke as the calm philosopher, following his prepared manuscript with assiduous care, and never permitting himself to be drawn away from its painstaking phrases by the sympathy of his audience. Followed Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, who got her wave of applause when she referred to Katherine C. Felton as "the wingless angel of San Francisco". She gave Mr. Hoover's message to the world a direct local application and told of visiting the homes of the foster mothers who care for the unfortunate strays from the bypaths of life. The forceful president of Mills College spoke with the energy of a man, leaning forward over the table and driving her points

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home with a clenched fist. The Associated Charities' guests, drawn by the magic name of Hoover, represented the cream of the intellectuals from every field of endeavor in San Francisco. They had a very advanced lesson in charity.

Mr. William M. Gwin, Jr., who saw long service in the late war in Serbia and France, sailed Tuesday on the Mauritania for Paris. He has taken a very active interest in the hospital for women and children now being built at Rheims by American capital for the Red Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishacker and family are spending the holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering and Miss Francesca Deering are home from the orient and are being cordially greeted by their large coterie. The beautiful home of this brilliant couple is always a center for delightful hospitality.

Messrs. and Mmmes. Alfred Tubbs, Harry Scott, Hubert Law, Stuart Haldorn and Courtney Ford are among those who will enjoy the golf tournament at Del Monte.

"And a little child shall lead them." There is no more beautiful custom in the social life of any city than that of San Francisco in dancing in the New Year for the benefit and happiness of "The Infant Shelter". Just the very name conjures pictures of a great work and the success of the annual ball at the Palace is always a foregone conclusion. Each year the enthusiasm of the splendid women concerned in its directorate increases and each season the ball is more brilliant. The success of the 1920 affair is a foregone conclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch chose the St. Francis Hotel as the setting for the holiday dance for their children and their young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Athol McBean have returned to San Francisco from a visit to New York.

Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy of Menlo Park has gone to New York to remain during the winter and to enjoy the opera season. Mr. Mulcahy will join her in February.

An ultra smart affair was the supper dance on Tuesday evening given by the Misses Margaret Madison and Gertrude Clark, chaperoned by Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen The guests were the members of the young set in our most exclusive local circles. They were: Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Dearborn Clark, Warren Clark, Clinton Jones, Andrew Carrigan, Harris Carrigan, Tallant Tubbs, Donald Clampett, Gordon Johnson, Kenneth McIntosh, Marshall Madison, Alfred Hendrickson, William Hendrickson, Ream Black, Jerome Kuhn, Herry Crocker and George Montgomery.

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Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon also were hosts for the very young set in honor of their daughter, Miss Barbara Sesnon. The Sesnons are a family who keep alive the tradition of the lavish hospitality which in early days made California famous.

Miss Charlotte Brown, the debutante niece of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hanify, will be the motif for a New Year's Eve dance given her by her aunt and uncle. Miss Brown is a lovely young girl, devoted to outdoor sports and bids fair to be much sought after in social gaities.

The blonde beauty of Mrs. Helen Lemon will be missed in San Francisco, for she accompanies Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bostwick to the orient. Mrs. John Tonningson was one of the many hostesses who entertained for the ladies to bid them bon voyage.

Misses Mary Julia and Marion Crocker, Ruth and Frances Lent, Marjory Dunne, Betty Payne and Barbara Sesnon are some of our San Francisco girls who have come home from eastern schools to spend the holidays.

Techau Tavern, Meeca of Fun-Lovers

The new "1920 Revue," which is a feature every evening at the Techau Tavern, is proving to be one of the big attractions of this well-known hostelry. A bevy of pretty, youthful girls, gorgeously gowned in the latest modes, offer the newest songs of the hour in a gay whirl of music and fashion. The Techau Tavern dance orchestra, composed of solo artists of note, is the lure that draws many to the new oval dancing floor with its inlaid novelty design, where lucky dancers bring the recipients Hilson's merchandise orders and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes.

The dernier-cri of the day is of course the afternoon tea service, where for the moderate charge of fifty cents, one may have a choice of three delectable menus, and quite often beautiful individual favors to grace milady's shopping bag, or dainty offerings of bon-bons are presented free during the afternoon. The regular lunch, is as usual, drawing its daily quota of patrons, and during the holiday season it behooves one to come early to secure reservations.

New Year's Eve this year bids fair to surpass in jollity and all other previous years, and preparations are being made for the coming of 1920, which will eclipse all other events of the season.

Techau Tavern Offers Many New Year Delights

As San Francisco is typical of the west, so is Techau Tavern typical of San Francisco. New Years in our city, by our joyful environment, has made us the Mecca for New Year celebrants. For New Years the Techau Tavern table accommodations and reservations are extremely hard to get, as, besides the wonderful dinner, which the white hatted artist, Chef Compagnon, has designed for this occasion, the ballet and bevy of beautiful young ladies, with their new scintillating numbers, in addition to the Techau Tavern dance orchestra, promises to supply an evening of revelry and entertainment unsurpassed in the history of the tavern.

The series of Thursday morning programs to be given by Mrs. Charles Drane, at the Fairmont Hotel, will include readings and informal discussions of new books, new plays and new operas. The subject for the first morning, January 8th, is Bojer's "Great Hunger," considered from the literary viewpoint, and as a "Message". Mrs. Dran'e work, which is well known in Chicago and the Middle West, is presented with unusual intelligence and charm.

William C. Ralston's Marriage

William C. Ralston has many friends in San Francisco, and he has been receiving messages of congratulation since his marriage in New York to Miss Lillian O'Neill.

An interesting feature of the marriage is that the bride is listed as a partner of her husband.

Ralston, one of a family whose name has been connected with San Francisco's financial affairs for many years, went to New York about four years ago. He has visited San Francisco since, however.

The marriage was celebrated quietly at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Among the guests was former Governor James N. Gillett.

Mrs. Ralston has been connected with her husband's business affairs for twenty years in an executive capacity. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Edward C. O'Neill of San Francisco.

The first Mrs. Ralston, who recently secured a divorce, was Georgia Grayson of San Francisco.

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The Stage

"Up in Mabel's Room"

Many seeking the opportunity to laugh and make merry during the holiday season, have gone "Up in Mabel's Room," an alluring apartment on the Curran stage. The program calls it a farce of feminine foibles. "Foibles, is that what you call them?" one meditates after seeing the piece, which is built round un vêtement intime of a fair young lady of the New York smart set. This particular garment necessitates the exquisite society of numberless others in the possessor's wardrobe and those of her butterfly associates. The result is a riot of alluring clothes, for which daring situations have to be built at a fashionable week-end in an ultra luxurious Long Island home. It all sounds very enticing, and it is. The wearing apparel of the ladies makes one wonder, for it is made of materials which look about as wearable as the colors of the dawn, or as cobwebs, or the morning dew, or as moonlight. Especially fragile and wondrous is the raiment adorning the ladies in their hours of slumber, lounging, and "tubbing." The pretty dears would in case of fire or earthquake be so attractive that rescuers would forget how to rescue. Could a beautiful lady sleep or bathe or lounge in such gossamer, clinging things? Ah! that is another question. It is not solved at the Curran, but is presented in a manner so dextrous as to keep one in a state of anticipation. When you see a young lady walking about in pajamas among her fellow guests, one doesn't know what to expect. To be sure, the pajamas in Mabel's room, though of pale silky fabric and lace trimmed, are as discreet as, let us say, hiking togs—yet in real life pajamas are never exhibited except in bedrooms, French laundries and shop windows. The ladies in the play, who wear all these lovely things, do so as gracefully as if to the manner born. Not much else is required of them, the risky situations taking care of the comedy. The men in the play are not required to astonish the audience in the matter of dress (or undress), but they too are in a vortex of funny situations all brought about by the programmed aforesaid "foibles". "Gowns from Jerome, New York," is the final word upon the program. One scarcely looks for the authors' names.

—H. M. B.

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
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BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

Carmel and Its Theater

One cannot help but wonder why, in an era of little theaters, that in the open air at Carmel-by-the-Sea should have had a somewhat precarious existence. Perhaps the answer rests in the artistic temperament—and Carmel has as much of that to the square yard as there are grains in an equal area of sand.

Now, however, the Forest Theater has been taken over by an organization in which various organizations are merged. The Forest Theater has been incorporated. Doubtless with the plans made smooth by this move, Carmel will be the scene of even more dramatically interesting work than the past has brought forth.

James Hopper heads the committee that will do the actual work of picking the plays and casting and producing them. With him on the committee are F. R. Bechdoldt and John N. Hilliard.

The theater site is to be bought for $2,000, in installments of $250 a year, and a strip of land will be presented to the corporation by Mrs. Charles Josselyn and her sons.

At the Alcazar

Fred Jackson's hilarious farce, "A Full House," means a house full of laughter at the Alcazar this week. "Jim's Girl," to have first San Francisco production at the Sunday matinee, January 4th, is a blend of sentiment and uproarious comedy, now packing eastern playhouses. Jim was a hard fighter in the Rainbow division. Jim's girl was his adorable little French sweetheart who smuggled her way on a returning transport and followed him to his old home town in Indiana, where the thrills, humors and romances of readjustment to civilian life are wonderfully told by Earl Carroll, author of "So Long Letty" and "Canary Cottage," and Thomas J. Gray, the wittiest writer for vaudeville and the New York revues. Both were in the service and they "know". It is all novel, human, timely drama of life, but not in any sense a "war play". Belle Bennett, as Yvonne, concludes her engagement of sixty consecutive weeks, during which she has appeared in a great variety of parts. A leading woman of eastern distinction is en route from New York to open with the New Alcazar company, January 11, in Laurette Taylor's brilliant success "Happiness," never acted on this coast. It is by J. Hartley Manners, who wrote "Peg o' My Heart". Four vivid phases of life are depicted in "Happiness," the central figure being Jennie, an optimistic shop girl, whose thought and example awaken the heart and conscience of blasé society dawdlers.

New Orleans' Opera House Gone

Did you notice the other day in the papers a brief telegram telling of the destruction by fire of the French Opera House in New Orleans? The city that cherishes the memory of the Old Tivoli, the city that boasts it gave Tetrazzini to the world, can sympathize with New Orleans: before such a loss memories of the rivalry for the Panama Exposition fade to nothing.

There is, in truth, much affinity between San Francisco and New Orleans, and it has been commented on many times. They have a distinction, each in its way, that other American cities lack—a flavor, call it individuality, which the foreign leavening will not alone account for, for the Little Italies and East Sides of other places are far from having the quality of charm. It is in part due to their being ports: still, there are other ports that are flat and stale in contrast. What the quality is, is difficult to express. It has never been said better than by Frank Norris, when he pointed out that there were only three "story cities" in America, San Francisco, New Orleans and New York. O. Henry wrote one of his best stories to disprove the statement, using a Mississippi valley locale, but, while he wrote a fine story, he did not refute Norris.

The Orpheum

Charles (Chic) Sales, the boyish impersonator of bucolic types, will present a new offering entitled "The Rural Sunday School Benefit," which is of a protean nature and presents in rapid succession the various people who appeared on the program of a country school entertainment. Nat Nazarro, Jr., late of the Nat Nazarro troupe of acrobats, now successfully bids for popularity by presenting singing and dancing numbers. With Nazarro is the Atlantic Fleet Jazz Band, a syncopated orchestra, composed of former bluejackets, who served on various ships composing this squadron during the war. Charles E. Bensee and Florence Baird will present a brand new entertainment which they call "Songiflage". Bensee is an American comedian and Miss Baird, an attractive Scotch girl. Dolly Kay has a charming personality and has scored a great success wherever she has appeared in syncopation. Phil Roy and Roy Arthur will present a juggling eccentricity named "A Chinese Restaurant. The Rickards will be seen in a "Variety Mixture" in which they introduce card tricks, juggling feats, shadowgraphs and song and dance. The Arnaut Brothers, "The Loving Birds" and Gus Edwards' "Welcome Home Song Revue" will be the only holdovers in the fine bill.

Seventh Sunday Symphony Concert by Hertz

The seventh regular Sunday concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given on the afternoon of January 4, in the Curran Theater, Alfred Hertz conducting. The program will be identical with that rendered on Friday, consisting of three numbers particularly popular with symphony-followers. Most important of these is Dvorak's Fifth Symphony in E-minor, more generally known as "From the New World" Symphony. Great controversy has raged, and perhaps still rages, as to the origin of the melodies which make this work glow and pulsate with lovely music. Antonin himself wrote in 1900: "that nonsense about my having made use of Indian and American themes—that is untrue. I tried to write only in the spirit of those national American melodies". His sons, Antonin and Olake, have this to say: "They are absolutely our father's own mental property; they were only influenced by negro melodies. The remaining numbers will be Claude Debussy's prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun," based on a poem by Stephen Mallarme, and always a favorite with symphony audiences when read by Hertz, and Tschaikowsky's brilliant overture-

fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet." The sixth regular "pop" concert, is announced for Sunday afternoon, July 11th, in the Curran, and it will have as soloist, Louis Persinger, concert-master, whose violin artistry will be richly disclosed in Mendelssohn's concerto for violin and orchestra, in E-minor. Following is the entire delightful program as arranged by Hertz: Symphony Pathetique, No. 6, Tschaikowsky; adagio—Allegro—Andante—Allegro vivo, Allegro con gracia, Allegro molto vivace, Adiago lamentoso. Peer Gynt Suite, No. 2, Grieg (first time in San Francisco); Abduction of the bride, Arabian dance, Peer Gynt's homecoming, Solvejg's song. Concerto for violin and orchestra, E-minor, Mendelssohn (Louis Persinger); Allegro molto appassionato, Andante—Allegro molto vivace, Finale—Allegro molto vivace. Valse de concert, No. 1, opus 47, Glazounow.

At the Curran

Stuart Walker's production of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" comes direct from a year's run in New York, Boston and Philadelphia to the Curran Theater next Monday evening, January 5th. The play is a dramatic version of Tarkington's Willie Baxter stories and might well be called a comedy of "Clothes and the Girl" for it deals with the attitude of a seventeen-year-old boy toward these important matters. Willie Baxter, the hero, falls in love with a fluffy-haired little charmer who is visiting friends in his home town through the summer, and his ardor is so intense that his half-fledged soul gets completely tangled in the problem of wooing and of personal adoriment for that great adventure. As a lover he is no favored child of fortune for his girl is an all-round flirt who plays no favorites. How Willie "swanks" around in his father's dress suit surreptitiously acquired; how he and his fellow swains nearly drive poor Mr. Parcher mad with their everlasting conversation about love; how Willie is forbidden the use of the paternal dress suit; what wiles are employed to permit him to wear the sacred garment at the girl's going-away party—these are some of the matters with which the story and also the play is concerned. They may seem trivial in cold statement, but to Willie they are the most important things in the universe, and Mr. Tarkington has depicted the brainstorms of the infatuated Willie with much sympathy. With rare skill Mr. Walker has transferred the Tarkington story to the stage; giving it all the bubbling spirit of "youth and love and summertime" by a delightful cast of young people. Thomas Kelly has leaped into fame for his sympathetic characterization of love-sick Willie Baxter. Lillian Ross brings to life the ten-year-old villian Jane; and Lael Davis has made the fluffy "baby talk lady," Lola Pratt, the toast of all who have seen "Seventeen". Judith Lowry upholds the banner of the grown-ups in the cast by her portrayal of Willie's and Jane's much tried mother; Louis John Bartels as Genesis, the household servant! Aldrich Bowker as Mr. Baxter; Eugene Stockdale as the harassed Mr. Parcher, and a host of lively young people, including Ben Lyon, Agnes Horton and Robert McGroarty.

Here Is a Fashion Hint

Coming upon a little debutante friend perusing one of the strips of comic features in an afternoon newspaper (thank Heaven, we still have the adjective "comedic" for serious use), I held up a reproving finger and chid her for wasting time.

"Not at all," she said unblushingly; "I have been told by a psychiatrist that reading the funny paper is quite worth while."

"Ah," said I; "and so I suppose you would consider the Sunday colored section as good as a course of reading in psychoanalysis."

"Let me tell you something, Mr. Wise-man," she replied. "I read just this one funny strip." And she put her finger on it in proof. "And do you know why I read it?"

"You just told me——"

"Bosh," she said. "I read it for fashion hints. Fact. The girl in this always knows just what the styles are going to be. I think the man that draws her must get the fashion tips straight from Paris. Anyhow, he's always from a week to two months ahead of the intimations that one gets through ordinary ways."

I don't vouch for it. But if you are interested, and don't get the Paris periodicals yourself, you might try it out.

The Incroyable Again?

Quite a while back I suggested that the fashions of the post-war period might show the same tendencies that made the years following the first wave of Napoleonic wars one in which extremes rules. And now it begins to look as if I were a good (though timid) prophet. It was rather more than a century ago that the Merveilleuse and the Incroyable paraded in duds that were so extreme the worst of them are to be found reproduced only in the histories of costumes. Necks of such lowness would not be tolerated off the continent. Nothing was left to the imagination. The height of the eccentricities came, to be more exact, at the end of the eighteenth century, but the tendency persisted.

And it was quite natural, a reflex from previous enforced austerity and denial in styles.

It was to be expected that the pendulum would swing back from the military styles that were evolved by circumstances for women during the recentwar, but the latest news from Paris indicates that the top of the fashion will be scarcely less marvelous and unbelievable than that of a hundred and some years ago.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets (Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets). For the half year ending December 31, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1920. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1920, will earn interest from January 1, 1920.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1920. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1920, will earn interest from January 1, 1920.

H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street, San Francisco. For the half year ending December 31, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1920. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1920, will earn interest from January 1, 1920.

EDWARD D. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Mrs. Charles Drane

announces

Six Thursday Morning Readings

Beginning Jan. 8, at 10:30 a. m.

at the

Fairmont Hotel

New Operas---New Plays---New Books

SILENCE

Silence so deep, so full of tender meaning,
Great as the calm which fell on Galilee.
Yet, from hearts of those for loved ones grieving
How many prayers arose, O Lord, to Thee?

Asking, that when life's lonely journey's ended,
And we too pass to that eternal shore,
Our silence shall be broken by the greeting
Of those who dwell with Thee for evermore.

We never can repay the debt we owe them,
Those, who for freedom fearless faced the foe,
Yet, with full hearts we thank them for valour,
And we believe that they will surely know.

Silence, brief silence, and a mighty nation
Waiting on God, remembering its dead.
Oh, may there come to all in tribulation,
Christ's words, "They shall be comforted."

—Roy Warden.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"A FULL HOUSE"
A Gold Mine of Laughter

WEEK COM. SUN. MAT., JAN. 4
Not a War Play But a Hilarious After-the-War Comedy of Doughboy Romance

"JIM'S GIRL"

By the Author of "So-Long Letty"

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Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

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Dvorak.....“New World” Symphony
Debussy.....Prelude, “Afternoon of a Faun”
Tschaikowsky.....Fantasie, “Romeo and Juliet”

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NEXT—Sun., Jan. 11, Sixth "pop" concert

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STARTING MONDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 5
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Nights, 50c to $2; Sat. Mat., 50c to $1.50
WED. MAT., BEST SEATS, $1.00

TOLSTOI'S INFLUENCE ON RUSSIAN CONDITIONS

(Continued from Page 4)

our ideal lies "behind us"; this evidently means ages anterior to civilization. Only he does not determine the chronological moment: is it the age of iron or the age of stone? Or if he used the term in the sense of the age of the individual, will he say it was meant as the purity of childhood? Again, the moment is not determined. When does impurity begin? To be completely free from impurity, we must return to those days when we yet did not exist. And indeed, in the "Kreutzer Sonata," mankind is given advice which is equivalent to suicide. A theory, the principle of which is dissolution, could not but lead to death.

Dismemberment of society means retrograding of individuals; and where is the end of this gradual abdication? Shall we retrograde into the depth of centuries till we "return to earth"? Life is not possible without struggles; plants struggle and expel each other; society is the regulator of individual struggles. If society is wrong as it exists, this does not mean that it must be altogether destroyed or that the spirit of sociabiliy is an element of nature which man must counter-check. How long would the Count say that improvement would suppress servitude? There would have been no servitude, he will answer had humanity not shaped itself into societies. Maybe so, yet we cannot suppress the past, we have to work on the given basis, we cannot start the world anew; servitude was a given fact, and once again, how long should we have had to wait for this given fact to die away? The world as it exists is also a fact, a living fact, not a dead sentence which can be erased and another substituted for it; and as it exists it lives, and nothing will arrest its further evolution on the basis of the past. The duty of the future is to regulate, not to suppress the continuation of the world's growth, therefore future ages will work at the extension, and not at the extinction of that which has been acquired by preceding ages. For the past exists as well as the future, and cannot be forced into non-existence. Count Tolstoi says that the lower people does not know Poushkin, and therefore he concludes Poushkins are useless. But he knows Poushkin, and he cannot force himself to forget him; and so long as he remembers he must want others to know him, for the moment they know him, they will want him.

No, Count Tolstoi shall not impede the blossoming of the world; however powerful the thinker, he shall never make anyone believe that the author of "War and Peace" is useless because unknown to the ignorant; the philosopher shall not force out the artist, and shall not prevent him from becoming, even in spite of himself, one of the greatest educators of future generations; the repentant author will not be able to erase himself from the list of the benefactors of humanity, for the artist in him has embodied in beauty too many great ideas, and "beauty, or the incorporated ideal," says our philosopher, "is the better part of our real world, the one which not only exists, but is worthy of existence."—From Pictures From Russian History and Literature, by Prince Wolkonsky.

Screecham—He was a wise poet who remarked that in this world a man must be either anvil or hammer. Peacham—Oh, I don't know! It seems to me that most of them are merely bellows.

MAJ. ERNEST KINLOCH JOHNSTONE COMES HOME

(Continued from Page 5)

and fired on us wounding him again in the left shoulder; so we were lying there on the field for several hours waiting for death, while the shells of our own artillery flashed around us and the continuing sound of flying pieces of iron was to be heard. Then wounded soldiers came back and remarking that I was alive one called me up to assist him in going to the F. A. (Field Ambulance). Although I had great pain from my wounds I tried, my chum on one side, while lending my other arm to the Canadian. But he beat me and forced me to go with him so I went away with him hoping that my comrade would be found by the R. A. M. C. men (Royal Army Medical Corps), who bravely do their work in the artillery fire.

Reaching the F. A. I meet several men of my company, and we exchanged news. So I heard that my Lt. was killed and that another man nemed Hein got a serious wound in the abdomen. Then we were lead to the ambulance cars and transported away

One thing that struck every one of us with astonishment was the big number of heavy artillery guns standing aside of the other with anything to hide them against sight of airplanes. What happened afterwards is almost impossible for me to describe because I feeled very feverish and froze on my stretcher without any blankets. I know that we had refreshments as hot chocolate and biscuits during the night. Afterwards we were brought away by railway until we arrived at Fichon C. C. S. (Casualty Clearing Station), near Arras, where we got our field medical cards, serum injections and postal cards to write home. It was there also where I could first improve my English language, by translating to the orderlies the wishes of the serious wounded men, among whom I found my 2nd Lt., and in speaking with young English officers and American nurses. Another thing we were wondering about was the real well treatment of the wounded and the forbearance of every one in charge of our Marquee (Large Hospital Tent), to say nothing of the good food we got. Then we were brought again to the railway station and came on the the big hospital at Etaples. Laying there for several days I really lost my endurance and got up the 4 day after date of my wound. So time went on while I was doing all sorts of work. But I did not feel very happy there as every thing I did was wrong or did not plese my orderly who hated all Germans with the hate of an un-educated man. Besides there was no good comradeship to be kept with my comrades, who always tried to let me do most of the work saying that I was a youngster or they were Corporals and so on. There-fore I was quite happy to come away from that place although the Sister tried to keep me alone there as dolmetcher (interpreter) in her ward and so sending away all the others, dolmetcher and workers. But then came direct orders for me to go. So we arrived after long journey through beautiful parts of France at Rouen station, from where we were brought to 58th Scottish General Hospital, by motor cars. Never will I forget the shouting and the spitting of the French children in surrounding our car singing ever the same, "Boches-Boches" joined with salle and so on. On the other side when we arrives I was marked out as Dolmetcher and was sent to No. 7 ward of the "D" block. Since that time I am there and I can only say that I am very glad about it.

Thus time passed until the great day of the armistice came and the occasion made by blood run faster through my body. Nobody will realize or understand how much we were enjoyed when the great news was announced by the long and intensive siffling (whistling) of all steamers on the Seine, thus this most important news was announced to all prisoners along the river. Not knowing really why, we shook hands with our English orderlies, animated by the best world news, glad to see no longer real enemies in them.

How often did one say at home to show he be a good family, "I have learned to wait". Now we could prove the truth of these slight words. Christmas came the first one for the not at home, the first one a prisoner chap. But thanks to that was done by everybody it became a better one for me in every way than I could of hoped. Decorations of paper and holly in the wards singing and playing of bands church service with a real Christmas tree in the room, every things was done to let us for get for this day the grief of our captivity.

Now today Jan. 12th, 1919, a new ray of hope came through our ward. The peace conference is beginning tomorrow. Let us hope soon all is finished."

Kind Lady—What do you work at, my poor man? Tramp—Only at intervals, lady.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Money rates were the principal factor in the market in the closing days of the year and, with call money hovering around the 25 per cent rate, the market did well to hold its own without serious decline, which speaks well for the underlying conditions. While it has not been particularly noticeable in increased activity or higher prices, there has, nevertheless, been apparent a somewhat more bouyant feeling in stock market operations in the latter days of the year. This seems to be mainly traceable to the efforts of various groups of senators to remedy the treaty situation. The country is being heard from through action taken by various civic and business organizations, demanding that some common ground be found upon which all factions can unite. Whatever may be the individual opinion as to the various sections of the League of Nations, either separately or as an entire proposition, there is no denying that the country at large desires the matter to be straightened out, so that the business of reconstructing the world will proceed. There was some selling of railroad stocks, which brought about lower range of values by people who believe that, even though the railroad properties now under federal control are to be restored to private ownership on the first of March next, the situation is not much clearer than it was before, because there is no way of determining what congress may do. There will be an operating deficit of many hundreds of millions of dollars at the end of 1919 and, if some provision is not made to guard against losses suffered by the roads as a whole, there will be a falling behind every year and some of the weaker lines will be ready for receivership not long after they try the experiment of standing alone. Some of the stronger lines will get along all right, but then not all of the systems are strong. Congress must come to the rescue and see to it that legislation enacted is of a soundly constructive nature. Steel stocks are acting very well and most of them show an advance during the week, notwithstanding the high money rates. It seems that this industry is in a very prosperous condition, judging from all the optimism that emanates from the heads of the different corporations. Now that the strike is over, labor troubles will not bother them and, as they are now working up to capacity—with monthly statements showing an increase in tonnage, it means a period of prosperity that is not discounted in the price at which these issues are selling at. Then, too, all the companies have a large supply of Liberty Bonds on hand that may be distributed in the way of a dividend to their stockholders at any time now, which could be used speculatively to put their stocks on a higher level. Oil stocks have been quiet with no particular trend, although prices are considerably below their previous high level. With the urgent demand for all kinds of refined products, as well as the big demand for fuel oil, it is only a question of time when the visible supply of oil will be reduced to a level where an advance in price will take place, which will mean additional profits to the companies who are now in a very prosperous condition. There is only one thing that is really holding the market and that is the money rates and nothing in the shape of a big stock boom is anticipated —but, with the advent of easier money rates and the improved industrial prospects, the stock market will do better.

Cotton—Market was rather quiet with a rising tendency and, while the outside trade was practically at a standstill, it did not take much buying to advance the market. There was nothing in the general news that has not already been threshed out and the market was allowed to take care of itself. Sentiment, however, was more favorable to the buying side of the market, as the general feeling seemed to be that all the cotton grown last year will be wanted and the grower will be in a position to dictate prices. Liverpool markets have shown an advancing tendency with a feeling of optimism prevailing in that market. The demand for cotton goods shows no signs of slackening and is ahead of the mills' capacity. So long as this continues, there is little fear of yarn and cloth prices declining, rather the reverse, and this weight buying by the world's distributing centers must continue to be a powerful source of strength in supporting values of the raw material. Following every great war, there has been a period of great prosperity and the present is no exception. In fact, owing to the greater disorganization of the world's trade during its continuance, which resulted in stocks of goods for domestic requirements being depleted to a vanishing point, rather infers that the period of prosperity will be greater than that which followed any other war. The demand for cotton goods at present is such that mills seem anything but anxious sellers. Indeed, the great complaint in many different branches of trade in this country is that production lags far behind consumption, demand exceeds supply. However, speculatively, the market seems to have gotten into a rut, and some are inclined to think that the present price discounts conditions temporarily at least and that the market is waiting some new incentive on which to bring about an increase in speculation. We feel friendly to the market at this level and, while we do not anticipate anything in the shape of a big, broad, advancing market, we believe cotton at this level is well worth the money and should be bought on any decline, preferring the more distant futures, which are now selling at a big discount under the spot prices.

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June 30th, 1919

Assets	$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased. No. 28266, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. Hansen, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased. No. 28249, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Aknes Nemecek, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased. No. 28267, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward J. Helmar, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased. No. 28251, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Anthony F. Barry, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased. No. 28265, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Emil C. Briese, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased. No. 28248, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Matsusuke Yoshioka, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 20794; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ELLEN CLARK, an incompetent.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition on file herein of WILLIAM A. KELLY, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the estate of Ellen Clark, an incompetent, that it is necessary and beneficial to the interest of said incompetent, said Ellen Clark, that the interest of said incompetent in that certain real property in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth Street distant thereon 100 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth Street with the easterly line of Eureka Street; thence easterly along said line of Eighteenth Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 75 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 75 feet to the point of commencement,

should be sold, and that it is likewise expedient to sell said interest of said incompetent in said real property;

It is ORDERED: That the next of kin of said Ellen Clark, said incompetent, and all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent, do appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 21st day of January, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an Order of said Court should not be granted for the sale, at private sale, of said incompetent's interest in the aforesaid described real property. The interest of said incompetent in said real property is the ownership of the whole thereof.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of December, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco 12-20-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA HELD, Deceased—No. 27420, Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Held, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his office, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Held, deceased.

CHARLES F. HANLON.
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Anna Held, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney at Law
505 Phelan Building,
San Francisco 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased. No. 28250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Early, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU. No. 28242, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Constantin I. Mehedinteanu, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE HOFER,, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased. No. 28247, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE HOFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE HOFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Annie Hofer, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SUSAN M. HASSON et. al., Plaintiffs, vs. DANIEL J. MURPHY et al., Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. G. Murray, sole Referee appointed by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1917, by an interlocutory decree of partition made and entered in the above entitled action, that said Referee will sell at private sale, for gold coin of the United States, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after the 6th day of January, A. D. 1920, all the right, title, interest and estate of the plaintiffs and defendants in the above-entitled action, in and to all of the following described real property, the same being located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Howard street, distant thereon Eighty (80) feet Northeasterly from the corner formed by the intersection of said line of Howard street with the Northeasterly line of Third street, thence running Northeasterly along said line of Howard street Twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly Fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly Twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles Southeasterly Fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lot number Thirty-three (33).

TERMS OF SALE: Ten Per Cent. (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, in cash. Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. All bids must be in writing and may be either left at the office of the undersigned, at No. 20 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.

C. G. MURRAY,
Sole Referee in the above entitled action, No. 20.
Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

F. A. BERLIN,
Attorney for Plaintiffs,
1010-1011 Union Savings Bank Bldg.,
Oakland, California 12-6-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Belgium Not So Desperate

Quite a new and refreshing view is given of industrial conditions in Belgium by a business man just returned to New York and quoted optimistically in the New York "Tribune" of recent date.

If this is the place for parenthesis, it might be added by way of further optimism, that the traveler quoted was a representative of a safety razor concern, so his cheerful outlook may be taken as proof that the Belgians have not adopted the outward and visible sign of interior and Bolshevic gracelessness. There is sanity and pride in a land where safety razors command a market, and a salesman does not look with favor on a region where he can not dispose of his fares. So the inference is that Belgium is buying safety razors and has sanity and personal pride and a bit of money for a semi-luxury.

To end the parenthesis—what this traveler has to say of Belgian prosperity sounds reasonable.

It is this—that during the German occupation of Belgium the Germans cultivated the lands and operated the factories, at least in those portions of the country well within their lines. And it will be remembered that when the Germans were beginning to excavate Belgium President Wilson told them emphatically that no more property could be wantonly destroyed.

So the fields tilled by the Germans and the factories operated by them were left in fair condition by the departing vandals.

"So," said the traveler, "when the Belgians returned to their lands and their plants, they had but to take up their work where the Germans stopped."

He found prosperity and industry there, not the want and desolation which we have associated with that kingdom.

America will be gratified by the news. Of course, that does not mean that Belgium is where it was before the war—the most content and industrious land in all Europe. There must still cling to the country the curse of war and of German outrage.

There are orphans and there are widows who must be cared for; there are war-swept regions which must be restored, but the general condition is more hopeful, it is said, than America realizes, and that is good to know.

The traveler also said that France and England are rapidly recovering from their war depression, that in England the great munition plants are being converted into factories for peace commodities. The sword factory is making ployshares.

The impression that Europe has of America, it was further said, was that this land is in the bitterest throes of industrial trouble, with the coal strike and I. W. W. riots paralyzing trade.

All of that brings us back to the axiom of editors, that crime and distress only is news and that peace and prosperity are commonplaces over which no one can get excited.

But it is news to us that Belgium is regaining its place in industry, and perhaps it would be good news to Europe that the United States is not suffering from grave disorders.

* * *

Back To Their Madhouse

The trouble with the 5,000 Reds who were captured in raids last week is that they came to America as to a sanitarium and have tried to turn the United States into a madhouse. Immigrants come to the United States—the best of them—for selfish reasons. We must not be misunderstood as condemning any one for acting from selfish motives—there is more truth than cynicism in the belief that all our decisions are controled by self interest.

The immigrant, be he the younger son of a British lord (those brave souls all went back to die for their motherland) or a Japanese laborer, came to America to better himself, to find here opportunities he could not find at home. The great majority of the immigrants appreciated America for what it had done for them. Like Mary Austin, they found it a "Promised Land" and they have kept their part of the contract.

But included in the shiploads came the rebel spirits. Driven from their own lands, perhaps, by justifiable hatred of cruelty, they came to America to find freedom. They came here as to a sanitarium to restore their political health—and they allowed themselves to become insane and to act the part of lunatics—seeking to overthrow the land that had offered them a haven.

Of course it is too much to expect gratitude or decency from these men who are, in a political sense, criminally insane. But there is one thing that the United States can do—it can restrain or banish these men and women, the spawn of the Goldman-Berkman-Lenine-Trotsky creeds. And that is what the United States now is proceeding to do. Of course we shall hear loud protests from what is called the "liberal" press—naturally from the Socialist papers, and unnaturally but as inevitably from the group of weekly that the new type of college professors are editing.

They shall say that the United States is false to its traditions of freedom in expelling these radicals. But the situation may be illustrated this way:

A hospital is open to all the sick and injured who apply for relief. But when a person applies for care and is found to be insane, the hospital is under no compulsion to keep the patient. It dispatches him to an institution, roughly called a madhouse, where mental cures are administered. The United States has been a hospital for the ailing spirits of oppressed lands. Now it finds that it has received a great contingent of madmen among its intrants. They must be expelled before they work injury to the other inmates in the sanitarium. They must be expelled-to a congenial environment, where madness is the rule. So the United States is deporting all the Reds it legally can to the world's madhouse—Russia.

* * *

D'Annunzio's Apt Pupil

What will Gabriele D'Annunzio do to his cashier who decamped with 1,000,000 francs, if that fleeting patriot should be caught?

Shot at daybreak, or does day break too late for that last rite?

But let us consider what the fleeting cashier would say to his poetic commander—in his plea for poetic justice:

"Sire—I am the victim of your pervasive influence, I could not withstand the force of your illustrious example. My only weakness, sire, is that I was incapable of fully duplicating your accomplishment, but that, sire, would be impossible.

"Look, master, at the transcendant example you have set before me—the theft of a city—Fiume—the capture of a principality. I, in my weakness, I, in my inaptitude, I, but the shadow of you in power and imagination, could only take one million francs—one paltry million—and what is a franc now, with exchange depreciated?

"Sire—I ask your pardon! Not for my

act in taking the million francs from your treasure chest, but I ask your pardon, sire, beceuse my imitation of you is so feeble, your gorgeous example is so vitiated in my performance; I crave your pardon, master, that with the noble example of your conduct before me, I could only get away with a million."

* * *

Scalping the Scalpers

The ingenious plea made by the arrested theater ticket scalpers, that a tax of $10 a day is "prohibitive," is so true that it is quaint. It has been the intention of the supervisors to make the tax on ticket scalpers prohibitive. The supervisors want to prohibit the ticket scalpers. Perhaps the gentry did not realize that was the intent of the law. Now that the matter is clear for them, they might take the hint and withdraw from the business.

The theaters, it is claimed, do not approve of the scalper trade, but were unable to eliminate it entirely without the co-operation of the laws, which didn't take any great interest in the matter. Late hour patrons of the theater might have found it a convenience, and it seems a legitimate service of a hotel news stand to sell theater tickets, but on the whole it is an unnecessary business and it is a healthful thing to have ticket scalping stopped before it reaches the scandalous lengths that have obtained in New York.

* * *

A Hint to Ireland

It is impossible to consider the act of the British crown in granting self government to India, without thinking at the same time of Ireland. Of course at the hour Lloyd George and his ministry were deciding on the grant to India, Ireland was before their minds.

India has become Ireland's object lesson.

"What we have done in India we shall do in Ireland as soon that we can act there," is the implication that the British government conveys.

When will Ireland allow England to act for it?

When will Ulster become reasonable, the Sinn Fein become sane?

Bernard Shaw two years ago and Lord Northcliffe last week expressed the rational solution of the Irish problem. Northcliffe's phrase was "Make Ireland as free as Canada."

If we are not mistaken Shaw was the first one to publish in this country those views. But it is not copyrightable, that solution for Ireland.

But while Ireland boasts that it is in rebellion, boasts that the Sinn Fein power is greater than the power of Great Britain, boasts that independence is assured, England can not easily assume the mood of settlement.

But adroitly England grants self government to India, once the spoil of English rapacity. Ireland should watch the grant of independence with profit. King George gave Erin a mighty hint last week when he conferred self government on India.

Scarlet Runners

By James S. Pyke-Nott

This is the story of a house—its history.

It was a well-kept house when first I knew it, big—for a house of this kind—and very imposing; and it was very commonly said that many persons would give their eyes to possess it. But the persons who were thus talked about never thought of it as a house at all; and they couldnt' have got inside it, even if they had wished to get there, which they never thought of wishing; so it is difficult to understand why they wanted it, for as a mere ornament it was too unmangeable. I speak of it simply as a house, because I am trying to be charitable, and I believe that up to the very last it was a comfortable place to live in—very safe, and always stored with provisions. I will tell about those who lived in it after I have explained what a really wonderful house it was, for then its inmates will be less surprising. It could move, even when not on wheels, and frequently did so move; and once it moved astonishingly fast—and I will tell about that too in a little while. Yes, it was wonderfully built: what wonderful machinery it had! and how wonderfully the machinery kept in order!

This house, like all houses of its kind, was haunted. It did not look haunted, very few houses that are in good repair do; for ghosts have many affectations, and with them it is unfashionable to appear in houses that are not dilapidated: also many of them are shy, and some are proud, and others are sleepy, so, when a house comes alongside another house, their ghosts as a rule sit quite still and content themselves with listening to the conversation of the houses. But those whom the stories are mostly told about are of course the more eager and restless spirits, who can be seen looking out through the windows of their houses, and are often accompanied by strange lights. Some of these are affectionate ghosts, who long to know their fellow ghosts, and to be understood by them; and many sad stories are told about these ghosts.

It is pleasant to sit and talk of ghosts. None of our stern wise elders can come and vex us with certified knowledge: we get to know each other, and that is a great matter, and a very difficult matter, for generations of wise men have constructed cases for us, and written out labels to be stuck on us, and classified all our thoughts; and wise men of the present come round and say, "Ah, yes; this is a thing we thoroughly understand." And that is hateful and it is absurd; for we are really ghosts—we are like those of whom I have spoken, of whom the sad stories are told.

We will talk no more of ghosts, or we shall sleep less soundly than we ought to sleep—and I promised to tell about the inmates of this haunted house. They were not at all troubled by their ghosts; but then they were many, and they spent all their time in dancing. I never knew exactly how many they were, it would not have been easy to count them. Night and day they danced down the corridors and up the passages, and through a hall where a wonderful machine beat out the time for them, and seized them as they approached and whirled them round and sent them off again down the corridors, and that was great fun. It was never very light in any part of the dwelling—if that could be called a dwelling where nobody dwelt for an instant, for these people even slept dancing—but they could see each other quite well, for they were all dressed in scarlet.

They must have been fond of dancing, and certainly there was plenty of company, but I think they found it monotonous, for whenever they found a crack in the walls they at once forced their way out into the open, although they always died immediately. But these sad occurrences were rare, for, as I have said, this was an unusually safe house to live in; it was quite distressed when it saw its inmates rush out and die, and so it did its very best to keep them from being injured.

One day a great battle was fought between the houses of two neighboring countries, and soon so much smoke arose that it became difficult to see what was going on; but the matter did not end in smoke, for many houses were destroyed, and many were grievously damaged. And this house was present at the first: and this is the story I promised to tell. Perhaps it could not help being present, and certainly as soon as the hostile houses hove in sight it thought of its inmates and the danger into which it was bringing them; but it did not fully realize the cruelty of remaining where it was until the approaching houses began to open fire, and then it determined to remain there no longer. Yes, it had wonderful machinery! It was a splendid house to live in.

Nevertheless these bright little dancers came to a woeful and untimely end. Years went by and they still danced in safety, but danger often lurked outside now; and their house outside looked less and less desirable—nobody wished to possess it any longer. And one day there was a violent jerk and then some of the passages became blocked, and then the company began to crowd upon each other. The measure died out: silence and stillness settled throughout the place; the dancers rested in crushed heaps.

Their house had been hanged.

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On Smoking

Concerning cigarette smoking: It hath been well observed by a certain philosopher that this is a practice commendable enough, and pleasant to indulge in, "when you're not smoking"; wherein the whole criticism of the cigarette is found, in a little room. Of the same manner of thinking was one that I knew, who kept by him an ample case bulging with cigarettes, to smoke while he was filling his pipe. Toys they be verity, nugae, and shadows of the substance. Serviceable, nevertheless, as shadows sometimes be when the substance is temporarily unattainable; as between the acts of a play, in the park, or while dressing for dinner: that such moments may not be entirely wasted. That cigarette, however, which is so prompt to appear after dinner I would reprehend and ban and totally abolish: as enemy to that diviner thing before which it should pale its ineffectual fires in shame—to-wit, good drink, "la dive boutelle"; except indeed when the liquor is bad, as is sometimes known to happen. Then it may serve in some sort as a sorry consolation. But to leave these airy substitutes, and come to smoking.

It hath been ofttimes debated whether the morning pipe be sweeter, or that first pipe of the evening which "Hesperus, who bringeth all good things," brings to the weary with home and rest. The first is smoked on a clearer palate, and comes to unjaded senses like the kiss of one's first love; but lacks that feeling of perfect fruition, of merit recompensed and the goal and the garland won, which clings to the vesper bowl. Whence it comes that the majority give the palm to the latter. To which I intend no slight when I find incense that arises at matins sweeter even than that of evensong. For, although with most of us who are laborers in the vineyard, toilers and swinkers, the morning pipe is smoked in hurry and fear and a sense of alarums and excursions and fleeting trains, yet with all this there are certain halcyon periods sure to arrive—Sundays, holidays, and the like—the whole joy and peace of which are summed up in that one beatific pipe after breakfast, smoked in a careless majesty like that of the gods "when they lie beside their nectar, and the clouds are lightly curled". Then only can we be said really to smoke. And so this particular pipe of the day always carries with it festal reminiscences: memories of holidays past, hopes for holidays to come; a suggestion of sunny lawns and flannels and the ungirt loin; a sense withal of something free and stately, as of "faint march-music in the air," or the old Roman cry of "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement."

If there be any fly in the pipe-smoker's ointment, it may be said to lurk in the matter of "rings." Only the exceptionally gifted smoker can recline in his chair and emit at will the perfect smoke-ring, in consummate eddying succession. He of the meaner sore must be content if, at rare intervals—while thinking, perhaps, of nothing less—there escape from his lips the unpremeditated flawless circle. Then "deus fio" he is moved to cry, at that breathless moment when his creation hangs solid and complete, ere the particles break away and blend with the baser atmosphere. Nay, some will deny to any of us terrene smokers the gift of fullest achievement: For what said the poet of the century? "On the earth the broken arcs: in the heaven the perfect round!"

It was well observed by a certain character in one of Wilkie Collin's novels (if an imperfect memory serveth me rightly) that women will take pleasure in scents derived from animal emanations, clarified fats, and the like; yet do illogically abhor the "clean, dry, vegetable smell" of tobacco. Herein the true base of the feminine objection is reached; being, as usual, inherent want of logic rather than any distaste in the absolute for the thing in question. Thinking that they ought to dislike, they do painfully cast about for reasons to justify their dislike, when none really exist. As a specimen of their so-called arguments, I remember how a certain fair one triumphantly pointed out to me that my dog, though loving me well, could yet never be brought to like the smell of tobacco. To whom I, who respected my dog (as Ben saith of Master Shakespeare) on this side idolatry as much as anything, was yet fain to point out—more in sorrow than anger—that a dog, being an animal who delights to pass his whole day, from early morn to dewey eve, in shoving his nose into every carrion beastliness that he can come across, could hardly be considered arbiter elegantum in the matter of smells. But indeed I did wrong to take such foolish quibbling seriously; nor would I have done so, if she hadn't dragged my poor innocent dog into the discussion.

Of smoking in bed: There be who consider this a depravity—an instance of that excess in the practice of a virtue which passes into vice—and couple it with dram-drinking: who yet fail to justify themselves by argument. For if bed be by common consent the greatest bliss, the divinest spot, on earth, "ille terrarum qui praeter omnes angulus ridet"; and if tobacco be the true Herb of Grace, and a joy and a healing balm, and respite and nepenthe—if all this be admitted, why are two things, super-excellent separately, noxious in conjunction? And is not the bed-smoker rather an epicure in pleasure—self-indulgent perhaps, but still the triumphant creator of a new "blend," reminding one of a certain traveller's account of an intoxicant patronized in the South Sea Islands, which combines the blissful effect of getting drunk and remaining sober to enjoy it? Yet I shall not insist too much on this point, but would only ask—so long as the smoker be unwedded—for some tolerance in the matter and a little logic in the discussion thereof.

Concerning cigars: That there be large sums given for these is within common knowledge. 1d, 2d, nay even 4d, is not too great a price, if a man will have of the finest leaf, reckless of expense. In this sort of smoking, however, I find more of vainglory and ostentation than solid satisfaction; and its votaries would seem to display less a calm, healthy affection for tobacco than (as Sir T. Browne hath it) a "passionate prodigality". And, besides grievous wasting of the pocket, atmospheric changes, varying in the crops, and the like, cause uncertainty to cling about each individual weed, so that man is always more of less at the mercy of Nature and the elements—an unsatisfactory and undignified position in these latter days of the Triumphant Democracy. But worst and fatallest of all, to every cigar-smoker it is certain to happen that once in his life, by some happy combination of time, place, temperament and Nature—by some starry influence, maybe, or freak of the gods in mocking sport—once, and once only, he will taste the aroma of the perfect leaf at just the perfect point—the ideal cigar. Henceforth his life is saddened; as one kissed by a goddess in a dream, he goes thereafter, as one might say, in a sort of love-sickness. Seeking he scarce knows what, his existence becomes a dissatisfied yearning; the world is spoiled for him, its joys are tasteless: so he wanders, vision-haunted, down dreary days to some miserable end.

Yet, if one will walk this path and take the risks, the thing may be done at comparatively small expense. To such I would commend the Roman motto, slightly altered—Alieni appetens, sui avarus. There be always good fellows, with good cigars for their friends. Nay, too, the boxes of these lie open; and the good cigar belongs rather to him that can appreciate it aright than to the capitalist who, owing to a false social system, happens to be its temporary guardian and trustee. Again there is a saying—bred first, I think, among the schoolmen at Oxford—that it is the duty of a son to live up to his father's income. Should any young man have found this task too hard for him, after the most strenuous and single-minded efforts, at least he can resolutely smoke his father's cigars. In the path of duty complete success is not always to be looked for; but an approving conscience, the sure reward of honest endeavor, is within reach of all.—From Kenneth Graham's Pagan Papers.

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Ask and It Shall Be Given

There is one wonderful spectacle at Christmas time, more wonderful than any other spectacle we may see on earth; and that is the spectacle of a whole world asking for something. Millions upon millions of us, with each his own desire, asking that it be fulfilled. Asking with greedy eyes; or asking out of sad hearts hopefully. Asking aloud with cheery voices; or asking in silence . . . . a wish born under cover and kept on the hidden, under side of things. See the great spectacle of millions on their knees before the giving God, petitioning devoutly for something . . . . a new doll, a man's life, a bit of meat to eat. And the Christmas angel, who does the bidding of the giving God, disposes as God disposes.

Little Tom had not always been blind. He could remember vaguely a dream-time in his life when the glory and mystery of color had appeared before his eyes. Then the darkness came; and he was left only with those memories. What was color? What made it? For hours he used to sit, generally in corners out of the way of his mother's hurrying feet, and he used to muse upon what he had once seen. Red, Green, Blue—what were they?

He was a quiet little tad. And of course he did a great deal of subdued talking and singing to himself. He liked to make up songs, and the one he made up about the colors was his favorite; he would croon it over and over:

Red is Barns,
And Blue is Skies,
And Green is Grass,
If you've got eyes.

Hour after hour he would sit thus, nodding his head, beating his toy blocks together with his thin, delicate hands. When his mother knelt down and patted his close-cropped blond hair, Tom would catch her face suddenly and kiss her soft cheek. To him the feel of his mother's cheek and neck was the greatest delight in the physical world; for the rest, he lived in a dream-filled world of his own. He never cried, he never complained—but then, he never laughed either.

He was such a sober, determined mite that everybody unconsciously took him very seriously. They had no idea what his life might be behind that dark wall; but that at times it was eery, weird, and piercingly vivid they could gather from the amazing remarks he made. People felt that his existence must teem with supernatural things within the gloom of his little skull. And this was true.

He had a fashion of inventing angels for those senses which remained to him—Angels of Perfume, Angels of Sound; the Angels of the Tongue, the Sensitive Angels of the Finger-tips. When he played his music-box, Tom thought, "Now these are Angels of Sound bringing me a tune, each one flying with a note to my ear."

Because he could not move about, he had to invent his own play-world; and it was a queer world, like the world of myth. Great creatures rode and fought in his sunless skies. Distorted, monstrous shapes were beaten back onto far horizons by airy, fantastic, happy figures. He knew many by name; he had his champions and his heroes. A ball used to roll across his eyes from left to right. This ball would change itself into a great giant friend of his, then change again into a ball and roll back across his vision from right to left. Secrets were forever being whispered into his ears by all sorts of creatures, always with the caution that Tom should never tell. And Tom, nodding silently and gravely, would hear by the hour the stories the Angels of Perfume breathed to him about the flowers, or some other angel about some other world.

His choicest secrets he never told, even to his mother. Not that he was sensitive, afraid of being laughed at or misunderstood. Not that at all. It was simply that what he knew seemed to him incommunicable: it was impossible for him to translate the thought of angels into the thought of men.

To his father's eyes and his mother's, moist at times with sudden tears, Tom seemed just a quiet, delicate, kind child, feeling his way along the wainscoting to his favorite corner, sitting amidst his building blocks and musical toys, conversing in a monotone to himself, crooning his own songs:

Red is Barns,
And Blue is Skies,
And Green is Grass,
If you've got eyes.

For months the boy had had a hope in his heart, a hope which had taken the form of a prayer. Each night before he fell asleep he rehearsed this prayer on his pillow; and after he fell asleep he dreamed in anguish of the night when he should make the test of it. In the dream he saw the Christmas wreaths hanging by the fireplace, he saw the empty fireplace itself; he saw his own figure kneeling before it, his hands outstretched; he saw his own lips move in repetition of his prayer. . . . And then, invariably, he fell into a sound sleep and dreamed no more.

What the answer to his prayer was remained a mystery; yet night after night he rehearsed it, month after month he waited patiently, silently, even devoutly for a time.

How he had come by this idea was astonishing; it was so simple he wondered he had not thought of it in the years gone by . . . . A careless remark of his father's . . . . "Certainly, Tom. Anything you ask Santa Claus for you are sure to get."

That faith had burnt in his head like a fever ever since. And so the months rolled by, and mysterious, unearthly, bewitching came Christmas eve. The blind boy lay in his trundle-bed, staring into the shadows of his brain.. His little fists were clenched, his little body unconsciously rigid in an ecstasy of longing. Over and over in his mind his prayer, like a wail repeated itself.

His mother pleaded with him softly: he would not sleep. Hour after hour the Angels of Sound brought from the great hall-clock the news of the approach of midnight . . . . a midnight of terror to little Tom.

At last Tom called his father. "What time was that?"

"Lift me out of bed," he said simply, "I—I want to pray. I want to pray to Santa Claus. He comes down the chimney. Take me in where the fireplace is, and leave me alone."

And the father, humoring the curious child, wrapped him up in a bath-robe and did as he was told.

Then when Tom was alone and had knelt down to pray, Tom's father and mother knelt down outside the door to listen; for they wanted to get him whatever he asked of Santa Claus. But when they heard what he prayed for, they cried in each other's arms and went away into another room, so that Tom was left all alone by the fireplace, and they never knew of his great adventure with the Angel of Christmas.

And this was Tom's prayer:

"O Santy Claus, Santa Claus, you give everything at Christmas, they say! All a boy has to do is to ask you for what he wants—you always give it to him! O Santy Claus, I don't want toys; I don't want anything that costs anything at all! I just want one little thing, Santy Claus. It will be so easy for you to give it to me—just one little tiny thing. . . . Give me back my eyes again, Santy Claus! . . . Give me back my eyes!

Fervently, pasionately he prayed. Shaking with sobs, he prayed over and over again his simple prayer, his head bowed, his thin little hands clasped in front of him. All the yearning of a human soul toward the light, all the strength of the spirit of a little child thrilled in his low voice. . . .

"I don't want toys; I don't want anything that costs anything at all. Oh, how I want to see! If only to see my mother's face, and nothing else on all the earth! It will be so easy for you, Santy Claus! O Santy Claus, give me back my eyes again!"

In his dark mind, so used to phantoms, Tom saw his old dream rising. As if aloof, above it all, he saw the picture of himself kneeling, arms upstretched, his dead eyes consciously seeking the fireplace. The minutes passed. He prayed on and on.

Then midnight came.

From the chimes of the big hall-clock, one by one the Angels of Sound brought Tom the tidings. Each seemed to the boy to be pushing him nearer and nearer to that darkness which had always closed his dreams. What would come? Would nothing come?

The last tones of the clock died away, hesitating lovingly in the quiet air, and then . . . the miracle dawned.

It was merely a blurred radiance at first, but Tom could see it. The blind boy could see. There, on the hearth, a dull shining light became a bright shining light, the light fell into long folds, the folds became wings. A great angel body loomed before him; poised on magnificent shoulders, a glorious angel head. The face had a sublime kindness upon it, an inscrutable heavenly pleasantness in its smile. It so surpassed in grandeur all the dream-angels of Tom's that Tom was at first stricken speechless with terror.

Finally he stammered at that tremendous vision. "B-but you are not Santy Claus . . . are you? I prayed to Santy Claus, and you—you know, Santy Claus is a little fat man in a red jacket—that is, isn't he?"

The sweetest voice Tom ever heard, a voice like a heavenly violin softly played, answered him gently: "I am your Santa Claus, so do not be afraid."

Tom clapped his hands. "And you will give me back my eyes!" he cried. "You have already given them to me, because—"

"Why do you think I have given you sight?" asked the angel.

"Because I can see you."

"Yes," said the angel, "you see me. You will always be able to see me when you want me. But that is not the gift of sight as you mean it."

(Continued on Page 15)

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit
Hotel Del Monte
Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

The Spectator

Ice Cream Banned!

The ladies of the Housewives' League with their ice cream boycott have uncompromising logic to back their position. Ice cream is a commodity largely constituted of milk and eggs and sugar, an unholy trinity of foodstuffs in which profiteers delight to chant their devil's rosary. By not eating ice cream, milk and butter and eggs are saved. So there! But it seems ridiculous—Shaw might have used the idea in a companion play to "Arms and the Man," where his hero was the "Chocolate Soldier". Gilbert could have had a frolic with the situation—what delightful lyrics he could have trilled about the ladies who economize on cornucopias that they might have nickels to spend for $32 shoes!

And then—to give a final Gilbertian touch to the whole situation Father Ricard, or whoever is controlling the weather just at present, has sent down a frosty January to vitiate the inclination for ice cream. We shall expect to hear that the Honolulu Housewives' League has decided to boycott furs and the Nome Homemakers have pledged themselves to purchase no openwork hose until July.

Bon Voyage, Supervisor Gallagher

Mayor Rolph seems anxious to place within the grasp of Andrew Gallagher the gift of the office of sealer of weights and measures. Mr. Gallagher's fellow members seem eager he should have it and take himself off and away to an office where his sensitive nature will be the center of no more tempests in the board's meetings. Those meetings will in consequence be devoid of spectacular oratorical effort and the civic time will perhaps be devoted to the consideration of the city's business per se. The mayor, looking on, may find the meetings prosaic, devoid of diverting incident. And Andrew, what of him? Will his eloquence be weighed and sealed in his new office? Or will he give it vent in replying to the civil service employees who protest that to one of their number rightfully belongs the job? One can fancy the robust supervisor declaring: "Bring on your civil service rules! The mayor wants me to go to the sealing office, the supervisors want me to go. Now you civil service fellows, I'll show you whether civil service rules or pull is mightier to get me off the board of supervisors or keep me there. The public elected me twice and now I mean to stick to them in one office or the other!"

More of Frank McGlynn's Triumph

The conquest of New York by Frank McGlynn as "Abraham Lincoln" continues to be the theme most discussed in the eastern press as a theatrical subject. Not only the splendid gripping play itself and the analysis of McGlynn's portrayal are gone into in intimate detail, but the personal history and character of McGlynn are held up for inspection. Political leaders speak of the play as a great influence in turning the American mind to the ideals of Lincoln, so much needed in these days of social unrest. Writers and statesmen and Lincoln's contemporaries speak reverently of McGlynn's delineation. To a "Sun" interviewer he said: "It is with deepest sense of responsibility, not only to Manager Harris who had the courage to select me, and to Mr. Drinkwater, who wrote the beautiful play which I consider a masterpiece, but with a profound sense of veneration for the great God-fearing, God-trusting American, Abraham Lincoln, that I approach the portrayal of his character." Also in answer to the comment upon the supposed lack of love interest in the play, McGlynn said: "That's all a mistake. The play has a great love interest—love of country."

"The Literary Digest" on January 3rd devotes much space to actor and play, but only "Town Talk" of all San Francisco papers has mentioned the achievement of our native son. On December 27th we published, not only an epitome of the eastern criticisms, but told something of McGlynn's career in S. F., his home town. The "Sun" claims him as "a New Yorker by rights" because his father's family belonged there, though it generously gives this city the credit of having been the actor's birth-place and residence until twenty-three years ago. The paper also narrates that McGlynn listened to law lectures at U. C. "and then entered the office of Matthew I. Sullivan, long associated with Senator Hiram Johnson, but later ran away to New York to foreclose the mimic mortgages of the stage."

The "Times" says:

"From fifty fameless years
In quiet Illinois was sent
A word that still the Atlantic hears
And Lincoln was the lord of his event.

From a like obscurity Mr. McGlynn emerges to meet his great occasion. From California, he had been long on the stage when this great chance came. When none of the actors recommended seemed suited to the role, McGlynn, mentioned by an unidentified man as the one to play Lincoln, was sought out and located with a road company after a month's search. The playwright and the gaunt stranger went over several scenes together, notably the one of the pardoned boy, Mr. Drinkwater playing the part of the boy, while McGlynn read Lincoln's lines. They say it was immediately settled, and that is easy to believe."

A "Social Calendar" Comment

"Both from a dramatic and historic viewpoint the production of 'Abraham Lincoln' is of unusual significance, certain to create a widespread interest among regular theater-goers and also those who less rarely visit the play. John Drinkwater, the author, has approached the subject with reverence and a subtle appreciation of the dominant qualities and keen vision of the great leader, as well as the gentler idealistic nature of the man. In a series of simple incidents and great crisis he has drawn a striking portrait, at all times eloquent and impressive.

Frank McGlynn, probably selected for his exceptional physical likeness to Lincoln, succeeds admirably in the titular role. The quizzical humor and shrewdness, the kindliness, the voice, gesture and intonation, the stern dignity and inflexible spirit, all visualize the popular conception of the character. Practically unknown on Broadway, Mr. McGlynn has contributed one of the most notable achievements of the season. Of added interest were a number of famous personages of Civil War days presented with remarkable accuracy, among the more important being Albert Phillips as Gen. Grant, John S. O'Brien as Seward and James Durkin as Gen. Lee."

San Francisco's Part

Fred J. Koster of the S. F. Chamber of Commerce, who was present at the Washington premier of the play said that the play was the most wonderful thing he had seen in years and that it would be his first evening's recreation to see it on his return to New York.

McGlynn's success is not that which comes and goes with a great first night. Every day it grows and people want to know him—Lincoln enthusiasts insist upon shaking his hand. His mail reaches such proportions that it frequently requires two hours to sort. The performance seems to have revived the great patriot himself in the minds of the student of American history as well as in those of people who actually knew Lincoln.

The day of McGlynn's New York opening was the nineteenth anniversary of his marriage. After the great performance some of his intimate friends celebrated the event at the McGlynn home on Riverside drive.

"McGlynn and O'Toole" was the name of a San Francisco law firm many years back, the impersonator of Lincoln being the senior member. O'Toole is now president of the Civil Service Commission of this city.

Besides his father and his sister, Mrs. George J. Knox of San Francisco, McGlynn has many other relatives who have always been identified with our social life. His father's sister was Mrs. J. D. Oliver upon whom, and her husband, was conferred a papal title. His mother's sisters and brothers (of the Francis Buckley family) reside on Jackson street. His friends here are legion and they rejoice that the young lawyer of sterling qualities whom they were so fond of has achieved a fame which must be as welcome as that which the great man from Springfield found awaiting him in Washington.

Portrait of Marie Antoinette Rescued

Major and Mrs. E. K. Johnstone have brought with them from Paris an art treasure with a fascinating history. It is a portrait in oil of the head and shoulders of Marie Antoinette. When the Duc de Choiseul, in arranging the marriage of the Dauphin and the Austrian Archduchess, sent the French court painter with the embassy to consummate the betrothal, a young nobleman who could paint obtained of the young princess permission to sketch her as the professional artist worked on a miniature intended as a gift from Louis XV to the Dauphin. The courtier painted a blue velvet ribbon across the young princess' hair in front, as it was the color of a Sevres breakfast set which the Dauphin had sent her. Edmund Burke in his "French Revolutions Reflections" conveys in words the poetic impression which this beautiful portrait produces upon the beholder: "Surely never lighted upon this orb, a more delightful vision than the youthful Dauphine (not yet fifteen years old). I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in". The Johnstone picture shows the royal beauty as a rose of young girlhood, with rounded childish cheeks, innocent large brown eyes looking joyously upon new life, and an expression of purity and candor upon her countenance. Louis XVI treasured this picture above all others and it always hung in his bedroom. When the palace of the Tuilleries was sacked, the revolutionists threw the

picture out of a window where it was picked up and reviled by the mob. No virtuous housewife would give it place in her home and it finally was picked up and hidden by a royalist refugee who wrote its history upon the back of the frame. The Johnstones bought the faded portrait for 1000 francs from an art dealer in the Paris Latin quarter. When the Johnstones were in Palermo, Sicily, Henry Granger, doyen of New York artists, recognizing its great worth, varnished it, restoring its original colors.

The Masterful Turk

Major and Mrs. Johnstone, who have lived many years abroad, have countless experiences to relate of unusual interest. In 1916 while in Geneva, Switzerland, two guests at their hotel were frigidly treated by the other guests, as the man was a Turk and his wife an English woman who had demeaned herself by marrying an Oriental. One night, the lady becoming suddenly ill, the major's medical services were hastily sought. He found the couple so interesting that he brought his wife to call upon the invalid and the families became very friendly. The Turk was Said Bey, son of the hakim (doctor) of the sultan, Abdul Hamid. He was a man of great wealth and brilliant education, having been reared with the Ottoman princes. His wife was an English woman, cousin of the Marquis Townshend; she had, not being very well off, gone to the Turkish court as lady-in-waiting to the Ottoman princesses and while there had married the Bey; the latter had promised not to avail himself of a Turk's right to take other wives and he never had, though they had been wed eighteen years.

The Turk, instead of being incarcerated in Turkey, had been permitted to leave his country with his English wife when Turkey and England were at war.

The Power of Selection

The English wife of the Bey told some stories that rather refute the occidental theory that the Turkish husband is absolute master in his harem. Her own mother-in-law was one of three wives, and was never allowed to dine with her husband and son, a privilege granted the latter's English wife, she not being of the Mohammedan faith. One evening at dinner the Bey's father announced: "I have the pleasure to announce that I have purchased two lovely Circassian slave girls. They are highly educated and are beautiful dancers. I placed them in the hands of your mother with instructions to outfit them in luxurious Turkish garments, and now we shall summon them and pass upon their performance." Twice the eunuch who was dispatched to fetch them returned alone, but the third time he came with the Bey's mother, who made obeisance and stood awaiting interrogation. "Where are my purchases?" demanded the hakim (the Bey's father). The wife placed her two hands upon her two resplendent pendant earrings and replied sweetly: "Here they are; and here (touching a magnificent jewelled medallion which hung about her neck), here is the generous sum you gave me to purchase their clothes. I had a wonderful opportunity to sell them at a price so much larger than that which you paid that I could not resist."

The Englishwoman said that the Turkish husband of the four wives whom he is permitted to enjoy contemporaneously has to exercise the most exact justice and impartiality in providing them with material comforts and luxuries, from ribbons and candy to equipages and palaces.

Forbidden Fruit

The English wife refused to follow the Turkish woman's habit of gorging upon sweets, but rarely had the opportunity of dining upon the food of her own country. One day the French wife of a military attaché came to see her when her family was away. "And I have brought you a delicacy which you and I have not had for a long, long time—sausages." The two ladies with their own delicate hands cooked them—food supposed to desecrate a Mohammedan's house. The French lady said she had observed them in the window of a cook shop as she was driving by to the baths. The next time her husband was away the English lady stopped to make a purchase. The purveyor was a nice kind old man who had a dear little dog upon which he lavished kind words and attention. The two ladies had another feast. In a fortnight came again a chance for the unholy sausages, so the two women made another purchase in the same shop. The old man was as attentive as before to his dear little dog—only it was a different dog. Driving home with the package of sausages, the two women were very quiet but both evidently harboring the same thought. They looked at each other feeling thoroughly ill, and then one asked, "Do you think it possible?"

Censorship for "Macbeth"

Perhaps the only play that will be left on the stage or film after a while will be "Pollyanna." Objections are being found to about everything else. Scottish war veterans in New York protest against Shakespeare's "Macbeth," on the ground that it depicts a Scotch laird in a tolerably unfavorable light—as a murderer, traitor, henpecked creature, and now here in San Francisco the Chinese are protesting against a film play "The Tongman" because it conveys the impression that Chinese have homicidal tendencies. Of course there is a bit of sardonic Scotch humor behind the protest against "Macbeth." It followed a similar objection made by a Jewish organization against the "Merchant of Venice." The Italians, we presume, will next protest against "Romeo and Juliet" on the ground that the play indicates that all youthful Latins kill themselves over requited love. Then will come the Danes banning "Hamlet" on the showing that it proves that all young men of their land poison their relatives. But it is quite funny to have the Chinese protest against a picture play because there are highbinder crimes shown therein. Of course most of the machinery of these San Francisco Chinatown plays are the sheerest claptrap—subterreanean passages—when there is no such thing, boiling in oil and what not. But the Chinese do carry on a mysterious tong system, with too frequent murders; and for the Chinese consul and the Chinese Six Companies to assume virtuous indignation when the echoes of the last tong murder have scarcely ceased in Chinatown, is preposterous. But this is the day of censoring and the age of prohibition. Anything might be stopped, from claret to clarinets, and so the Scots in New York and the Chinese in San Francisco join in the game.

From New York I have heard more details of the experience which Maeterlinck, the great Belgian, had when he first appeared as a lecturer there one evening last week.

It seems that M. Maeterlinck had never learned to speak the English language—whether or not he has a reading knowledge of it I can not say.

But when it was arranged that he should lecture in America it became essential that he should know English. So he adopted this short cut:

He had his secretary read to him in English the lecture on Immortality he was to deliver here, and as the secretary read the poet transcribed his speech in phonetic notes which he memorized.

But when he appeared before his first New York audience the plan failed. Cries of "louder" greets his opening sentences." Speak in French," warned hoi polloi.

It was a sad moment—one calculated to text

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For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

the philosophy of the world's greatest living philosopher.

He tried a compromise, reading a sentence of his lecture in French and having it translated on the platform, but that plan only lasted two minutes. The affair ended by the lecture being read in English by another while Maeterlinck looked on.

Judge George H. Cabaniss on the New Year

Judge Cabaniss received from a friend, a New Year's card upon which, preceding the usual New Year's good wishes, were set down the greatest event of each century in American history since 1617. The judge's reply, a picture of world conditions as 1920 starts on its journey, was as follows:

"My dear Friend, As, with the all too rapidly passing years, we see old friends 'around us fall like leaves in wintry weather,' the closer becomes the tie that binds those of the 'Old Guard' who still abide with us, and the more therefore do I appreciate your New Year's greeting.

Epigram (too often tabloided satire) is made by you in twenty lines to express a volume of kindly wishes for your myriad friends—one of whom I am proud to be. Your historical reminders hark back to the 17th century, noting some of the intervening epochal events. History made in the last two years, and that now evolving, has influenced civilization more than has any century (one only excepted), since the meek and lowly Nazarene walked amongst men. But how is the world to be vitally affected by recently enacted historical tragedies—for thereby vitally affected, for weal or woe, it needs must be? What of the evil portents, innumerable and everywhere visible, heralding the coming of world-destiny events yet "unhatched in the womb of time" but soon therefrom to issue? Will "Chaos and Dark Night" come again, as all too often heretofore, to retard man in his never ceasing but never yet achieved endeavor to obtain a practically perfect world governing system, conferring "the greatest good upon the greatest number;" or are the lowering signs of the times but as the darkness of the night, which heralds the sun-blessed day; and will peace on earth, good will amongst men—all men of all the nations—be soon vouchsafed unto a war-stricken, contention-torn world?

As the old Roman senator even in his country's darkest hours exclaimed, "Despair not of the Republic," so let us despair not of the world.

In addition to hoping that all you hope for me will be enjoyed by you, I add the all embracing and more altruistic hope that all the hopes and prayers ascending to Heaven from benevolent hearts in behalf of the now topsy-turvy world will be heard and favorably answered by Him Who is at once the King of Kings and President of Presidents."

A Supervisoral Boomerang

With a delicious irony Supervisor Power gave Supervisor Gallagher a sly dig at the Monday's meeting when, considering the motion to wire on the board's endorsement of a successor to Secretary Lane, Mr. Power suggested that perhaps any suggestions from the city's present legislative body to federal authority would not be gratefully received in view of the recent resolution introduced by Mr. Gallagher concerning the protest against the government's miners' injunction. The resourceful Andrew was verbally equal to the occasion, even at his own expense, for he blurted: "Oh, the President is too big a man to take offense at small town politics!" Whereupon Mr. Gallagher's critics all rise to protest that his politics may be of the small town variety, since even he himself acknowledges them to be so, but that San Francisco is not a small town in any sense of the word and that the taxpayers are not getting the worth of their money if their representatives conduct municipal affairs along small town lines.

The Census

Let us all get in the census count as soon as possible. As a matter of civic pride, we must reach the 600,000 mark.

Thoughts for 1920

The American Legion—no more reveille.
The Employers—no more strikers.
The Strikers—no more employers.
Broadway—life without wine lists.
The Republicans—no more Democrats.

You can say what you want but it has been a great year for artistic temperaments. First there was Paderewski in Poland, then D'Annunzio in Fiume and now the actors' union on Broadway.

Substantial sum of money will be paid during the coming year to the first person who discovers the best weak spot in the dry laws.—Amalgamated Brewers' Assn.

The publicity department of the X. Y. Z. Film Company is in the market for a new set of superlatives. Will lease or purchase outright.

Platform makers and expert fence repairers. Any political headquarters.

A tailor who will introduce a style permitting a woman to take more than a four-inch step.—Husbands' Union, Local 120.

A K.-O. punch for the H. C. L. Everybody.

COMBINED STATEMENT OF CONDITION HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
December 30, 1919

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$32,701,622.50	
Other Loans and Discounts	42,035,712.72	
Bankers' Acceptances	976,020.16	
		$ 75,713,355.38
United States Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness	$19,535,020.14	
State, County and Municipal Bonds	7,820,238.21	
Other Bonds	6,275,622.42	
		33,630,880.77
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank		225,000.00
Cash and Exchanges	$ 7,522,574.30	
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	6,023,300.74	
Due from Other Banks	7,036,499.36	
TOTAL CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS		20,582,374.40
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults		4,091,087.42
Other Real Estate Owned		333,662.61
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit and Acceptances		1,538,254.20
Interest Earned but not Collected		782,898.40
Other Resources		1,003,187.12
Total Resources		$137,900,700.30

LIABILITIES

DEPOSITS		$127,258,625.92
*Capital Paid In	$ 6,000,000.00	
Surplus	1,500,000.00	
†Undivided Profits	1,000,000.00	
TOTAL CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS		8,500,000.00
Dividends Unpaid		301,300.34
Discount Collected, but not Earned		157,918.21
Reserved for Taxes and Interest Accrued		89,850.63
Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Time Drafts		1,593,004.20
Employes Pension Fund (carried on books at)		1.00
Total Liabilities		$137,900,700.30

*Paid in Capital will be increased to $7,000,000.00 on March 14, 1920.
†An extra dividend of $7.50 per share was paid out of Undivided Profits July 2, 1919.
All charge-offs, expenses and interest payable to end of year have been deducted in above statement.

A. P. Giannini and W. R. Williams, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said W. R. Williams is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained herein is true of his own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI.
W. R. WILLIAMS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of December, 1919.
THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

December 31, 1904	$285,436.97
DECEMBER 31, 1906	$1,899,947.28
December 31, 1908	$2,574,004.90
DECEMBER 31, 1910	$6,539,861.49
December 31, 1912	$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1914	$18,030,401.59
December 31, 1916	$39,805,995.24
DECEMBER 31, 1918	$93,546,161.50
DECEMBER 30, 1919	**$137,900,700.30**

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS: DECEMBER 31, 1918, 161,626
DECEMBER 30, 1919, 189,511

Savings Deposits Made on or Before January 10, 1920,
Will Earn Interest from January 1, 1920

Militarism Reborn

When she knew him
For the few short weeks
Before he went across,
His face was so brown
And his eyes were so bright,
And he was so straight,
And muscular,
And his uniform was so perfect,
With its little gold bars on the shoulders
And the heavy embroidered wings over the heart
And the shiny puttees—
He was so much the Man
And the Soldier
That she forgot that the War was going to end
some day
And she went and married him. . . .

And when the War was over
He came back
And got out of the Army.

Whereupon it developed
That he had his hair cut round from choice,
And that he liked silk shirts
With broad red and blue stripes
Or purple dots
The size of moth balls,
And that he wore yellow shoes
With bumpy toes,
And bright green hats
And vivid suits,
And that he had a passion
For Pinochle and Snappy Stories
And cigars with bright bands
Which he never removed.
And that he had a happy way of making himself
More comfortable than any one else
At social gatherings,
And that he said, "He don't" and "You was"
And "athaletic" . . . .

So now
She sits at home
In the house her father pays for,
While Charlie punishes an adding machine.
And she prays fervently
For More Wars. . . .

EDWARD HOPE,
U. S. N. Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.

An Attendant Circumstance

When she rejected the other man,
He was a private in the U. S. A. A. S.
Soon to be attached
To the rather well-known French Army;
He was not even a private first class,
For that rank in the section
Was complete when they transferred him
From casuals.
It was difficult to decide
The character of his looks.
For when it comes to hiding things
A regulation uniform
Is as good as the proverbial basket,
And though he had a tailored one—
His C.O. insisted.
She thought he must be very stupid,
Though he did talk cleverly
And had better manners than her husband.
"When the War was over
He came back
And got out of the Army.
Whereupon it developed"
That he knew how a gentleman
Should have his hair cut,
That he wore silk shirts
Which were elegant rather than vulgar,
That he bought his shoes
Of Frank Brothers and other firms
No less in the mouths of the well-dressed.
That his hats had a certain distinction.
That his suits were perfectly tailored.
Also he knew the literatures
Of the great nations
Both ancient and modern.

His cigars, from his own maker,
Had an aroma most pleasing
To aristocratic nostrils.
At social gatherings
He won the approval
Of buds, and of dowagers,
Which is the ultimate test
Of spirit and breeding.
It is unnecessary to discuss his grammar,
Since he was a Doctor of Laws
And incidentally of Philosophy.

So she prays that in the next war
Some one may be killed
And some one may survive
And much more importantly
Forgive the unforgivable.

—M. S. G.

From "The Radiator," A. S. A. A. S. Headquarters, France.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Raphael Weill Honored by France

Raphael Weill is the happy recipient these days of showers of congratulations from his multitude of friends and admirers, for he has just been made officier de legion d'honneur for his magnificent services to the cause of the allies. His benefactions were almost innumerable; not alone the material donations he gave, but the constant outpouring of patriotic spirit from his soul gave life and impetus to loyal endeavor. Such men as he, equipped by years with sound judgment and indomitable will, fought for the cause of Liberty as valiantly as the youths who carried arms. It is the prayer of parents of sons that their boys may, like him, if they live to round out a long life period, wear with his distinction the honors he so richly deserves for his noble deeds. Mr. Weill had, some years ago, the order of chevalier of the legion of honor. San Francisco rejoices with him in his new distinction, but believes that no tangible decoration can sufficiently honor him for the splendid part he has played in the events which have occurred during his long life. His new decoration was never conferred upon anyone more worthy.

William Sproule's Return to R. R.

San Francisco feels that signs of the times point to normality in the resumption by William Sproule of his pre-war position as director-general of our principal railroad interests. Mr. Sproule is the logical man for the post he holds, for he is highly trained in the intricacies of railroad management and has been so long identified with California industries that he is an integral part of our business life, which a railroad has unparalleled power to develop or retard. Under Mr. Sproule's direction, California feels assured that his watchword will be

"Progress". Mrs. Sproule shares the personal popularity of her husband, so our local society is felicitating itself upon the assurance of their continued residence here. They are both cultured people who take an active interest in the development of art and other educational activities, so necessary for the intellectual growth of a community.

Major Ernest K. Johnstone's plans for remaining in San Francisco have been suddenly changed. He sailed on Wednesday for the Orient. During his four or five months' absence, Mrs. Johnstone will visit her sister, Mrs. Allen, of Los Angeles. The Johnstones are both very popular in this city and their friends will rejoice if they decide to remain permanently here.

M'lle Rebecca Godchaux announces the new series of French lectures for the winter to be given at her residence, 2620 Buchanan street, at ten o'clock on Tuesdays from January 13th to March 16th, inclusive. The first seven subjects chosen are: Le destin est maitre (Hervieu); Les jeunes filles dans l'oevre de Moliere; La Révolte et l'Evolution feminine; La mort dans l'oeuvre de Macterlinck; Le voile dechiré (Pierre Wolff) and on Febrjuary 17th, Une heure de Contes. Miss Godchaux' lectures are every year more in demand and are attended by ladies who desire either to acquire a perfect French diction, or to keep up their familiarity with the language, which since the war bids fair to become the universal one.

Misses Betty and Elizabeth Schmidell and Amanda McNear were hostesses at a dance Friday evening.

Miss Alice Tower of Portland was hostess at a beautifully appointed luncheon to ten ladies at the Palace on Thursday. Later the guests attended the Alcazar performance and afterward motored to Taits-on-the-Beach for tea. Miss Tower, who is a very beautiful girl, is a Vassar graduate. She leaves next month with her parents for New York, where she will study singing with Brady the celebrated vocal teacher.

Mardi Gras
THURSDAY NIGHT
CAFE
COLOMBO
PHONE, DOUGLAS 4967
623 BROADWAY
FESTA EXTRAORDINAIRE
Concerto Europo Dinner Italiano
6 to 1 o'clock
$1·50 7 Courses by Chef August Ferrero $1·50
MEDLEY OF MERRIMENT
Paul Kelli's Jazz araine Ballard des Allies
GUEST DANCING
Community Sing ····· Operatic Concert
Carminceta · Florence Waters · Edouard Petri
Dansuse Operatic Soprano Tenor
NEAPOLITAN TRIO
Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun
— DIRECTION —
A·S·Firpo Tom Del Bufalo D. Finocchio
NEW $80,000 CAFE
WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT
HITS IN BOHEMIA

Myrtle Donnelley our young San Francisco cantatrice, is one of Brady's best pupils.

Misses Gertrude and Irene Barrett were hostesses at a charming tea last Saturday at their Jackson street home. Their mother, Mrs. John J. Barrett, and the two young girls, received about a hundred guests of the younger set.

Mrs. William Hart Wood was a tea hostess at her Fairmont apartments on Tuesday.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. J. D. Massie of Sydney, Australia, are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Clara M. Darling was hostess at one of her charming luncheons at the Town and Country Club on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Lothrup of Boston. The ladies invited to meet her were Mmes. Butler, Holms, Shafter Howard, Seale, Bull and Vail of Santa Barbara.

Dr. Mario Isnnardi at the Hotel Richelieu, is the happy host of his father, who has just arrived from Italy to visit him, after a separation of ten years.

The quaint little chapel of St. John in Ross was the scene of the pretty wedding of Miss Mary Armsby, daughter of the J. K. Armsbys, and Ralph Palmer, son of the W. S. Palmers. The reception at the Ross home of the Armsbys was a gay and delightful affair. The young couple will reside in Ross, which is gradually resuming its place as the country home of the smart set.

Miss Amy Du Pont of Wilmington, Delaware, is in Santa Barbara. This young lady is one of the greatest heiresses in America and is said to have a very attractive personality.

Mmes. William Sproule, J. R. K. Nuttall, Osgood Hooker, J. A. Donohoe, Edward L. Eyre, Hall McAllister and Miss Laura McKinstry assisted Mrs. James Otis in receiving the guests at Le Salon Francaise on Tuesday, when Professor Levy-Bruhl, vice-president of Alliance Francaise, was the guest of honor.

Mrs. William Gwin gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her Pacific avenue residence.

Social Notes Hotel Cecil

A profusion of roses combined with spring flowers adorned the dinner table over which Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley presided Saturday. The pretty affair was in honor of a coterie of friends from Nevada. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs E. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Raincre, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thorne of San Salvador, Mrs. Thomas Cline, Miss Blanche Highley, Mr. Edward Smith and Mr. Frank McCafferty. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wright. Mrs. J. C. Ayre, another cousin, has Rodman are visiting Colonel and Mrs. Walter recently come up from Honolulu and is also a guest at the Cecil Hotel. Mrs. C. E. Deming and Miss E. Deming of Pacific Grove will spend the winter. After a delightful visit Mrs. L. G. Worden returned yesterday to Stockton. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Kibbey, society folk of Minneapolis, are domiciled. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brown are enjoying their visit. Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Wylie and Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Harlem motored back to their homes in San Jose after a pleasant sojourn at the Cecil.

A Rarely Beautiful Voice

"Carolina Lazzari, the gifted contralto, who is to be heard in three recitals in San Francisco the first of which is Sunday afternoon, January 18th at the Columbia Theatre, is the possessor of a rarely beautiful voice," writes the critic of the Montreal Star. When a prima donna," he continues, "personally as attractive and as artistically gowned as she was last night and sings 'human interest' songs in touching tones as she sings them she is always sure of a warm welcome in any city on this continent."

"Miss Lazzari's singing was invariably dignified and well prepared," he continues, "never lacking the direct inspiration which gives vitality to the art of the world's greatest vocalists. Her voice is a rue contralto, unbroken in its scale and grateful to the ear whether she sings softly or loudly, high, low, or in the middle. Her voice is a true contralto, unbroken in its natural setting Cyril Scott has given 'O hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight'; but it was in 'The Rosary,' apparently, that she made the audience happiest. In operatic arias by Saint-Saens and Meyerbeer and in more English songs, Miss Lazzari's singing was never less than good."

Kate—She asked that question just out of idle curiosity, don't you think? Laura—No; busy curiosity. Her curiosity is never idle.

LAZZARI
Phenomenal Contralto
COLUMBIA THEATER
Sunday, January 18th, at 2:30
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Friday and Sunday Nights
January 23 and 25, at 8:30
Tickets Usual Places and Usual Prices
Local Management Frank W. Healy

"CALTEX"—THE IDEAL BIFOCAL
The old style double vision lenses were as a rule unsatisfactory and for this reason many people are prejudiced against bifocals who are unfamiliar with "Caltex" Onepiece Bifocals, the newest and most improved type of double vision lenses. "Caltex" have overcome the disadvantages of the old style and are ground from a single piece of glass—have large and practically invisible reading portion, free from distortion and light in weight and not easily scratched.
California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

The Stage

"Seventeen"

That wonderful, that mystic, that awe-inspiring age—seventeen! To be just approaching the threshold of life—who that has reached the age of seventeen realizes the supreme happiness of it, the precious gifts that are his then and never will be again? And who that has passed it can look back without wonder at himself and love for the boy he was? Sometimes the world changes that boy into a being so different that the boy would not recognize him could the two meet again at life's threshold. Booth Tarkington, who knows the boy heart, the boy mind and depicts him with sympathy akin to wizardry, created a beautiful, truthful picture when he wrote "Seventeen," but it took a lot of faith and courage to dramatize it. The results as seen at the Curran justify the ambition of the dramatist, for the play proves more fascinating, more real than the book. Thomas Kelly as Willie, the hero, couldn't be improved upon. He looks seventeen, he moves like seventeen, his voice plays strange tricks at it, does at seventeen. For the rest, the author has given him lines and situations which make a picture of a splendid man in the process of making. His young sorrows so real to him, his happy companions of "the silly period," his romance which comes of his being in love with love, make us adore him and wish he could always remain just seventeen. The dainty, feather-brained young pet for whom he forms a grand passion is excellently done by Lael Davis. Lola, the visiting belle, enamored of herself and driving the grown-ups to distraction by her "ways" and baby talk is not the type of young miss any of us who were girls at seventeen would have been particularly joyful to have been, but she had all the susceptible youths of the small town crazy about her and after all that is a creditable achievement and a not to be denied ambition of ladies even twice seventeen and more too. The hero's little tattletale sister, is a real thorn in the hands of Lillian Ross. Louis Bartels as "Genesis," the family colored servant, has several unctuous scenes and all the others are true to type. The play, aside from its humorous appeal offers a wholesome lesson to parents. The stupendous constant task a fond wife and loving mother has to perform in managing her husband and solving the problems of bringing up the children, besides keeping her home a place of joy are made very real by Judith Lowry, as Willie's mother. Aldrich Bowker, as Willie's father, is a well-to-do devoted family man, pretty well wrapped up in his own comforts and apt to take the view that his boy will just naturally survive the inevitable youthful experiences like measles and first love. I earnestly suggest to gentlemen like him (if there are any) to go and see what they would have done in his place. I observed that the quickest laughs, the most sympathetic response, came from the men of the audience. I suppose they remembered what they did when they were seventeen. It is an excellent play for children and one which should not be missed by parents.

—H. M. B.

Au Revoir, Belle Bennett

Alcazar patrons regretfully bid good-bye to Belle Bennett. The beautiful young actress has achieved the distinction of playing a season of sixty consecutive weeks of seven night performances and three matinees—a stupendous record, especially as the bill was often changed weekly and no play was kept on for a long run. What stock work means only those who have played in it can realize. In addition to the study, the rehearsals, the performances, there are other vital matters to consume time—the modiste, the photographer, for instance. An actress must keep her body as healthy and beautiful as she possibly can and "the polishing" of her beauty is almost as important to her success as the cultivation of her mind. Miss Bennett must have had a system 100 per cent efficient in the arrangement of her hours of work and repose. She has for nearly a year been residing at the Fairmont. "They make a baby of me there," she said lately, so her home problem was solved for her. A skillful and devoted colored maid made the wardrobe routine as pleasant as possible and Miss Bennett's sunny disposition did the rest, so that she was enabled to give the best of her talents and charm to her eager audiences.

She made many warm friends among the Alcazar patrons and she takes with her their sincere thanks for the many artistic, impressive portrayals of roles in the numerous dramas in which she has appeared. The Alcazar has always maintained a very high standard for its leading ladies to live up to—indeed, for the entire company—and Miss Bennett has held it aloft and will be remembered as one of its most gifted and clever artists. The people who had the pleasure of meeting her socially during her busy period of residence in San Francisco found her gentle, unassuming and cultured, "a girl one just loves."

Her admirers tell her they can't bear to see her go and she replies that to leave San Francisco, where she has lived the happiest year of her life, is the hardest thing she has ever had to do. She says that she loves the city, that her work at the Alcazar has been just what she has always wanted to do, that she has felt she has arrived at her life's cross-roads. "But I'm coming back, I know, because it is my earnest desire to do so." She leaves on the 13th for a month's rest in the south and has no plans for the future. She chooses that date because it is her lucky day, and she arrived in San Francisco on the 13th for the same reason.

Her successors at the Alcazar will undoubtedly be chosen with discretion, but there will always be a warm place in our hearts for beautiful Belle, so let us say "Au revoir, and enjoy rest, which you have earned. If 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' what does it do to Jill? Only, dear Miss Bennett, please don't let the movies get you again."

—H. M. B.

Sunday Symphony

Notwithstanding the counter attraction of Schumann-Heink, the Seventh Sunday Symphony Concert was crowded, not a vacant chair being observable. The celebrated "New World" symphony (No. 5) of Dvorak was the first number on the program and was splendidly rendered. Throughout the entire composition the folk songs, similar to the plantation melodies, are always in evidence and taken up by the various instruments. To my mind, the largo was the most delightful movement.

The Debussy "Prelude," that modern French classic, made the appeal which the Hertz baton always wins for it.

The lovely "Romeo and Juliet" overture fantasy was a charming close. This composition visualizes the tragedy as the themes depict the Capulet-Montagne strife; the lament of Friar Lawrence and the duets of the lovers were poignantly beautiful.

The Sunday symphony audiences are more demonstrative than any other audiences in our warm-hearted but undemonstrative population—indeed, at the close of the concerto, people seem loth to leave the theater.

—Alphonse Sutter.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will contain seven new acts and only one holdover. The Four Mortons, Sam, Kitty, Martha and Joe, will appear in an entertaining singing, dancing and talking skit, called "Then and Now". Like good wine, they "need no bush". The Marmein Sisters, Miriam and Irene, and David Schooler, will offer "A Revelation of Dance and Music". The Marmein Sisters are attractive girls, whose grace and artistic ability is evidenced in a series of dances and Mr. Schooler is a piano virtuoso in the completest sense of the expression. Noel Travers and Irene Douglas, who until this season have figured prominently on the legitimate stage, will appear in a playlet by Grace Bryan called "Morning Glory," which has been highly commended by the eastern press. Black and O'Donnell will present "The Violinist and the Boob." The violinist is the girl and the boob the man. A very spectacular riding novelty will be presented by James Dutton and company, the society equestrians. In a rich stage setting Mr. Dutton and his two pretty assistants will perform a number of clever and difficult feats of horseback riding. Hudler, Stein & Phillips call their contribution "Steps of Harmony". They are a splendid vocal trio and their steps ascend from the basement to the garret of song and humor. Nat Nazarro, Jr., and the Atlantic Fleet Jazz Band will furnish new numbers. A special feature of the new bill will be Billy McDermott, a tramp comedian, who calls himself "The Only Survivor of Coxey's Army." His monologue is funny in the extreme and his description of the memorable march of General Coxey and his weary walkers to Washington ranks among the best stories told.

Sixth Hertz "Pop" Concert—Frances Nash Coming

A most fascinating program, characteristic of Alfred Hertz in his best mood, will be performed on Sunday afternoon, January 11, in the Curran Theater, by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. This will be the sixth concert of the regular "pop" series. There will be two important features, Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, generally called the "Pathetique," and the appearance of Horace Britt in a solo capacity. The "Pathetique" symphony is to be played in its entirety. It has always been enthusiastically received as read by Hertz. It is the favorite of all Tschaikowsky's works, and, more than that, it is unquestionably the most popular of all symphonies with American audiences. Horace Britt, principal 'cellist of the San Francisco Symphony, who has become a prominent figure in western musical affairs, will display his brilliant abilities to fine advantage in Saint-Saens' Concerto in A Minor for 'cello and orchestra. The remaining numbers will be Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 2, which has not been given here before in its entirety, and Glazonnow's Valse de Concert No. 1. The eighth pair of regular symphonies, to be played Friday and

Sunday afternoons, January 16 and 18, in the Curran, will have as soloist, Frances Nash, a noted young American pianist, who has won high praise in the music centers of Europe and the United States, both in recital and as soloist with such organizations as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and many others. Of her appearance with the Chicago Symphony, Maurice Rosenfeld, the noted critic of the Chicago "Daily News," said: "She is technically well equipped, her stage presence is charming and youthful, and she plays not only with musical intuition, but also with rare intelligence. Her part of the performance was flawless. At her forthcoming appearances with the San Francisco Symphony, Miss Nash will play Saint-Saens' Hungarian Fantasie, with the orchestra. An event of great importance will be the first rendition in San Francisco of Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony. Conductor Hertz is devoting himself unusually to the presentation of this symphony, which he considers a remarkable work and one that should be received with great interest by symphony followers. The work is extremely difficult, abounding as it does in unusual instrumental combinations, and it will require the augmentation of the orchestra. Wagner's "Lohengrin" prelude will be the remaining number of this rare program.

Mammoth "Pop" Evening Symphony Concert in Auditorium

Following its custom of the past two seasons, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, augmented for the occasion, will under the direction of Alfred Hertz, give a mammoth "pop" concert in the Exposition Auditorium on the evening of Saturday, January 17. The regular series of "pop" concerts, given in the Curran Theater, has been more successful this year than in previous seasons. In fact, hundreds have been literally "turned away" at every event. The concert contemplated at the Auditorium will enable those who have been unable to secure tickets for the Curran concerts to make reservations, because of the vast capacity, and the fact that it will be given at night is certain to appeal to thousands. Because, too, of the capacity, five thousand seats are priced at twenty-five and fifty cents, the remainder of the tickets selling at seventy-five cents and a dollar. All seats are reserved, there is no war tax, and reservations are now to be made at Sherman, Clay & Co. The sale is already progressing at a lively clip, and those anticipating attendance are urged to make immediate reservations. There will be five famous soloists. Alice Gentle, beloved of San Franciscans, and recently a Metropolitan Grand Opera star, will sing the "Habanera" from "Carmen" and "O don Fatale," from "Don Carlos," with orchestra. The remaining soloists are to be Edwin H. Lemare, city organist; Louis Persinger, concert-master of the San Francisco Symphony; Horace Britt, principal 'cellist, and Kajetan Attl, harpist. Conductor Hertz has arranged a mammoth program of the widest appeal.

At the Alcazar

The humors and heart throbs of the after-the-war comedy "Jim's Girl," a novelty hit this week, will be followed next Sunday by the bouyant delights of "Happiness," another of the many famous New York successes of which San Francisco would be deprived of but for Alcazar enterprise. "Happiness" is an ideal choice for the introduction of Fay Courtency, the new Alcazar leading woman, who has thoroughly demonstrated in the east her charm, magnetism and exceptional versatility. She has achieved great popularity wherever she has appeared. Miss Courtency creates, in the West, Laurette Taylor's role of Jenny, the plucky, optimistic Brooklyn shop girl who becomes a famous Fifth avenue modiste known as "Madame Epinard". She finds the secret of true happiness and by precept and example teaches it to the blasé, cynical, sensation-craving rounders of fashionable society. In this novel and human play J. Hartley Manners, author of "Peg o' My Heart" and other successes, has depicted four vivid phases of real life significantly entitled: "Looking Forward," "The Cry of Youth," "Pressing On" and "Happiness". The cast includes Walter P. Richardson—his last week—as Fermoy MacDonagh, with Emelie Melville, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Edna Shaw, Thelma Pedersen, Rafael Brunetto, Irving Dillon and Al Cunningham.

Clay Clement, the new leading man, has arrived from New York, and will be introduced Sunday, January 18th, in Leo Ditrichstein's recent New York success, "The Matinee Hero". Mr. Clement has headed the best eastern stock companies and appeared in Broadway productions made by Henry Miller, Grace George, Willard Mack and the Selwyns.

Patti's Will

Mme. Patti, who died in Wales in September at the age of 76, left an estate of about $700,000. Her will bequeathed: To Alfred de Rothschild, a sapphire and diamond hairpin, to be reset for him as a scarfpin, if he shall act as executor (but he died before her); to Marianne Eissler, of 5 Redcliffe square, her dark turquoise and diamond bangle; to Clara Eissler, of 5 Redcliffe square, her light turquoise bangle with small diamonds; to Miss Mabel Woodford, of 25 St. George's square, S. W., her half-hoop bracelet of diamonds and sapphires; to her companion Karoline Baumeister, her large dark turquoise ring (surrounded by 12 diamonds), and a bar brooch of three large diamonds, and a life annuity of 200 pounds; 600 pounds to her maid, Odilie Peslier, if still in her service; 500 pounds to Mrs. Ellen Burgess, of Guilford street, Russell square, W. C.; 100 pounds to Giacomo Longe; and one year's wages to each domestic servant in her service at her death who shall have been for two years in her service.

Mme. Patti also left 2,000 pounds to her nephew, Roberto Strakosch, and 4,000 pounds to her nephew, Alfredo Barili, of Atlanta, Georgia, U. S. A., or his issue if dead; and a stole worn by Pope Leo XIII (given to her by Father Bernard Vaughan) to the Rev. Herbert Vaughan, nephew of Father Bernard Vaughan. All other her property she left to her husband, Baron Cederstrom.

At the Curran

"Seventeen," considered the most delightful, the most freshly amusing play of the year, enters upon its final week at the Curran on Sunday, January 11. The play is a dramatic version of Tarkington's widely-read Willie Baxter stories and might well be called a comedy of "Clothes and the Girl," for it deals with the attitude of a seventeen-year-old boy toward these important matters. Poor Willie! As a lover he is no favored child of fortune, for his girl proves an all-around flirt who plays no favorites. His half-fledged soul gets in a laughable tangle with its intense problems of wooing and personal adornment. They seem trivial in cold statement, but to Willie Baxter they are the most important things in the universe, and Mr. Tarkington has depicted the brain-storm of the infatuated youth with much sympathy. With rare skill Stuart Walker has transferred the Tarkington story to the stage, giving it all the bubbling spirit of "youth and love and summertime" by a delightful east of young people. Thomas Kelly, universally considered the best actor of youthful roles on the American stage, has one of the best roles of his career in love-sick Willie Baxter. Lillian Ross, Judith Lowry, Louis John

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Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
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THE FOUR MORTONS, Then and Now; BILLY McDERMOTT, the Only Survivor of Coxey's Army; MARMEIN SISTERS AND DAVID SCHOOLER, a Revelation of Dance and Music; TRAVERS and DOUGLAS, assisted by Louis Thiel in "Morning Glory"; BLACK and O'DONNELL, the Violinist and the Boob; JAMES DUTTON AND CO., Society's Favorite Equestrians; HUDLER, STEIN and PHILLIPS in "Steps of Harmony"; NAT NAZARRO, assisted by ATLANTIC FLEET JAZZ BAND.
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ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR
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Sunday Aft., Jan. 11, at 2:45 Sharp
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Symphony "Pathetique," Tschaikowsky; "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 2, Grieg (First time in S. F.); Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, Saint-Saens; "Valse de Concert," No. 1, Glazounow.
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Saturday Evening, January 17
MAMMOTH PROGRAM
FIVE FAMOUS SOLOISTS:
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EDWIN H. LEMARE.....Organist
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2nd and LAST WEEK STARTS SUN. EVE., JAN 11
Stuart Walker Presents
BOOTH TARKINGTON'S
"SEVENTEEN"
A Play of Youth and Love and Summertime
With the New York Cast
Nights, 50c to $2; Sat. Mat., 50c to $1.50
WED. MAT., BEST SEATS, $1.00
NEXT Sun., Jan. 18—"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"

ALCAZAR
"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.
This Week A Great Hit—"JIM'S GIRL"
Hilarious After-the-War Comedy
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MAT., JAN. 11
Laurette Taylor's Two Years Triumph
"HAPPINESS"
By the Author of "Peg o' My Heart"
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Introducing FAY COURTENEY as Jenny
Walter P. Richardson as MacDonagh
SUN., JAN. 18—First Time on This Coast
Leo Ditrichstein's Recent Comedy Success
"THE MATINEE HERO"
Introducing CLAY CLEMENT
Every Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1
Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

Bartels, Aldrich Bowker, Eugene Stockdale, Mr. Barcher, and a host of lively young people, including Ben Lyon, Florence Murphy and Agnes Horton, make up the cast.

Techau Tavern Presents Brilliant Revue

The "1920 Revue," which made its debut at the beginning of the New Year, is one of the most unique spectacles of entertainment that has been presented to the San Francisco public for a long time. The galaxy of beautiful girls, together with the wonderful display of fashion styles in the novel revue, bids fair to place it on a par with the greatest of New York roof garden offerings or the ingenue improvisations that are now being placed before the footlights of Paris. Every evening before and after the theater, one may witness this charming bevy of feminine pulchritude. The Afternoon Tea, particularly since the new departure and innovation of a choice of menus, has proved to be a restful relaxation for milady during the shopping hour, and since the introduction of afternoon dancing, visitors can enjoy the melodies of the Techau Tavern dance orchestra. Critics have praised the interior lighting arrangements in the Techau Tavern, and the New Year brought many decided novelties in lighting effects which are a source of pleasure to the numerous daily visitors. Of course, the regular daily luncheon is a function which requires early attendance as this indeed is the most popular of Techau Tavern's many attractions.

HE SPOKE TOO SOON

A well-known preacher was giving one of his stirring discourses, when he remarked:

"Ah! that reminds me of something I shall never forget."

Then he stopped and thought; and, after thinking and waiting for a long time, greatly to the astonishment of the congregation, he said—

"Dear me, I can't think what it is!"

A SOFT ANSWER

Master—What did you do, James, when Edward called you a liar?

James—I remembered what you said, "That a soft answer turneth away wrath!"

Master—Good boy; what soft answer did you make?

James—I hit him with a tomato.

THE ART OF PUNCTUATION

A professor was taking his evening class in English composition. "I would like you to consider this sentence, gentlemen, and tell me how you would punctuate it," he remarked: "A lady was passing along the street smiling pleasantly." "What about a dash after the lady, sir?" came the quick query from one member of the class.

They passed a magnificent mansion. "That's a fine house," said Brown, "and yet I can't bear to look at it." "Why not?" asked Jenks. "Because it is built out of the blood, the aches, the groans of human beings, out of the grief of children, and the wails of women." "Why, is the owner a money-lender?" "No; he's a dentist."

They were choosing a name for the new baby.

"I think Esmeralda is too sweet," said one of the infant's aunts.

"Alfreda is better and more uncommon," said another.

"How would Alvina do?" asked a third.

"Hardly," said the fond father. "You seem to be getting away from the idea that this is a baby and not a new kind of cigar."

A drill sergeant was so much given to using bad language on the parade ground that some of the men complained, and the commanding officer interviewed him.

The following morning the sergeant was in charge of a very awkward squad, and after keeping silence for a considerable time he eventually burst out with—

"Bless you, my pretty dears; you know what I mean!"

A party of admiring friends were being shown round the young artist's studio.

"Have you painted anything recently?" asked a gushing lady.

"Yes," said the painter modestly. "Here are my most recent works. One picture is of my father, the other is a landscape painted on Hampton Heath."

The lady looked carefully at the canvasses a moment, then she turned and asked—

"Which one did you say was your father, Mr. Madder?"

Washington Inn a Legion Post

Many were the tales told during the war of Washington Inn, the hostelry for American officers on leave in London. Few edifices that came to the attention of America's forces were better known. And now it is to be the headquarters of a post of the American Legion, for which a charer has been sent to London. Among the patronesses of the post is Lady Waldorf Astor.

"My little brother has fallen downstairs and hurt his nose." "Well, don't cry," said the kind old lady. "He'll get over it." "No, he won't; the bridge is broken."

Hostess—Won't you sing something, Mr. Green? Mr. Green—There are so many strangers here I—— Hostess—Never mind them; they'll be gone before you get half through!

Customer—Have you got a price-list? Tradesman—Not a recent one, madam, but I can give you an old one, and all you have to do is to multiply everything by two.

She—"Doctors' bills? Oh, my father's a doctor, so I can be ill for nothing."

He—"My father's a parson, so I can be good for nothing."

"Marie, can you cook?" "No, Jack. Can you afford to keep a motor car?" "No, dear." So they did not marry, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

"I have often marvelled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your——"

"It it's more than five dollars, old man, I can't do a thing for you; I'm hard up myself."

Visitor—"You've left something out of this bill, Mrs. Smith."

Landlady—"Oh! what is that?"

Visitor—"You haven't charged us for last week's fine weather."

"Well, doctor, do you think it is anything serious?"

"Oh, not at all. It is merely a boil on the back of your neck, but I would advise you to keep an eye on it."

Total Stranger—How like a Chinese that woman is over there!

Absolute Ditto—Indeed? She is my wife.

T. S.—Y-e-e-s. Her—ah—feet are so delightfully small, y'know.

A man was defending himself in a suit for divorce.

She's unreasonable," he contended, adding "the other day she called me the laziest man in the world because I threw a kiss at her."

Mrs. Wiggs—"I see they've stopped running the 8:15 train in the mornings now.

Mrs. Biggs—"Indeed! Won't your husband miss it??"

Mrs. Wiggs—"No—he won't be able to!"

Father—"Is the teacher satisfied with you?"

Tommy—"Oh, quite."

Father—"Did he tell you so?"

Tommy—"Yes; just the other day he said to me, 'If my scholars were all like you, I would shut up my school this very day.' That shows I know enough."

Sharpe—I see you are mentioned in one of the books just published. Prim—Indeed! What book? "The directory."

Frank—He married the girl I was engaged to. Fred—Never mind, don't worry about it. You'll get over it before he does.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall Street seemed to forget all the pessimistic news that was so priminently displayed in the closing days of the year and started the new year with an advance in prices of from one to three points and sentiment was so bullish and the demand for stocks so urgent that it looked as if an old-time bull market had set in. The advance, however, was soon checked by the money market—and, when call money rates were quoted at 25 per cent, a good many in the trade were inclined to call a halt and stocks were again freely offered, which took the edge off the market and brought about a reaction. The undertone, however, remained strong and the decline did not go very far. The advance was due, no doubt, to the repurchasing carried out by holders of depreciated securities, who had sold out to establish losses under the income tax law. Many of these interests held off their purchases until after the first of the year in order to make their position in their deductions and were stampeded by the general expectation of a bull market in January. Money rates continue high and there is little expecttation of lower money rates until after the 15th of this month. Money rates are always high around the first of the year and the trade generally expect them. In the past, the period of tight money at the end of the year has been followed by a period of ease for a month or two after the first of the year. However, conditions are radically different now from what they have been in the past. The Federal Reserve system works in mysterious ways, so far as most observers are concerned, and there is no assurance that money will be easy this year, because it was easy in years past. The Federal Reserve Board and the industrial interests of the country apparently appreciate the necessity of applying the brake to advancing prices, and it remains to be seen what effect the repression incident of this movement will have on the stock market. The anticipated advance in the discount rates of the Federal Reserve need not immediately effect the stock market situation, as it bears more heavily on commercial borrowers. General conditions have not been as favorable for an advance in the stock market as they are at present. The country is apparently accepting the guidance of the conservative elements in a manner that assures a commonsense solution of most of the problems that confront the country. The country is run down from top to bottom. Billions of dollars for reconstruction that cannot be further delayed lie just ahead. The prospects for a settlement of the peace treaty and for the extension of credits to the countries that need them grow better every day. Outside of England, Europe is doing nothing. The industries of the world have stopped and its people are dependent upon this country for almost everything. They can do nothing until they get credits with which to get raw materials that are necessary for production. These credits will have to be provided for and they undoubtedly will be. In the face of the bullish character of these prospects, it is easy enough to understand the attitude of the market toward the high money rates, especially when the market is all ready for an advance. The stocks that displayed the most strength and which will be affected most through credits were the coppers, steels and the manufacturers of other staple products. The market acts as though it wanted to go up—if allowed to, and should be get a period of easy money, it could easily develop into a big bull market.

Cotton—The cotton market continues quiet, although prices seem to be gradually getting on a higher basis with sentiment more bullish now than for some time. The general feeling seems to be that with the pronounced shortage of cotton goods the world over, it will mean three or four years of big crops to bring prices down again. The demand for cotton goods in the country is such that mills are paying big premiums over the futures for good cotton and the foreignor is now in the market regardless of the exchange situation. Liverpool has been a big buyer of cotton the past week—and, as long as the foreigner continues to buy cotton, cotton prices cannot decline, as stocks of good cotton in this country are extremely small. A prominent cotton merchant says that a bale of cotton costing $200 in America could easily be sold for export when made into cotton cloth for more than the value of $400, so that the loss in exchange on the import is much more than offset by the profit on the export. Exports of cotton are running considerably over last year at this time—not only to Europe, but Japanese interests are also in the market. With foreign credits established and the Edge bill in working order an increased demand for export is expected to make itself felt in much higher prices for cotton. We feel very friendly to cotton and strongly advise the purchase of the distant futures which are selling at such a big discount under spot prices.

"Is he really your rival?" "Yes." "Great Scott! If I had a rival who looked like that, do you know what I would do?" "No." "I'd give up the girl."

Journalist—Queer saying that about truth lying at the bottom of the well. Lawyer—You wouldn't think so if you knew the amount of pumping we lawyers have to do to get at it."

"Poor Maud! She got cruelly deceived when she married that old man." "Didn't he have any money?" "Oh, yes, plenty of money, but he is ten years younger than he said he was."

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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets

December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN

(Continued from Page 5)

Raising its voice so that to Tom it sounded like the rolling music of some gigantic organ, the angel said: "I cannot give you the gift of ordinary sight—such sight as the people in the streets have. That sight is of little use; they employ it carelessly. They use it as animals use it—to watch their friends and their enemies. It means nothing to them. It is a convenience, that is all. Really, they do not see anything with it.

"They see but the surface with their sight. But I am here to give you insight worth more than a million animal eyes. You shall see into the hearts of men. Because you are blind, their surfaces shall be nothing to you. They shall not impede you. They shall not lie to you. Do not be disappointed in your prayer; you have the greatest gift of all. . . . You shall see into the hearts of men."

"I shall see into the hearts of men?" Tom asked in amazement.

"And that will allow you to conquer yourself; that will prevent you from being unjust to any man; that will make you merciful to everyone that lives."

"Can I see into my mother's heart?" Tom shouted. "Can I see into my father's? When can I begin?"

"This very night; and you shall tell me what you saw."

"How'll I find you again?"

"Just wish me in your own heart," replied the angel. "I will be there."

Now Tom's father has always seemed to Tom a big jovial man who came home evenings with a cheery laugh, called out, "Hello, Nipper!" or "Hello, prize-fighter!" or "Hello, pirate!" to him, pinched his cheek, laughed with him, danced him on his knee, and kept boisterously at such pranks until bedtime. Tom, of course, loved him. But in his keen, blind child's world Tom could not help thinking of his father as a rather gross man, thick skinned, too insensible. Tom thought his father ought to feel more sorrow that his boy was blind. Tom did not know that it was on purpose his father rollicked so; it was on purpose that he kept up his pranks and his laughing; it was on purpose he held back his sadness in order to save Tom's mother from suffering.

That is, Tom had not known it. But as he came out from his room of prayer and turned his eyes towards his father, he saw such a sight that he gasped and fell back against the door.

"What's the matter?" cried his father in alarm.

"Nothing; I—I guess I stumbled," evaded Tom.

But this is what Tom saw in his father's heart: a little bowed, wrinkled old man, bending almost double with the weight of an enormous number of bags upon his back. The bags were of all sizes, large and small. He was panting hard with the struggle to carry them; yet, as Tom looked at him, he turned his face to the child and smiled. There was something so brave, so valiant, so superhuman in his smile that a lump came into Tom's throat.

Then ghost-voices passed between Tom and the shriveled old man; and they bore this conversation which human ears could not hear:

"Are you really my father?"

"Yes."

"What makes you carry all those sacks?"

"Because I want to."

"What is in them?"

"Sacrifices."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, responsibilities, duties, obligations."

"Did you always carry them?"

"No. First when the angels gave me your mother. Then when the angels gave me you."

"They are heavy, and they weigh you down. They make you old, and shriveled, and bent before your time. They make you work hundreds of times as hard. Yet you smile as you carry those sacks. . . . Why?"

"Because they are sacrifices for the ones I love."

And with his wonderful smile the bowed man kept gazing lovingly at Tom until Tom's eyes filled with tears and he turned away. He dared not look longer upon that burden of sacks for fear he should begin sobbing, burst out, and reveal something of his secret. He knew now what the Angel of Christmas had given him; and it made him exceedingly sad.

Then Tom turned towards his mother.

Another picture he saw. He saw a young woman standing half-way up the slope of a steep hill. In each of her hands she had a heavy weight, but she would not drop these. About each ankle was strapped a heavy weight. On her back were all the sacks she could possibly bear. She seemed so weary that Tom did not see how she would be able to continue; yet, when he looked at her, she turned her face toward him and smiled. It was a smile as inscrutable as the one he had seen on the face of the angel.

Then the ghost-voices passed between Tom and his mother:

"Are you really my mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"What are those weights in your hands and on your ankles?"

"They are drudgeries."

"Why don't you drop them?"

"Because of you and your father."

"Look at the millions of tiny sacks upon your back! What are they? Father didn't have nearly so many."

"But his were just as heavy"—she smiled. "These are the numberless little sacrifices that only a woman knows about."

"Did you always have them?"

"They came when love came. They are sacrifices for the ones I love . . . . for you, Tom, and your father."

Then the real Tom spoke to his real mother. "Mother," he said, "it is Christmas morning. I wish you would bundle me up and take me down on the front step, so I can see the Christmas crowds go by."

She humored him. "See them go by, Tom?" She turned to her husband; and Tom's father saw the tears start into her eyes. "All right, Tom," she said in a choked voice, "you and I will go down and look at the crowds. Give me a couple of steamer rugs, Daddy, till I take this night-owl downstairs.

Then they put his new fur boots on him, and his new fur coat, and a great Scotch muffler, and the steamer rugs; and he and his mother went down to the street where the late Christmas crowds surged by.

"Why are you so still?" asked his mother after a while.

"I am looking at the people," he answered.

"What do you see, Tom?"

"I can't tell you, Momsey."

But he saw a great quicksand, with people sinking desperately all around; yet each had set jaws and the stamp of bravery on his face. And each was heavily laden.

Tom sat in the night and watched that quicksand. On every side he saw the same thing; from the meanest to the highest, struggling somehow, the people rose and fell under their burdens. Out through the immensity of shade beyond these were dim forms he could not distinguish. Yet he knew them to be engaged just as were those whom he had seen.

"Take me back up in the fireplace room, Momsey, and leave me there awhile."

"But it's one o'clock, Tom dear."

"I couldn't sleep now anyway. I've got something I want to say to—to Santy Claus."

Again in the room alone he prayed to the angel. And the angel appeared.

"What?" asked the angel in a low voice.

"Oh," whispered Tom, "it is a terrible gift you have given me! Yet it's a wonderfully sweet kind thing."

The strong wise angel lowered its eyes to the trembling, awestricken figure of the boy. "What did you see?"

"Oh!" cried the boy. "Everywhere—everywhere—I saw people—all the people—the worst as well as the best—weighed down with heavy weights so that their work was hard, sacrificing themselves for the people they love. I saw the good and the bad."

"Well, and what did you think of it all?"

"Somehow it was all good."

"That," said the angel, bowing its head and speaking in a voice like a violin softly played, "that is how God sees it too."—From Harris Merton Lyons' "Graphics".

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets (Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets). For the half year ending December 31, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1920. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1920, will earn interest from January 1, 1920.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1920. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1920, will earn interest from January 1, 1920.

H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street, San Francisco. For the half year ending December 31, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1920. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1920, will earn interest from January 1, 1920.

EDWARD D. OAKLEY, Secretary.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 20794; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ELLEN CLARK, an incompetent.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition on file herein of WILLIAM A. KELLY, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the estate of Ellen Clark, an incompetent, that it is necessary and beneficial to the interest of said incompetent, said Ellen Clark, that the interest of said incompetent in that certain real property in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth Street distant thereon 100 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth Street with the easterly line of Eureka Street; thence easterly along said line of Eighteenth Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 75 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 75 feet to the point of commencement,

should be sold, and that it is likewise expedient to sell said interest of said incompetent in said real property;

It is ORDERED: That the next of kin of said Ellen Clark, said incompetent, and all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent, do appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 21st day of January, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an Order of said Court should not be granted for the sale, at private sale, of said incompetent's interest in the aforesaid described real property. The interest of said incompetent in said real property is the ownership of the whole thereof.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of December, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco 12-20-4

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Wilson, the Peace—and Bryan

The signing of the peace of Versailles at 4:15 p. m., January 10th, left the United States in the anomalous position of being the only power remaining technically at war with Germany. San Francisco will have a front-row view of the effects of this condition when the Democratic party holds its convention here next summer.

It is a matter for pride that this city has been selected for the most momentous convention in the history of the party. The situation, today, however, transcends local pride, sufficient as may be its causes.

After fourteen months without hostilities, the question of peace remains for America a question of political jockeying. President Wilson faces not only the opposition of senators who see in this crisis of history no more than an opportunity for jugglery, but the defection and treachery of those bound in all honesty and decency to stand by him to the last.

In his Jackson Day message the President stated the case clearly when he said: "The United States enjoyed the spiritual leadership of the world until the Senate of the United States failed to ratify the treaty by which the belligerent nations sought to effect the settlement for which they had fought throughout the war."

In that message, written in a style that should stop the invidious rumors that have been circulated concerning his health, Mr. Wilson is a man sure of his ground and of the support of the people when he speaks without fear of giving "the next election the form of a great and solemn referendum."

Upon the same occasion that this message was delivered, William Jennings Bryan strikes back at the man who knocked him into a cocked hat. In the face of his plea for reservations, it will avail him little to protest that he is not attempting to split his party, nor will his announcement that he does not wish the presidential nomination be taken at its face value when the inveteracy of his candidacy is remembered.

Bryan has branded himself as of the stripe that would join hands with an analogous element in the Republican ranks—with an element that would derail the train in spite against the engineer.

Bryan cringes, and there are Democratic senators who are reputed to be scurrying toward compromise, but above them all Woodrow Wilson stands immovable in his integrity, serene in his confidence in the people.

* * *

The End of the Steel Strike

The end of the steel strike was foreseen in its beginning, in the latter part of September. The action of the national committee directing the strike, in calling it off after fifteen weeks of more or less gradual collapse, surprised no one.

The admission of defeat, however, is significant as a blow to the more radical elements in organized labor.

It is no secret that Samuel Gompers himself, and those closest to him in the American Federation of Labor, were not eager to set about the attempt of making the steel industry a closed shop business. But if Gompers was willing to reckon with his host, there were other men who were not. It is they who have come to grief the hardest.

The strike committee, composed of representatives of more than a score of international unions, included in its announcement of defeat the threat of a campaign preparatory to "the next big organization movement." Whether there will be such another movement or not is a matter of opinion, at best. There are people who never learn. It is safe to say, however, that there will not if it lies within the power of the controlling element of the Federation of Labor. That element has other fish to fry. It did not want to fry this one, and now that the fat is in the fire it is not difficult for even those outside the sacred precincts of organized labor to hear wails from various sources, the tenor of which is that Gompers and his friends gave not more than half-hearted support to the steel strike. If these complaints have any foundation in fact, it indicates that Gompers has, perhaps, more judgment than he has been given credit for.

* * *

New York and Its Assembly

The action of the New York State Assembly in suspending its five Socialist members is in line with the traditions of true Americanism. That the suspension has been met with protests by Charles Evans Hughes, Governor Smith, Samuel Untermeyer and others does not affect the actual situation. Following the action of the Assembly it became apparent that it has been guided by the Lusk Committee. Though in a measure an extra-legal body, this committee has been active for several months in its investigations. Its raids, hearings and indirect propaganda for real Americanism have, it is true, had the immediate effect of crystallizing liberal and radical sentiment in some quarters and of solidifying the radical forces as a whole, but this result was to be expected in the beginning. The work in its entirety accords with the American spirit that will tolerate no division of opinion on fundamentals. The committee has no need to adopt formally the slogan voiced by other conservatives, "Shoot or ship": its conduct shows that the phrase expresses its principles. If, as has been charged, it has gone beyond the letter of the law, it has been for the upholding of law and order as they are now constituted.

As to the policy of the assembly's action, that may be a question of opinion. Congress has given it a precedent in the Berger case, though in that, it is true, there were specific charges against the representative. Perhaps Governor Smith's protest is based upon the probable political effect of this rebuff to unworthy voters who elect candidates for whom America's political system has no place. Justice Hughes' objection that the suspension violates the principles of our government may have basis in fact, but the suspension does not violate the practice. Mr. Untermeyer has been notoriously liberal in his attitude on many questions, including the steel strike and, some years ago, the general attitude of the legal profession toward problems of the day. Though wealthy himself and prominent as a corporation lawyer, his criticism showed that he personally had aligned himself with the left.

Whether the suspension was a political blunder is for the future to determine. But America can well leave it to England, to France, to Italy—in fact, to all the European countries and those in other parts of the world which so choose—to permit socialists to sit in the political councils that guide the community. With such compromise no red-blooded American can have sympathy, whatever may be the laxity of the law in sanctioning the election of those who would change our institutions.

Hog Island Delivers the Goods

Hog Island, the world's greatest shipyard, has made good. The summary of its production from August 5, 1918, to January 1, 1920, indicates an amazing achievement, to parallel which in the annals of industry would be difficult. Between those dates the immense plant launched 74 cargo carriers and four transports with a total deadweight tonnage of 615,050. These figures mean little to the layman, even when he is told that the average deadweight capacity of these 78 vessels is over 7,700 tons. One ship of such size looms up respectably. Those built at Hog Island would, if anchored in San Francisco Bay, give these waters the appearance of a modern counterpart of the gold rush days, when San Francisco's sky-line was composed not of skyscrapers but of the famous forest of masts.

But Hog Island's achievement is still easier to grasp when the output is reduced to the daily average. During these seventeen months the big yard, with its fifty building slips, has been turning out an average of 1200 deadweight tons a day, the equivalent of a good sized coasting steamer every twenty-four hours.

Even when this production is reduced to terms of net registered tonnage—the smallest of the various measurements of tonnage in use—the total is imposing, being well over 200,000.

Hog Island, created upon barren land as a war time emergency job, has become one of the wonders of the modern world.

The American and the Birthrate

Time was when the birthrate question appealed but slightly to the American, as something symptomatic of oversea conditions in which he had no primary interest. Roosevelt turned the country's attention to the matter with his usual efficiency in publicity, but of late years it has, apparently, slipped back into the disregard of former days. The recent announcement from Chicago that the birthrate of that city was fifteen per cent lower last year than in the previous year may be regarded as the precsursor of similar announcements from other communities. There need be no cause for alarm, however: the decrease for 1919 is attributable to quite obvious causes, arising directly or indirectly from the war. Every American city underwent a shrinkage in population when the country's man power was drawn upon by the million for war service and the effect upon the birthrate is as natural a consequence as was the shrinkage, to make a somewhat trivial but still illuminating comparison, in the circulation of newspapers or the renting of houses. Next year will tell a different story. America has no need for alarm.

A Letter to the Statue of Liberty

Goat's Island, N. Y., U. S. A.

Dear Liberty: I am writing to ask if I can get a date with you some time in the near future. It would do me worlds of good just to get one look at you again. Don't misunderstand me—my intentions are entirely honorable.

Perhaps you have forgotten me—I hope not. But you'll recall that I was standing near the stern, and you waved your blow-torch at me and I winked back—'member? I said not to worry, that I'd get matters straightened out, and that I'd be right back. And you stood very still and watched me out of sight. How brave you were, dear lady!

Well, I've been over in your native land for some time now, and let me say, I like it fine. I can see now where you get your liberal notions—about dress and things. And they have not forgotten about you. Ask any Frenchman—he knows what Liberty is.

I saw Sisters Equality and Fraternity while I was in Paris. They send regards. Also I looked up Humanity, but I haven't been able to do much for her yet. But we Americans haven't seen as much of your relatives as we should have liked. They are kind of shy of our officers, and there are too many orders floating around to allow much chance to go calling.

Perhaps after all the notoriety you've been getting lately you won't want to be going around with a common fellow like me. We've been hearing a lot about you and your enterprises and we've seen your photo pretty often. Hope your motor is coming along o. k. and your Loans. I was one of your first creditors when I subscribed (remember?) lest you perish. Trust your investments are proving satisfactory, but anyway, don't you worry—it will be all right about that fifty bucks.

There's one thing you do want to be careful about, though, little girl; and that's how you let strangers use your name. It's been flying around pretty promiscuous of late, it seems to me. Of course, it's all right for President Wilson and old friends like that, but, honestly, it looks kind of cheap to see your name on pickle pears and rubber tires. And your army beans are rotten. I think they must be some of the crimes committed in your name that Madame What-you-call-it once referred to. If I was you I wouldn't authorize 'em, but you know best.

And another thing. They tell us America is going dry, but you won't let that happen, will you, because all of us have planned a blow-out when we get back home.

Well, I hear the bugle blowing for assembly, and so you and I have got to part company. Don't forget our date, because there are several thousand other fellows here who'll want to cut me out. But I'm like Patrick Henry and I say, give me you or give me death.

P. S.—Regards to Uncle Sam.

Faithfully, Lance

S. S. U. 636 (old 18).

Freedom

(In all that poets have written of Freedom, it would be difficult to find a nobler picture than the following from "Le Jeune Barbaroux"):

Freedom, her arm outstretched but lips firm set,
Freedom, her eyes with tears of pity wet,
But her robe splashed with drops of bloody dew,
Freedom, thy goddess, is our goddess yet,
Young Barbaroux.

Freedom, that tore the robe from kings away,
That clothed the beggar-child in warm array,
Freedom, the hand that raised, the hand that slew,
Freedom, divine then, is divine today,
Young Barbaroux.

We drown, we perish in a surging sea;
We are not equal, brotherly, nor free;—
Who from this death shall stoop and raise us? who?
Thy Freedom, and the memory of such as thee,
Young Barbaroux.

—Henry S. Salt.

The Gold Scab

(A Painting by James McNeill Whistler)

By Sadakichi Hartmann

(One of the great contributions of the Spreckels collection to their gift of the California Legion of Honor Palace.)

A large canvas of an exquisite greenish golden tint. A bearded man wearing a ruche, nearly life size, sitting at a piano, with an eager and demon-like face turned towards us, his taloned hands bedizened with huge rings and stones, a body, half peacock, half man, covered all over with shiny scales and ending in absurd bird legs with bejewelled claws. And on the some piano some sheet music entitled "The Gold Scab" surrounded by money bags. Indeed a strange enigmatic picture.

Pray, what sinister mockery is this? In what fit of ill-humor and resentment was it painted? Has ever a person been so mercilessly ridiculed in the name of art? Such were the questions that came drifting through my mind, as I gazed in amazement for the first time at the original, owned by Mrs. Alma de Bretteville Spreckels, the distinguished art patroness, who shelters in her San Francisco home among other treasures also the largest collection of Podin statuary outside of France.

The picture represents F. R. Leyland, Esq., the Liverpool Maecenas as he was once called, Whistler's earliest and most generous patron, who has perhaps done more for the development of the artist's character, in days of struggle and poverty, than anybody else. Leyland, who dined the great visionary, shared his joys and sorrows, appreciated and utilized his connoisseurship, sent him flowers and delicacies in exchange, and filled his purse with gold. What then had happened to disturb these friendly, exceptional relations and call forth this harsh peculiar exhibition of wrath and vengeance.

The tale runs this way. Whistler has been forced to go into bankruptcy because Leyland, displeased with some work, had not kept up his agreements or promises. He had paid in pounds instead of guineas, and this comparatively small difference is supposed to have caused great distress to the painter. One morning he awoke and realized that he had nothing but debts and that some stranger would take possession of his white house and disfigure it with a bay window. Furthermore, he would lose time, as he had to acclimatize in a new studio, and first decorate it to suit his own fastidious taste. Some of his dearest immediate dreams had to be abandoned or at least postponed. All this heaped injury upon insult. His beloved mistress, Art, had been maltreated. His buoyant fancy had been slandered. He felt himself humiliated, and rebelled. The events of temporary embarassment inflamed him to a mad passion. Whistler was an excessively sensitive man, of rare arrogance, fostering an exaggerated and terrible pride. Although outwardly calm, he was whimsical and violent in all dealings with life, in serious affairs as well as pleasantries, with his friends not less than with strangers. His misfortune overwhelmed him, he forgot all his wordly urbanity and aristocratic refinement and plunged into a sea of stormy invective. And all this hatred and scorn was concentrated upon the once so "highly esteemed and favored" Leyland.

Whether he was right or wrong, did not matter much to Whistler. Somebody had to suffer. He, the great cosmopolitan artist did not deserve such wretched and unjust treatment, and thus he singled out of the entire humanity the one man who had done him the most good. Still, we hesitate to call it ingratitude that prompted Whistler. True, Leyland had done much for him. Yet art patronage is not charity; he in a way had done as much for Leyland, in producing that marvelous full length portrait, so noble and convincing in poise and countenance, as well as the symphony in flesh color and pink of Mrs Leyland, and those charming, cheerful pastel sketches of the children that resemble blue flowers swaying in pallid mist. They were about even in the exchange of favors and obligations. And all that should have remained, at any cost, was the courteous recollection of past friendship.

Whistler decided otherwise. He sat down at his easel deliberately to annihilate his former friend, pictorially at least. And thus he depicted the eccentric shipowner in one picture as a sort of royal lobster in ridiculous shirt frills gamboling among other lobsters, and in another as a little snobbish creature running away with a crowd of other men all garbed in frills from the Ark. And finally in "The Gold Scab," the cruellest persiflage of all, as a clawed monster of gruesome form and intentions. But is this not caricature and is caricature permissable in the domain of painting?

Permissable in art is whatever one can accomplish, easily and efficiently. The painting belongs to Whistler's decorative period when he finished the Peacock Room, this solitary and scientific resumé of mural embellishment, and experimented in rare harmonies of contrast of a few flat colors and neutral tints. The Gold Scab is a masterpiece of tone, and despite the grotesqueness of its subject and the incongruity of its motif, and inviolable whole, with a peculiar vague shimmer, a tremor vacillating from gold to green as in some old temple screen, which lends it an animated existence of its own. The picture may not show good breeding, no lofty mood or idea, but it makes an impression. It is a piece of splendid workmanship, of malicious gayety and unchecked freedom, whose image stays if we have once seen and studied it. Thousands of pictures are forgotten, this one lingers, irritates us, and finally convinces us of its right of existence. The physical details of the picture may touch the common level of things, their real beauty may be distorted, but their ugliness is after all only fictitious. They have changed into art by sheer force of technical superiority. We forget to examine the stains under the beautiful embroidery. The grosser traits in the composition become trivial circumstances; art triumphs in eloquent ornateness, in sweeping curves and subtle gradations of color.

Whistler lived in a world of his own. Like all great artists he was enamored exclusively with one idea. The rest disappeared for his vision. Because he was limited, he was strong. His artistic sense could not be obliterated, even in the coarsest moods. He may have foamed at his mouth, but if at the same moment somebody had drawn his attention to a beautiful line he would have smiled in ecstacy. His eyes may have rolled in unspeakable scorn and contempt but when they alighted on a rare bit of color all bitter feelings and accusations were as wiped away. And when he sat down to paint, his brushes made him forget all anger and hatred, and all abrupt movements and impetuous sallies that filled his heart changed into caresses and pleasantries of color such as only his magic hand could conjure up on canvases. And really no harm came to Leyland. Whistler tried to crush him esthetically, carefully and completely. But Leyland continued to live his life of a patron, to him the incident, outside of some annoyance, was merely an artistic error, a rude prosaic freak, and he no doubt forgave his old friend these trespasses, although they never met again.

To Whistler it meant self-rehabilitation. He had become a combatant solely for the supremacy of art. He fought this duel for the dignity of his profession. And this singular devotion ennabled him to discover charm in an originally unpleasant sentiment, and in a—at that time to him—pernicious personality, for after all he could view his subject only as a composition of interest, and gather from it naught but decorative accents and notes of grace. Every stroke of his brush was like a revelation of color, drowning common incidents in a jewel-like glow, and combining accords and discords into a luminous surface that rejoices our eyes, and all this accomplished nonchalantly with the boldness and resourcefulness of a master-painter.

For that reason The Gold Scab is a document humaine. It is a work of grave irony, a superb satire on a large pictorial scale, the exploitation of a tonal scheme in one exceptional color. The involuntary music of its greenish golden tints, which envelop the painting like a fragrant strain, hides ugliness, ennobles it and unveils beauty.

The Gold Scab is a curious and valuable example of Whistler's art, a painting well worth owning, because it proves conclusively the power of the artist to transform the accidents and imperfections of real life by an overwhelming sense of beauty, so that they appear as purified, capable of breaking forth, to the right beholder, into unforeseen harmonies and unexpected beauty.

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Joy's Christmas Find---A Baby, Waif and Mother Meet

By Mrs. Stanley Wrench

"Light the nursery fire, Hannah."

The tone was curt, colder than was its wont, but Hannah turned to stare at her mistress, wondering if she had taken leave of her senses.

The nursery fire, and on Christmas Eve, too, when it was just a year ago since its little inmate had died, leaving Mrs. Englefield a lonely, soured, broken-hearted woman. Since the death of her husband three years ago her whole life had been wrapped up in little Joy, and when the child died the desolation that seized her was too terrible for words.

She had grown colder, more silent and reserved, visited no one, refused herself to everyone, and only Madge Tankerville, an old school friend, was allowed to break into her seclusion. The servants eyed her pityingly, but they could do nothing. No one in all the world could do anything, since no earthly power could bring little Joy back again.

"She's wanting the nursery fire lighted," said Hannah to the cook. "What do you think I'd better do? Is she going mad, do you think?"

"Light it," said the cook. "Poor thing. 'Tis a year to-night since the poor little soul left us."

The cook sniffed and applied a corner of her apron to her eyes. She was a kind-hearted woman, and Joy had been a sweet, lovable child.

"I daresay she's going to sit in there a bit, poor thing!" she said. "It's a sad Christmas she'll be having again."

Hannah went off, lighted the gas, but shivered as she glanced round the deserted room. Everything remained the same. The room was kept spotless, it was dusted every day; toys lay on the end table, just as they had done the night Joy died, and a Christmas tree with all its gold and spangled decorations stood in one corner. The tree was dead now; its branches were withered, brown and dry, but crackers were as gaudy as ever; the fairy at the top of the tree twinkled her sparkling wand, and the presents chosen with such care hung there still.

The maid choked down a sob as she knelt before the grate and applied a match.

"Oh, dear," she murmured; "poor thing, it's enough to drive her crazy. What ever will she do?"

The flames crackled, burning up more brightly. She applied small pieces of coal, and waited to see that these too caught and burnt; but now and again she cast a half-startled look behind her as though she expected to see someone come in.

"Oh, that tree," she whispered; "it fair makes my heart ache to see it there. I daren't move it, though."

She drew the curtains, pulled the rug straight, and stepped back. The room looked bright and pretty, but for a nursery it was oddly quiet, and Hannah's mouth twitched slightly. Gay pictures on the wall shone out brighter as the firelight reached them; the Hassall frieze seemed to hold the very spirit of joy and youth; yet there was something lacking, and as the maid passed out, closing the door behind her, she shivered again, remembering the merry little golden-haired child who had once made this room echo with laughter.

The door-bell rang as she passed down the stairs, and she hastened forward. It was her duty to open the door; but she wondered who could be calling so late as this. A lady wrapped in furs stood on the threshold, and as the door swung back she stepped inside. For one second Hannah was startled; then, as she was who the visitor was, she smiled.

"What a night, Miss Tankerville," she cried. "Regular Christmas weather, isn't it?"

Madge Tankerville shook off the snowflakes from her furs, stamped her feet a little to remove the clinging snow, and smiled pleasantly at the maid.

"Is Mrs. Englefield alone, Hannah?" she asked, but she knew she need not have asked, for visitors never came to this grief-stricken house, and callers were not admitted.

She was about to pass on when something in the girl's face arrested her.

"What is it, Hannah?" she asked.

Hannah came nearer.

"Missis has given orders to have the nursery fire lit, miss," she said in a whisper. "What does it mean? It's—it's a year ago to-night, you know."

Miss Tankerville shook her head in gentle pity.

"Yes, I know," she said. "That is why I came. Oh, I don't think you need worry about your mistress, Hannah. I will see she does not get morbid."

With that she opened the door to the left of hall and passed in. The woman dressed in black, who was sitting gazing into the fire, turned at her entry, smiled drearily, then rose.

"Ah, Madge," she said, "this is very good of you, dear. I was feeling very lonely."

Madge Tankerville removed her furs, came forward, kissed the other woman, and sat down.

"Such a cold night outside," she said. "Snowing quite fast. Regular Christmas weather, as Hannah says. The world looks like a picture post-card to-night. You have no idea how beautiful it is, Enid."

But the other shivered.

"I hate the snow," she said shortly. "I hate Christmas—I hate everything."

Her friend made no answer, but held out her foot to the blaze.

"Oh, how good a fire is," she said. "I have just come from some people who could not afford a fire, Enid. Think of that. On Christmas Eve, too."

The other arched her eyebrows.

"You have been slumming again, I suppose," she said in a listless voice. "I cannot imagine how you can do these things, Madge. Nasty, smelly men and women in dirty rooms, who beg and impose on you right and left. Oh, yes, I know they do. The poor are always like that—an idle, thriftless lot."

Madge Tankerville's face grew sad.

"Don't, Enid," she said. "Don't, dear. If you knew the poor as I know them you would never say that. I grow more and more ashamed of myself every time I go and see how bravely they fight and how wonderfully they manage. I could tell you things—"

"Don't," said Mrs. Englefield, shuddering, "I hate the poor! I can never understand why you do these things, Madge."

The face of the visitor lighted up; her eyes grew humid.

"It is for the sake of the children, Enid," she said. "All I do is for the sake of the little ones. The parents may be poor; some of them may be dishonest; I dare say I do get imposed on sometimes; but it is not the fault of the children if they are born in slums—if they have drunkards, thieves, and even worse for their parents. Eugenics says give the children their rights, let them have good birth, careful nurture and upbringing; but some of these children never get a chance."

"Ugh!" said the other woman; "how can you do it?"

"I have come from one poor woman's attic to-night," pursued her visitor. "Six months ago her husband was knocked down in a drunken fight. He has since died. And this poor soul has fought on alone for the sake of her children, although she was dying by inches. But she would not go into hospital—she would not leave them—"

"Don't tell me any more. I hate to listen," she said harshly.

Madge Tankerville said no more. A wealthy woman herslf, she had given up all her life to work among the poorer classes of the great industrial town, where so much vice and misery walked hand in hand. People said she was crazy—some of them—who didn't understand; others, who realized what she was doing, looked at her with a kind of reverence in their eyes; as for the poor folk, they worshipped her.

"Well, if that's eugenics," said young Percy Lowe, who had sneered at his mother and sisters when they went to a certain course of lectures, "I believe in 'em, whatever they mean. Just see what she's doin' for those miserable kids."

For Madge Tankerville believed in saving the children, and had bought several acres of land in the heart of the country, built a cottage home, and here she sent the weaklings, drafting them off as they grew older to another similar home, where later on they were taught a trade, growing up robust and healthy.

"I came to ask you something to-night, Enid," she said, after half an hour's talk on all sorts of things; but her voice sounded hesitating and diffident.

"Yes?" said the other woman, looking up. "What is it?"

"That poor woman I spoke of—died to-night," she said in a low voice. "She leaves two children—a boy and a girl. I can take the boy. We have a vacancy for a child of his age. It is the little girl I am troubling over."

The woman in black shivered.

"Money," she whispered, "I can give you all the money you want."

For a second Madge Tankerville's face grew hard; then pity twisted her lips into a sad smile.

"Thanks, dear," she said; "but it's not money the child wants—it is love. She is just three—three to-night. She wants mothering."

She waited. The woman in black did not

(Continued on Page 15)

The Most Delightful Time of Year
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The Spectator

The California Palace of the Legion of Honor

One of the most important events in the art history of America is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckles to San Francisco of an art palace, crowning one of its hills, the structure to be a replica of the historic French palace of the Legion of Honor. We have already had a visit from this noble structure in our city, when it rose at the Exposition with a distinguished company of foreign buildings, and then vanished like a ghost. It will come again within two years to live permanently among us on the site of Alta Plaza. The same architect, Henri Guillame of Paris, who wrought the dream structure is now occupied duplicating, with the permission of the French government, every little detail of the edifice built by Napoleon on the left side of the Seine, opposite the Tuileries gardens. As the palace in France is "the soul of those who, by their suffering and their death, entered into the greatest knighthood, the soul of those who fought for the liberty of France and whose great reward was either a wooden cross or the cross of the Legion of Honor," so the palace in San Francisco will be the spirit of our heroes who gave their strength and their lives in the Great War.

Not only will this California palace of the Legion of Honor be the first structure of grandeur to rise in commemoration of our heroes—it will as well be the first to be presented to an American community as an individual gift. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels have already deposited with the Merchants Trust Bank the sum of $320,000, the cost of the building. In addition, they will present a magnificent collection of art works, including a priceless group of Rodins; the Whistler picture "The Gold Scab," for which Mrs. Spreckels twice refused $100,000, once from Henry Frear, the American art collector, who made a special trip to San Francisco in 1915 to procure it; and groups by Theodore Rivière whose works were bought by France and placed in the Luxembourg; Victor Peter, the celebrated French medalist; there will be bronzes, marbles, paintings, tapestries and porcelains in the Spreckels collection. M. Roll, president of the Societé National des Beaux Arts, will send 80 paintings as an offering from the French government to Mrs. Spreckels as a "femme de coeur" who chooses an artistic monument to perpetuate the glory of war heroes. The French gift is also an acknowledgment of the brotherhood of the two nations who twice fought side by side for liberty.

The Birth of the Museum

Mrs. Spreckels says that she conceived the idea of a California art museum six years ago when on a visit to France—that it was her original thought when she acquired Rodin's "Thinker" and other works. In 1914 Mrs. Spreckels made a visit to Rodin's country villa to discuss the subject of a California museum, upon which he gave her valuable and treasured advice, as he did later by correspondence. Then the war came and her plans were banished temporarily in her practical work in the interests of Belgium. But time and events but crystallized the idea. With the close of the war her vision of the museum became again distinct. She says that for the past year every time she went out in the city, she made a mental search for a site for the house of her dreams. When Mrs. Spreckels was a girl in San Francisco, as Alma de Brettville, she studied art assiduously. Now that fortune has been generous to her, she remains faithful to art and the American artists have reason to be grateful to her; the artistic development of generations to come will owe her a debt of gratitude. Her husband is a man of generous instinct and broad community spirit, instanced in the past by the interest he has taken in the progress of public enterprises. He is as enthusiastic as his wife in looking forward to the realization of her dream.

The N. Y. Museum of French Art

New York has a society devoted to French art in this country and holds loan exhibitions from the great private collections. For some time, the institute also has had plans under way for the erection of a permanent museum, but nothing so superb as the Spreckels plan has yet materialized, nor has any individual donor manifested any such generous impulses as Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels. The New York plan includes a "Little Theater" and Mrs. Spreckels is anxious to have one in the Legion palace in San Francisco. The execution of the Guillame plans will be in the artistic hands of G. A. Applegarth, the San Francisco architect. When, in the artistic world, it became known that Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels intended housing their collection in a building to be dedicated as a national memorial, overtures were made to them to choose Washington, D. C., as the city of their choice for the location of the building, but both were too loyal to the city of their birth to entertain such an idea for a moment.

The Clock-Winder Stops the Civic Clock

Town Talk was surprised by a visit last Thursday afternoon from a little man in golf togs. He set his kit upon the floor and said: "You haven't given me any publicity for a long time, not since I left the Ferry Tower some months back. But I'm not dead yet, even if I haven't a steady job. No; I go in for golf now as my main occupation—but more of golf later on. I had a clock-windin' job today and in my excitement I had to come down and tell you about it. I was out at the Lakeside links waitin' for one of my Olympic Club friends—he was takin' me out all afternoon, mind ye, because I could coach him. You know, I came from Scotland and the game is like A B C to me. It makes me laugh when I see all the merchants and doctors takin' on so desperately about it—it's like the club women who obtain their literary and artistic culture late in life and then go round instructin' their acquaintances that had it all their lives. Well, but about the clock-windin'. A telephone call came for me from Tiv Kreling, the supervisors' sergeant-at-arms, "Come out to the Civic Center at once," says he. "There may be great need for your services. Don't fail to come—it is the inaugural day of the mayor's third term, the new guys are coming in on the board and I'd hate to have anything go wrong". I jumped on me motor cycle and away I went. "At a signal," says Tiv when he saw me, "stop the clock. I don't say who will give you the signal (maybe a higher-up), but stop it. It's a proceedin' which has had precedent in the ligislature and even in Washington, so go ahead," says Tiv. Now he's always been a good friend of mine and he knows the deceptions of the social and political spheres, but he's open and above board, so I knew it was all right. Sure enough I received the signal and I stopped the clock and didn't start it again until Tiv sent me a note: "It's all over but the shoutin'. Let 'er go, Gallagher"! I didn't get an opportunity to find out what it was all about because Tiv was busy at the meetin', but I met some of the newspaper reporters and they told me that t'was all about appointin' Supervisor Gallagher as the sealer of weights and measures over the heads of the civil service commission. The mayor and Gallagher have always been hand and glove in political affairs; but lately Andy has had it brought home to him very forcibly that only the union labor people are strong for him—that he is a heaten man if he ever is a candidate again for the municipal vote. So he saw a chance to drop into a soft berth and he wanted to get there while the gettin' is good. For some reason or another, the mayor fell in with Gallagher's reasonin'. I have an idea that he considered the faction opposin' Gallagher were filibusterin' and that the incoming members were psychically inclined to side with them. Then the mayor decided to take a Napoleonic stand—to be bold like. "Time stands still for no man?" asks he. "Times are changed—this is where it stops for me to appoint Andy." The mayor is well informed on congressional methods—he knows that congress stops the clock every session as occasion demands. With his ambitious eye upon the senate, it was good practice for him. If the civil service commission decides to make trouble, 'twill be so long till the red tape is unwound that Andy will get so high a ratin' for experience that he will distance all comers in a competitive examination. So that's how I happened to have a share in the coup—and I'm glad

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of it as it keeps me hand in, in the clock-wind-in' game."

Clock-Golf and Tea

"Do ye know 'twas golf that got me an insight into politics? Yes, and 'clock golf' at that. Many years ago, before the links were spring-in' up around us, I was dying to handle a club as I did at home in Scotland, till me 30th year. So I went out to the park commissioners and proposed to them to set aside a space for the game of clock golf for myself and some friends like the bowling green space which some Scotch and Irish clerks from O'Connor and Moffatt's had obtained. Those condinsed games were fine, but I enjoy the real game, I can tell ye. Tomorrow I've an engagement with a bank president down on Del Monte links. I don't know that the fellows who take it up late in life will get much out of it except a good time, but 'tis wonderful how the young boys are puttin' it over. 'Tis like everything else in life. Everything comes natural if you're caught young enough. For meself, I find coachin' much more egreeable than bein' mewed up in the Ferry tower. There, I did the work and the clock did the exhibition. If I can make me golf pupils make as good a showin' and keep up to the minute in golf style, I'll be doin' well. Me reputation as a coach is growin' like wildfire and be the time the Democratic convention gets here, maybe I'll be able to lay out a course of me own. For a long time I've had me canny eye upon a certain tract, but I'm keepin' it quiet, as the publicity men say, because the town is full of speculators with the golf bee buzzin' in their bonnets. But it won't be the same joyous game when all the 'stock' laid in is gone. They'll be invitin' us to the tay rooms then. Tay! Do ye know how many Scotchmen go to the insane asylum every year since they took to tay? Neither do I. But you could find out from some one who is strong on statistics—it's a terrible number, anyway, and ought to be a great warnin' to us. One thing Scotland did for the rest of the world was to invent golf, Scotch, and the high-ball and 'tis a great pity America has to be deprived of their effects just when this quarter of the reconstructed world needs stimulation. I hope I'll be called again if any expert manipulation on clocks is needed. I don't like to forget me old business and if its the right kind of a job it keeps me up to the times in latest styles in runnin' the government."

An Undress Crusade

Father Vaughan, the English divine, has recently become eloquent in condemnation of the prevailing modes in dress for society young women. He sees, in the prevailing low sleeveless bodices and the short skirts, not only a menace to the insufficiently warmed body, but a direct appeal to the sensual appetites of the opposite sex. Father Vaughan is inclined to be an alarmist upon such subjects. Some years ago, his much advertised book "The Sins of Society" discoursed on topics akin to the one he has chosen to fit the times of today, but the book turned out to be platitudinous, conventional and a bit prosy. All the preaching and lectures in the world will be as powerless to divest little girls and their fashionable mammas of diaphonous attire and to substitute warm, all-over covering as the centuries of similar propaganda were in causing women to discard their disease-provoking, beauty-destroying corsets. Even great prima donnas, whose fame and fortune were directly dependent upon space for their diaphragms wore the waist-pinching things. Only Bernhardt, Mrs. James Brown-Potter and a few other celebrities whose ideals of beauty were founded upon those of the early Greeks, courageously appeared upon all occasions supported entirely by their own backbones and permitting nature to take its course with their diaphragms. But about twenty years ago some one invented a corset which was at once beautiful and comfortable; i. e., one's internal organs were allowed to stay where nature put them and the contour of the body remained as lovely as that of a Greek statue—if nature originally built it that way. Who was responsible for this revolution in corset manufacture? Not the physicians, nor the preachers, nor the teachers, but the makers of modes. The corsets were made by modistes and first worn by French actresses. Presto! In a month or two, to be seen in a pinched waist, bulging hip effect was to label oneself démodë and even wise women can't bear to be that.

Take a Tissot picture or a Watts of the 80's. The waist is small and round, the hips protrude in a Venus curve, the bust is pushed up and very much in evidence. Yet the preachers of even those days inveighed against such exposé. The women of our generation are no more enticing to the sensuous appetites of the male than were their Victorian sisters. The boys of today grow up with a knowledge derived from observation of the perfections and defects of the bodies of the women in their environment, while they did a lot of guessing in the Victorian era. Legs, for instance, are today a feature as familiar as eyes and create no particular disturbance in the masculine mind unless they happen to be uncommonly comely—a most rare occurrence as legs grow. The human body is God's most beautiful work. Why not clothe it with a view to revealing its lovliness? Modesty is innate in nearly all civilized women—only the "wild" ones ever go too far and these can ravish with the eyes were all the rest of the body draped clumsily.

Gratitude of France

Thirty-five thousand memorial pamphlets were received last week from France for the Army recruiting office, 660 Market street, to be distributed to ex-service men, who may obtain the little book by applying at the office in person or in writing. The chapters are devoted to brief accounts of the arrival of the Americans in Paris, to battles in which they participated, to the armistice, to the French women and to the contributions of other countries. The conclusion is: The American army was great because the men in it were moved to be their best. Though you disperse as soon as you touch the shores of the United States, a common determination will hold you together, it will bind you in fraternal union to the comrades in arms by whose side you fought in France. In 1776 Americans conquered the liberty of their own country. In this war you have helped to win the freedom of the universe. At the time you entered the war, with the French and British armies at their maximum strength, all efforts to dispossess the enemy from his firmly entrenched position in Belgium and France had failed. Your brilliant dash, your uncalculating spirit of sacrifice, checked the onward movement of the adversary. Your great numbers made possible the final Allied offensive which forced the Germans first to retreat and then to capitulate. France will ever remember you and your intrepid chief as the generous and heroic citizens of a great democracy, the Expeditionary Forces of a new and better world whose "hope is in America".

President Poincaire said that the French desired the booklets to be presented without ceremony, their purpose being to show those who fought for France that their sacrifices were appreciated. He closed thus: "The love we have for America is a love that, although it cannot be greater, is all the more intensified by their devotion to an ideal which led them to risk their lives in a dangerous sea to help us fight for liberty. American soldiers, accept these book-

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lets then, we beg, as a token of our love for you and yours."

Our Pony Ballet Debutantes

When our very young girls appear in outrē garments of the undressed order, the effect is to make men smile rather than succumb to their undeveloped charms. Their little arms and chests look funny uncovered. They remind one of "the pony ballet" in a musical show and at a ball these little ladies take second place beside the superb "show girls," who are their older sisters or often their mothers. But they are nice little girls, nevertheless, and all the harm of their dressing is in the unaccustomed eye of the beholder. Let Father Vaughan and other critics go about and get used to it and they will find that only the Quakerish clad women rouse curiosity. The reasonable exposition of the human body only leads to higher standards of beauty and health. When it becomes unfashionable for our women to plaster their countenances with powder, rouge and blackening, it will become an indication of social position or of some distinction dear to the feminine heart to appear in one's own unblemished complexion. Until that time we must resign ourselves to the sight of our prettiest girls of best families decorated facially as if posing for screen moving pictures. In this respect, San Francisco errs far worse than New York, so travelers report.

American Women and the Tragedy of France

No more fitting monument to American womanhood could be found than a town rehabilitated or fields restored to their productiveness. And that is the monument that has been erected in France by an organization which dates back to June, 1917, when it was formed by a group of ten American women. The American Committee for Devastated France has done noble work, which is called to mind by the visit to San Francisco of Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. She, with Mrs. A. M Dike, was a leader in this humane undertaking, whose spirit caused a correspondent writing recently from Paris to say: "What struck me most, as I watched the members of this committee in their daily round, was the humbleness, the practicability and the self-effacement of their service."

Yet this committee, carrying on its work close to the firing line during the war, has accomplished marvels. From its foundation to March, 1918, it had re-established more than 800 families on a partial basis of self-support and had cared for 500 children, orchards had been set out, gardens planted, poultry and livestock taken into the war-wrecked area around Blerancourt, fifty miles northeast of Paris; shops were opened and tools, seeds and household furnishings supplied. It was in the Chateau of Blerancourt the committee had its headquarters. From there it was driven by the German advance early in 1918. But that crisis again proved the committee's worth; for days women motor drivers who took sleep as they could snatch it, carried refugees to designated points behind the French lines, keeping pace with the retreat till Foch's counter opened in June. A workshop and a home were opened in Paris, and then the work was resumed, in the Department of the Aisne.

Such, in brief, is the record of the committee. It is a story in which every American, and especially every American woman, must take pride.

Can You Beat It?

"You hear a lot about the adventures of these aviators, but I'll bet none of them ever went air-fishing."

This challenge was flung out by Pvt. Jack Burrows of the Marine Corps, who re-enlisted at 320 Market street, San Francisco, Calif., after several years in the islands.

"When I was in northern Luzon," he continued. "I used to see the Igorotes flying queer looking kites every evening about dusk. I could never quite savvy their idea, and they are a pretty shy sort of people. As soon as they saw me watching them they would haul down their kites and move off to some other place.

"One evening I hid myself, and found out all about airfishing. I noticed that every kite had a baited hook at the end of its tail. I saw one Igorrote suddenly haul in on his line and take some living fluttering thing off the hook. I crawled closer and discovered that it was a large bat. They were fishing for bats in the air."

Marine Re-enlists to Visit Holland Home

Sergeant Maring Van Asch, who was born in Amerongen, Holland, and who has just completed his second enlistment period in the Marine Corps, requested the authorities at the Marine Corps recruiting station, 320 Market street, San Francisco, Calif., to re-enlist him for the marine detachment at Brest, France. Van Asch says that he will then be close enough to his home town to secure a furlough in order to visit his parents, who are still living at Amerongen, where the kaiser is now exiled. "I am sorry," said Van Asch, "that I had to be stationed in Guam and Cavite during the world war, but I will have the satisfaction of seeing the man who

In peace time as in war time we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

was directly responsible for the great war. I am looking forward to renewing the acquaintance of the burgomeister of my old home town and all my boyhood friends."

Plight of New York Traction Companies

The recent friction between Mayor Hylan, the New York supervisors and the traction companies is reviewed by a New York financier, as follows:

"The most disgraceful piece of legalized criminality that Wall street has ever witnessed is the refusal on the part of the present administration of the New York city government to permit the tracion companies of this city and Brooklyn to increase the fares on their lines. For the past two years conditions have been such that it is impossible for these companies to carry passengers for 5 cents and at the same time keep out of bankruptcy. Years ago when 5 cents was agreed upon, conditions were different and a 5 cent fare was sufficient to allow these companies to live and at the same time pay their expenses and give an adequate service to the public. With the war and the increased costs of everything a condition of affairs has arisen where the traction companies must be permitted to charge a higher fare or else go into the hands of receivers. The best experts in the country have examined into the affairs of these companies and have renedered their reports. One of the best known firms of experts of New York City recently reported that unless the companies were allowed to charge an 8 cent fare they could not continue in business. In answer to all these reports the mayor with an amount of ignorance which is almost unbelievable, asserts that the 5 cent fare is sufficient. The people of New York are finding out now, for the first time, that the mayor of this city has it in his power to force anyone of our public utilities into bankruptcy if it suits his purpose to do so, and in the present case, it is perfectly evident that the mayor is trying to bankrupt these companies, and have them seized and run by the city. In other words this city is trying to confiscate the vast properties of these traction companies and if they succeed in their base purpose probably the first thing the city would do would be to advance the fares to at least 8 cents and possibly 9 cents, or even 10 cents.

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Big Loss to Owners

Meanwhile no thought on the part of the city is given to the thousands of people who have their money invested in the stocks and bonds of these companies .The bonds of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad are a legal investment for savings banks in the state of New York, and savings banks as well as estates hold large blocks of them. The refusal of the city to treat these companies with any consideration has forced the price of these bonds down to 47. They used to sell as high as 118.

Brooklyn Rapid Transit 5's which used to sell at 109 are now down to around 50, and the first mortgage convertible 4's which have sold as high as par are now offered at 30. Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock which for years paid 6 per cent dividends and sold above 90 is now quoted at 13.

Manhattan Elevated stock which has always been a 7 per cent dividend payer, and which has sold as high as 170 sold below 38 on December 23d. I mention these quotations to show you what frightful losses have come to the investors (both individuals and institutions) who put their faith in these securities relying upon the integrity of the city to protect the equities in these properties.

Increased Costs Require Increased Fares

I do not know of anything in the history of finance in this country which is more disgraceful than this episode. Of course everyone feels sure that just as soon as the term of office of the present administration of New York City expires, and an honest administration put in, justice will be done to the traction companies. The prosperity of the city is largely dependent upon its traction system. Ever since this campaign to wreck the Interborough and B. R. T. companies has been waged the service has of necessity deteriorated, and the amount of money available for upkeep and for safeguarding the lives of the public has had to be withdrawn, as the companies had no money to spend for such purposes. It is not necessary to mention in discussing this question the increase of costs which have come to all these companies. They are paying more than double for labor. Their coal has gone up over 100 per cent and everything else which they are compelled to buy has gone up in about the same proportion and yet these companies are expected to carry the public on the same old fare of 5 cents which even in the prosperous times ten years ago was barely sufficient to enable them to keep their properties in good condition, and pay a reasonable return to their bondholders and stockholders. I cannot see why people in this city do not organize and demand the impeachment of the present administration. Holdups and crime of every kind are so frequent now in all parts of New York City, that they are looked upon as a regular part of the daily news in the papers. The police protection of the city has been allowed to degenerate to such an extent that no one is safe to go out on the streets of New York after dark."

The San Francisco Library

In municipal affairs "the evil that men do" lacks no advertising, but "the good is oft interred"—perhaps because virtue is supposedly its own reward. Operating under a form of merit system distinct from civil examination, the employes of the San Francisco Library typify an efficiency that any commercial enterprise might, with profit, emulate. Ability, courtesy, these are the outstanding attributes generally characteristic of the employes of this branch of the city service.

The only adverse comment that may be made in reference to the library is this: there should be a change in the statute which limits to two and one-half cents upon each hundred dollars of assessed valuation of city property the amount the library can receive from taxes. From statistics published by the United States Census Bureau, San Francisco is woefully behind other cities of comparable size in providing for libraries. Seventeen out of the twenty-two cities selected by the bureau provide more for this purpose than does San Francisco, and, on a per capita basis, there are only seven cities in the United States which spend less for this class of recreational education.

For the last fiscal year only $129,504 was allotted to the library for the maintenance of the main building in the Civic Center, seven branch libraries, and thirteen stations. Salaries (out of all proportion to those paid in other departments) amounted to $77,868; additional books cost $24,488; periodicals, $4,513; binding, $10,317; a quarter of a million volumes were cared for and 1,197,204 books were circulated among 57,242 card holders. A consideration of the facts and figures given, coupled with general observation, should convince San Franciscans that, certainly, in this department of the city government their interests are splendidly conserved.

The Blue Bird

The performance of Maurice Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" at the Metropolitan Opera House was its world premiere. Notwithstanding that the proceeds were given to charity (milk for Belgian, French and American children), the fairy opera came in for critical analysis. The

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critics unite that it is a beautiful spectacle, that the music by Albert Wolff is mediocre and the drama rather boring. A San Franciscan visiting New York wrote us on December 27th (the first night):

"I just came in after attending the first performance of the "Blue Bird". Wolff, the composer who conducted, and Anisfeld, who did the scenery and designed the costumes, were both called out on the stage. Maeterlinck and his young wife sat in the J. P. Morgan box, which was draped with American flags. Maeterlinck also was called out on the stage. It is a spectacular production—put on very elaborately. The stage sets are beautiful. The scenery is modern and wonderfully beautiful in color effects. The archestration is beautiful in spots. There is one fine violin solo and the interludes are particularly appealing. But as a musical production it will never rank high. There are no great opportunities for the singers—no individual opportunities for a musical hit; chorus work predominates and there is no accompaniment for the singers. They have to sing against the orchestra and there seems to be no connection between the orchestration and the singing. I presume this is what they call very modern up-to-date music, but it does not interest me, nor does it appeal to my musical sense. I sat in the Opera Club box. The members of the club (Scotty was there) did not particularly like the opera. Two of them told me they were bored. This opera will interest children because it is a fairy tale. Every one will want to see it at least once, I doubt if it lives very long—one season I think will finish it. Everybody was there. Otto Kahn, the president of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, was in the box next to Maeterlinck. Delaunois and Mary Ellis sang the leading roles and did very well. They are both pretty and have good voices. Easton sang the mother's part very well. House was packed.

The scenes were: The land of memory (a wood-cutter's cottage); the garden of happiness (the palace of night); the kingdom of the future (a cemetery): the awakening (a farewell)."

New Franco-Belgian Ocean Line

Plans to cement more closely the trade relations of France and Belgium with South America are disclosed in the announcement of a new steamship company which has been founded at Antwerp under the name of Compagnie du Sud Franco-Belge. The ships of this company will fly the Belgian flag and are to ply between Antwerp and the ports of Brazil and the Argentine republic.

Red Cross at Geneva

Henry P. Davidson, chairman of the league of Red Cross societies, has called a general council for March 28th, at Geneva. Twenty-eight countries will send representatives.

Antwerp-Marseilles Canal Planned

Shipping circles here are busy studying a project to connect Antwerp with Marseilles by means of a canal which would accommodate ships of 1,000 tons, not exceeding 14 feet in draught. This would involve the digging and deepening of canals to 15 feet, connecting the Rhine with the Saone and the Rhone.

While a large outlay would be required, it is believed that this would eventually be compensated by means of irrigation enterprises and the development of water power which might be made to generate 700,000 horsepower.

Crown Jewels Back to Paris

The French crown jewels which has been deposited in a bank at Bordeaux at the end of 1914, when the Germans' advance threatened the capital, are to be brought back to Paris and again exhibited at the Louvre. These historic jewels were taken to Bordeaux by M. Dalimir, state secretary of fine arts, in his own suitcase. They include "the Regent" which is today worth more than fifteen million francs; the pink diamond, the Mazarin, and the watch presented to Louis XV by the Bey of Algiers, and the handle of Napoleon's sword.

Reconstruction of Waterways and Canals

The work of reconstructing France's waterroutes has been pushed during October just as actively as during the preceding months.

Of the 367 kilometers of canals and rivers which were out of action at the time of the armistice, only 100 kilometers remain to be made navigable.

Paris Overcrowding Relieved

Housing difficulties in Paris are now being overcome and the hotels are no longer overcrowded. According to a statement by the president of the private hotels association, from 35 per cent to 50 per cent of the rooms of these hotels are now available both in Paris and in the provinces. A few hotels still occupied by the government will soon be released from control. It will be possible to accommodate from 50 to 60 thousand tourists in the near future.

First Application of League Law

In the contemplated demand of the allies for the former kaiser's extradition from Holland, M. Carton de Wiart, former Belgian minister of justice, sees the first use of the league of nation's authority as opposed to existing laws. In an interview published by the Petit Journal, M. de Wiart declares that the demand for the surrender of a ruler accused of faithlessness and of having violated the essential principles of national morals will not be based upon any existing international law nor on the Hague convention of 1907, which was signued by Germany and the Netherlands and proclaimed the express obligation of respecting the territory of a neutral state, but will be based on a new moral and political system which is likely to take international law out of the domain of theory and place it within that of reality. M. de Wiart declares that the trial of the kaiser for an international crime must be proceeded with in an atmosphere of serenity and calm.

Polo Teams Being Made Up for Big Del Monte Tournament

Interest is being displayed at Del Monte in the arrival this week of the shipment of polo ponies from the east which will be utilized for the mounts of the combined Eastern-British team which will play in the tournament here starting Saturday, January 31st. Cortlandt Dixon and G. Maurice Heckscher, together with Majors Magor and Leonard Tate, British players of note, are said to possess some of the finest ponies that have ever been sent to the coast. A great deal of the success of polo teams depends on the class of their ponies. One of the reasons that the international cup matches will not be played before 1921 centers around the shortage of the high-class ponies. Attention has been concentrated on the development of good mounts

The Eastern-British players were visited by Samuel F. B. Morse delegate of the Polo Club while he was in New York and he brings word that the visitors are very well satisfied with their array of horses. The coast players who

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Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	5,846,397.20
Cash and Sight Exchange	15,738,158.25
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LIABILITIES

Capital	$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,972,903.45
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will be in the competition have been getting together their strings for the past month. Training has been going on and in the next couple of weeks there will be some spirited tilts in order to put the ponies right on edge. The United States Seventh Cavalry four which will come up from Fort Bliss, Texas, will be mounted on Del Monte ponies. A team from Oroville, another from Santa Barbara, and two aggregations from San Mateo will soon be sending along their mounts in order that they will be on the ground and ready to go into the motches. Delegate Morse expresses himself as being very pleased with the outlook for the most successful polo season ever enjoyed in California. This exciting sport on horseback enjoyed a successful revival last season and the advance interest this year indicates that the game will reach the height of its popularity.

Psychology and Health

Professor George M. Stratton, of the University of California, will deliver the first of a series of lectures on Psychology and Health under the auspices of the Extension Division of the University on Friday evening, January 15th, at the Emanu-el School, 1337 Sutter street. The topic of the first lecture will be "Emotions in Health and Sickness" and among other aspects of the subject Professor Stratton will discuss shell shock and the psychological side of aviation work.

Course tickets for the series of six lectures are on sale at the San Francisco office of the University Extension Division, 140 Kearny street, San Francisco. Single admissions will be sold at the door on the evenings of the lectures. On Friday evening Professor Edward Kennard Rand of Harvard and the University of California, will give the first of a series of three free lectures on the influences of Rome, at the Public Library, Civic Center The subject of the lecture will be "The Libraries in the Middle Ages". The lecture will be profusely illustrated with stereopticon slides.

Social Notes Hotel Cecil

Mrs. J. F. Bell, wife of the late Major-General Bell, returned this week to San Francisco. Mrs. Bell will make her home at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wyche, who have been visiting in Washington, D. C., returned Monday to their apartment at the Cecil. General and Mrs. Edward McClernand will entertain ten guests at dinner Sunday. Mrs. Elizabeth Jones and Miss Betsy Leffingwell will remain for another month. Accompanied by her sister, Mrs. J. S. Jones, Mrs. Leonard Robinson returned Sunday. Mrs. Robinson spent the Christmas holidays with relatives in Denver. Mrs. Bedening was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday, followed by bridge.

The Stage

Fun and Variety

The bill at the Orpheum is jolly, varied and excellent from Nat Nazarro, Jr., the clever, good looking boy who leads the Atlantic Fleet jazz band of "peppy players (Oh! what a loud noise they make!) to the picture of Reds being deported to their own particular fatherlands, which picture ought to, by government orders, be shown at every picture house for a month or two. Nazarro's reception on Sunday indicated that he and his musical sailors would be welcome for three weeks more. Billy McDermott had the audience screaming with laughter about nothing in particular and everything in general from a professional tramp's viewpoint. He has a very mirth-provoking personality, but more people would like him better if he would prune his act a bit here and there. The Marmein sisters are two pretty girls in the daintiest costumes imaginable. They dance charmingly in a Bakst setting while David Schooler, a good looking young man in brown velvet, plays wonderfully well upon the piano, classical selections as well as popular.

"Morning Glory" is a pretty sketch, which registers well—a young school teacher, a "fly" traveling man and a village hypocrite, Travers, Douglas and Thiel participating. Black and O'Donnell are an unusual pair. The lady plays the violin very well and looks stunning while she is doing so, and "the boob" makes the audience laugh with his small town jokes and queer make-up. Hudler, Stein and Phillips are a vocal trio who sing ensemble music "in the good old way". The program does not say so, but they look so young and husky and have such a modest air that I fancy they are ex-service men. James Dutton, and two pretty girls are charming in an equestrian driving act, which is a white confection, down to a dear little white fluffy dog.

The Four Mortons were the favorites on Sunday, the particular pet being Kitty, who is undeniably extremely fat and whose soft thick hair is gray. But her face is pretty, she is the victim of such "a call down" by her husband for her voracious appetite that the audience took her to its heart. She rewarded them by dancing —jigging merrily, indefatigably, with a dexterity which many an up-to-date danseuse would give thousands to emulate. Incidentally her dainty gray-shod feet and tapering ankles might belong to a miss in a Ziegfeld revue. Sam, her husband, is very funny and would be more comic if he did not "treat her rough". Why can't comedians learn to kep "hands off"? Personal contact detracts from artistic effect which even a low comedy sketch should have. The Mortons have two clever children (grown up) who are very pleasing. Altogether it is apparently a happy family of vaudeville good to see.

—H. M. B.

The S. F. Symphony Orchestra

The Sixth Popular Concert of this season Sunday afternoon was crowded, a few standing room only tickets being obtainable. The feature of the concert was the soloist, Horace Britt, who rendered the violoncello part of the concerto of Saint-Saens for violoncello and orchestra. His playing was splendid in execution and the audience was enraptured by the exquisite tones and soulful melody produced by this almost human instrument. The Symphony Pathetique (No. 6) of Tschaikowsky was superbly rendered and the two other numbers proved delightful musical compositions, especially notable being the Grieg Peer Gynt Suite, No. 2, which was rendered for the first time in San Francisco. On the whole this was one of the most enjoyable concerts of the series and judging from the crowded audiences, notwithstanding counter attractions and the great enthusiasm of the audience, San Francisco will ultimately become the great musical center of the west. We have an orchestra which musical people travel from great distances to hear and they are rewarded by such feasts of harmony as are not often served. Hertz' popularity increases with every performance.

—Alphonse Sutter.

Entrez, Fay Courteney!

A very important event took place in O'Farrell street this week. A new leading lady of the Alcazar made her appearance. The management's claim is: "The Alcazar is an institution and depends upon no individual." In a sense that is true, but if an individual in a succession of leading roles does not score, the institution fails to stand. Now San Francisco loves its Alcazar and every time there is an important change in the personnel of the company, the public is there to pass judgment, to see that the foundation of the beloved structure does not suffer deterioration. Fay Courteney, the new leading lady, is on trial there this week. Not with the management, who know her charm and ability, but with the regular patrons. It is not the most difficult achievement in the world to "sign up" a leading lady who will please the occasional theater goer; but our only theatrical stock company must meet the demands of regular patrons whose dramatic necessities must be considered. The vehicle from which Fay Courteney alights upon the Alcazar stage could not have been better chosen. It is "Happiness" by J. Hartley Manners. She plays the part of a beautiful young girl whose lot in life is cast in lowly places. Upon her young shoulders there is the burden of a sorrowing mother, who should have been her strength; but the brave young spirit sustains the weak in scenes which are as gripping as those between Nell and her grandfather in "Old Curiosity Shop". Then there is a love scene as touching as that of Romeo and Juliet at the Capulet palace, when the young lovers first gazed into each other's eyes.

"There is no love but first love," declared young Montague on that immortal occasion. In the Manners' play at the Alcazar, Fermoy MacDonagh, electrician by trade and poet by inclination, turns his handsome, burning eyes upon the pretty countenance of Jenny (errand girl is the business she's paid for, but cheering the world with laughter and hope is her occupation, which no money can subsidize). The scene progresses in a luxurious hotel apartment, while Fermoy, faithful union member, drops his work at the signal of the noon whistle and eats his package of lunch at the same time his Irish blue eyes devour the love-light from young Jenny's eyes. My heart ached because I had to leave the theater as the curtain dropped upon that scene, but I'm going to see the other two acts next Saturday matinee because I want to know if they married and "lived happily ever after" and if Jenny turned out to be an heiress. Anyway, I know her Romeo worked hard and opened a shop on Fifth avenue and I suspect Jenny became a fashionable modiste.

I saw sufficient of the performance to predict that Fay Courtenay is going to occupy a niche in the Alcazar hall of fame. She has youth, good looks, grace, a pretty voice cultivated in distinct enunciation and fascinating nuance; she has magnetism and elusive charm. At her entrance on Tuesday evening, the gal-

lery paid her a courteous tribute. Having just said farewell to her beloved predecessor, Miss Courteney had but shown her smiling face at the door, when all upstairs clapped cordially, to make her feel welcome. She tripped in, singing "Smiles" and at the end of the act all the audience loved her and her sprightly ways. I can't close without saying how sorry I am that Walter Richardson is going away, and what a pity it is that we couldn't have had him longer as Fermoy MacDonagh. I don't know where Mr. Richardson is going, but I know he deserves fame and fortune. He has made some stirring history for us at the Alcazar, and good luck go with him!

—H. M. B.

Healy Presents Lazzari

At the Columbia Theater this coming Sunday afternoon San Franciscans will have their first opportunity of hearing the greatest of the present day contraltos, Carolina Lazzari (the name is pronounced Ladz-ari), who has had a marvelous advancement. Two years ago she was unknown, but since that time she became the leading contralto of the Chicago Opera Company and was selected by manager Charles L. Wagner for concert association with John McCormack and Galli-Curci. Less than twenty-eight years of age, this singer made such an emphatic success with the Chicago Opera Company in New York that the very alert Gat-Casazza, taking advantage of her presence there, immediately opened negotiations and was so successful that this season will find Lazarri at the Metropolitan Opera House as leading contralto. The following from the "Leader" of Springfield, Mo., will give readers of Town Talk an opportunity to get better acquainted with the art of this new but great artist:

"Just as Lazzari flashed like a meteor into operatic glory, so she flashed into instant popularity with her audience of music lovers here. Before she had sung even a note she had captivated all by her charm, and gracious manner. And when her golden voice, which has been declared the wonder voice of the decade, poured forth, the conquest was completed. Every note is of velvety richness that at once places it in a class by itself. Of purest contralto, with a lovely verve in the upper register, her voice is of uniform sweetness, resembling the lower notes of a 'cello. In fact she gave living proof that a contralto can not only be deep and resonant, but that it can contain all the brilliancy of a lyric soprano."

The program for Sunday at the Curran will be: 1. (a) Lungi dal Caro Bene, Secchi; (b) Nel cor pio mi senti, Paisiello; (c) Chi vuol la zingarella, Paisiello. 2. (a) Ave Maria, Shubert; (b) When the Roses Bloom, Rinehardt; (c) Autumnal Gale, Grieg. 3. Aria, Lieti Signor from "Gli Ugonotti," Meyerbeer. 4. (a) Nuit d eté, Tremiscot; (b) L'Heure Exquise, Poldowski; (c) La Chanson des Baisers, Bimberg. 5. (a) Night and the Curtain Drawn, Ferrata; (b) Love in a Cottage, Ganz; (c) Cradle Song, MacFadyn; (d) Roadways, Densmore. At the piano: Miss Blanche Barbot.

"The Bird of Paradise"

Theatergoers will find more than passing interest in Richard Walton Tully's charming play "The Bird of Paradise," which opens its seventh engagement at the Curran for two weeks, commencing Sunday night, January 8th.

The play touches on a virgin field, so far as the stage world is concerned, that preserves in dramatic forms the vanishing customs, beliefs and legends of Uncle Sam's possessions. It shows Hawaii, with its shores girded by lazy waves, languorous moonlight; its native homes with its laughing and dancing maidens, casting eyes of witchery at strangers. Against this background of unique beauty is lived, rather than acted, a powerful story of two men and two women. One, with the sensuous charm of a young Hawaiian maiden, vows that she will woo and keep her husband "by the power of her lips and arms." The other, an American girl, says: "I will keep and hold him by the power of my mind." The girls live, love and pay the price of their mistake. They seek each other when they fail to acknowledge defeat, "I was wrong," says the American girl. "My way has failed. Teach me your way to win and keep a man's love." This is the knowledge that every woman desires to learn beyond all earthly things, and this fascinating romance offers the solution of the problem. In the play the American abroad, both as trader and as missionary, is accurately described in his prevailing instinct for money-making, receiving a touch of gentle but certain satire from Mr. Tully's pen. During the life of the drama several sterling actresses have played the role of the Hawaiian princess. Oliver Morosco will offer Florence Rockwell, a talented and well known actress in the title role. Others in the cast include Robert Brister, Brandon Evans, Spring Byington, John Sumner, Rose Watson, and the popular Hawaiian singers and players.

Frances Nash With the Sympnony

Frances Nash, an American pianist of genuine note not only in her own country but in the music-centers of Europe, will be soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz directing, again on Sunday afternoon, January 18th, in the Curran Theater, when she will play Liszt's Hungarian Fantasie with the orchestra, with which she electrified Friday's audience. Although new to San Francisco audiences, Miss Nash has won high praise for her work as soloist with such organizations as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. This charming young American artist is a dashing virtuoso. Her tone is vibrant and of surprising volume—her technical equipment excellent throughout. She has the spirit of the music and brings it out with a broad sweep that has true interpretive force.

A most important musical event is the programing by Conductor Hertz for this pair of symphonies of Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony, which is new to San Francisco. Abounding in unusual instrumental combinations, it is most difficult of execution. The remaining number, will, as on Friday, be the "Lohengrin" prelude, by Wagner. The seventh regular "pop" concert, to be played in the Curran Theater, on Sunday afternoon, January 25th, will be a most fascinating one. These are the offerings: March Militaire, Schubert; Petite Suite, Debussy, first time in San Francisco; Invitation to the Dance, Weber; Aladdin—A Chinese Suite, Stillman-Kelley; (a) Old Folks at Home, Busch; (b) Perpetuum Mobile, Op. 257, Strauss; (c) Serenade, Moskowski; Capricio Espagnol, Rimsky-Korsakow.

Mammoth Evening "Pop" by Symphony at Auditorium

That the vast Exposition Auditorium will be crammed to capacity on Saturday evening, January 17th, when the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, gives its third gala evening "pop" concert, was assured by the proportions assumed by the advance sale long ago.

An edifice of 10,000 capacity is not easily filled, but so popular have the Hertz events become, that it was a foregone conclusion that the Auditorium would be taxed to its limits. Mindful of the fact that the affair is essentially one for the masses, Conductor Hertz has contrived a program that is universal in its appeal and that abounds with familiar, melodic masterpieces. Such classics as Rossini's "William Tell" overture, Wagner's "Rienzi" overture and Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody are certain of enjoyment by anyone, when interpreted by the great San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the dynamic Alfred Hertz. Apart from the more than bountiful program to be performed by the orchestra alone, augmented for the occasion, there will be special features. Alice Gentle, famous mezzo-soprano, and a warm favorite with San Francisco audiences, will disclose her superb voice in the "Habanera," from Bizet's "Carmen," and the brilliant aria, "O Don Fatale," from Verdi's "Don Carlos." Another feature will be the employment of fifty violins in the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," the violins carrying the melody following the solo by Artur Argiewicz, the distinguished assistant concert-master of the orchestra. Edwin H. Lemare, official municipal organist, will preside at the comsole of the great Exposition organ during this number, while the harp part will fall to Kajetan Attl. Horace Britt's virtuosity will be displayed in Saint-Saen's "The Swan."

Half of the 10,000 seats have been priced at 25 and 50 cents, with the remainder at 75 cents and a dollar. All of the seats are reserved, and there is no war tax. Tickets will remain on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., until 6 o'clock on the evening of the concert, when they may be had at the Auditorium.

At the Alcazar

This week's joyous sunshine play, "Happiness," in which Fay Courteney scores tremendously by ability to act with finesse, delicate artistry and magnetic charm, will be followed at next Sunday's matinee by the first San Francisco production of "The Matinee Hero". It is a Cohan and Harris success by Leo Ditrichstein and A. E. Thomas, in which Mr. Ditrichstein himself was recently much admired at the Vanderbilt, New York. "A Matinee Hero" introduces the Alcazar's new leading man, Clay Clement, who demonstrated his quality at the head

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of the best eastern stock companies and in Broadway productions staged by Charles Frohman, Henry Miller, Grace George, Willard Mack and the Selwyns. He has youth, virility, class and distinctive personality. The infusion of new blood in the Alcazar's fine organization that inspires San Francisco's honest pride and loyal support is significant of much enjoyment to come in a wide range of dramatic novelties. "The Matinee Hero" blends much laughter with gripping moments of emotion in its story of the stage idol who wearies of romantic parts, in which women rave over him, and he longs to play Hamlet. His adorable wife diplomatically handles all his business affairs and opportunely rescues him from the web of a regular blown-in-the-bottle vampire.

"Roads of Destiny," to be given first Pacific Coast production January 25th, is Channing Pollock's tremendous New York success of last year, which made Florence Reed famous. It is an extraordinary and soul stirring dramatic exposition of human emotions. Its argument is for the inevitablity of fate. The scenes are laid on a farm in Nebraska, in a gambling house in Alaska, and upon the terrace of a magnificent home on Long Island.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will include eight entirely new acts and only one holdover. "Extra Dry" is William B. Friedlander's latest musical comedy production and he is responsible for its music, lyrics and staging. The book is the work of Harlan Thompson and is really of importance as a musical comedy vehicle. "Extra Dry" is all fun, girls and songs, and there is not a dry moment in "Extra Dry". A splendid cast does full justice to this delightful offering. Felix Bernard and Jack Duffy are back again in vaudeville with an entertaining offering entitled "Have a Smile," which is a happy combination of fun and music. Eva Taylor, one of the best light comediennes in vaudeville returns in a humorous satire called "Virginia Rye," by Lawrence Grattan, the author of a number of successful playlets. Miss Taylor, as a young widow is credited with having made one of the greatest hits of her unusually successful career. Elfrieda Wynne, a delightful vocalist and favorite wherever she appears, will be heard in songs of the day. She will be assisted by Raoul Paniagua, celebrated Guatemalan pianist. The Four Readings, sensational jugglers of human beings and astounding gymnasts and acrobats, will give a thrilling exhibition. Pietro is a virtuoso on the piano accordeon, and one of the few performers on it who are responsible for the great popularity this instrument has attained. The Lachman Sisters, two fascinating and versatile entertainers, who have achieved popularity in vaudeville, will present a delightful arrangement of songs and dances. The Rickards will appear in "A Variety Mixture," which includes clever card tricks, songs, jugglery, shadowgraphs, singing, dancing and comedy. The Four Mortons will be the only holdovers in a bill that cannot fail to satisfy even the most hypercritical.

Bacon—Is that a popular song your daughter is playing? Egbert—It was before she began playing it.

Mac—I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately! Jack—You certainly are, if that's one of them!

"Yes," said the young wife, proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents." "So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband.

Waiter—Steak medium or well done, sir? Absent-minded Parson—Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Tom—Wasn't she annoyed when you called on her with a four-day beard on your face? Dick—Yes; she said she felt it very much.

Mistress—Did you water the ferns in the drawing room, Norah? Maid—Yes, mum. Don't you hear the water dripping on the carpet?

"Your son is an actor, you say, Mr. Macginnis." "Faith, he is." "And what role does he play?" "Roll, it is? Faith, he rolls up the curtain."

"Yes, my dear," said the sarcastic husband, "you may have made the cake all alone, as you say, but who helped you lift it out of the oven?"

Little Arthur—Father, why are so many people poor? Father—Because they like to pretend that they can afford the things they can't afford, my boy.

"Just fancy, Willie, years ago these fields were covered by the sea, and fish were swimming where we stand!" "Yes, papa, here's an empty salmon tin!"

"Did the mountain air brace you up?" "Wonderfully! Why, after I'd been up there for three weeks I could pay the dental charges without a quiver."

By the sad sea waves. Sentimental Maude—Just listen to the moaning of the tide, Bertie. Bertie—It isn't the tide, old thing; it's the people paying their hotel bills!

First Lad—I hear Phyllis is going to marry a chap in the Army. Second Lad—Well, I daresay a man who makes a business of war might be able to get on with her!

"Isn't he rather fast, dear?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes, mama," replied the girl, "but I don't think he'll get away."

He—You're one of the kind of women who believe they never did anything foolish in their lives. She— I couldn't believe that. Didn't I marry you?

Mr. Mingleby, would you mind telling me how you made your first thousand pounds?" "Not at all; I made it by attending strictly to business—my own business, you know!"

She—No! I like you very much indeed, but I couldn't marry a spendthrift. He—How do you know I am a spendthrift? She—By the way you have been wasting money on me!

A retired painter and decorator said to an artist whom he had commissioned to paint his daughter's portrait—And none of your slap-dash painting for me; three good coats, mind yer.

Miss Askum—Mr. Brokely proposed to her, didn't he? Miss Wise—Yes, but she sized him up for a counterfeit. Miss Askum—Why? Miss Wise—He didn't have the proper ring about him.

"We have all played the fool," declared the ex-Crown Prince. "I see it now." "How?" "We had the whole world to pick a fight with." "Well?" "And look at the crowd we picked out!"

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Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Selling of stocks by the professional element in Wall street finally brought about a change in sentiment, as well as a lower range of prices, but their ultimate success will be dependent to a large extent upon further outside developments—the nature of which would cause real liquidation among the actual holders of securities. Thus far, efforts in this direction have been unsuccessful. Industrial revolution is taking place in the United States, as well as in Europe, that is now conceded in prominent financial circles of New York. On account of these great changes, it is impossible to measure accurately the basic undercurrent governing speculative investment, as in the past. The next six weeks under ordinary circumstances would be a dull period, but there is no evidence of a slackening of general business, and some bankers look for tight money conditions right up to the spring season. Unless the banks are able to reduce their loans before the opening of spring, the federal reserve system will find it difficult to function and more trouble for the stock market is to be expected. For this reason, the conservative element is advising caution. The opinion seems to be that the January rise, so widely heralded, took place in December. That this advance would occur was clearly indicated some time ago. The market had recovered nearly all of its loss made last November and had manifested a persistent tendency to advance. This advance was accomplished in the face of selling for the establishment of losses against taxes and other unfavorable factors. It was directed by professionals and insiders who hoped that the public would come in after the turn of the year. Their hopes were not realized and that explains the weakness in the market. The bullish comment sent out at the end of last week correctly gauged the market from the standpoint of general expectations. Nearly everybody believed that the public would come in and that the market would keep going for an indefinite period. Now uncertaintly prevails. The refusal of the public to help make a market leaves the professionals in a quandary, but it appears they are preparing to have another try at the entrenched longs, who have held on through thick and thin, and a little unfavorable news might help a good deal and possibly mean success. General news, however, was not so pessimistic, as the action of the market would indicate. Outside of stringency in the money market, there were several news items that had a favorable effect. The calling off of the strike by the labor unions and the big increase in the steel industry is running at full capacity with no fear of labor troubles for some time. What is true regarding the steel business is equally true in other lines of business, and the demand is such that supplies of all kinds of finished articles are inadequate to take care of the present consumption. Copper metal is in better demand, although the price has only advanced fractionally, yet there were reports of some round lots being taken. Tobacco companies report business in better condition than for any previous period, with earnings nearly 50 per cent larger. Oil companies are advancing their selling prices for the refined product, and the demand is such that the visible supply of oil continues to decrease, notwithstanding the increased production that has taken place. There is nothing wrong fundamentally with the market, and the action of the market is governed more through technical conditions which only last a short time. We believe that, with the peace treaty out of the way and with the railroads well taken care of by Congress, the market will right itself again and higher prices will be in order.

Cotton—The cotton futures market last week was characterized by the heavy buying operations for English account and the market responded well with good advances in all positions. Trading was never especially heavy with the exception of the foreign demand. Their buying for trade account showed some improvement and was important as an index of what may be expected during the coming week. Manchester and Lancashire report very heavy business from the Orient and, with a continuation of the demand from this source, there is no telling what volume may or may not be attained by exports, as the foreign demand is disregarding the foreign exchange situation altogether. There was a fair amount of hedge selling in the market and, indeed, the bulk of contracts offered came from this source, but there was also a good demand from the south.in fact, New Orleans was on the buying side and this brought about a marked change in sentiment amongst the New York local sentiment with a big swing to the side of the bulls. This is marked in a better buying movement among the Wall street element. There is also a pronounced change in the tenor of market reviews put out by leading cotton houses. Whereas, a week or so ago, the majority of these reviews counselled a watchful waiting attitude and, at best, a scalping position until something definite came up, now it is realized that the Liverpool strength really constitutes a new and promising feature, and market reviews are now advocating purchases on all recessions. We have felt all the time that cotton, especially the distant futures, were selling at too big a discount to warrant anything other than the long side and that, when the option approached the date of maturity, the price would have to advance nearer the spot price, which is now selling around 40 cents for the middling grade. There is such a limited supply of good cotton on hand and the holders of this cotton are so strongly entrenched that they are in a position to dictate prices, as the world was never so short of cotton goods as it is now, and regardless of what the market may do from day to day, the ultimate outcome will be a higher market.

Mary—Don't you think Miss Antique keeps her age remarkably well? Maude—I know she never gives it away.

Freddie—Say, Father? His Father—What is it? Freddie—If we take pussy on the steamer will she need nine life-belts?

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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JOY'S CHRISTMAS FIND

A Baby, Waif and a Lonely Mother Meet

(Continued from Page 5)

speak, and Madge Tankerville's eyes grew wistful.

"Send her to a home," she said at last. "There are homes for children. I will pay."

"The child wants a mother," repeated her visitor. "Listen to me, dear, listen, and do not be angry. Your arms are empty, your heart aches for your child—no, wait. That lonely little child has a heart too, and she wants her mother. There are hundreds of children with mother-ache consuming them, just as there are hundreds of women with the ache for a child eating out their hearts."

She rose to go, and looking back as she reached the door she saw the woman in black crouching before the fire, a child's white sock clasped in her clenched hand.

Then she was gone, and the woman in black was left alone.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, lifting her arms and dropping them wearily. "Oh, God! my little—little Joy."

She rocked to and fro, a huddled-up mass of black, but she did not weep. Her weeping had been done long ago, and now her eyes were burning and dry. There were moments when she wished she could weep again; times when tears would have eased her heart which now sometimes felt as though it would burst; but tears were denied her.

After a time she rose, and with a weary droop of the shoulders mounted the stairs, opening the nursery quietly as though a sleeping child were there. Hannah had been up since, built up the fire which wa sblazing away merrily, and had turned the lights low.

It was a delightful room, all soft shades, yet full of warmth and brightness. The touch of an artist hand was on every side, everything that money could buy to make childhood happy and comfortable was to be seen, and luxury seemed mated with love. Mrs. Englefield sank down before the fire and held her hands to the blaze.

"Oh, my little Joy," she moaned, "my little, little Joy!"

Yet no tears came. Her heart was too hard now for tears.

Folding doors led to the night nursery, and here luxury was still more evident. It was a cosy nest indeed. Presently the woman rose and leaving the fire, wandered into the other room, switching on the lights and walking round, her face white and set and hard.

She opened a cupboard beside the daintily furnished cot and took out a bent and battered doll. She winced as though someone had struck her, laid it gently aside, and took out another and yet another; then a wooly bear, with a blue ribbon tied round its neck—a Teddy-bear minus an eye, and last of all a "Nonsense Picture Book." These had been Joy's greatest treasures, and one after another she had hugged them each night in bed until sleep claimed her. Slowly the mother laid them back again, touched the pillow as though a little head lay there, sighed, gulped down a dry sob, and turned back into the day nursery where the firelight danced and shone over the room.

But she gave a great start, rubbed her eyes as though to reassure herself she was not dreaming, then sprang forward with a cry which startled the child who stood before the fire.

A little child in a pink nightgown stood there, her mop of golden curls gleaming in the firelight, her tiny hands held to the blaze, her blue eyes dancing.

"Joy!" cried the woman. "Joy!"

She sank on her knees, strained the little one to her, holding her as though she would never let her go. The baby limbs, all soft and yielding and cuddlesome, lay in her grasp again, and she rocked her to and fro, a queer cradle-song on her lips, an awful fear in her heart, too bewildered to understand. No dream child this, no phantasy. What did it mean? The nursery door was closed. A child could not enter through locked doors.

A whirlgig of emotions held her, her senses were in a riot, but one little pink hand thrust itself into the bosom of her dress in just the fashion Joy had been wont to do. What could it mean? She grew frightened and thankful by turns.

Suddenly one big tongue of flame leapt up, filling the room with brightness. She bent forward and looked down at the child's face. Bitter disappointment rent her. This was not even a spirit Joy. It was a child of flesh and blood, a child of Joy's size, it is true; but it was not Joy.

She set her down so suddenly the half sleeping little one was startled, and began to cry.

"Muvver," she whimpered, "muvver—wants mine muvver."

Something tugged at the woman's heart. It may have been the loss of the little hand that left her trembling. Turning, she switched on the light.

"Whose child are you?" she cried sharply.

She was only a baby, and staring up at the black garbed figure, the child in the pink nightgown began to cry.

"Wants mine muvver," she cried. "Joy wants muvver."

It was then she saw the Christmas tree in the corner, all brown and withered, it is true, but glittering with tinsel balls, crackers, and gaudy toys. Forgetting her plaint of a moment before, she darted towards it.

"Kismas tree!" she cried and clapped her baby hands. "Kismas tree for Joy."

A knife seemed to stab the woman's heart at the sound of the familiar name, but something in the child's figure held her spellbound. A pink flannelette nightgown; a mop of golden curls; two little dimpled hands; a Christmas tree. What was it somebody had said—children with a mother-ache? She leapt to the truth.

So this was Madge's way of teaching her.

She held out her arms.

"Sweetheart," she called, all the honeyed sweetness of a mother's tongue creeping into her voice, "come here!"

The child turned. There were tears on her cheeks still, but the blue eyes were smiling.

"Kismas tree," she said with a gleeful chuckle.

"Joy," she called, but this time in a whisper. "Is your name Joy?"

"'Es," said the little one, eyeing her rather doubtfully. "'Es."

"Joy," called the woman, using every art she knew, and holding out her arms in coaxing fashion, "come to—mother."

Then as she hugged the little pink garmented figure close to her the child laughed.

"Me 'ikes 'ou," she sighed and nestled down.

A tear fell down on the baby cheek. Mrs. Englefield had learned how to cry again.

* * * * * *

"Hannah," whispered Madge Tankerville, "we will go up now?"

Hannah shook her head.

"Let her be, miss," she said. "'Twill do her a power o' good to hug a child again. You say the mother's dead, miss?" she added inquiringly

Miss Tankerville nodded.

"Thank the Lord," sighed Hannah. She'll keep it, then."

She did.

"Do you believe in mustard plasters, doctor?" asked the patient. "Yes, I do," growled the medico fiercely. "I prescribe them for patients who call me out in the middle of the night when there's nothing the matter with them."

First professor (in high-powered motor car)—We've got it at last. Second Professor—G-got w-what? First Professor—Perpetual motion—I can't stop.

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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1919

ASSETS

1—**Bonds of the United States** ($12,566,631.57), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof ($12,630,250.00), of the State of New York ($2,149,000.00), of the City of New York ($1,000,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts ($1,162,000.00), of the City of Chicago (650,000.00), of the City of Cleveland ($100,000.00), of the City of Albany ($200,000.00), of the City of St. Paul ($100,000.00), of the City of Philadelphia ($350,000.00), of the County of Bergen, New Jersey, ($200,000.00), of the County of Cuyahoga, Ohio, ($90,000.00), the actual value of which is $31,225,129.57

2—**Miscellaneous Bonds**, comprising Steam Railway Bonds ($1,768,000.00), Street Railway Bonds ($1,486,594.51), and Quasi-Public Corporation Bonds ($2,434,000.00), the actual value of which is 5,174,200.50

3—**Cash on Hand** 2,629,013.56

4—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 29,682,160.65

Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon, Nevada and Washington.

5—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 289,600.00

Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge of Bonds and other securities.

6—(a) **Real Estate** situate in the City and County of San Francisco ($621,243.81), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($1.00), Alameda ($65,753.49), San Mateo ($61,383.20), Contra Costa ($77,755.42), and Los Angeles ($75,790.77), in this State, the actual value of which is 901,927.69

(b) **The Land and Building** in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 969,972.97

7—**Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds** 285,617.97

TOTAL ASSETS $71,157,622.91

LIABILITIES

1—**Said Corporation owes Deposits** amounting to and the actual value of which is $68,322,174.13

Number of Depositors 82,332

Average deposit $828.93

2—**Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds** 285,617.97

3—**Reserve Fund, Actual Value** 2,549,830.81

Total Liabilities $71,157,622.91

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By E. J. TOBIN, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss

E. J. TOBIN and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said E. J. TOBIN is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

E. J. TOBIN, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1920.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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San Francisco Welcomes Pershing

San Francisco, ever with a tender spot in her heart for those who have taken their place in the heroic forefront of life, greets in General Pershing not only the hero to whom the nation and other lands as well have paid signal homage for signal achievements, but much more than that—an old friend.

Not the plaudits of peoples nor the accolade of kings could add in the eyes of San Francisco to the luster of this guest who is not merely guest but our fellow of yesteryear.

General Pershing comes with the splendor of great deeds upon him, and let us therefore do him honor the more, but in the handclasp of the city let him feel the warmth San Francisco keeps for those who are, in a measure at least, her own.

* * *

The Morning After

Prohibition is upon us, clamped tight. There is no hope of a wet Christmas to buoy up the caravan plodding through the dust of 1920. One reads sympathetically of sailors who break $5,000 compasses to get the drop of alcohol they hold, and of folks who buy unabridged dictionaries for the pictures of stills they contain. One is stoical at the news that treatises on liquor manufacture are put on the index prohibitorum of libraries. One looks with interest on the demand for $100,000 from the federal government with which to find a new use for California wine grapes. One watches hopefully the test arranged by the California Grape Growers' Association and the Motor Truck Association. One sees the possibility of a silver lining in the announcement that Peoria, the greatest of distilling centers, is to be more prosperous than ever after the distilleries have been converted into food factories—but one, alas! is not in Peoria. There are 70,000,000 gallons of whiskey in America and nobody knows what to do with them. Twenty millions were exported at the eleventh hour, chiefly to Cuba and the Bahamas. But they are not in the Pacific. Such is the accomplishment of 112 years of white ribbon agitation.

And the arch Puritans of the country hold a convention in Washington, and dancing, tobacco, the continental Sunday, gambling, and all else that maketh for life with non-Puritans, is to be done away with.

In that may one see hope. Those who are so upright they lean over backward are in danger of toppling. Each non-Puritan can help with one little push.

* * *

Japan, California and the Soviets

It is a far cry from Modesto to Moscow or Petaluma to Petrograd. If, however, Californians have the duty of fidelity to their state, they have the higher duties imposed by Americanism, and local interests should not, at a critical time, be allowed to embarass the government when it may find it necessary to give moral support to the activities of a friendly power. Before long Japan may have to take the field actively against the Bolsheviki in Asiatic Russia.

Kolchak is at his end. As to that, Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Malone, M. P., who recently visited Russia, declared on his return to London that Kolchak was pro-German. The fact remains that he is gone, leaving only the dangerous bitterness created by his death trains and similar methods of repression in the region in which he operated. The Czecho-Slovak forces repudiated him and are being taken home. American troops are to be withdrawn from Siberia, according to Washington. Japan already has some 7,000 troops in Siberia; more are available. If the western allies open war on the Bolshevik armies, as seems possible, they will concentrate defensively on the Near East, where the Russians are seeking to penetrate through co-operation with the rebel Young Turks, intermediate peoples and so on to India, with the help of the Afghans. The eastern line, in Asia, falls thus, it appears likely, to Japan. Undoubtedly Japan will demand a price; blood and money are not spilt for nothing. Yet Japan is already reported negotiating with China on the terms for the return of Shantung. The powers to which other German possessions fell can cast no stones at Tokyo.

The possibility of Japan's taking an important part in a holy war against the Bolsheviki—and it has its forces intact as has no other nation that participated, nominally or otherwise, in the great war—must be considered in Washington, where Senator Phelan's Japanese exclusion bill is in the hands of a sub-committee. It should be considered in California, whose final redress must be obtained through Washington.

* * *

Driving a Trade Wedge Into Russia

If, through the partial lifting of the Russian blockade, the allies succeed in throwing the benefits of that action to the Russian co-operative societies, they will have achieved a stroke of statesmanship of a new kind. They will, in fact, have driven a wedge into Russia to a depth that arms have not accomplished, and they will have strengthened the internal opposition to the Bolsheviki.

Despite ill-informed opinion, the Russian co-operatives are arrayed against the Bolsheviki. The meaning of securing the co-operatives' good will, and of giving them an economic advantage over the ruling political party, is best indicated by a summary recently compiled by Count Ilya Tolstoy. According to his figures, the number of individual co-operative societies in Russia rose from 10,002 in 1913 to 54,000 in 1919, with 22,000,000 householder members. Multiplied by five, the average size of a family, this gives 100,000,000 members, or about sixty per cent of the population. The societies operate 1,446 factories. The co-operative sales in 1918 represented one billion rubles. If the allies can enable this vast organization, with its hostility to the Bolsheviki, to supply the wants of the people, they will turn their allegiance to the source of plenty and the supports will be cut from under the Bolsheviki.

The supreme council's decision may also pave the way for American trade.

* * *

The Shipyard Allegations

There is a special infelicity, not to use a stronger word, in the loose talk in terms of billions used anonymously and without a shred of particularity, in the newspaper rumors of frauds in the shipyards that have built vessels for the government. The press learned long ago that the American public, like other publics, is dazzled by big figures. The hints of immense graft, however, fall upon a business which, given no definite libel to combat, is rendered all but defenceless. The suggestions come, moreover, with all their tripping glibness, upon the ears of people ready to echo any hue and cry that purports to be directed against certain indefinite monsters called "profiteers". Today the profiteer is as much the victim of hysteria as was the pro-German or suspected pro-German of two years ago. The real gouger, if he is ever found, is in truth deserving of short shrift; it is he more than any other

factor that is creating and spreading dissatisfaction. But to hurl this opprobrious term at the back of the shipbuilders, after the services they have performed, is indefensible.

Fortunately, out of the odorous fog of newspaper prattle, there have come white lights, dissipating it. The Shipping Board contracts on the Pacific Coast amounted to only $737,000,000, and on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to $996,000,000. This leaves unrepresented only the minority district of the Great Lakes. As in any large number of companies, it is possible there were black sheep among the shipbuilders, but to malign the entire industry as has been done is not only cowardly but absurd.

San Francisco has a particular interest in the affair in view of the distinguished part taken in the shipbuilding program by the yards about the bay. San Francisco, therefore, will be especially happy if the situation is reduced from its monstrous vagueness to something approaching credibility.

* * *

Admiral Sims Writes Another

The outstanding fact about Admiral Sims' criticism of the Navy Department and its conduct during the war is that under no circumstances should his charges be permitted to become a football of politics.

Close on the heels of his criticism of the award of naval honors Admiral Sims wrote to Secretary Daniels his letter entitled "Some Naval Lessons of the Great War," which the secretary acknowledged, saying he would give it to the public, if he saw fit, with his own answer. The head of the forces afloat during the war forestalled the secretary, however, by giving the letter in testimony before the senate committee investigating naval awards, whose existence was due to the admiral himself.

Whatever may be thought of the policy of this, in his letter Admiral Sims goes beyond America's internal affairs and to that extent is he culpable. On technical questions there are always at least two opinions, and the country will have been benefited if that which seems best is determined, no matter whom it may uphold. But implying that the refusal of the department to send more aides and its retention of control in important decisions reduced the prestige of the American representative on the council of the allies, and especially in his declaration that the department instructed him, before his departure, "not to let the British pull wool over your eyes," adding that "we would just as soon fight the British as the central powers," Admiral Sims has gone beyond his proper sphere of technicalities.

If he was in truth so cautioned, punishment should be administered to whomever he has quoted.

There are many people now in jail for terms ranging up to twenty years, who said less against the cause of the embattled powers than this alleged Washington department official who suggested that America had cause to suspect England's intentions, or that hostilities with England were even possible. The laws under which such people were sentenced are still in effect. Here is a case which might be found to warrant their enforcement once more.

* * *

San Francisco and Its School Bonds

It is unfortunate that the city finds itself in the position of having to organize campaigns, along the lines of the Liberty Loan campaigns, to dispose of its school bonds. Undoubtedly new schools are needed, and the extension of existing facilities. The three million dollars sought by the supervisors' finance committee would go toward giving San Francisco its proper rank as a school city. The pity is that the city should find itself bonded for so many purposes that an essential such as this should present difficulties. According to the supervisors, banks and bond houses are not interested in buying municipal bonds at par and the city cannot sell at less than par. Therefore, the citizenry is to be appealed to. The demand should be met, in this instance, but the lesson in it should not be forgotten.

* * *

The World Conference and a World City

San Francisco has again taken its place as a city of world-wide importance through the participation of leaders of this community in the memorial addressed to eight nations proposing an immediate conference of the leading powers, including Germany and Austria, for reviving international commerce and restoring countries in part laid waste. The American signers included Herbert Fleishhacker, Frank B. Anderson and Herbert Hoover. More than this, the plan is said to have been developed from suggestions made by another San Francisco banker, John J. Arnold.

The program as outlined is ambitious, including what would in effect be to some extent a stabilizing influence on the balance of trade with special security calling forth public loans in the different countries.

The world's need today is to get the wheels turning again. With strengthened machinery for the exchange of articles produced there would be renewed incentive for their production. And the concensus today is that as things are now going, production is inadequate.

Student Song

By John Hay

When Youth's warm heart beats high, my friend,
  And Youth's blue sky is bright,
And shines in Youth's clear eye, my friend,
  Love's early dawning light,
Let the free soul spurn care's control,
  And while the glad days shine,
We'll use their beams for Youth's gay dreams
  Of Love and Song and Wine.

Let not the bigot's frown, my friend,
  O'ercast thy brow with gloom,
For Autumn's sober brown, my friend,
  Shall follow Summer's bloom.
Let smiles and sighs and loving eyes
  In changeful beauty shine,
And shed their beams on Youth's gay dreams
  Of Love and Song and Wine.

For in the weary years, my friend,
  That stretched before us lie,
There'll be enough of tears, my friend,
  To dim the brightest eye.
So let them wait, and laugh at fate,
  While Youth's sweet moments shine—
Till memory gleams with golden dreams
  Of Love and Song and Wine.

Mad, Merry New York

By Clay M. Greene

(When Clay M. Greene left for New York recently he promised to write a periodical letter for Town Talk. This is the first to arrive because first he had a terrible cold as a welcome from New York weather; then, the Lambs caught him for a Gambol in which he had to write a sketch, learn the principal part and direct the rehearsals, all in a week. He promises to write soon again.)

It is a good name for it. To the contemplative and more or less critical sojourner from the vastly more self-centered west, all of Gotham seems as mad as though all of the March hares of Christendom had been turned loose upon the Great White Way, unbridled, unhampered and undisturbed, except by each other in trying to push through the mad wild rush to get somewhere, anywhere, so long as there may be something doing. And there is something doing always, in the district of which the gaudily lighted Long Acre Square is the center, and the nether avenues radiating from it in all directions. And all because there are two great automobile shows in town.

Every night is like New Year's Eve now-a-days as far as the crowds are concerned, but the tin horns, buzzers and confetti have become replaced by a tense, eager, jostling rush for the show places, for the great city is show mad, the automobile shows have made them theater mad, and the managers, taking advantage of the inordinate rush to be entertained, are openly profiteering by boosting the prices of seats to figures hitherto undreamed of, and which five years ago would have resulted in a general boycott of all places of amusement. But they care not, these mad, merry crowds, and eagerly insist upon being fleeced, for most of them have been profiteering in one way or another themselves, and there must exist a sort of kindred sympathy between them and the sordid purveyors of amusement who are determined to get in as much hay as may be possible so long as this glaring and intemperate sun shall continue to shine.

All of the theaters are crowded, whether the offered pabulum be good, bad or indifferent, and all kinds are about equally well patronized. The members of the various branches of the business of public entertainment who have been accustomed to the courtesies of the theaters, must, until automobile week is over, confine this privilege to matinees, to nights selected by the managers, or else they must go to the ticket scalpers and be profiteered into paying such extortionate rates for seats as the show hounds may exact, according to the supposed value of the particular entertainment selected.

* * * *

The Managers to Blame

For this unrestricted greediness in seat profiteering the managers are largely, if not entirely, to blame. Many of them deny that they share in the least degree with the scalpers, and declare that such tickets as may have been allotted to them are not returnable, and are a total loss in case they are not sold. The fact is indisputable, however, that when the man in the box office assures you (often most impolitely), that "there ain't a thing left in the house," the scalper has in almost every case plenty of tickets to sell at greatly advanced rates, and the man who has turned you away from the box office in the afternoon, has in many cases seats to sell at the prevailing prices after 8 o'clock. There are even some managers who make no secret of this collusion with the scalpers, and openly assert their inalienable right to swell their receipts in any way they see fit. But the public doesn't care. It pays whatever is demanded of it without protest or complaint, for it insists upon being amused and is willing to voluntarily hold up its hands and pay whatever tribute the bandits may demand. Of course, there are managers with established clienteles who do not have to resort to this method of swelling their receipts, but they must suffer in the general criticism for the public thinks they are all alike.

* * * *

All Kinds of Shows

As has been said, there are all kinds of shows, good, bad and indifferent, brilliant, tawdry, thrilling and dull, and all seem to be equally well patronized by this mad, whirling and largely transient public of winter Gotham. The craze for the musical show continues unabated, and each new one is most respect differes from its predecessor only in its variations of nakedness and the tempos of its jazz. The pruriency of the public becomes more insistent in its demands with the coming of each dramatic season, and the managers of that ilk spare neither pains nor expense in providing a class of gorgeous entertainment which twenty-five or thirty years ago would have been raided by the police.

Nevertheless, there has never been a time when the theaters of Nw York have offered so many thrilling, absorbing and splendidly-acted and produced plays as are now current. The actor and critic of the so-called palmy days, in spite of his splenetic outbursts about the decadence of the drama, has never in his palmiest ones seen so much careful staging, such masterly handling of plot and situation, or such careful holding of the mirror up to nature, as he finds in the best theaters of today, providing he can get into them.

* * * *

"Abraham Lincoln"

In the opinion of the writer, who, being only an American with no foreign inclinations, prejudices or particular interest, naturally prefers American stories and American history beyond those of any other land, "Abraham Lincoln," as presented by Manager William Harris, Jr., at the Cort Theater, is the most absorbingly interesting of all the current dramas of New York, and this belief is of course in no sense weakened by the fact that a native son of the Golden West, Francis McGlynn of San Francisco, is giving a portraiture of the martyred emancipator such as has not been presented in the history of public entertainment, either in the spoken drama or on the screen.

It is more or less of a reproach upon the ingenuity of American authors, and the acumen of American managers, to be compelled to admit that the only worthy theatric presentment of this thrilling chapter of all American history, as far as dramatic possibilities are concerned, was written by an Englishman, John Drinkwater, who has been the first English author having the temerity to construct his first great play along American lines, and based upon the life of the greatest American.

* * * *

Francis McGlynn's Lincoln

As has been remarked, Francis McGlynn's portraiture of the first martyred president is far and away the best that has yet been seen by any public, and it is doubtful whether it will ever again be equaled. In visage, manner, gait, and general bearing he IS the Lincoln we have learned to know and revere through portraits and the writers of intimate history of him, and every sentence he speaks is pointed by a dignity, sweetness and veneration that suggests inspiration by the spirit of the character he so ably represents. Mr. McGlynn will never again be obscured or forgotten so long as there shall be an American stage or anyone to chronicle its achievements.

* * * *

Something About Clothes

To ask a thoroughly masculine narrator of events in the great metropolis to write upon the kaleidoscopic subject of female attire, is a matter as impossible of entire success, as would be the appointing of an editorial sob-sister who has never seen one to write a breezy account of a prize fight for the sporting columns of a great daily. But there is so much to see here, in the adornment of the female form, both divine and devilish; so much variety in cut and material, so much wild variation in taste and the exploiting of it, that he were dull and unimpressionable indeed who could not have something of more or less interest to say concerning them.

Be it said at the outset that as yet there seems to be almost, if not quite as much, difference of opinions in the minds of the dear creatures who wear really good clothes, as to any arbitrary rule in respect to what woman must wear, except that skirts must be shorter than ever and the frock bodies sleeveless, or nearly so, with a marked saving of material below the neck both front and back. Of course there are many to be seen in places where good clothes most do congregate who have not yet adopted this latest edict of Dame Fashion, but the signs of the times certainly point that way in spite of cold weather and snows overhead, with slushy crossings for all who persist in promenading instead of concealing their ravishments behind the plate glass windows of limousine or taxicab.

Flimsy Material

There is every evidence that the fashion elite of Gotham have adopted the Parisian idea not only of economy in material, as evidenced by the small number of yards now necessary, but all of it is of so light a texture that it can be worn in the height of summer without discomfort. At a smart tea at the Hotel Ritz, one

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"Caltex"---a Scientific Triumph

The steadily increasing preference for "Caltex" Onepiece Bifocals over all old styles of double vision glasses is a manifest indication of the unqualified superior position held by these wonderful lenses in the opinion of thousands of satisfied wearers. "Caltex" are the newest type of lenses for reading and distance use and are combined in one piece of glass. A large yet invisible reading portion is a distinct triumph in the field of recent scientific inventions.

A Tale of a "Tin 'At"

When His Majesty's Government, saw fit to dispense with the services of Private Jeremiah Dodds after three years in the army, two and a half of which were spent in France, there was no happier man in the universe than that individual. For Jerry—to give him the name by which he was known to all who knew him—had no love for the army, let alone the fighting and the prolonged absence from his beloved home. Bitter disillusionment had soon followed after the momentous occasion when he joined up. Life had not been exactly a bed of roses. He loved his wife, as a dutiful husband should, and though at times she had tried his patience by her shrewish actions, no one, even with the wildest flight of imagination, could say that he was henpecked. At least, so thought Jerry. As a man he was able to stick up for himself and his rights, but was willing, on occasions to sacrifice a lot for peace. His was the altruistic temperament.

When he arrived at the demobilization camp, there was considerable discussion among a few of his traveling pals as to whether they should take advantage of the beneficence of the authorities, who offered them, as a souvenir, the steel helmet which had been a bugbear and a blessing during their days of active service. Many were in favor of leaving them in the keeping of the "Quarter-bloke," and with them Jerry sided. Could he have forseen the consequences of such a decision, wild horses would not have dragged him from the camp without his "tin 'at."

The trouble began shortly after he reached home. As the hour of his arrival was uncertain, he was at the gate before Mrs. Jeremiah was aware of his presence. She was on her knees scrubbing the doorstep when her lord and master hailed her with a joyful shout.

"'Ullo! Maria, old gal. 'Ow goes it?"

Mrs. Doods looked up, and with a scream she jumped to her feet.

"Jerry!"

Two plump arms were thrown around his neck, and two dripping wet hands drew his head down to receive a resounding kiss.

Jerry bore the embrace bravely, then, realizing that peeping eyes has surveyed his approach along the street, he took his wife by the arm and led her into the house, lugging his sand bag with his belongings behind him. This he dumped down in the kitchen.

"'Ave you anythink to eat?" were his first words as he looked round. "I'm 'arf starved. 'Ad nothink to eat since larst night. Couldn't look at the stoo they offered us this morning."

Maria busied herself preparing something hot, while Jerry produced a cigarette and had a smoke. Between puffs he answered her questions, giving details of his journey home, his experiences in the camp, and his arrival at the station in town.

While at breakfast Maria eyed the sand bag on the kitchen floor.

"I don't see your tin 'at, Jerry," she exclaimed. "Don't say as 'ow you 'avent brought it 'ome as a souvenier. The papers said you was to 'ave it to keep."

"Um," muttered Jerry, with his mouth full. "No more tin 'ats for me. It would make me cuss every time I saw it. I left it at the camp. All the other blokes left 'em."

"Well, Jeremiah Dodds," declared Maria, "as soon as you like you can go back an' get it. I 'specially wants that tin 'at. 'Aven't I been thinking as 'ow you'd be sure to bring it 'ome with you."

Jerry halted in the act of transferring half a sausage from his plate to his mouth and stared at her with bulging eyes.

"'Ow can I go back and get it?" he demanded. "'Oo'll pay my train fare? And besides, the tin 'ats 'as all been put away. I can't 'ave mine no more. I'm out of the army, and I ain't going back for no tin 'at. Ain't you got enough souveneers with the lot as I pinched from the bloke the larst time I was 'ome on leaf? I 'ate the sight of a tin 'at more than ole Fritz did, and I don't want to see one 'anging around 'ere." With that he went on with the attack on the sausages thinking the matter settled once and for all.

Bu his three years' absence from home had not quenched the spark which set the temper of Mrs. Jeremiah aflame. And when she was angry, Maria was at her best. Her flow of language was like a stream from a machine-gun, and every word hit the mark. What she didn't give him in the way of a character wasn't worth mentioning. Jerry was completely stunned, and could only sit with his mouth agape. Not even his old sergeant-major ever reduced him to such a condition, and he was reckoned to be "some" language expert. He recovered sufficiently, however, to hear the final explosion.

"Listen to me, Jeremiah Dodds. I WANT that tin 'at. Wasn't I just thinking as 'ow it would look nice 'ung above the door full of geraniums or begoniums. Mrs. Jubb 'as one which 'er 'ushand brought from France, and what she 'as I'll 'ave. So you'll get one from somewhere—buy it, or steal it, but a tin 'at I wants, and a tin 'at I'll 'ave. 'Op it now, and don't come back without one or I don't wish to see your face no more."

Lack of breath made this her parting volley, and she walked out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind her.

"'Ere's a bloomin' go," sighed Jerry. "What a barrage! The ole woman ain't 'arf got the wind up. Well, I 'ope as 'ow I can pinch one, for I ain't going to buy no blinkin' tin 'at. Eh, but it's fine to be 'ome again. No more rout marches or fatigues for Jeremiah Dodds." Abstracting another cigarette from the depths of his pocket he lit it and sat back with a sigh of contentment.

"Wish I 'ad kept that ole tin 'at, though," he muttered. "The ole gel seems to 'ave set 'er 'eart on 'aving one. Could 'ave 'ad 'arf a dozen if I'd wanted 'em, too. Wonder if any bloke's got one to give away."

His cigarette finished, he lowered his feet from the top of the stove and rose up from his chair with a yawn. He could hear his wife bustling about at the rear of the house, and, knowing her of old, thought it better to keep clear until she cooled down. Tip-toeing across the floor, he reached for his cap, slipped quietly out at the front door, and was halfway along the street before he looked back to see if his absence was discovered. But it was all serene.

He had not gone far when he met Joe Bushby. Joe, an old pal of Jerry's, had been demobilized about a month previously, and was now settled down in civilian life.

"'Ullo! Joe."

"'Ullo! Jerry."

Simultaneously they turned and crossed the street to the "Boar's Head." Jerry ordered and paid.

Over their drink they discussed their experiences, exciting and otherwise. Suddenly Jerry interrupted Joe in the middle of telling how his battalion had "put it across old Fritz" at Ypres.

"'Ave you such a thing as a tin 'at about you, Joe?" Talking of shells and shrapnel had caused him to remember.

"I 'aven't," replied Joe. "The missus 'as the one I brought 'ome. Got it done up with ribbons and 'ung under my photograph. Wish I 'ad never brought the blinkin' ole thing 'ome. Nearly killed me the first day. 'Ung it on a nail, and it fell down on my 'ead and cut it. But the missus ain't 'arf balmy about it. Calls it 'er 'ero's 'elmet. Some 'ope, she's got."

Jerry was disappointed and said so. His ray of hope had suddenly become a cloud of disappointment. Calling for another drink, he swallowed it quickly, said a disconsolate good-bye to Joe, and continued his way along the street.

Turning up a side street, he kept an eye open for a possible vision of a tin hat camouflaged as a flower basket. At the last house he suddenly stopped and gazed. There was the thing he was looking for. It hung just outside the porch, and a pot of scarlet geraniums occupied the part which had encased the cranium of its former owner.

Perhaps it was the drink he had had, or it might have been the thought of what Maria would say if he returned without a helmet, but Jerry was certainly guilty of on act of desecration. After a careful survey of the position, he crept cautiously up to the door and unhooked the hat from the nail, and turned towards the street, at the same time emptying the flowering plant on the front plot.

But ere he reached the pavement there was a shrill scream, and Jerry had a vision of a tall woman brandishing a broom. At the same time a dog appeared around the side of the house and executed a flank movement on Jerry's retreat.

The dog got busy. The fleshy part of Jerry's leg was just within reach, and it hung on while its mistress rushed to the rescue. There was a confused whirl of Jerry, the woman, the dog, the broom, and the helmet, in which the woman and the broom emerged triumphant. Jerry received a whack which almost broke his skull. Howls and screams rent the air, and old women threw their aprons over their heads and cried "Murder."

"Stop thief!" yelled the woman, as Jerry

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BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES SAN FRANCISCO 14

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit
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Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

HOTEL CECIL
The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel
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The Spectator

Bert Mahoney, K. C. Secretary

A valiant K. C. returned last week to San Francisco, his native town, after an honorable crusade overseas with our American troops. He is Albert Blake Mahoney, who was sent from this city as a secretary of the order. He arrived with a decoration from the mayor of Longres for his splendid services to the citizens of that city when the population was stricken with flu. The people were taken into the hospitals and Mr. Mahoney's unit distributed supplies regardless of military membership. He possesses letters from the American overseas committee on war activities thanking him for his fidelity. The one from the chairman is: "Since your arrival overseas in October, 1918, you have had several very important assignments and in each case you have entered into the work, not always pleasant from the point of convenience, with the same loyal and devoted spirit and thorough understanding which has made the work of the K. C.'s in this war the great success that it is. If I might mention but one activity—the result of your initiative, your work in securing photographs of all Americans' graves in the Langres cemetery and mailing them with a letter to the relatives of these brave men, has received the highest praise from the commander and the committee on war activities, and I am sure brought more than a little comfort to the relatives and friends of these brave men. . . . Your record is among the finest."

French God-Mothers of Soldiers' Graves

Mr. Mahoney said, when asked if he believed in returning from France the bodies of American heroes: "No, and you wouldn't either, if you could have seen the French cemeteries where they were tenderly buried and where their graves are kept so beautifully. For instance, I drove out to a cemetery in Bordeaux to take a photograph of the grave of Edward Fitzgerald of San Francisco, whose aunt, Mrs. Smith, of the Ladies' Aid Society, had requested me to procure this memento for her. I found the graves of the American boys decorated and in beautiful order, but Fitzgerald's bore evidence of extra and very recent attention, including a handsome urn filled with fresh, cut flowers. The caretaker of the cemetery informed me that the women of France have formed a society of god-mothers of American soldiers' graves; he gave me the address of the lady who had pledged herself to care for Fitzgerald's and I went to visit her. She was a dear little old lady who resided in a magnificent chateau. She said that for seven months she had cared for the grave and had masses celebrated, and that at her death, another French woman would pledge herself for the same loving duty. Fitzgeral went to France with General Pershing; he was a private in the Twelfth Engineers.

American Soldiers the Finest

I have never met a returned war worker or soldier so enthusiastic over our American boys as Mr. Mahoney. He said they were grand in action and fine in camp and on leave. They were so grateful for the comfort offered them by the K. C.'s and had never shown the slightest ingratitude. For instance, often they applied to the K. C.'s for money loans, but never in one case failed to repay. Mr. Mahoney says even since he returned payments have been forwarded him. He was eloquent about their courtesy to the foreign women and delighted because the women expressed their appreciation of it. "It's a wonder the boys were not spoilt," said Mr. Mahoney, "for the girls did make an awful lot of our boys. You should have seen them on Peace Day. An American uniform couldn't get by, but would be surrounded by girls singing 'Ring-Around-a-Rosy' and the boy couldn't get away without caresses from every girl in the ring. On July 14th, when our boys marched with General Pershing leading them beneath the Arc de Triomphe, they were a sight sublime." Mr. Mahoney said that no other soldiers could equal them and that they looked superbly handsome and "full of pep". And the French people noticed it too and let the boys know what they thought of them.

At Humes, General Pershing and President Wilson reviewed the American troops on July 4th. Mahoney was presented to President Wilson by General Pershing as "one of our K. C.'s". The President asked: "Where did you come from?" "From California," replied Mahoney. "I am certainly glad to meet someone from California," said the President and he presented the westerner to Mrs. Wilson.

American Loyalty

"When foreigners come to America to live," said Mr. Mahoney, "they are glad to be here even if their thoughts stray to their birthplaces. But without exception, every American soldier who landed in France blessed his own country as he set foot on foreign soil". "Me for the Goddess of Liberty!" "Ba-ba, France!" "No good Germany!" and other exclamations showed what they thought of home. Mr. Mahoney himself said the best song he ever heard is "Home, Sweet Home". He is having a lovely time saying "hello" to everyone. His friends are very glad to have him return with such a fine record, for "Bert" is a big favorite here. He served a term as county clerk and of recent years has been a deputy in the recorder's office Did he know Major McQuaide? Indeed yes. The padre, Garrett McEnerney and Judge Murasky were his sponsors for the overseas secretaryship and I can fancy the genial priest smiling, "I knew Bert would be a credit to our city". Mr. Mahoney remained in Europe with the last K. C. contingent; they wound up the business of the overseas commission and brought home the records to the organization center in New York.

The Destruction of Religious Prejudice

Besides the material comforts the K. C.'s were able to provide for the army, the imperishable good they did was the part they took in destroying religious prejudice. "Many a time," said he, "the boys would come to us and say, 'I'm not a Catholic, so perhaps I shouldn't be here'. 'You're welcome to the best we can give you. Make yourself at home—we are non-sectarian. Let us know if you have any needs we don't know about—everything is free to every soldier'," was the K. C. reply on tap. All sects learned during the great struggle that they were fighting along the same lines for the same things. They learned to respect one another, to help one another.

Did the French and Germans really overcharge the Americans? And if they did, Mr. Mahoney thinks it was the boys' fault. "The American soldier on leave had the gall of a burglar," he smilingly said. "Coming down a Paris street in one of those sea-going hacks and smoking a big cigar, he might be Pershing himself. He'd throw down five francs for something that cost two and 'keep the change' was his slogan as long as his money lasted. And then everyone was dead in love with him and admired him. But who could help it?"

La Cuisine et Le Vin

The wonderful French cooking turned out to be a myth, Mr. Mahoney declares, "They don't season anything right—I think they manufacture genuine French cooks in America. There must be places in France where you can get delicious French meals like those of the restaurants of San Francisco and New York, but I couldn't find them," he said.

Did you see American officers intoxicated in France? he was asked. "Never! The boys were able to carry their share of the light wines they drank. The vin ordinaire was sour and unpalatable, but they diluted it with water—besides they were told by the government to be careful of the water—we had a chemical water germ destroyer, also."

La Famille

Mr. Mahoney appreciated the American father since he saw more of the French. He prefers the more loving attitude of equality with wife and children to the French paternal position of superiority. He believes the French woman more adaptable and alert than the man. In inquiring for locations, he found the men slow and inaccurate, while the women were the direct opposite. He heard scores of French women say that American men are more polite and considerate of women than are her own countrymen. Crossing to come home, the passengers

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were assigned to life-boats. A French woman expressed satisfaction at finding that her fellow passengers would be Americans. "Because," she said, "if we have a wreck, the Americans would save our lives, but the French men might throw us into the water". He heard other French women say that the Americans had caused them to believe in their code of politeness because it insisted upon attentions to elderly, plain and poorly dressed women as well as to the young, pretty, fashionable ones. He echoes the sentiment of hundreds of thousands of others that America is the land of true chivalry. He believes that there is a field in France for the uplifter to urge beneficent laws for the safeguarding of numbers of French women who through poverty and the loss by the war of their protectors are forced to means of livelihood repulsive to American standards.

"In this country," continued Mr. Mahoney, "woman is our queen—home her kingdom. We shrink from having her waste her strength and beauty in hard work. Here she is on a pedestal. It is her own fault if she descends from it. Let her pursue only such occupations as will tend to preserve, to enhance her womanliness."

Prohibition and Tobacco

Didn't he think we gave our boys too much temptation rolled up in cigarette papers? "No, it was a Godsend to them in the reeking trenches and on the nerveracking battle fields. But arriving home in New York on December 15th, when the boys on his boat heard the newsies calling out that the Supreme Court had confirmed the prohibition decision, there went up a big shout: "Back to France, where we can get a drink!' "

Yankee Doodle in Germany

What did he think of Germany? Well, one of the finest countries imaginable. When he beheld the beautiful Rhine and the prosperous fertile land, he reflected upon the crime the kaiser had committed to endanger its destruction. He saw no evidence of disarrangement or distress and said the inhabitants pose as having not been beaten—they say they "quit". Also, he believes their protestations of regret about trouble with the good old U. S. seem so profuse as to imbue with doubt of their sincerity. With marks at 3 cents, the American soldier stationed in Germany is on easy street. He hadn't been long enough in Germany after the ban had been lifted about association with German frauleins, to have formed an opinion whether there is danger of inter-matrimonial complications arising.

American Indians Abroad

One night in Cologne, Mr. Mahoney and another K. C. lost their credentials, so found themselves in the position, A. W. L. They faced difficulty in being billeted in the town as the English were in charge and the Germans were suspicious of anyone without the requisite papers. Entering a restaurant where a stern-looking English billeting officer presided, they were enjoying their dinner when a little German boy ran to their table saying "You American?" "Yes," said Mr. Mahoney. The latter's companion was a tall man, very dark, with an aquiline nose and shiny black eyes. "He American, too?" asked the child. "Yes," The little fellow made the rounds of the tables, passing on his information. Presently he returned with a paper dime novel upon whose cover was an American Indian in splendid array. "Him American like you?" prattled the boy. "Yes," said Mr. Mahony, "my friend here is the big chief, but he left his feathers home and we have lost our wigwam". The billeting officer heard the conversation, entered into its spirit and put the two K. C.'s up in comfortable quarters.

"Well," Mr. Mahony concluded, "I don't know that we did much, and yet we did. The K. C. is an organization that not only made life easier for the soldiers but they treated the secretaries and representatives in a splendid manner. We had carte blanche to use our own judgment to help where help was required—red tape was eliminated and exactions not demanded. I am proud that I could have been with them."

So are your friends at home, kind sir; so are thousands of boys who are safe at home with you; and so are the loved ones of the American heroes who sleep in quiet graves which the grateful women of France tenderly watch over. It is such men as you who served in the K. C.'s and the other oganizations, for which you have words of generous praise, who helped with Right to forge with Might the links in the pliable chain of the brotherhood of man.

The Legion of Honor Palace

The imminent erection in San Francisco of a replica of the Legion of Honor Palace of Paris, makes interesting the account of the founding of the French order and the record of its palace of administration. It was built in 1786 as his home by Prince Salm-Salm, and purchased in 1804 by the just-organized order of the Legion of Honor.

History of the Order

On May 19th, 1802, the order of the Legion of Honor was founded, upon the suggestion of Napoleon I. Knights of the order were to be chosen among soldiers, legislators, scientists and citizens remarkable for their services or talents. The work of organization was completed in 1804 and nominations were made by the emperor. At that time the Legion comprised four ranks: grand officers, commanders, officers and legionaires. The form of the decoration was decreed by Napoleon to take the form of a star with five double stripes; the center surrounded by an oak and laurel wreath. Pictured on one side was the head of the emperor, with the words: "Napoleon, Emperor of the French" and on the other side, the eagle holding a lightning bolt, and the words: "Honor and Country". The decoration was attached to a red moiré ribbon.

The Regulations of Today

From 1850 on, provisions were made which, in the main, are in force today. Instead of the head of Napoleon, there is the head of the Republic and "French Republic, 1870". The present grade scale is: knight, commanding officer, grand officer and officer of the grand cross. One must first belong to the rank of knight and spend four terms in the grade before promotion to officership. Two, three and five terms are necessary for the successive ranks, except in the case of foreigners.

The decoration for a knight is of silver, of gold for the other ranks. The knights wear it on the left side, attached to a red moiré ribbon; the officers have a rosette with the ribbon; the commanding officer wears it cross-wise, attached to a wider ribbon; the grand officer wears, on the right side of chest, a badge of five double stripes, diamonds on silver. The officer of the grand cross wears slung over the right shoulder a wide ribbon or scarf, at the end of which is attached the badge of commanding officer. He wears, also, on the left side, the insignia of grand officer.

Their Privileges

The members of the Legion of Honor enjoy the following privileges: military legionaires, an annual pension of 250 francs; knights 500 francs, and the other grades advance to 1,000, 2,000 and 3,000 respectively, on condition that the conferees are nominated during active service. Legionaires, when assembled at a public ceremony, occupy reserved places; military hon-

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ors are due at death and are rendered at the home of the deceased. In the Great War, the cities of Paris, Belfort, St. Quentin, Valenciennes, Saint Didier, received the decoration for their armoral bearings. Flags have received this distinction, due to the bravery of the glorious soldiers who fought beneath their folds.

The administration of the order is entrusted to a grand officer, who works in conjunction with the chief of state and a council of the order.

Bryan, the Irrepressible

The appearance of a Bolshevik bombing dirigible over Wall street could hardly have produced such a state of wild consternation as did the sudden popping out of nowhere of William Jennings Bryan into the political pot, with every indication of keeping it boiling, to the utter confusion of all the hitherto suspected candidates of his party. The most amazing feature of this quite unexpected return from some mysterious Elba of this never-to-be-discouraged Napoleon, once hailing from Nebraska, were the luminous brilliancy by which the coup was effected, and the fact that he was followed to the very edge of the pot by many staunch and determined lieutenants, veterans in politics and well versed in the methods of properly exploiting candidates. In their unspeakable surprise and dismay the party leaders seem to have been plunged into a panic, for they proceeded to perpetrate an egregious blunder at the very outset. A great Democratic banquet had been arranged for Jackson Day in Washington, and the applications of the Bryan cohorts for seats among the mighty were curtly denied. Consequently the snubbed ones announced a Bryan banquet for the same date at another hotel, and all accounts are unanimous in pronouncing it the greater success of the two. On the following morning the managers of the several candidates levelled their prophetic telescopes over the political field and in the democratic constellation saw the Bryan star in a little better juxta position with their own in danger of disastrous collision with them. Ever since that fateful error in shutting out the Bryan men from the Jackson banquet, William J. has been growing stronger and stronger day by day. It is now believed that Woodrow Wilson is the only Democrat alive who could possibly wrest the nomination from him, and it is declared that he must consent to a candidacy in spite of his recent decision to retire from a campaign on account of ill health. Many of the best Democratic prophets declare that in such an event Bryan would have a walkover, though none of them appears to believe that he can possibly be elected. Strange to say Bryan's reappearance has caused no little concern among the Republicans. A short time ago they declared that they could win with any fairly good candidate. Today most of them are saying "who would be sure to beat Bryan this time, with his prohibition record and his entirely safe and sane notions with reference to the ratification of the peace treaty?" It is a singularly interesting juncture, this new popping up of the Nebraskan Lochinvar, for he has both parties guessing in as many different ways as there are candidates willing to be nominated.

Passing of Consul Rosenthal

The death this week of Consul Adolph Rosenthal (retired) removed a well-beloved resident long allied with the interests of San Francisco. Born in Dresden, Saxony, 1826, he came to America in 1849 and settled in Wisconsin, where he engaged in farming. Later on removed to Milwaukee and took up the practice of law, which he always intended to make his calling. At the same time, he acted as consular-agent for a number of the German states. When the German Empire was formed, he was asked to represent it in San Francisco, where he arrived in 1874. He continued as German consul general until 1904, when he retired. Since then he has resided quietly in San Francisco, to which he was devotedly attached. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Cecilie Rosenthal, and three sons, of this city. Louis Rosenthal, general agent in San Francisco of the Thames and Mersey, Switzerland, Liverpool and London and Globe, Hartford and Norske Lloyd Marine Insurance Companies; Dr. Adolph Rosenthal, prominent oculist of this city; Oscar Rosenthal, and a daughter, Mrs. E. Ulrich, of Detroit. Mr. Rosenthal was a man of broad culture, and lovable disposition. Though he had arrived at the venerable age of ninety-four, he remained interested in and helpful to those about him. He was greatly esteemed by a wide circle of friends and associates of his later days of activity in this city and the friends of his devoted children were drawn toward him by his kindly, polished manner. The funeral services were held on Tuesday from his late residence on Maple street.

Tod Sloan's Autobiography

Now that San Francisco is looking forward to having a real Jockey Club, with a track and real racing, "the sport of kings" conjures up the picture of little Tod Sloan, the greatest jockey that ever lived, who really began his spectacular career in this city, at the Bay District track. In 1915 he published his autobiography in an edition de luxe limited to two hundred copies. Though there have been many references in the American press to this story, I have not discovered anyone who has read any quotations from it, so I thought myself rather fortunate to find a copy in the possession of a San Francisco friend of the horseman, who sent it to me when he read in Town Talk that Major Johnstone, chief surgeon of the A. A. S. in France, had told us of Tod Sloan's having been an ambulance driver in his corps.

There is a prevailing idea that Sloan was warned off the turf in England, which is a mistake. In a preface, his editor, A Dick Luckman, says: "All that happened to him was that he was told that he had better not put in his application. He has been allowed to ride at exercise, and he has received direct information that there was no objection to his going on English racecourses. Indeed, racegoers can testify to the many meetings he has been to ever since the time he had perforce to retire from the saddle. Now, a jockey who is warned off or even suspended, is not allowed to frequent any enclosure on a racecourse."

Sloan's offense was betting on his own mount—legitimate in America—forbidden by the English Jockey Club. The stewards reprimanded him for that and also for accepting the offer of a present in the thousands in the event of his winning. Sloan, though he knew the English rules, saw nothing wrong in betting on his own mount, as he believed the law made to protect the public from jockeys who "pulled" their mounts after having bet against them. Besides, the English jockeys were never even suspended until their third or fourth offense, while Sloan infringed but once. He was the victim of envy upon the part of the British jockeys who took umbrage that King Edward VII made him his principal rider and some of the stewards who moved in high social circles were not above venting their spite against him because they thought it humiliating to their dignity that some of his titled patrons included him in week-end house parties at their castles. His noble hosts were grateful to him for the thousands of pounds he added to their bank accounts, and for the glory he gave their racing stables. As a guest, he was a well-behaved chap, thoroughly independent and as he whistled and played remarkably well, on the guitar and piano, and played a good game at billiards and golf, was a fine skater, swimmer and a crack shot, he kept up his end of the entertainment.

Accumulation and Loss of Fortune

Sloan accumulated $800,000 in his riding career but today he is without a fortune owing to ill-advised speculation, hurried sale of valuable property and kindred misfortune. He is today without fortune, but as "chipper" as ever and esteemed highly by the prominent men who knew him in his halcyon days. He is now a salaried secretary of the Traveller's Club in New York and also draws a small governmental salary in the War Department.

In France, after his English difficulty, he had trouble with the racing Société d'Encouragement at Chantilly because he had helped a French rider to get his mount, Rose de Mai, in condition to run in a race at Chantilly, claiming that he had exercised the animal on forbidden ground; he was warned from the saddling enclosure and jockeys' room permanently. In a hot-headed way he rushed in to clear himself and brought an action against the Société, claiming damages. He retained the great pleader, Maitre Labori (who also defended Dreyfus). Labori won the case without damages, the Société having to pay all costs. Later, during Sloan's absence in America, the case was appealed, but Labori rushed in and won it again with costs, so the warning off that enclosure did not hold.

Sloan "Done" in Jewel Sale

One morning in Paris he sold his jewels (mostly gifts from grateful racers' owners), which were valued at 100,000 francs, for 10,000 francs, with a verbal agreement to resell to him for 12,000 francs. When he was ready to purchase them back, he found they had been sold, including a lovely pearl valued at $2,500.

Childhood Days

When James Forman Sloan (called Tod because he was so small) was five years old his mother died. His father, devoted to him, was too lenient and allowed him as time passed to roam the fields all day with his dog Tony. His father, who had ben an officer in the U. S. army during the Civil War, opened a real estate office and ran a barber shop in Kokomo, Indiana. When his father died, Tod at the age of thirteen, presented himself at his aunt's house for

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refuge. He announced that he'd come on a visit. "And your dog, is he a visitor, too?" asked the aunt. "Neither he nor I go where the other doesn't," was the best way Tod could put it. She grudgingly gave him some bread and pie and said there were rats about the house for Tony's benefit. After two days, she gladly turned out the pair of vagrants, though she was a church woman. He tried working at odd jobs and now and then tried to break in in his relatives' circles. But the poor child wasn't wanted. By chance, he got work around a race track, but was thrown in his first attempt to exercise a colt. He says it took him longer to learn to ride than anyone he ever heard of, but he kept at it and was engaged to ride at the S. F. Bay District track; the newspapers here are on record as having said that his engagement must have come from the loud clothes he wore instead of any merit as a rider.

A San Francisco Start

He was just about to give up, thinking himself a hopeless failure, when he met Charles F. Hanlon, the San Francisco attorney, who encouraged him to continue, advised him to study horses and to take the "monkey-on-a-stick" seat which later won him his renown and became the accepted seat in the racing world.

In Sloan's book, after relating his experiences and contracts with numerous celebrities, including King Edward VII, Lord Dunraven, Lord William Beresford, John W. Gates, Leopold de Rothschild, George E. Smith ("Pittsburg Phil"), William C. Whitney, James R. Keene, Richard Croker, the Duke of Westminster and scores of publishers, artists and sporting men, he records: "Perhaps I should never have gone on with race riding but for the encouragement of Charles Hanlon, the dearest friend I ever had (and no one ever had a better). It was almost entirely due to him that I persevered with the forward seat. He dissuaded me from going on the stage in Paris and made me stick to riding. He encouraged others, too, and America has a lot to thank him for in the way he could discriminate between what would and what would not be for the benefit of the turf, and he had a manner and a way of speaking which anyone had to listen to."

Tod's Forgiveness

When Tod was rich and the idol of the racing world, he invited his two aunts who had treated him so badly in his friendless childhood to visit him in New York. He put them up at the Imperial Hotel in a grand suite, provided them with lots of money to spend, and theater tickets galore and a carriage at command. At Sheepshead Bay, he gave them a whole floor of his luxurious cottage and escorted them to the grandstand to see him ride. They were delighted of course. After riding three successive winners amid great applause before the huge audience, Tod put on his overcoat over his colors and went over to the stand to see how they were getting on.

"When do you perform?" asked his Aunt Lib.

"I've been performing—only three winners—and I shall perform again in the last race," answered their small nephew, opening his coat and showing his colors. "All you've got to do is to keep your eye on this jacket. Didn't you see my performances already?"

"We saw some horses go by," said his aunt Min; "were you that little feller performing in front of all the others?" "Yes, and watch for me there in the next race, too," he added. But he came in second, when aunt Lib said, "You weren't performing in front that time—we could not see your jacket." "No," answered Tod, "it was the turn of a friend of mine." They went back, very happy indeed, to their native town and doubtless told their neighbors how they embraced Tod right out in public before thousands of people who were crazy about him.

The Grateful Soldiers

The attitude of our soldiers to the people who keep them in mind is boyishly expressed in the following letter which Mrs. E. W. Crellin received after she had sent out a quantity of holiday boxes to Letterman Hospital from the S. W. W. R., of which organization she was president, until the unit dissolved at the beginning of the year:

"St. W. W. Relief:

To All Concerned—I am a bit late, but it is better late than never, as I apprehend from the saying.

I wish to impart to you my heartfelt thanks for the present I received from your organization. The pink night suit was a trifle large, so I re-presented it to one of my bunkies. I wish you could have seen him. His legs were shot off at the knees and when he donned the pink trousers he resembled anything indescribable to perfection. But as for the candy and socks, I enjoyed them and I made immediate use of the socks. To tell the truth, I have them on at the present time. I happened to overhear a lady talking to one of my bunkies and she said one thing that made me intrude. It was "The boys don't seem to appreciate the things that are done for them." Well, I couldn't stand for that so I told her, "The boys are a bit shy when they are talked to and especially when they are handed a pair of socks or any present direct from the giver's hands, but don't think they don't appreciate the presents, for they do. They are a bit shy when it comes to conversation, but when they come to make use of the articles given them, there is where they express their gratitude. Anyone would be pleased to hear the remarks that are passed between the boys when they make use of the presents given them. As an example, I heard one of the boys say that he wished he knew how the people thought he liked his presents. Another fellow answered, "How can they know whether you appreciate them if you don't say you do?" The other said he couldn't tell how he liked them, but that he wished he could. But I'm not telling you anything if I keep this up.

When they put on their woolen socks and tuck their feet beneath the two cold sheets and then wiggle their toes, O! say; - feels wonderful. Then naturally they think of the givers. In my own case, I find it difficult to express more than an awkward "Thanks!" when a person gives me a box of cigarettes or a sweater or something like that. But when I wear the sweater or smoke the cigarettes, then I appreciate them. But alas! most people don't know that it is after they are gone their presents are appreciated. You will find that all the boys have retention faculties that can't be equaled. They had so many things done for them in France that it has become an actual habit with them to be appreciative.

I did not mean to write such a long letter, but I grieve at the thought that the kind people think their efforts are taken apathetically. I have been wondering just what sort of club you have. "Stage Women" sounds like old times to me for I worked in most every studio in Los Angeles. First I thought your present was from some of my friends there, but I was disappointed. However, I was glad to get the package and perhaps some day I'll be able to pay you a visit. I hope you are show-people, for I will know that friends are near. I think it would do no harm to drop me a line. Not to let me know, but just for friendship's sake.

We all had a merry Christmas out here and we certainly hope you had. I have an idea you were pretty busy working for the boys, and I want to say that we certainly appreciate all the things you do for us. I wish the Sage Women's War Relief a prosperous New Year.

"Savior of the Country"

There was a fine Roman touch to the suggestion that the French parliament formally bestow upon Georges Clemenceau the title "Savior of the Country". In such a suggestion there is balm for his retirement, at the end of his long career, in the face of the opposition that elected Paul Deschanel to the presidency of the republic. Even confronting that opposition, he held his sense of majesty and his departure from the field was a gesture for the histories: "I wish no miserable fight for votes at the end of my career".

If ever such a title of savior were deserved, it is by Clemenceau. He set his hand against the government he considered unworthy and he fought with the astuteness and grimness that has created a legion around him, until the government found itself nerveless and without help. Then Clemenceau, who knew what the inside of a jail looked like as well as the inside of the sanctuaries of power, came into his own and took command with the same firmness that he had shown in his fighting. And he held that power against the hatred of the elements that had once given him his strength.

Deschanel, it is worth noting, was born in Brussels. He began his carrer forty years ago, when still in the twenties. He had the assistance of his father, Emile Deschanel, himself a man of politics as well as a critic and writer. The elder Deschanel, best remembered for his "Studies in Aristophanes" and "The Romanticism of the Classics," died in 1904. Paul Deschanel is one of the immortal forty.

The Artist and the H. C. L.

Those who have faith in the artistic individuality of San Francisco, who see in this city by the western sea the promise of glories such as never were, can but be perturbed by the news that Douglas Tilden has had to forsake the tools of the sculptor for those of the machinist.

The man who is represented by statues that have become landmarks, in the busy streets of the city and in the park and in the outlying communities as well, is perforce doing a mechanic's work, waiting for the time when commissions shall come again and there be a living in the art he has practised for thirty years.

It is true, as Tilden says, that a great public indifference to art has followed the war? Perhaps those are right who hold that in a time of spiritual turmoil art loses its prestige. This is to imply that the propaganda movie takes the place of higher things. Yet it is not so abroad: the newer schools grow lusty on the continent, and even in the lands of defeat, in Germany and Russia, the art spirit persists.

But if the contention is valid, and America's fount has dried up, we Americans can say that we have been tested and have at last assayed the soul of our nation as it is today and found the stuff it is made of, and done this through the things that are of greater moment than art in the day-by-day life of the vast majority.

J. Pierpont Morgan Rembrandt Collection in the Palace of Fine Arts

The most notable art event in the whole history of the coast will shortly take place in the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts, when a special loan exhibition of the J. Pierpont Morgan Rembrandt collection is opened to the public. The Morgan collection of Rembrandt etchings, universally regarded as the finest private collection in the world, contains Rembrandt's works as an etcher, revealing the spiritual and artistic development of one of the greatest geniuses of all time. The collection comprises over four hundred exhibits which it is expected will require from six to eight galleries for their proper installation. The collection is valued at two million dollars. It is quite irreplaceable as it contains many unique proofs and prints of rarely fine quality. Even more interesting and illuminating than the paintings as a revelation of Rembrandt's character as an artist and as a man are these etchings, which give the whole chronology of his artistic development from his early twenties to within eight years of his death, when he ceased the practice of etching because of its great strain on his eyes. In diversity of subject matter and breadth of human interest, it rivals in importance the plays of Shakespeare and the novels of Balzac. Every type in the whole gamut from the prince to the beggar is represented in this most amazing pictorial survey of humanity, which shows Rembrandt as neither despising the mean and lowly nor worshipping the high and mighty. All of this is expressed with the utmost simplicity and directness and without any affectation. In addition to portraits of all sorts and conditions of men, from statesmen to print sellers, biblical and mythological subjects, historical and genre pieces, landscapes and portraits of places, there is a series of over twenty-five self-portraits, covering the most important and active part of his life, which constitutes the most remarkable pictorial autobiography in the whole history of graphic art. The exhibition will be opened in about two weeks in the Palace of Fine Arts, and, as in the case of the Zuloaga and Anisfeld exhibitions, an admission fee of 25 cents will be charged to defray the expense involved in bringing the collection to the coast.

Techau Tavern Features Original Cabaret

One has been accustomed to thinking that the scintillating, novel reviews shine most brilliantly in the east and proceed to the west. But the galaxy of color, the scarlet, green, blue and pastel shades, and dainty white, frilly costumed damsels who enter the spotlight every evening at the Techau Tavern to the syncopated falling and rising melodies of the Techau Tavern dance orchestra, in a veritable reverie of songs and dances, both classical and popular, give rise to the impression that the star rises in the west and descends in the east. Before and after the theater the thronging diners testify to the popularity of the evening dancing with the attractive element of lucky dances, which they bestow upon their patrons, viz: Toggery merchandise orders and large boxes of Melechrinos. The afternoon tea dansants are also crowded to capacity, at which quite often the fair guests receive small tokens or favors of feminine fancy as souvenirs, without cost. On the whole, a very high standard has been obtained in the de luxe entertainment offered by the management of the Techau Tavern.

The Man Behind the Curtain

By May Wynne

"It is terrible," said Ann, "to think how much time is wasted in eating."

"And drinking," I murmured vaguely.

My wife did not heed the addition.

"There is so much to be done," she continued, "And life is so short. Never in all the history of the world was there such need of action, moral force."

I suppressed a sigh. There were times when I could have wished Ann were less forceful. It made me feel my own inferiority—a fact of which I knew she was conscious, and against which I strove strenuously. I had always dreamt of being master of my own house—before I married. Even to this day I still puzzle over how Ann had won supremacy, for never once had we quarreled. She was quite charmingly forceful.

But I have an idea the disease is progressive. Ann was getting on.

"I have been calculating," said Ann, "how much time is wasted on meals, taking a fair average; the statistics are appalling."

I tried to change the conversation, but without success.

Gradually I was made to understand.

Ann was evolving a scheme. I may add in parenthesis that Ann had evolved many schemes. This was the greatest.

"If only the idea could be developed," said Ann, "We could certainly live healthily and profitably on tabloids."

It took a good deal of digesting—not the tabloids, but the idea.

But Ann was going on to details. She had her scheme in working order. She was intending to offer herself as president to a society whose members would be pledged to subsist on tabloids.

I feared that Ann's mental balance must be suffering but knew better than to hint at such a thing. I agreed, humoring her simply because so absurd a vagary must needs fizzle out owing to its own folly.

Ann was delighted and I believe instituted me as secretary on the spot.

Then she went into the question of tabloids with those who understood.

I own that I did not understand at all, though Ann did tell me that the embryo manager of an embryo tabloid company wanted a guarantee as to the membership of the society before putting money into the concern. Again I agreed.

"You will have to be busy, you dear old thing," said Ann, patting my shoulder, "how glad I am I married a literary man. You always understand. Some men are all body and no brains. Terrible!"

I think she meant to compliment me.

I heard no more about the tabloid scheme and was beginning my autumn novel when the bomb burst. I don't mean anything to do with an air raid. I fancy this was worse in many respects—at any rate it affected me more than reading in the papers that many people were homeless, killed or injured, for I had just got into the swing of my great book when Mary Jane rushed in with a huge batch of letters.

"There's more outside, sir," she told me cheerfully, "but the tray wouldn't hold 'em all."

I stared aghast. Those were not the sort of bulky envelopes containing manuscripts and editors' compliments such as my soul loathed, but neat even in many cases scented envelopes, mostly in feminine handwriting.

I looked and looked again.

Snakes and little fishes! What was I in for? Each envelope was addressed to "The Secretary of the Tabloid Society." It took me a perspiring five minutes to realize that Ann's idea had caught on.

"What a lot of fools there are in the world," was my mental ejaculation as I opened the first envelope.

By the time I flung the last into an overflowing waste paper basket I felt that I had never before realized how twisted the mental attitude of men and women could become.

Those letters were a revelation—especially those penned by the women.

Sentimental idiots, hysterical nerotics—ridiculous fools—I was waxing furious over spurious sentiment which "shuddered at the red juiciness of a beefsteak, and sickened at a mutton shop."

Then I suddenly remembered my own position.

I was secretary and part promoter of the tabloid company.

Never, never, had I so longed to have the mastery in my own house.

For hours I paced the study, rehearsing what I should say to Ann now that I had decided to put my foot down and squash her preposterous ideas.

Women never could be content to go slow, and now they were becoming the dominant sex one could never tell what was going to happen next or where they would stop. However, Ann must be made to understand—

The door opened and a radiant Ann appeared.

She was a splendid-looking woman, not a bit of pre-war hungry-dog suffragette type, and now I stood lost in—er—admiration as she came to me and put her arms around my neck

"Jack, darling," she said, "it is a raging success, simply raging. I have sent twelve copies of our photos to editors of the dailies already,

(Continued on Page 13)

The Stage

Carolina Lazzari

A contralto of high rank sang to an audience of creditable size on Sunday at the Columbia—Carolina Lazzari, and those who heard her will follow her future career with deep interest, expecting her to reach a high place in the music world. Her voice is of the true contralto quality, beautifully and evenly placed throughout its extensive range. If she was somewhat cold Sunday, it was doubtless because she was holding herself in restraint. For an opera singer to have absolute ease in concert, to express herself with tonal fluency there, requires years of experience, and Miss Lazzari has the good fortune not to have lived years enough to be said to have had years of experience at anything in art, which is a glutton for time. She reminds everyone of Mme. Matzenauer, which is praise sufficient. She looks heroic in stature and has an attractive face, with creamy Latin skin, well molded features, including dark, soft eyes and glorious teeth.

Her first group of Italian songs were her best medium, though "La Chanson des Baisers" revealed her in colorful mood. "Night and the Curtains Drawn" she sang with simplicity and a sense of peaceful depth. "L'Heure Exquise," by Poldowski, was charming too, and interesting, as the composer is the daughter of the great violinist, Wianiawski, and sister of Capt. Jules Wianiawski of this city.

Musicians who have heard Miss Lazzari in opera say that she is an actress of fiery temperament and that her voice in dramatic environment gleams in light and shade. Sunday there was an absence of nuance in her vocal phrasing—but it is a good sign when an artiste of Miss Lazzari's intelligence has moods of self-consciousness. Song lovers have two more of her concerts to enjoy, Friday and Sunday, at 8:30 P. M., at Scottish Rite Hall. From the contralto's success at her first San Francisco recital, one may predict that she will be "an established favorite" here in future.

Alice Gentle, who was in the audience on Sunday, applauded all the singer's numbers enthusiastically. Bernice Holmes, favorite and handsome contralto of the Tivoli and Savage forces, was another pleased listener. Indeed, the Lazzari recital brought out most of our connoisseurs of beautiful voices.

—H. M. B.

Evening "Pop" Symphony Concert

The brilliant success of the Evening "Pop" Concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on the 17th was proof positive of the place the orchestra holds in the hearts of our city's people. The huge auditorium was filled to overflowing. Do we need any other evidence of the eagerness with which we reach out for the best in music? It is almost a tragedy to have our superb orchestra without a place in which to play to big audiences in hours when workers are at leisure.

I regret to own that San Francisco seeks its amusement at cheap prices, which accounts for the fact that many music lovers who generously patronize the movies have never heard our symphony orchestra. This is a deplorable situation for our young people whose musical tastes could be developed in the right direction: it is welcome news, if authentic, that Otto Kahn, chairman of the Metropolitan Opera House, is keenly interested in our projected California Pantheon; for eastern capital has a way of giving impetus to western projects. When our opera house is built, people can hear our splendid orchestra at the popular prices which prevailed at the auditorium concert.

Hertz' men distinguished themselves in a program which included Verdi, Liszt, Schubert, Rossini, Wagner, Bizet, Busch, Kreisler and Saint-Saens. The Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with Argiewicz, Attl and Lemare as soloists, seemed to be the most popular number, though the Wagner, Liszt and Rossini numbers came in for hearty applause.

Alice Gentle, a singer well beloved in this city, received an ovation from the huge audience. Her voice is more beautiful than ever. It has gained in brilliancy. Poise it always had and smoothness and flexibility. Miss Gentle is really one of the foremost American singers; endowed as she is with intelligence and beauty, together with a lovely voice and artistry of a high order, the time should be near when the rest of the U. S. should acclaim her as we do. Of all the American singers I can think of, she is the logical one to occupy Nordica's throne—it is thoroughly democratic for an American singer to occupy a throne in the music world.

Miss Gentle's personality has undergone a transformation. She moves with an authority born of experience on the great Metropolitan stage. We may expect a new musical sensation when she sings with the San Carlo company.

—H. M. B.

Clay Clement's Success

The excitement in O'Farrell street increases. This week the cause is Clay Clement, the new leading man. If a leading man is good-looking and an ardent lover, he will make history for a stock company and money for the box-office. Mr. Clement is good-looking, but the "The Matinee Hero" does not give him an opportunity to exhibit how far he can go in the art of love-making, because he has to impersonate an actor who is in love with self, so he holds us in suspense—perhaps until next week. Mr. Clement is built upon ample lines. I would say that his temperament is of the phlegmatic order, were it not that he resembles Charles Richman when he's serious, and Jim Corbett when he smiles—but surely, when one recalls how passionately Richman could pummel a door and how gaily Corbett pranced around a prize ring, phlegmatic is the wrong word. Neither does the present play give Mr. Clement occasion to delve into his wardrobe, so we have still to fathom his possibilities. Fay Courtenay generously effaces herself this week in a quiet part as a wife of the doormat variety. She wears Quakerish clothes and has to be such a reactionary that she makes cutting remarks about another woman's vêtements intimes. I fancy that Miss Courtenay will prove to be a leading lady who will score in sparkling roles and those that call for deep emotional expression. Emily Pinter shines as a vamp—a money-grabbing vamp, who makes love to the hero right in her hostess' home, bosses the servants and won't be put out even when she's insulted. More than that, this vamp was once in jail—in New Orleans. I couldn't quite understand the charge, but maybe they are very particular in New Orleans and believe in keeping vamps where they can't spread temptation among the poor guileless men. But Emily looked stunning and acted well. Clifford Alexander, who is an attractive youth, played a staid, middle-aged family friend, who was awfully down on the vamp. You would never believe it, but once he was in her clutches too, prosaic as he looked. Well, you never can tell, with vamps around. The piece is mounted in the usual fine manner of the Alcazar.

—H. M. B.

Eighth Symphony Concerts

The Eighth Symphony Concerts last Sunday afternoon was not so crowded as usual, owing to the balmy day, which attracted people to the outdoors. The first number was the Prelude to "Lohengrin" (Wagner), which the audience applauded vociferously. The soloist was Frances Nash, who rendered the difficult piano part of the Liszt Hungarian Fantasie. The audience was very enthusiastic in expressing appreciation of the accomplished young artist. The technical difficulties did not seem to exist for her. San Francisco would rejoice to hear her in a recital program. The symphony was the Fantastic of Berlioz' composed in the year 1825, entitled "An episode in the life of an artist". At this time, at the age of 23, Berlioz saw the talented Irish actress, Miss Smithson, who was then charming Paris by her impersonations of Shakespearean characters. The young composer became deeply enamored of her at first sight and tried for a long time to gain her love. To an incident of this wild courtship this symphony owes its origin, composed seven years before his marriage to the lady of his dreams.

—A. Sutter.

Orpheum

The Orpheum offers for next week a bill of great novelty and excellence, which will contain seven entirely new acts, nearly all of which are headliners of distinction. The Rainbow Cocktail, a musical fantasy, which was originally produced by Hassard Short at one of the Lamb's Club Gambols, will be presented for the first time here. It is the work of Kenneth and Roy Webb and Mr. Short has just duplicated the production for Orpheum vaudeville. The piece is handsomely costumed and staged and the cast, which includes the favorite singing comedienne, Helen Coyne, as Pousse Cafe, leaves nothing to be desired. Lew Brice, who has done his bit overseas as a doughboy, is back in vaudeville with an entirely new act which recently received the seal of New York approval. Its title, which is "Dances and Tunes of 1919," is self-explanatory. Lyons and Yosco have endeared themselves to the theater-going public and the news that they are reunited will be received with pleasure. Their harp, violin, voices and personalities are blended harmoniously and agreeably, the result being one of the most delightful acts in vaudeville. Bob Hall has a right to call himself "The Extemporaneous Chap," for he permits anyone in the audience to select a tune and then to this tune he makes up verse after verse about anyone or anything. Two of the cleverest performers on the wheel are Mortimer McRae and Gertrude Clegg as "The Intruder and the Queen of the Wheel". Harry Robertson deservedly popular on the local concert platform and the possessor of a sweet and well cultivated tenor voice will be heard in operatic numbers and favorite ballads. The successful musical comedy, "Extra Dry," will be

included in the bill. Ruth Budd, "The Girl With the Smile," is now regarded both in England and this country, as one of the biggest cards in vaudeville. Her act is a delightful surprise. She is an aerialist, who performs her hazardous feats aloft in the most bewitching costumes.

At the Curran

"The Bird of Paradise," which is now playing at the Curran Theater, will begin the second and final week of successful San Francisco engagement on next Sunday night, and continue until the following Sunday, February 1st. In this exotic romance, Richard Walton Tully, the author, presents an alluring picture of a vanished régime in a beautiful land. The scene is Hawaii and the tale of romance, intrigue and superstition is carefully woven. The period is in the early nineties. Luana, a native princess, falls in love with Dr. Wilson, an American, who comes to Hawaii to search for the bacillus of leprosy. Instead he marries the little girl and gradually sinks lower and lower. In this play the tropical atmosphere of our distant insular possessions is faithfully reproduced. This season Oliver Morosco has received unstinted praise for the remarkable truthfulness of the new stage settings. The native band of Hawaiian singers chant the plaintive Ikahula and other songs of the South Seas during the action of the play. Florence Rockwell gives a fine portrayal of the Kanaka princes, and Oliver Morosco has surrounder his star with an all around fine acting company, which includes, Robert Brister, Spring Byington, Rose Watson, Brandon Evans, Leo Curley, John Sumner, and the quintette of native singers and players.

Seventh Hertz "Pop" Concert

A characteristic Hertz program of melodic masterpieces will be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, January 15th, in the Curran Theater, as the seventh concert of the regular "pop" series. Debussy's "Petite" Suite has not been done before at these concerts. It is widely known in its original form, as a piano composition for four hands. Light, poetic and graceful, it makes a charming orchestral offering. Louis Persinger, the popular concert-master of the organization, who has been ill for several weeks, will be found in his accustomed chair on Sunday, and will be heard in the obligato part of Wagner's "Dreams". Further offerings are, Weber's "Invitation to the Dance,"Busch's arrangement of "The Old Folks at Home," Johann Strauss' whimsical "Perpetuum Bobile," and the always-liked "Serenade," by Moskowski, which is programmed by request. Schubert's "March Militaire" will open the concert and Rimsky-Korsakow's "Capriccio Espagnol" will brilliantly close it

Ninth Pair of Symphonies

Kajetan Attl, principal and famous harpist, is to be soloist at the ninth pair of symphonies, to be played Friday and Sunday afternoons, January 30th and February 1st, in the Curran. His art will be disclosed in Ravel's introduction and allegro, which calls for harp solo, with accompaniment of flute, clarinet and strings only. The work, which is very modern and interesting, has never been performed before in San Francisco. It represents the greatest living French composers in brilliant mood. Conductor Hertz has selected Schubert's Tenth in A major as the symphony for the program. This melodic work was last done by Hertz four years ago, his first season in San Francisco. The remaining number, a novelty to this city, is the symphonic poem, "Lenore," based on the dramatic ballad by Buerger, and undoubtedly the most successful of all Duparc's works for orchestra.

San Carlo Grand Opera

With but one opportunity afforded music-lovers to hear grand opera on the Pacific Coast this season, the engagement of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, beginning on Monday evening, February 2nd, at the Curran Theater, is naturally concentrating the attention of the city's musical element. The San Carlo organization, numbering one hundred people and having among its leading singers many artists of the present day lyric stage, possesses the noteworthy features of a complete orchestra of symphonic proportions; a large and brilliant singing chorus and is acknowledged to be well nigh perfect in all its component parts. The engagement at the Curran Theater of this big singing body last season is readily recalled by hundreds of music enthusiasts, who, because of the extraordinary demand for tickets, were actually denied admission. The performances were animated by a high and intelligent artistic enthusiasm.

List of First Artists

Soprani: Mmes. Queena Mario, coloratura; Marcella Craft, the California soprano (guest artist); Bettina Freeman, dramatic; Rosina Zotti, lyric; Sofia Charlebois, lyric.

Mezzo Soprani: Mmes. Alice Gentle (guest artist); Stella DeMette, Ada Paggi, Frances Morosini, Alice Homer, Ada Galazzi.

Tenori: Messrs. Manuel Salazar, Spanish artist; Giuseppe Agostini, Romeo Boscacci, Luciano Rossini.

Baritoni: Messrs. Vincente Ballester, new Spanish star; Mario Valle, Paolo Galazzi, Antonio Cetti.

Bassi: Messrs. Pietro DeBiasi, Natale Cervi, Antonio Canova.

Musical Director: Signor Gaetano Merola.

The Operas

A two weeks' repertoire is announced by Impresario Gallo, as follows: First week, beginning February 2nd: Monday, "Rigoletto"; Tuesday, "Aida"; Wednesday matinee, "Martha"; evening, "Carmen"; Thursday, "Madame Butterfly"; Friday, double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"; Saturday matinee, "La Boheme"; evening, "Il Trovatore". Second week, beginning Sunday, February 8th: "La Forza Del Destino"; Monday, "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Tuesday, "La Gioconda"; Wednesday, "Carmen"; Thursday matinee, "Madame Butterfly"; evening, "Aida"; Friday, "La Boheme"; Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; evening, "Masked Ball".

The mail order seat sale will prevail until next Wednesday evening, and the regular seat sale will open on Thursday, for all performances.

At the Alcazar

The quarter-century reputation of the Alcazar's stock production is based upon class and quality. Not for a long time have these factors found such successful demonstration as in Ditrichstein's romantic comedy, "The Matinee Hero" this week. The success of Clay Clement has been no less emphatic than that of Fay Courtney. They are delightful and finished artistes, each with distinctive individuality. Both will find scope for powerful acting in Channing Pollock's tremendous New York success of last season, "Roads of Destiny," never acted here. To secure the title and a single idea Pollock bought the dramatic rights to a famous O. Henry story of the same name. He has evolved an extraordinary, soul-stirring exposition of human emotions, the argument of which is the inevitability of fate. Fine writing, skillful characterization and throbbing, quivering suspense are combined in what may be termed intellectual melodrama. A prologue sounds the prophecy that "on every road waits that which was intended; at every end of the earth man finds his destiny". Vivid characters, with slight variation of names, are depicted in the contradicting environments of a gambling house in the Copper River district of Alaska, and a fashionable summer home on Long Island. The final episode reverts to the scene of the prologue, a farmhouse in Nebraska. All the favorites are in the cast. Cleve Kinkead's virile and timely American play, "Common Clay," will be given the week of February 1st, to be followed by the first dramatic showing here of the Oliver Morosco absurdity, "Please Get Married".

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE MATINEE HERO"
Charming Comedy, With a Cast of Class
WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT. JAN. 25
Sensation of New York's 1919 Season
Channing Pollock's Tremendous Drama
"ROADS OF DESTINY"
Suggested by a Famous O. Henry Story
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
With
Fay Courteney—Clay Clement
SUN., FEB. 1 Special Production
"COMMON CLAY"
Cleve Kinkead's Vivid American Play
Every Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1
Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theater, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

2nd and LAST WEEK STARTS SUN. EVE., JAN. 25
OLIVER MOROSCO, Presents
The Perennial Favorite
Richard Walton Tully's Play of a Woman's Soul
"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"
With
FLORENCE ROCKWELL
And the Hawaiian Singers
Nights, 50c to $2; Sat. Mat., 50c to $1.50
WED. MAT., BEST SEATS, $1.00
NEXT—Feb. 2—SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA CO.

SAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR
SEVENTH "POP" CONCERT
CURRAN THEATER
Sunday Aft., Jan. 25, at 2:45 Sharp
March Militaire, Schubert; Petite Suite, Debussy; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber; "Love Dream," Liszt; "Dreams," Wagner; "Old Folks at Home," Busch; "Perpetuum Mobile," Johann Strauss; "Serenade," Moskowski; "Capriccio Espagnol," Rimsky-Korsakow.
PRICES—50c, 75c, $1 (NO WAR TAX)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.; at theater on concert day only
NEXT—Jan. 30 and Feb. 1, Ninth Pair Symphonies
KAJETAN ATTL, Soloist

Orpheum
Safest and Most Magnificent in America
Phone Douglas 70
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY
THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE
THE RAINBOW COCKTAIL, with Bruce De Lette and Helen Coyne, a Lawrence Schwab Production; LEW BRICE, assisted by Adelaide Mason and Rube Beckwith, in Dances and Tunes of 1919; LYONS & YOSCO, Vaudeville Favorites; BOB HALL, the Extemporaneous Chap; EXTRA DRY, William B. Friedlander's Sparkling Musical Comedy Hit; McRAE & CLEGG, the Intruder and the Queen of the Wheel; HARRY ROBERTSON, the Popular Tenor; RUTH BUDD, the Girl With the Smile
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1
Matinee Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c
EXCEPT SATURDAYS, SUNDAY and HOLIDAYS

MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN

(Continued from Page 10)

and arranged for ten personal interviews. We shall have to get two under-secretaries at least to deal with the correspondence. We have placed our fingers on a need so many men and women must have been feeling and craving after. The need of time, of accomplishing their destiny, unfettered by the extravagant demands of the body. The Tabloid Society has for its object the development of the soul. It is a glorious work."

I wondered whether many Samsons would be "grown" on Tabloids; it didn't seem promising for the deveolpment of the body.

But, I was in for it up to the neck, and since Ann had fairly landed herself this time I could not be mean-spirited enough to leave her in the lurch.

Nor could I remember a word of those carefully prepared speeches, in which I had resolved to put my foot down.

I did generally when too late.

I can't describe what I went through during the next three months, during which time Ann and I figured conspicuously in the public eye. It is an awful sensation—a kind of hopeless nightmare in which everything gets along at the rate of a thousand to nothing.

Ann made speeches, formed Branches, arranged Centres, and where she went there went I, rather after the style of Mary's little lamb. How I hated it all! I wanted everyone to know that it was only chivalry which placed me in my present position, and that I was neither heart nor soul in this development of the higher nature by means of tabloids.

The truth is people put quite a different construction on my attitude.

Like all pioneers Ann met on occasion with mocks and jeers—which most unfairly fell upon my devoted head.

"Looks like a tabloid himself," I heard more than one buxom lass giggle to another whilst a jocund dustman shouted out a demand in my ear as to whether we were "tabbling" beer, and if it would be October brew or Government wash.

I admit that this sort of thing was a bitter pill for a man to swallow but it was not as bad as the tabloids themselves.

Tabloids. My soul shudders—at least I fancy it is my soul—at the very word. As to my flesh . . .

We had tabloids for breakfast, tabloids for dinner—tabloids for supper. They all loked alike and none took more than a moment to swallow; the only difference about them being that they were in different boxes on which was written the exact amount of proteids, starch and fat contained in each.

Ugh!

But they certainly wasted no time and did away with the culinary art and indigestion.

My sufferings ought to have been relieved by the grateful letters we received from emancipated mistresses whose tabloid breakfasts were no longer spoiled by dread of their coming interview with the cook. But I had no sympathy for these emancipated mistresses, I had no sympathy for anyone. I felt myself to be a bitter and disappointed man. There was nothing to look forward to in and after one's day of toil but—tabloids, ranging from white to liverish brown. The nightmare of it all!

But the scheme was a success. In point of membership we numbered some thousands, the Tabloid Company had declared a dividend of 5 per cent., and our photos—conspicuously Ann's—had been in every picture paper throughout the Kingdom.

It happened that one morning I was dictating to one of my typists—all on tabloid business—when a page girl announced to me that a gentleman wished to see me on urgent private business.

"Tabloids," I murmured, and went heavily on my way.

My visitor was a big-boned, square-jawed man of the empire builder stamp. He looker clever and he looked a born fighter. I knew him to be both, for ever since the conclusion of the world war Leo Stranlays had been waging his own particular warfare against the dominance of the weaker sex.

In his graphic style he declared he was "out to teach woman her proper place," and in consequence women in general said they hated him, and women in particular dreamed of playing the part of Delilah to this millionaire and masterful Samson. He was greeted quite cheerfully,, though rather as a Newfoundland might greet a Pekinese.

"Pretty urgent," he said. "Yes, but I can't explain here. I've engaged a private room at B——'s."

He mentioned a famous restaurant.

"Tabloids," I began. He waved his hand.

"Bring them along by all means," he said, "I want to talk about them."

I brought along a box of drab pilules with the air of a martyr. Of course if Leo Stranlays was to be made a disciple to the Tabloid Society I should get no end of kudos from Ann.

I thought I should prefer a mutton chop—the barbarity being suggested by the odor of baked meats wafted to my nose as I passed through the grillroom.

Talk of temptation. I nearly grabbed at a succulent lobster a scurrying waiter was carrying in haste to a callow youth seated at a window.

Stranlays appeared unaffected by the sights and smells around him, but then he had not breakfasted on a tabloid.

We were shown into a private room where a table was laid with one cover. Almost as soon as we entered the maitre d'hotel bustled in followed by a waiter. The maitre d'hotel brought a bottle of Veuve Cliquot champagne, the waiter set upon the table the most superbly cooked porterhouse steak I have ever seen—this delectable dish was flanked by dishes of potato chips brown and juicy, peas in butter, and a tomato pie.

From where I stood I could smell the delicate aroma of sage and onions. I drew out my handkerchief to wipe the presperation from my brow. As I did so my fingers came in contact with the box of tabloids. I withdrew them shuddering.

Leo Stranlays had thrown himself back into an easy chair and drawn out his watch.

"Sit down, my dear fellow," said he, "and eat your dinner."

I shook my head. Emotion choked my words. Had I not pledged my oath to the Society to keep to tabloids and tabloids only for a year at least?

"You do not understand," said Leo Stranlays quite quietly, "I will explain. The eating of a meal may be important or of no importance at all. It depends like the rest of our actions on circumstances. Your wife—and a good many other women—think they are going to boss creation. Now my theory is that women are no good at bossing. They weren't created for it, and they don't know how to do it. It's up to us men, being the stronger and more intellectual part of creation, to teach women their place, and then if we wish, fit them up on their own little pedestals as we choose. But a woman-ruled world is a world running amuck to destruction, they always over-do their jobs, they don't know the meaning of self-control or drawing the line in the right place. This tabloid business proves it. If we'd been intended to thrive on the tabloid game the Garden of Eden would have grown tabloids and not fish, flesh, fruit and fowl. It's a piece of anaemic nonsense and comes of women getting out of hand. I'm all in over the business and I mean to see it through. Tabloids are going to ring off right now. The steak will be getting cold, eh; and your wife's due in five minutes. Now, see here, I'm not play-acting, I'm out to benefit humanity, and so I don't stick at trifles. I'm going to stand behind that curtain with my revolver in my hand. You are going to eat your dinner—and I hope enjoy it. If your wife shows temper you've got to teach her who's master and don't give in till your plate's empty. Say."

He stood up and dawled across towards the curtain, but he had that look on his face as he turned, revolver in hand, to look out from his hiding place, which convinced me that this was no play-acting.

And, though I set to work on that steak in the sweat of fear, I soon began to feel better. The champagne bubbled and frothed in the glass, the tomato pie tasted even better than it looked. I felt more like a man than I had done for months.

I helped myself to more of everything, the knife showing red as I drew it through the steak. It might be barbaric, but I never tasted anything so good, so juicy, so delicious as that steak.

The door opened and Ann entered. The scene would have been more dramatic had not my mouth been full of green peas.

"Jack!" she cried. I think she supposed the monosyllable would be annihilating.

I deliberately helped myself to mustard, and though I did not look up I knew the man behind the curtain smiled.

"Sorry, dear," said I, "if I'd known you were coming I would have ordered covers for two. This steak is a treat, but I suppose you would prefer an ice and tea." I rang the bell and gave an order.

Ann sank into a chair.

"Jack," she said, "I am heart-broken. I—I have always relied on you."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and—if it had not been for the lie and that last glass of champagne, I should have felt myself a scoundrel. As it was I knew she never had relied on me, so there was no reason for her heart to be broken.

"My dear," I said—helping myself to pie, "don't talk nonsense. I've finished with tabloids, the whole thing is preposterous and would end in making the race a set of cantankerous, hysterical——"

"Jack," Ann interrupted, "you are eating steak. Have you remembered your vow. Have you considered the need of the age? The——"

"Certainly," I said, "The need of the age is commonsense. "As for vows, I might ask whether you ever thing of one you made about honoring and obeying me, eh?"

Ann rose with dignity.

"I shall leave you," she began—but at that moment the waiter entered with ices, cakes, tea, and cigarettes.

"Good," said I, "grape-water and vanilla cream used to be your favorites. Sit down and let us be jolly.

I spoke with an authority that I had never used before, and so amazed was Ann that she sank back into her chair in a collapse.

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was a liquidating market the entire week with frequent rallies from time to time—but, whenever the market turned strong and looked higher, selling pressure would again make itself felt in a new group of stocks and what advance that had taken place was soon lost again. The principal factor in the market was the high money rates, which was rather a surprise to the trade in general, as nearly every one was looking for an easing up in the call money rates. The bears made the most of the situation and, with so many adverse rumors regarding the oil companies that have properties in Texas and Mexico, the stocks were the target for bears, which, in turn, unsettled the balance of the market. Rumor after rumor that the Texas oil wells were pumping salt water and also that the earthquakes in Mexico had done damage to the Mexican oil properties was given as an excuse for the weakness in the oil issues. The Mexican oil companies denied the rumor, but the damage to the market had been done. A number of new oil companies that had been recently listed on the exchange and have had such a large following were under pressure all week and appear now to be pretty thoroughly liquidated. The balance of the market was also subject to considerable selling pressure and, while some of the specialties gave way, the steel issues, the copper shares and the railroads held up well and toward the close of the week, when a reaction set in, these issues made up most of their early losses. Sentiment, however, was more bearish than for some time and a good many in the trade, who were outspoken in their bullish views, became pessimistic and sold their stocks and in some cases went short, which puts the market in a position of being oversold. The things that are immediately pressing are money, the foreign situation and the railroads. Mr. Hoover, who is in a better position to know, says that $150,000,000 will supply the food needs of Europe—other men believe differently, but his opinion is worth more. The government is ready to supply this money, so it seems that, if bread will avert Bolshevism in central Europe—as has been asserted, the situation is safe. That leaves unsettled the question of maintaining our foreign trade. The biggest threat in the foreign trade situation and the depreciated exchanges arose out of the possibility that European manufacturers might undersell our manufacturers. The index number of commodity prices of the "Statist" show that at the end of December English prices had advanced 300 points during the month and that at the end of the year the advance in English prices from the lows of the war period had been twice as rapid as the advance in our own prices. This means that, as a result of inflation and other conditions incident to past war expansion, the English, and other countries more so, are wiping out the advantage they derive from the exchange situation. In other words, if prices continue to advance in England and we put ours down, we may after all undersell England and everybody else, despite the handicaps in the exchange situation. At any rate, we will be able to hold our own in our own market. The market, in our opinion, has been thoroughly liquidated and a good sized short interest, no doubt, exists. With the fundamental conditions sound and with money conditions becoming normal again, we look for higher prices and would advise the purchase of the better class of stocks at prevailing prices.

Cotton—Notwithstanding the severe decline in the stock market and the high money rates, the cotton market gave a good account of itself. There were sinking spells from time to time, but the decline did not get very far, as the underlying conditions were so strong that professional selling did not sem to make much headway and the buying on the decline was by the trade interests. Outside trade was rather light and about all the future business there was was between the local room traders, who were about equally divided. Those who believe in higher prices are not at all disturbed by the news from today as regards the money situation or whether the New York stock market is going up or down. They seem well entrenched and are willing to let the short seller sell all he wishes to sell at the prevailing discount under spots, knowing full well that in time these contracts will have to be bought back on the exchange where they were sold. The demand for cotton from abroad keeps up regardless of the low exchange rate and exports are showing up well with every indication of keeping up, as Manchester reports a big demand for the finished article that can only be supplied by the mills running full capacity. The same thing can be said of our domestic trade. Mills report business booked far ahead, and the quality of last year's cotton crop was so poor that premiums over the middling grade are being paid for prompt shipment for anything that can be turned into cloth. It is the outside influence at present—such as the money markets and possible banking restrictions rather than to any weakness in the fundamental conditions within the cotton industry, which is making for dull markets now prevailing, as all reports from the cotton sources continue very strong. The market will probably back and fill around present levels for some time or until political conditions become more settled. With the peace treaty out of the way and money rates becoming more normal, we believe cotton will be wanted at much higher prices and strongly advise the purchase of the distant futures.

Mother—Come, Freddie, and kiss your Aunt Martha. Freddie—Aw, ma! I ain't done nuthin'!

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Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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Mad, Merry New York

(Continued from Page 4)

afternoon when the temperature outside must have been within at least five degrees below zero, I saw the guests enter heavily wrapped in furs. When these were removed every woman in the party of seven wore frocks almost decolleté, as though made for evening wear, and no sleeve was less than six or eight inches in length. Four of the frocks, no one would presume to call them gowns—were of transparent net, while the others were constructed out of what looked for all the world like balloon silk for it appeared to be highly varnished. Inquiry developed the fact that this is a new and popular indication of French economy, for as a substitute for silks and satins materials of other light textures are used, upon which the varnish or shellac brush has been unsparingly applied.

These materials are much more fetching in appearance than this uncouth description would seem to indicate, and they are to be generally used through the balance of the winter and the coming spring. The frocks have no longer the "straight up and down" appearance of last year, but are belted in at the waist and puffed on the hips, a change which is decidedly for the better.

* * * *

Hats, Foot-gear and Trimmings

Hats for the evening continue large, mostly of the "sailor" designs, and ostrich feathers are extremely popular, mostly dyed to match the shade of materials in frocks and wraps, for black seems to be much out of classy vogue now-a-days. For early afternoon functions, and promenading on Fifth avenue, toques, turbans and "Tams" are mostly worn, either in fur or to match the prevailing shade of the costume. Gloves are not deemed an essential part of the afternoon costume, but such as are worn are of sufficient length to meet the short sleeves of the upper arm.

While high shoes are worn to some extent, it is no longer necessary that the tops should meet the bottom of the skirt, and many well dressed young women now show two or three inches of stocking above them. But the truly smart footgear is the French slippers or shoes, with lace stockings or those of transparent silk, the wearers being apparently oblivious of the fact that influenza and pneumonia are still contractable. There is a new glossy trimming, already much used, but which it is said will soon be an inseparable adjunct of the smart costume. I think it is called celulile, which is a form of celluloid, and is made in narrow length, or in scales, beads or other forms, all being colored to match the prevailing shade of costume. It is also fashioned into hat ornaments and a substitute for passementerie, and its glitter is almost equal to glass jet, which is up to the present time almost unobtainable.

* * * *

The Wearing of the Green

The most amazing feature in the colorings of fashionable attire, is its riot of green. Green in some of its many beautiful shades has long been extremely popular, but shadings of green are no longer in vogue, for they have been almost entirely cast aside for the glaring, natural, plain color, such as is worn for neckties on St. Patrick's Day, or in one of the stripes of the Mexican or Italian flags. As a matter of fact the opera audience at the Metropolitan last week, bore quite as much resemblance to a Hibernian celebration as to a gala night at the opera to hear Macterlinck's "Blue Bird," wedded to music, which is quite likely to prove an unhappy match. Green was the most noticeable color in hats, wraps, gowns, trimmings and feathers, with here and there a few splashes of red—bright red—to give it added value by contrast. From a point of vantage, or disadvantage, in the back rows of the opera house, it was difficult to detect the materials of which the corsages were made, for white shoulders and backs were all that was plainly discernable, and in many instances even these were concealed beneath clouds of gorgeous fur.

All of this, however, is merely a statement of facts with no intention to be adversely critical, for aside from the probably unavoidable paucity of material, which fashion has decreed must be strictly observed, though the modest blush, the girls of Gotham are wondrous fair, beautifully and artistically gowned, and all of them appear to take very kindly to the substitution of tea for cocktails at afternoon functions.

* * * *

Died, January 14th, 1920

Before this letter goes to press the above inscription will have been carved upon the tombstone of John Barleycorn. It was indeed a wondrous wake, and the officials, no doubt out of sympathy for the friends of the deceased, refrained from interfering with any of the ceremonies, and kept aloof. There is now no one anywhere who has even the faintest hope that he can be revived. Even the clubs have abandoned the locker system, disposed of their remaining stocks, in most cases by lot, and members were notified to remove all liquor so obtained or already in their possession, beyond the limits of the clubhouses, before midnight of the fatal day. Even the hope of being able to cross the river into New Jersey, where Governor Edwards was elected on a so-called wet platform, has been swept away, for he has stated in writing that he will only consent to the sale of beverages containing less than five per cent alcohol. It will be interesting to note the behavior, or misbehavior, of the cabaret and cafe audiences when they may no longer "bring their own," but must depend upon nectars that are soft. They will remain open, most of them, but they will of course add to their already extortionate charges so that their expenses may be guaranteed, and mad, merry New York will gladly respond, for it must be amused and has the money to pay for it.

A Tale of a "Tin 'At"

(Continued from Page 5)

careened down the street, helmet dangling in his hand and the dog hanging on behind.

He looked like getting clear, when round the corner appeared a man in blue. In vain Jerry tried to appear as if he was only indulging in a "steady double," but the policeman quietly tripped him up.

* * * * *

It was a woe-begone Jerry who sat in the police cells an hour later. Bail was refused, and after sending a message to his wife he resigned himself to what fate held in store for him. His head, swathed in bandages, pained him badly, and his tattered trousers showed the result of the dog's onslaught.

Next morning he came before the magistrate. The woman of the house, an elderly spinster, who had purchased the helmet from a wounded soldier, appeared as chief witness. The helmet was produced as evidence, and the policeman added his testimony. The proceedings created great interest before a crowded court.

Things looked black for Jerry. Maria was in court, also looking black. The magistrate disposed of the case in five words—"Ten shillings or three days"—then read Jerry a lecture on the evils of stealing and of assaulting poor defenceless women. Jerry's hand wandered to his head, and now and then he pinched himself to see if he was awake.

He was led out of court by Maria after she had paid the fine. What passed between them is unrecorded, but Jerry was heard to exclaim, "I wish ole Fritz 'ad 'it me one."

But Maria got her "tin 'at." At least it was intended for Jerry, but, of course, she claimed it. A few mornings later, on opening the front door, she was surprised and delighted to see suspended from the door handle a steel helmet. Tied to the strap was a label with the words—

"For a Hero."

There was a rumor that Joe Bushby knew where it came from, but of that he is silent. It is a strange coincidence, however, that although Joe's photograph still hangs in its place on the wall of the parlor, the "tin 'at" is missing.—A. H.

MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN

(Continued from Page 13)

I handed her the larger ice.

"Now then," I said daringly. "No more nonsense. That's better than tabloids anyway, and remember—I have eaten my last of those."

Ann began to cry, then stopped and took the ice. She was both hungry and desperately thirsty.

The ice was cooling to her heated imagination.

When she had finished the first, Leo Stranlays came out from behind the curtain, minus the revolver. His big face was all abeam. He held out his hand to Ann.

"Shake," said he, "you're a first-rate woman."

And though Ann flinched at finding how she had been trapped by the man who was up against her, she had the sense to make the best of a bad bargain.

"You may go and fetch me another ice," said she with a smile. Women at least have the whip-hand over men in knowing how to save their colors.

As for me—well, if you can find a better contented man than I in the universe you'll be clever.

And I am master in my own house, whilst Ann vows she has never been so happy in her life.

"Please, mamma, can I have some more ice cream?" "Why, Johnnie, didn't you just promise me that you would not ask for a second plate?" "I'm not asking for a second plate. You can put it on this one."

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The Extradition of the Kaiser

Whether or not pressure would be brought to bear to compel Holland to relinquish Wilhelm Hohenzollern for trial remained a matter of opinion after the Dutch government refused the Allies' request. It may be that now, after fifteen months of peace, the advocates of the trial of this person are still determined to wreak a condign vengeance upon an individual who was the symbol of the class for whose overthrow America avowedly entered the war. The time has come to demand one arch-type of kultur.

There would be a singular contrast between Wilhelm being led to his expiation, whatever it might be—and no matter how poor a figure the German war inquiries have shown the kaiser, no one would doubt of his conviction were he once brought to court—and another figure standing with folded arms upon the deck of the Bellerophon. No trial was needed for Napoleon. It is singular, when one looks below the commonplace acceptance, to find the land whose hosts Napoleon led now joined with that of his exiler in demanding Wilhelm that justice might be done. It is more singular to reflect that the ideas from which sprang the career of the parvenu Bonaparte are today the ideas that guide his old mother land and her former enemy. Beyond this, however, the comparison of the weakling Wilhelm and the Man of Horseback is unworthy. The ideas back of Napoleon triumphed; those back of the kaiser were crushed.

* * *

The Open Shop at Hetch Hetchy

It is a matter for civic congratulation that the open shop has been declared for by the construction company holding the contract to build the city's $5,500,000 Hetch Hetchy dam.

At a time when the labor movement as a whole is threatening to take the bit in its teeth and reorganize along industrialist lines—and the programs of the industrialist and the syndicalist are parallel for the greater portion of their length—it is fit that this community should declare its independence and, as in this case, through its contractors, say whether or not it will submit to the domination of the crafts unions.

* * *

Bryan, Perpetual Candidate

Surely enough, in his recent spectacular come-back, Mr. William Jennings Bryan has been a very devil among the candidates, at least in so far as his own party is concerned, and even the Republicans are more or less nervous as to whom to choose as his adversary in what would appear to be his practically assured fourth campaign. Strange to say, even in the Democratic Club, which is the home and meeting-place of the Tammany and up-state democracy, there are many who are repeating the baffling rejoinder of Uncle Joe Cannon when asked why he should not be the Republican candidate for president: "Well, you might go farther and fare worse". At all events the boom is on and gaining strength. Not to be outdone by the success of their opposition Jackson Day dinner in Washington, another is announced for this or next week in New York. Augustus Thomas, the dramatist, one of the best after-dinner speakers anywhere, and Bryan's favorite stump orator during his three campaigns, was invited to act as toastmaster, but declined on account of his former idol's liberty-destroying prohibition activities. Our ex-Ambassador Gerard accepted, however, which was a good deal of a surprise since he is himself a candidate, and further mystery is added to the preparations by the fact that Joseph Tumulty, President Wilson's confidential secretary, will be one of the honored guests and speakers, as also will boss Charley Murphy of Tammany Hall. Republican leaders seem to see in all of this a get-together meeting at which there is to be something doing, and are grooming their principal candidates afresh. General Wood seems to be holding his ground, although he has been criticized for his declination to join his party's leaders in their protest against the unseating of five socialist members in the New York legislature. The governor of Illinois still has the call for second choice, while the other votes are widely scattered. That branch of American who shares in the belief that criticism of England is German propaganda, will be alarmed to learn that Herbert Hoover is gaining strength among the independent Democrats and so-called Progressive Republicans, for the reason that several English newspapers have said in effect: "Great Britain would regard with disfavor the candidacy of Mr. Herbert Hoover, who in a recent speech rather inelegantly called upon England to get busy and go to work or she would retrograde instead of advance."

* * *

A Rebuff to the Shipyards Strikers

The reply of the California Metal Trades Association to the proposal of arbitration of the shipyards strike made by the Bay Cities Metal Trades Council is a notable document, especially for its dignified statement of the due to be accorded labor, but not exceeded.

Doubtless the suggestion of arbitration, emanating from the bench, was well-meaning beyond cavil, but the employers have again made it clear that they will have nothing to do with arbitration.

Behind what the public learns from the newspapers, there are other conditions, however, having a bearing on the case. Reports from the northwest indicate that the shipyards of that region, which accepted the original proposals of the workers last October, and have since been operating under the scale rejected by the San Francisco employers, are preparing for a new move. A three-month suspension of work is rumored to be in contemplation by the yard operators there. This would have a double effect on the local situation: it would cut off the funds which have been sent here through sympathy by the Puget Sound workers and it would release a large number of men from northern yards to take places in the local yards, which have now filled the places of 18,000 of the 40,000 men who struck.

Besides this, the house appropriations committee has cut from the deficiency appropriation bill a $10,000,000 item asked by the navy department for repairs to ships. Lack of this sum will mean the discharge of the 13,900 navy yard employees.

This will be a blow to the district of which Mare Island yard is a part, but it will also serve to release skilled labor for recruiting under the American plan of relationship installed in the local yards.

* * *

The Defense of the Indefensible

The position of the New York City Bar Association in sending a committee, headed by ex-Justice Hughes, to Albany, to defend the five members of the New York assembly suspended because they were socialists, stands in sharp contrast to the attitude of the legal profession as a whole toward those who would change the fundamentals of our civilization.

The rebuff sustained by the committee at the hands of the assembly was merited, de-

spite the comment of a section of the New York press. It is regrettable to find the Evening Post, the Globe, the Herald, and especially the World, semi-official organ of the federal administration, criticizing the Albany legislators.

Had the New York bar been more circumspect, its committee would not have had the opportunity of being rejected at Albany. It has no excuse in lack of forethought. The matter of the defense of radicals has been to the fore for months. Last April, for example, the New York Law Journal raised the question thus: "Lawyers especially may well consider most seriously whether they should give legal aid to such dangerous adversaries of our government and of our fundamental rights and liberties." The reference was to I. W. W. defendants but the application is pertinent. To take another example: following the Centralia outrage, the Lewis County, Washington, Bar Association, vouched that no member would defend the accused and the attorney general of Washington is said to have called the attention of the prosecuting attorneys of the state's 39 counties not only to the need of molding public opinion, but to having the local bar associations give aid in making sure that no principle but Americanism was manifest among veniremen, from whom were to be selected the juries to try accused radicals.

If the government had the stringent sedition laws asked for by Attorney General Palmer, we would not have the spectacle of a state assembly trying five of its members on such charges as those preferred in New York.

The allegation made in its attack on the Sterling and Graham bills by the American Federation of Labor, that the bills, if enacted, could be used to prevent advocacy of a constitutional amendment or the election of the president by direct popular vote, is beside the mark. Even were the laws capable of such interpretation, no right-thinking American would suppose for a minute that they would be used for other than their obvious purpose —the suppression of the manifestations of the "reds". If organized labor, chooses to consider itself as menaced with a curtailment of rights, the inference is plain. These laws do not threaten good Americans.

The plaint of Samuel Gompers, that "the history of other nations ought to guide America" in this is in especially poor taste, if Gompers in reality considers himself, as he says, as opposed to radicals. The righteousness of the rigorous methods adopted against socialism by Bismarck fifty years ago stands proven today by the history of German socialism—a tamed socialism, which nominally gives a coloring to the present German government, and yet is as far from the radicalism the world beholds in Russia as is Noske from Lenin.

Clay M. Greene's Letter From New York

Recalling my letter of last week, I find this one begun under more or less commingled feelings of disappointment and chagrin. Disappointment because the glaringly advertised functions promised for the obsequies of John Barleycorn failed to materialize as far as their brilliancy and hilarity were concerned, and chagrin because at the very outset of my debut as a chronicler of "fashion as she is wore" I made the mistake of believing that there was such a thing as arbitrary rules for any particular branch of it, and that it is after all merely a question of radiation in all directions from a certain given point according to the personal whims of the wearers.

The Barleycorn Wakes

These were certainly as dull and pointless either in the formulation of the plans or the execution of them in spite of the half and quarter page advertisements, setting forth that on the nights of the 15h and 16th of January there would be held at the various cararets, brilliantly lavish orgies which must certainly be handed down into convivial history as having been the most lurid bacchanals ever given in mad, merry Gotham.

Well, they were simply stupid. Stupid in conception, stupid in execution, and the dual stupidity cast an unmistakable pall upon the incongruous jams of expectant revellers who had flocked into the various places to revel and stayed to mourn, for there was everywhere the atmosphere, accompanied by the paraphernalia and ceremonies of mourning. This is to say that black was the prevailing tint of decoration, and the funeral casket and funeral attire were dominant expressions of humor, with the result that the hard-working actors and actresses succeeded in evoking only doubtful titters instead of the aimed roars of unbridled laughter. There is a broad distinction between being laughed with and laughed at, and the latter was in almost every case all too evidently the rule, after several jaunts over the slushy sidewalks to the various undertaking establishments.

Some of the Funerals

At Reisenwebber's which is a favorite resort among the most unrestrainable circles of cabaret gaiety, the waiters were dressed as undertakers, the captains in solemn black, and a large funeral casket adorned the side of the room nearest the band. A young woman from one of the various "Frivolities" or "Follies" of 1920—as the prevailing jumbles of jazz and abbreviated costume are called—clad in a black costume in which the show of stocking was the most notable feature, stood on the casket and shouted something which was said by the next day's newspapers to have been a humorous prayer for the repose of the soul of John Barleycorn. Then the dancing began and the ceremonies lapsed into the conventional, or rather unconventional functions of an every-night cabaret, only that the supposedly stringent rule against "shimmying" was not observed in the slightest degree.

It was believed that Healy's a little further on might prove a little more provocative of pleasant comedy, but here too the management seemed to have been inspired by the singular notion that it is a simple matter to get humor out of the atmospheres of woe, for here too the attendants were undertakers, the grewsome casket was carried about the room to the music of the dead march, and each customer was presented with a souvenir in the form of a miniature casket. But the several gardens and splendid salons were crowded to the doors, the cabaret program furnished was more than usually excellent, the dance music of the best, and, the dull ceremonies over, there was the usual good time to be had every night, except that there was little drinking of "hard stuff" and consequently long before the accustomed hour the place was dark.

So it was at the Café de Paris and the Montmartre, except that the ceremonies were not so studiously gloomy, and the so easily gulled sporty thousands of the great metropolis willingly paid ten dollars per table seat for something they did not receive and yet seemed utterly oblivious of the deception.

After the Fatal Sixteenth

Since that night of revel that fell so short of advance promises, the cabarets have been almost equally well attended, for the public must have after-theater entertainment for supper, and the programs at these places are more elaborate than ever, and it is not going too far to say that they fall but little short in general excellence as compared with the reviews at the theaters, for they enjoy the distinction of being altogether free of the dull comedy scenes introduced for the purpose of padding out to consume three hours of time. Already these brilliant cabaret audiences seem to have accepted the inevitable smilingly, and are satisfying themselves with coffee, tea and tenfold more cigarettes, wondering, no doubt, when these now innocent habits may become the incitants to a nineteenth constitutional amendment.

It is in the clubs where the dullness of the days since the awful 17th of January seems most apparent. The lockers have been removed from nearly all of them, and the stocks remaining in the cellars have been disposed of by sale or lot, with the understanding that they must be removed to private residences before midnight of the fatal day. The resident in a club or hotel may store as much liquor as the confined space of his lodging can accommodate, but he must serve his thirsting friends there, for he may not expose his beloved bottle on the dining room tables or at the bar.

The recent decisions both of the department of justice and the various internal revenue departments have been so drastic and so obviously restrictive of personal liberty that a coming revolution of some nature is openly predicted, and the wets are still fighting and fighting hard.

The Confusion of Fashions

To the amateur reviewer of what it is fashionable to wear and how to wear it; the more he attempts to describe them properly, the more hopelessly he finds himself plunged into a hopeless maze of sartorial confusion. With reference to male attire a decision of some sort is a comparatively simple matter, for there seems to have been but little change, except that the cuffs on the trousers of the ultra fashionable young men are nearer the calves of their legs, the fur collars are larger than ever on their overcoats and stiff shirt bosoms are indispensible to the claw-hammer evening attire, with waistcoats of black or white, and black ties

permitted only for mourning. For the dinner jacket the flexible plaited bosom must be worn, and the black tie may be worn tucked under the turnover collar or outside it according to taste. The better dressed jeunesse d'orée, however, seem to have decided to wear the stand-up collar with turn-down points for semi-evening dress and high shoes are not admissable among the strictly accurate even during these winter days, no matter how thin the blood or how threatening the return of influenza.

But the women! Here there is confusion worse confounded, despite the apparently well informed writings of the "daily fashion hints" in the newspapers, or the press-agented proclamations from the fashionable modistes, for each one seems in one way or another to contradict the statements of the day before.

With reference to the abbreviated skirt, short sleeves and the broad and deep U's on back and front of frock waists, however, this writer feels compelled to declare that fashion is inflexible, and that those who do not wear them have been frightened into submission by the directions from their church pulpits that there must be no U's on bodices, that the arms must not be bare above the elbow joints, and that the stockings must not be exposed above the not too high shoes. There seems to be no difference of opinion whatever with reference to the short skirt, but as far as the full one is concerned, comments are about as plentiful as the dressmakers, and there are almost as many variations in respect to how the fullness at the hip is to be constructed, whether by the aid of a circlette or loose flouncings. Again, one evidently well informed critic assured me that evening gowns must be short, while another just as positively informed me that the pailleted frock, cut a la Princesse, and with a distinctly flowing train, was the real thing because Poiret of Paris had so declared in his last winter proclamation.

Two Smart Evening Gowns

A case in point is recalled which should serve to prove that each of these two extremes is equally fashionable. At the Ritz the passing of John Barleycorn was celebrated with the same polite decorum that characterizes an afternoon tea, and it seemed more like a fashion show than a function to prevent a too early retiring for the night. I noticed a peculiarly fetching evening gown of jonquil yellow in silk net, with skirt very full and its lower line fully eight or nine inches from the floor. The decolletage of the shoulders exposed a return to the old-fashioned bertha of watered taffeta, with full flounces of the same material about the hips, and one might easily have taken it to be a fancy ball costume of the Empire period, but for the shortness of skirt. As a relief to the monotony of yellow, a pink rose was worn at the waist. At the next table to this young woman's striking costume, was another evening gown on a woman a little older, made quite after the other extreme, and yet equally smart and quite as well in keeping with somebody's notions of the height of fashion. It was cut along the graceful Princesse lines with a considerable train, with bright gren paillettes of silk net, made over some glossy material, resembling flimsy satin, of a darker shade. And so, short skirts or long, full skirts or tight ones, the lady of fashion may be equally fashionable, for she pays her money and makes her own sweet choice, according to her notions of how she ought to look.

Behind the Footlights

There have been two personal "knockouts" at the past week's theaterical premieres. The first of these was Nance O'Neil, our own native daughter, in "The Passion Flower," a luridly tragic melodrama from the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente. The critics differ very widely conserning the play itself, which in plot, conception and the idealizations of character is artificial, stilted and explosive enough to have set an audience of the Old Bowery in its palmiest days mad with noisy approval. But as to the performance of Nance O'Neil there is no difference of opinion, for among her many tragic impersonations, that of this revengeful mother in a play which is all about revenge, is declared to be her very best, and one that recalls, and even surpasses, the best efforts of Ristori, Duse, Modjeska and Janauschek. The play is presented far down town in the little Greenwich Village Theater, for lack of a large available one in the theatrical center, but time will no doubt soon be secured for it somewhere there, and then New York will awaken to the fact that the United States has a tragedienne greater than any at present on foreign boards.

The second "knockout" referred to, is that of Geraldine Farrar in the operatic version of "Zaza" at the Metropolitan Opera House. As hitherto produced, both here and abroad, this work of Leoncavello, designed by him to be his masterpiece, has always been a conspicuous failure, primarily because the proper woman has never been secured for the role of Zaza, and then none of these performances had a David Belasco to direct it as only he knows how to do. Except that in the libretto, constructed by the composer himself, which makes no effort to conceal the frank immorality of the original French text, the critics have been unanimous, and have no complaint to make regarding this, the most remarkable production in the line of dramatic portraiture, that has yet been seen in this notable home of good lyric acting. In manner, appearance, temperament and convincing theatricalism, Farrar is Zaza to the very life, and in nearly all respects surpasses even the remarkable achievement of Mrs. Carter in the same role, perhaps for the reason that now the character is presented in all its unblushing wantonness, as intended by its original creator, while in the American version Belasco softened it materially, in order to secure the always to be desired sympathy of his un-Parisian audiences. We have always known that Geraldine Farrar was a good actress, but not until she presented Zaza in her true colors, has anyone pronounced her a great one. The supporting cast is good, especially in the cases of Giuli Crimi as the lover, Amato as Zaza's faithful mentor, and Kathleen Howard as the bibulous mother. But again, and yet again there comes the sartorial wail, why not get some good tailor to teach these otherwise almost perfect Latins how to wear modern clothing?

The Answer Book

By Annie W. McCullough

In school they have an answer book
To tell what sums are right;
But teachers will not let us look,
Nor even touch the answer-book.
No, we must tug and fight,
And struggle with arithmetic
Until our sums come right.

I wish there was an answer-book
That mother dear could buy,
I'm sure she'd let us take a look,
And not lock up the answer-book.
For she would know we try,
And sometimes it would help us so.
Such books no one can buy.

I'm going to make an answer-book
When I am big and tall;
And children then may often look
Into my splendid answer-book—
I'll give it to them all.
And it will answer all they wish,
Not just arithmetic,
But all things that we ask to know,
When grown folks say, "Don't bother so!"—
Just wait till I am tall!

The Clerk's Quest

By George Moore

For thirty years Edward Dempsey had worked low down in the list of clerks in the firm of Quin and Wee. He did his work so well that he seemed born to do it, and it was felt that any change in which Dempsey was concerned would be unlucky. Managers had looked at Dempsey doubtingly and had left him in his habits. New partners had come into the business, but Dempsey showed no sign of interest. He was interested only in his desk. There it was by the dim window, there were his pens, there was his penwiper, there was the ruler, there was the blotting-pad. Dempsey was always the first to arrive and the last to leave. Once in thirty years of service he had accepted a holiday; it had been a topic of conversation all the morning, and the clerks tittered when he came into the bank in the afternoon saying he had been looking into the shop windows all the morning, and had come down to the bank to see how they were getting on.

An obscure, clandestine, taciturn little man occupying in life only the space necessary to bend over a desk, and whose conical head leaned to one side as if in token of his humility.

It seemed that Dempsey had no other ambition than to be allowed to stagnate at a desk to the end of his life, and this modest ambition would have been realized had it not been for a slight accident—the single accident that had found its way into Dempsey's well-ordered and closely-guarded life. One summer's day, when the heat of the areas was rising and filling the open window, Dempsey's somnolescent senses were moved by a soft and suave perfume. At first he was puzzled to say whence it came; then he perceived that it had come from the bundle of checks which he held in his hand; and then that the odoriferous paper was a pale pink check in the middle of the bundle. He had hardly seen a flower for thirty years, and could not determine whether the odor was that of mignonette, or honeysuckle, or violet. But at that moment the checks were called for; he handed them to his superior, and with cool hand and clear brain continued to make entries in the ledger until the bank closed.

But that night, just as he was falling asleep, a remembrance of the insinuating perfume returned to him. He wondered whose check it was and regretted not having looked at the signature, and many times during the succeeding weeks he paused as he was making entries in the ledger to think if the haunting perfume was rose, lavender, or mignonette. It was not the scent of rose, he was sure of that. And a vague swaying of hope began. Dreams that had died or had never been born floated up like things from the depths of the sea, and many old things that he had dreamed about or had never dreamed at all drifted about. Out of the depths of life a hope that he had never known, or that the severe rule of his daily life had checked long ago, began its struggle for life; and when the same sweet odor came again—he knew now it was the scent of heliotrope—his heart was lifted and he was overcome in a sweet possessive trouble. He sought for the check amid the bundle of checks and, finding it, he pressed the paper to his face. The check was written in a thin, feminine handwriting, and was signed "Henrietta Brown," and the name and handwriting were pregnant with occult significances in Dempsey's disturbed mind. His hand paused amid the entries, and he grew suddenly aware of some dim, shadowy form, gracile and sweet-smelling as the spring—moist shadow of wandering cloud, emanation of earth, or woman herself? Dempsey pondered, and his absent-mindedness was noticed, and occasioned comment among the clerks.

For the first time in his life he was glad when the office hours were over. He wanted to be alone, he wanted to think, he felt he must abandon himself to the new influence that had so suddenly and unexpectedly entered his life. Henrietta Brown! the name persisted in his mind like a half-forgotten half-remembered tune; and in his efforts to realize her beauty he stopped before the photographic displays in the shop windows; but none of the famous or the infamous celebrities there helped him in the least. He could only realize Henrietta Brown by turning his thoughts from without and seeking the intimate sense of her perfumed checks. The end of every month brought a check from Henrietta Brown, and for a few moments the clerk was transported and lived beyond himself.

An idea had fixed itself in his mind. He knew not if Henrietta Brown was young or old, pretty or ugly, married or single; the perfume and the name were sufficient, and could no longer be separated from the idea, now forcing its way through the fissures in the failing brain of this poor little bachelor clerk—that idea of light and love and grace so inherent in man, but which rigorous circumstance had compelled Dempsey to banish from his life.

Dempsey had had a mother to support for many years, and had found it impossible to economize. But since her death he had laid by about 150 pounds; he thought of this money with awe, and, awed by his good fortune, he thought how much more he might save before he was forced to leave his employment; and to have touched a penny of his savings would have seemed to him a sin near to sacrilege. Yet he did not hesitate for a single moment to send Henrietta Brown, whose address he had been able to obtain through the bank books, a diamond brooch which had cost 20 pounds. He omitted to say whence it had come, and for days he lived in a warm wonderment, satisfied in the thought that she was wearing something that he had seen and touched.

His ideal was now by him and always, and its dominion was so complete that he neglected his duties at the bank, and was censured by the amazed manager. The change of his condition was so obvious that it became the subject for gossip, and jokes were now beginning to pass into serious conjecturing. Dempsey took no notice, and his plans matured amid jokes and theories. The desire to write and reveal himself to his beloved had become imperative; and after some very slight hesitation—for he was moved more by instinct than by reason—he wrote a letter urging the fatality of the circumstances that separated them, and explaining rather than excusing this revelation of his identity. His letter was full of deference, but at the same time it left no doubt as to the nature of his attachments and hopes. The answer to this letter was a polite note begging him not to persist in this correspondence, and warning him that if he did it would become necessary to write to the manager of the bank. But the return of his brooch did not dissuade Dempsey from the pursuit of his ideal; and as time went by it became more and more impossible for him to refrain from writing love letters, and sending occasional presents of jewelry. When the letters and the jewelry were returned to him he put them away carelessly, and he bought the first sparkle of diamonds that caught his fancy, and forwarded ring, bracelet, and ear-ring, with whatever words of rapturous love that came up in his mind.

One day he was called into the manager's room, severely reprimanded, and eventually pardoned in consideration of his long and faithful services. But the reprimands of his employers were of no use, and he continued to write to Henrietta Brown, growing more and more careless of his secret, dropping brooches about the office and letters. At last the story was whispered from desk to desk. Dempsey's dismissal was the only course open to the firm; and it was with much regret that the partners told their old servant that his services were no longer required.

To their surprise Dempsey seemed quite unaffected by his dismissal; he even seemed relieved, and left the bank smiling, thinking of Henrietta, bestowing no thought on his want of means. He did not even think of providing himself with money by the sale of some of the jewelry he had about him, nor of going to his lodging and packing up his colthes, he did not think how he should get to Edinburgh—it was there that she lived. He thought of her even to the exclusion of the simplest means of reaching her, and was content to walk about the streets in happy mood, watching for glimpses of some evanescent phantom at the wood's edge wearing a star on her forehead, or catching sight in the wood's depths of a glistening shoulder and feet flying towards the reeds. Full of happy aspiration he wandered, seeking the country through the many straggling villages that hang like children round the skirts of Dublin and passing through one of these at night fall, and, feeling tired, he turned into the bar of an inn, and asked for bread and cheese.

"Come a long way, governor?" said one of two rough fellows.

"I am going a long way," replied Dempsey; "I am going north—very far north."

"And what may yer be going north for, if I may make bold to ask?"

"I am going to the lady I love, and I am taking her beautiful presents of jewelry."

The two rough fellows exchanged glances; and it is easy to imagine how Dempsey was induced to let them have his diamonds, so that inquiries might be made of a friend round the corner regarding their value. After waiting a little while, Dempsey paid for his bread and cheese, and went in search of the thieves. But the face of Henrietta Brown obliterated all remembrances of thieves and diamonds, and he wandered for a few days, sustained by his dream and crusts that his appearance drew from the pitiful. At last he even neglected to ask for a crust, and, foodless, followed the beckoning vision, from sunrise to sundown.

It was a soft, quiet summer's night when Dempsey lay down to sleep for the last time. He was very tired, he had been wandering all day, and threw himself on the grass by the road side. He lay there looking up at the stars, thinking of Henrietta, knowing that everything was slipping away, and he passing into a diviner sense. Henrietta seemed to be coming nearer to him and revealing herself more clearly; and when the word of death was in his throat, and his eyes opened for the last time, it seemed to him that one of the stars came down from the sky and laid its bright face upon his shoulder.

The Spectator

S. F. Overwhelms General Pershing

General Pershing's reception in this city took on the complexion of an ovation. No other hero has ever been received here more cordially; and only the limitations of time which was mainly devoted to a series of official duties crowded into a period which should have been twice as lengthy, officials say, prevented his having been the motif of countless affairs of which he would have been the honored guest. San Francisco turned out en masse to greet him as he rode up Market street from the Ferry; thousands of out-of-town residents came to the city just to catch a glimpse of him. The noble, military figure and magnetic salute of the great officer left an indellible impression upon all beholders. The thousand business men who heard him at the Commercial Club are enthusiastic over his speech to them; if there were any there who did not before believe in military training for American preparedness, they became converts when they heard the general's plea for it. At the Auditorium the thousands who listened to his words against radicalism were profoundly impressed. He speaks concisely, as a soldier should, and he radiates the magnetism of a great commander. It is not difficult to understand his personal popularity, after having seen and heard him, especially from the myriad of anecdotes told of him by his fellow officers and his personal friends.

He told the people of the north, according to the newspapers, that he will not be a presidential candidate. In San Francisco, we hope that some time he will present himself for the highest office we can give him, in order that the tradition of distinguished great soldiers in the White House may be preserved.

General Pershing is first of all a soldier. His intensely interested manner when with service men, his sympathetic cordiality in the military hospitals, his alertness when in the presence of lines drawn up to do him honor, reveal that his main interest in life is that army which he so nobly represents.

General Pershing said to many of his friends here that when his three months' official tour of inspection is ended, he wants to come back to California. There is no place where he will be more welcome, not alone for his splendid services to our country, but because we share with him a personal sorrow such as few men have had to bear.

Judge Graham Acts Upon Americanization

In Judge Graham's court on Monday, the judge postponed a case in which the ownership of real estate was involved because the proponent who had lived in San Francisco for eighteen years could not speak English. Judge Graham said that in line with General Pershing's belief that all adopted citizens of America should learn the English language within a certain time, he would continue the matter until convinced that arrangements to teach Mrs. Dibbello English had been made.

If this attitude had been taken years ago, the names of many foreigners would stand upon real estate deeds in California instead of those of Americans. This is especially true of early-day Spanish residents. Especially the women among them did not trouble to acquire knowledge of English, depending upon their male relatives to transact with "the Gringoes," all money matters. As a consequence, too often the relative, through carelessness, or desire to convert property into ready cash for his own extravagant purposes, made monetary sacrifices which were merely robberies. For instance, in one event, a wealthy Spanish Californian was left guardian of her deceased sister's children and their valuable estate. She could not understand English, did not disqualify in favor of another guardian to act in her place; as a consequence, all transactions were in the hands of the children's father, the other guardian. He recklessly disposed of his children's property to the aunt, during their minority, and after his death suit brought to recover the property upon that ground, resulted in a compromise dictated by the aunt's husband, whereby these children received but a few thousand dollars, the rest of the rich estate passing on to the present day to her descendants. A knowledge of the English language would most likely have enlightened this religious, simple woman of the rights which belonged to her dead sister's children and she would have opposed unjust sales during their minority.

Business Training Essential for Women

Often women make serious blunders in business matters because they trust to those who claim to be versed in such matters, and doubtless an ignorance of our language causes many to be imposed upon: but it is rarely that a woman will stoop to defraud children of property left in her care. When she does, it can usually be traced either to ignorance of business methods or of our language.

Mrs. Max C. Sloss, whose executive ability has been illustrated in her war and charitable activities, said recently: "It is a crime, the way women are brought up in ignorance of business. So many women are left with families to support and estates to administer. Fathers and husbands who know their affairs must pass into the hands of their daughters and wives should consider it a sacred duty to impart to them their knowledge of how to care for the property which they will inherit."

It is worthy of note that many wealthy women acquire this knowledge by concentration and observation, but seldom by means to which they are directed by their natural protectors.

Women can remain as truly feminine when in full possession of business lore as in the days of vine-clinging, when they left everything to their men relatives, the family lawyer or some hustling agent. The lawyer to whose heart the integrity of his profession is dear, is a splendid educator for women left with estates to manage. Such lawyers report that women seldom lose their property, but that they rarely increase its value, as it is women's nature to be conservative—that they are dubious of speculation, usually.

Americanization in S. F.

This is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the Union and our school teachers can bear evidence of the Americanizing crusade they have carried on. Mme. Pechin, for instance, the brilliant and accomplished principal of the Jean Parker school, has pupils of various foreign nationalities. Many of these children when they enter school have never heard the English language except from their playmates. Madame says that notwithstanding pressure brought to bear upon her by parents and educators she has always refused to devote any of the school time to foreign language instruction, claiming that her allotted time was all too short to teach English. Once she proposed to an insistent director that she would remain from three to five o'clock for foreign language classes, but he opposed her plan on the ground that other principals would object to the precedent established. Madame says that L'Alliance Francaise, the Italian language schools, the Slavonian and others conduct private classes conveniently located if children really want to study other languages. She believes that English is the most essential study in districts where the population is foreign born.

Americanization Through Children

Miss Hodgkinson, teacher of Latin and history of art in Lowell High, is an accomplished linguist. To facilitate practice in Italian and French she widened her circle of acquaintances in the local Latin quarter, through her association with the children as pupils. She found that the home life of large numbers of these people was entirely of the atmosphere of their mother country and that the children had either to absorb or combat it, while the Americanization of the parents came through that the children who imbibed American ideals at school. Miss Hodgkinson was one of the most faithful workers among the foreign classes of the soldiers taught by our San Francisco schoolteachers during the war. Visiting her Italian-born soldiers one evening, I found them intelligently explaining compound tenses in English, though three weeks previously they were unacquainted with a single English verb.

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults
CROCKER BUILDING
Under Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

A Combination Newspaper

During the recent printers' strike in Paris, Frenchmen enjoyed the sensation of reading fifty-seven newspapers in one. The price was 10 centimes, the same price that they have been accustomed to pay for each one of the Parisian dailies.

Fifty-seven of the Paris journals banded together to print a joint newspaper called "La Presse de Paris." Nine other journals did the same thing, calling their newspaper "La Feuille Commune," the latter being the Socialist organ. "La Presse de Paris" was a journalistic curiosity. It had two editions, morning and evening, of four pages each. Space was devoted to each contributing newspaper under the heading "Free Tribunal," with the announcement that the various articles were furnished by the different newspapers forming "La Presse de Paris." The two English newspapers published in Paris, the "Daily Mail" and the "Herald," were each accorded half a column.—From "La France."

The Pay of Teachers

At a time when teachers and even university professors are found organizing unions, with formal affiliation with organized labor, and when fear is being expressed in many quarters that underpayment of instructors will turn them, unconsciously yet indubitably, toward the advocacy of radical ideas, comparatively little attention is being given to the underpayment of the grade and high school teachers. The matter is heeded by the public only when it is brought home startlingly, as by the Chicago instructor of subnormal children, who declared, in an appeal to the board of education, that feeble-minded boys had gone from her class to work for bigger pay than she herself received.

Chicago has promised its teachers a blanket raise of $400 to $500, yet this seems less than liberal when compared with the pay that teachers are receiving. Fifteen thousand teachers recently furnished statistics to the National Education Association from which it was learned that in cities of over 100,000 population, in which their pay was highest, the average salary of teachers in all schools, elementary, intermediate and high, was $1013. The highest average, that for high schools, was $1513. The average of elementary teachers in cities of 5,000 to 10,000 population was $677 a year. Chicago's teachers asked a scale of from $1,200 to $2,500 for elementary teachers.

Set this against the $2,500 a year decided by the department of labor as necessary to maintain in decency an average family of five, the teachers seem to have just cause for complaint.

The teachers have made sacrifices for their profession, but in the long run it is the public that pays. Summarizing the effects of drawing incompetent minds to teaching—and that is the economic effect of insufficient wages—an official of the National Education Association recently declared that army tests had shown America had not 5,000,000 illiterates, as it had supposed, but that one-fifth or more of the adult population could neither write a letter nor read a newspaper. The same authority declared that 4,000,000 children are being taught by teachers less than 21 years old, with little or no high school training and no professional preparation for their work, and that furthermore, a year ago there was an actual shortage of 50,000 teachers, after 120,000 positions had been filled by "emergency teachers."

Against this set America's wastefulness in but one item, that of the fire loss. The average peace-time fire loss in France, the second highest country, is 49 cents per capita a year; in the United States it is $2.63. Eighty per cent of our fires are preventable, and yet we permit an annual fire loss of $450,000,000, which is $30,000,000 more than the combined wages of all the teachers in the country.

It is well for the world to appreciate these facts at a period when the labor party in England and similar bodies in the United States are moving to include brain workers with brawn workers, and when even Soviet Russia points to an unprecedented establishment of new schools, conducted by teachers who are put on an economic equality with other workers.

Californiacs in Connecticut

At luncheon at the Olympic Club this week, by a group of friends of Frank McGlynn, who has caused a theatrical sensation in New York by his playing of "Abraham Lincoln," were discussing the wide publicity given the actor and the play by the eastern press. Every publication in New York City has run big stories of the event and the "Sun," "Times," "Vanity Fair," "Literary Digest" and all the papers, in fact, feature the actor in issue after issue; all unite in praising Mr. McGlynn's artistry and as the popularity of the play increases by leaps and bounds, the public grows eager for details regarding McGlynn's life. In the "Sun" of the 18th, he told an interviewer that he was happy to say he had married young and has six children to provide for—which is a new attitude for an actor just elected to stardom to take.

M. J. Tanzee of the Tanzee-Crowe Tire Co. of this city, journeyed to Connecticut to witness the tryout of his friend's "Lincoln". At dinner in the hotel, McGlynn introduced the rest of the company and some of their friends, who had arrived to witness the premier. Later on during the progress of the play, one man who sat next to Mr. Tanzee announced: "I've come down from New York to see the lady act as "Susan"—he applauded her vigorously, Tanzee feeling in politeness bound to do the same. Soon, in Mr. McGlynn's big scene, "Susan's" friend remained passive, but Tanzee, unable to conceal his enthusiasm, applauded thunderously, exclaiming: "I've come all the way from California to see McGlynn act. Now what do you think of that for acting?" The man from New York forgot "Susan" long enough to join in the clamor for "Lincoln".

The Clock-Winder Discusses Political Fare

"Politics is meat and drink to America," said the Ferry Clock-winder, tightening his golf-stick bag, and then went on, a little sadly, that he should have to get his wisdom off his mind unassisted: "Yes, and it looks as if food and drink would be politics, too".

The Spectator put encouragement in his glance, and the Clock-winder went on:

"Well, here we are with all the booms and boomlets which have been as mysterious as a German spy in a war movie coming out in the open like the flowers in the spring tra-la, and the country that dry everybody is hoping he'll catch influenza so a doctor can fill him up with the pint so kindly left to us for such times as we're in no condition to appreciate it, and anti-prohibition is coming along as an issue that maybe will cause more honest to goodness ructions than ever did a mere matter of tariff or such like planks. Wait and you'll see: we'll have torchlight processions with padlocks on the torches to keep the processioners from drinking 'em up.

"Here's Bryan kicking up a pother and heavin' brickbats at the chairman of the Democratic national committee because he eats at the inaugural dinner of Governor Edwards, who is being touted as an anti possibility for the presidential nomination".

The Beerless Leader

The Clock-winder coughed modestly.

"Once Bryan was called the Peerless. Sure enough there never was another like him. But I have another nickname that ought to go strong. Let's call him 'the Beerless Leader'.

It looks as if there'd be plenty willing to ac-

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commodate him if he starts a national political fight about prohibition. Of course, there'll be some with him. Here's our former lieutenant-governor, A. J. Wallace, coming out for the republican nomination for the senate, with anti as part of his platform. And he's just one straw in the wind. Say, come to think of it, straw is a good word for an anti, eh?

But I'll stick to what I say. You'll see the promise of a glass of beer gettin' more action as a vote-getter than any campaign cigar that was ever passed out in the old days.

It's this way. A lot of people were for prohibition for the other fellow. Half the states had prohibition and more had local option when the federal amendment was submitted, when a man lived in a dry state, in those days, he could still be happy while doing good to his fellow man by keepin' temptation away. One could have a piano or a library shipped in from a wet state every little while, and so keep a stiff upper lip and all the while feel very virtuous about helpin' the poor misguided fellows who couldn't afford the expressage on half a dozen pianos a year. But now there's no place outside, because the country is inside, and the piano-case industry has suffered a terrible blow. So what do you think will happen when a silver-tongued boy orator, gathering his grandchildren around him, arises and is hailed as 'the Beerless Leader, thirst in war, thirst in peace and thirst in the throats of his countrymen?'"

And About Eating

"So much for drink," said the Spectator to the C'lock-winder, "but what about the rest of it?"

"The food part? Sure.

Well, for one thing, we have a candidate in the field who first achieved lasting fame by his witticism, 'A man must eat'. I remember once reading about a Frenchman who said: 'I don't see the necessity,' when a bum courtier-playwright said something pretty much the same. But this isn't France.

What I had in mind, though, was Hoover. Now, Herbert Hoover is known to us out on the coast. The first thing I said when they made him food boss early in the war was, 'Wait,' says I, to the man who used to oil the ferry clock, 'till 1920 of thereabouts, and you'll see a candidate'. And the oiler looked at me, and he says, says he, 'Yes, and what a grand candidate he'll be to swat!' But the oiler was all wrong. So were all the others who thought that Hoover'd be unpopular after he got through cuttin' our spaghetti and teaching us that coffee is better without sugar. Hoover just went ahead without carin' which side his bread was buttered on, in a political way, and now he stands so high in the country's estimation that Senator Reed takes a big swat at him in the senate. It's still early in the day, but take it from me, Hoover didn't cook his own goose by what he did during the war. And a man who's shown that he can do what Hoover did in managing the eats might make a pretty fine boss to put in charge of the pork barrel and the pie counter back in Washington."

The Tang of the Sea

The naval medal dispute is pitiable enough, in all conscience, but Admiral Mayo, with a few bluff words, has succeeded in reminding us that the race of old sea dogs has not gone from the waters. In testifying before the senate's investigating committee, Admiral Mayo put in a word for his staff subordinates in this fashion:

"There has been a popular idea that the chief function of the staff is to go along and look pretty when the old man goes on a call. That is not true. They are hard working, efficient men."

One breath of authoritative energy like this, especially when it comes from the man who throughout the war was the superior of Admiral Sims, is as invigorating as salt air.

Joseph Scott Wins Libel Suit

Evidently the San Francisco dailies have allied not to "spread" upon decisions in libel suits, for very little has been published about the suit won by Joseph Scott, attorney of Los Angeles, against the Los Angeles "Times". The lower court decided in favor of Scott for $37,500 and the decision was confirmed in October by the Supreme Court in a decision writen by Justice William P. Lawlor. The "Times" is said to have paid its debt by check which the exultant plaintiff is reported to have had photographed and presented as souvenirs to his friends.

The Courts and Prohibition

Notwithstanding prohibition, the applications for divorce continue in plentitude, though habitual intemperance is no longer a charge; crime continues rampant, which is not traceable to intoxicating beverages; the calendars of the criminal courts are as congested as ever, so the taxpayers can see no way to eliminate any of our judges.

Landlord Profiteers

A returned traveler vouches for it that there is soon to be a parade of the great unhoused in London. The marchers will be those who have received landlords' notices to vacate their premises. They will trot round miles of London streets, gathering recruits and bear down upon "officialville". The British government made it unlawful for landlords to raise rents during the war or until two years after, but the woes of the unhoused and homeless multiply for other reasons. The profiteering in rents in San Francisco goes on merrily. Would it not be a useful activity for the American Legion to engage in—to call a halt upon rent soaring? In office buildings the landlords are equally inconsiderate, many of them gouging the last penny out of the purse of the tenants who must suffer without redress unless he happens to be engaged in the output of some commodity for which he can raise prices to pay the added rent tax.

Charles Dickman's Mural Marine

A beautiful marine painting has recently been finished for the Oceanic Steamship Co.'s ticket office in the Santa Fe building, 2 Pine street. Connoisseurs are charmed with it—it is a warm, sparkling thing, a lure to an ocean voyage, suggesting breeze, light, change and the fascination of speeding onward to an unknown country.

Dickman's Undying Bon Mot

These days of mournful prohibition, the members of the Bohemian and Family Clubs recall with keen sympathy the Dickman story of Duncan Nichols' "Bank Exchange," famous as the home of the pisco punch. Three clubmen, having imbibed a few of the nectar-like concoctions, logically had their thoughts directed toward heaven and the best route thereto. "I'm a Catholic. What are you?" asked one. "I'm a Methodist," said another. "I'm a 'piscopalian, first, last and forever," mumbled the third, and then they all had one more.

No Portias This Year

The commission appointed by the governor to examine aspirants to the bar completed their labors last week. There were fifty-five entrants, all men; the first time for many years that women have not applied. It is a surprising occurrence in these days when women are eagerly seeking all avenues of professional activity.

Sydney P. Robertson, attorney, is my authority for the statement that according to Blackstone, Pope Urban II decided that "a man cannot practice law in any manner without sin". Mr. Robertson expresses the hope that the up-to-date woman with leanings toward the law is not taking Pope Urban's opinion too seriously.

A Case for Investigation

An attack on American arms is being made by Pacifists and others in the circulation of a quotation purporting to come from Harlow's Weekly of Oklahoma City. The quotation recites in substance that at an Oklahoma county fair, Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians gave a dance of victory in which they displayed "German scalps and other trophies brought home from the world war."

That America should stoop to permit such a degradation of its purposes of war as this implies, that American troops, whatever the color of their skin, should attempt such a barbarity as scalping in the face of the usages of modern warfare, is beyond belief. The tale smacks of

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those accounts of the use of head-hunting blacks by European nations with which America was shocked before our own entry into the conflict. Those reports, some of which were not obviously propaganda, may have had no more basis than a smart journalistic adaptation of Maupassant's tale, "Tomboctou," in which the French writer told of the beheading of German prisoners by French black troops in the war of 1870. Maupassant, ardent for the "revanche," may have accepted an idle jest without too close examination. But Americans, with the unimpeachability of the country's record at stake, should not rest until this allegation of scalping has been investigated and thoroughly disproven. The country can find no credence for such reports, but it must leave no possibility for the belief of the gullible. Let us have the facts, by which the nation has always been ready to stand or fall.

About Alcatraz Island

Men who set their wills against that of the people must expect no quarter. It matters not that these offenders lay claim to a moral justification. Before the necessities of compulsions upon whose validity authority has passed, they must be swept away, as they have been in all times and in all climes.

The policy toward conscientious objectors outlined during the war by Secretary Baker provided a machinery of consideration for all those whose religious scruples forbade them infractions of the sixth commandment even under the justification of a national need which had rallied all the churches to the flag as a religious duty. As for the objectors who stood out from the war for other and economic reasons, they must bear the brunt of their folly. They have the shelter of stone walls without which creatures of the same stripe have felt the wrath of law-abiding citizenry in the form of tar and feathers and rope.

The punishment meted out to them, whatever it be, should be laid equally upon all those fomenters of dissatisfaction who have aspersed the nation's motives in the war, even to the extent of trying to capitalize the statement of President Wilson in his St. Louis address, last fall, in which with notable frankness he made the obvious declaration that there were economic elements in the causes of the war. If the devil will quote scripture, let him be sent to joil.

Americans may undergo a blush of shame at the thought that among the four millions of their fellows who were conscripted, there were several hundred so base as to refuse to don the uniform. Many of them are free, but the most stiff-necked remain in durance. But Americans can find a compensation when they compare the treatment of the conscientious objectors in this country with that of England, which turned the last of them scot free some months ago, after a campaign advocating leniency in which no less than seventeen bishops and many men of title and position addressed a petition to the government on behalf of the objectors. In this there is a pregnant comment on the difference between the two national temperaments.

A Bird in the Hand, Etc.

Why must there be rules and regulations? Because of these things behold the harassed victim of popularity, Andrew Gallagher, with a foot in one job and a toe-hold on another—is mentally buffeted 'twixt yearning for two little birds in the bush and reluctance to relinquish the one he has hold of! Verily, his chalice of indicision is filled up and running over.

However, troubles come not singly but in platoons, and the nearly-appointed sealer of weights and measures need expect no exception to the platitude. Only a few days ago and the gift chute seemed swept and garnished; Monday night beheld the civil service commission apply to it a liberal coat of lubricant by declaring the position non-promotive; San Francisco's favored son poised, exultant; the bird in the hand expectantly tweeted of self-determination; there remained but the press of an official button to precipitate the slide to a life job!

Then entered tragedy. The attorney for the S. F. Municipal Service Association appeared before the commission and wiseacres are now rumoring of a fight to upset the non-promotive ruling. The association possesses a bulging treasury and some of its members unofficially tell of the pending battle. Then, granting the courts uphold the commission, a campaign of sabotage, calculated to junk the whole thoughtfully-conceived enterprise, is to ensue—only the sabotage is to be of a legitimate and effective variety. There are a lot of bright fellows in the City Hall and out of it who even now are burning the midnight P. G. and E. in preparation for the open examination. True, none of them has qualified as supervisor, but, notwithstanding, many of them have gone through college.

So may chance that the song of the one little bird in hand be deemed far sweeter than the squaks of the rah-rah-chased two in the bush.

A New Nomenclature

A strange condition has been brought about when an American of such standing as Herbert Hoover is assailed in the United States senate for his friendship for our ally, England; when the term "pro-British" is bandied as if it denoted a depth of degradation as low as that associated with "pro-German".

Yet there is some show of justice to one portion of Senator Reed's speech. One may share with him the feeling that it is not in accordance with true American usage to designate oneself politically as liberal. In America we have no liberals. We have no tories. We have no unionists. We have Republicans and we have Democrats, and let us abide by the terms and all they denote, even though so distinguished a Democrat as Mr. Gavin McNab expresses the belief that the people regard the party system as in a state of disintegration.

The two old parties give ample scope for differences of opinion on all those matters on which the patriotic may in honesty hold an opinion. If any are not satisfied with that, let them declare themselves members of the communist or the communist labor parties, and take the consequences.

Franco-Belgian Commerce Figures

Official figures showing the commerce between France and Belgium for the year 1919, up to the end of October, have just been issued, indicating a balance of 340,566,447 francs in favor of France. Total French exports to Belgium were 665,712,164 francs, while the Belgian exports to France amounted to 325,145,717 francs.

Klotz Proposes Tax on Bachelors

Mr. Louis Klotz, French minister of finance, presented to the Chamber last week his new tax proposals, which he estimates will yield a total of 1,461,000,000 francs. The wide scope of the proposed taxes is indicated by the fact that they go so far as to include a penalty on men who remain single.

The plan includes a surtax on war profits varying from 50 to 80 per cent, as well as on the increase of welath realized between 1914 and 1919, when such increase exceeds 20 per cent of the corresponding capital in 1914. Mr. Klotz also proposes a tax ranging from 5 to 60 per cent on the increment in value of real estate and stocks of merchandise. The sales of chattel mortgages and transfers of real estate, besides stock axchange transactions, would be liable to additional assessment. Increased taxation on agricultural and commercial profits and on salar-

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ies would be levied, and finally a special tax on bachelors is proposed.

Antwerp to Strasbourg Navigation

A commission comprising six French delegates and six Belgian delegates has just been formed for the purpose of studying problems relative to navigation between Strasbourg and Antwerp.

Russian Crown Jewels

A rumor that the Bolsheviki had removed the imperial crown jewels has led to the searching of a house in Moscow occupied by a Dr. Schwartz, according to advices from Warsaw. When the police made the search they discovered a golden crown, a tiara and a pair of shoes studded with jewels, concerning which the doctor answered in an evasive manner.

The Voice of France

The reason why the eyes of foreign nations were turned upon the polls in France during the late election is not because of the first expression of French opinion since the close of the war nor because there is a new electorate voting system. It is because of Socialism's bid for power, and which brought upon it defeat. Those marshaled under the red flag have belittled the achievements and sacrifices of the men who saved France and the cause of liberty. Their tactics were aimed directly at M. Clemenceau, who, in the eyes of the world, has been the personification of the French nation in waging the war and making the peace.

The idea that the working class of civilized countries are ripe for a revolution has been proven to be an egregious mistake. In France, as in other free countries, neither sanity nor patriotism has been divorced from the soul and body of labor and the public judgment has only stood more firmly by the principles of democracy because these have been impugned. The causes and interests for which M. Clemenceau fought so splendidly are victorious and the approaches to Bolshevism rejected. While the illustrious statesman's career will not be impeded by "a miserable scramble for votes," there is no indication in France of any disposition to depart from the settled basis of republican government.

Luck in Alsace

An oil gusher which gives a daily output of 30 tons has just been discovered in Pechelbronn, Alsace. It is at a depth of 435 meters.

Filming the Bible

The Bible is to be filmed in its entirety. Raymond Wells, a California director, who made a version of "Julius Caesar" some time ago, is planning the production, making 104 reels in all, presenting them in 52 episodes of two reels each. The venture is to be non-sectarian; captions will follow with absolute fidelity the text of the Scriptures; and to ensure correct detail an archaeologist will be a member of the staff.

Dogs Don't Love Blind Men

"A dog never becomes really attached to a blind man," said a friend. We were passing a blind man, standing at his usual corner, with his dog, with its usual cup round its neck.

"Faithful little beggar!" I said, or something of that sort, to which my friend made the above reply.

I asked how he could prove that to be true, and, if so, why was it true? He asserted that a dog loves and understands more than anything else the eye of his master. And he said, quite truly, that the dog, worshipping his master, always looks up into his face. Then I put the argument that if a dog goes blind, he surely is as much attached to his master as ever; that he will still maintain the affection and respect every nice dog has for its owner. I myself can remember a blind bulldog, whose affection for his master was wonderful and touching.

The expert agreed that it was quite possible that a dog should, when he had gone blind, still show affection, but that it was impossible for a seeing dog, who had never seen the eye of his owner, to become really attached to him. He could be a faithful, willing slave, but there would not be the real deep affection.

Carpentier Described by G. B. Shaw

George Bernard Shaw reported the Carpentier-Beckett fight in London for "The Nation". He described Carpentier as "a most amazing apparition—nothing less than Charles XII, 'the madman of the north,' striding along in a Japanese dressing gown as gallantly as if he had not been killed 201 years before. I knew at once it couldn't be Charles, so must be Carpentier, or the devil. Genius could not be more unmistakable. Being in that line myself, I was under no illusion as to genius being invincible—Mr. Beckett might turn out to be Peter the Great.

The effect on the audience of the two men was very noticeable. Beckett, too sensible to be nervous, put up with the crowd of people staring at him as a discomfort all in the day's work. Carpentier rose at the crowd, and would have had it forty thousand instead of four if he could. He was at home with it; he picked out his friends and kissed hands to them in his debonair way, without swank or mock modesty, as one born to move in assemblies.

Carpentier has a terrible pair of arms, a long chest, a long reach, a long flexible neck and last but not least, a long head.

When the men stood up, another curious asset of Carpentier's raised the extraordinary question whether he had not been taught to box by a lady. Some years ago Mrs. Diana Watts, a lady athlete who believed that she had discovered the secret of ancient Greek gymnastics, reproduced with her own person the pose and action of the Discobolus and the archer in the Heracles pediment in the British Museum, both of which had been up to that time considered physically impossible. Her book on the subject, with its interesting photographs, is still extant. Her method was to move and balance the body on the ball of the foot without using the heel, and to combine this with a certain technique of the diaphragm.

Now the moment "Time" was called and Carpentier was on his feet in the ring it was apparent that he had this technique. He was like a man on springs; and the springs were not in his heels but in the balls of his feet. His diaphragm tenue was perfect. Whether his lady instructor was Mrs. Diana Watts or Dame Nature, she has turned out a complete Greek athlete. This really very remarkable and gymnastically important phenomenon has been overlooked, partly because it has not been understood, but partly also because the change in Carpentier's face when he sets to work is so startling that the spectators can see nothing else. The unmistakable Greek line digs a trench across his forehead at once; his color changes to a stony gray; he looks ten thousand years old; his eyes see through stone walls; and his expression of intensely concentrated will frightens every one in the hall except his opponent, who is far too busy to attend to such curiosities.

The world now waits breathlessly for the meeting between Carpentier and Mr. Dempsey. The general sentiment on the night of the fourth was undoubtedly, "May I be there to see". I know nothing of Mr. Dempsey's quality as a boxer; but if he can play at lightning long shots with an instinctive command of the duck and the counter, and on occasion sidestep a boxer who, as the cinematograph proves, has a dangerous habit of leading off from his toes without stepping in—with the certainty of falling heavily on his nose if his adversary takes in the situation and gets out of the way in time, Charles XII, may find his Poltava yet."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
In the Matter of the Estate of KATHARINE K. FORBES, Deceased. No. 28518, Dept. 10.

Upon reading the petition of STANLY FORBES and CLEAVELAND FORBES, executors of the Last Will and Testament of KATHARINE K. FORBES, deceased, for an order to lease certain real property, a two-fifths (2-5) interest of which belongs to said Estate, it is

ORDERED that notice be given that all persons interested in said Estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1920, at 10 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why that certain real property situated on the Easterly line of Stanyan Street One hundred (100) feet, Southerly from the Intersection of the Southerly line of Waller Street, on the Easterly line of Stanyan Street and with a frontage of Twenty-five (25) feet on Stanyan Street and with a uniform depth of One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet and three (3) inches; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 697½ in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, should not be leased for the period of ten (10) years at a rental for all of said property for Thirty-five ($35.00) Dollars per month for the first five (5) years and Forty-five ($45.00) Dollars per month for the second period of five (5) years, payable monthly in advance; said notice shall refer to said petition for further particulars.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that said notice shall be published for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, January 28th, 1920.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

DE LAVEAGA & MAGEE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Mills Building, San Francisco. 1-31-3

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING THE CONVEYANCE OF LAND

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
In the Matter of the Estate of KATHARINE K. FORBES, Deceased. No. 28518, Dept. 10.

On reading and filing of petition of STANLY FORBES and CLEAVELAND FORBES, Executors of the Will of KATHARINE K. FORBES, deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing them as Executors of the above entitled Estate, to complete the agreement of their decedent by executing to SAMUEL HAMBURGER a deed of that certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

"Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Larkin Street, distant thereon 92 feet 11 inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Bush Street, running thence Southerly along said line of Larkin Street 44 feet 7 inches; thence at right angles Easterly, 84 feet 6 inches; thence at right angles Northerly, 44 feet 7 inches, and thence at right angles Westerly 84 feet 6 inches to the Easterly line of Larkin Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vera Block No. 308."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, March 1st, 1920 at the Courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing of said petition when and where any persons interested in the said Estate may appear and make objections to the granting of this petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this hearing be published in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, at least once a week for four successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated, January 28th, 1920.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Liggett Hostess to General Pershing

The reception in honr of General Pershing at the home of Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, was the most charming function given during the General's visit to San Francisco. General Liggett's absence upon official duty necessitated the arrangements being planned by Mrs. Liggett and the result was a tribute to that accomplished lady's social executive ability. Owing to General Pershing's many official engagements and also to the capacity of the Liggett quarters at Fort Mason, Mrs. Liggett was unable to invite a large number of guests, so confined the list to officials of heads of departments of the army posts and naval stations, personal resident friends of General Pershing, and her own intimate friends. The scene chosen for the reception was the large circular porch of the Liggett residence. This apartment was decorated as an oriental setting, with Philippine furniture, palms and gorgeous Chinese vases filled with brilliant flowers. With the view through the palms of the blue bay radiant and still under the sun, the atmosphere was tropical. Mrs. Liggett, looking very handsome in black satin and real lace, with a huge bunch of orchids, presented each guest to the General. Otherwise there was no formal receiving party, but she was assisted in presenting the other guests to one another by Mrs. L. LeRoy Neilson, Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm and Mrs. Walter B. Coffey. In the handsome dining-room, a delicious buffet luncheon was served and during the whole period of the reception, a military band played on the lawn. General Pershing's superb military bearing and cordial manner impressed everyone and the ladies were very frank afterwards in expressing their admiration of the illustrious soldier; while it is an old story that men everywhere admire him for his straightforward Americanism. His aides were present. Others were: Admiral and Mrs. Jayne, Mrs. Wright (sister of Admiral Rodman), Col. Richard Derby and his mother, Mrs. R. Derby; Cols. and Mmes. C. F. Stanton, Sydney Cloman, Cols. Gale, Ord, Mullally. Capts. and Mmes. F. P. Helm, J. LeRoy Neilson, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Mary Phelan, Mrs. Randolph Zane, Mrs. Zane, Sr.; Mayor and Mrs. Rolph, Messrs. and Mmes. W. H. Crocker, H. T. Scott, Leopold Michaels, Drs. and Mmes. W. B. Coffey, J. Wilson Shiels, Mmes. Darr, Philip Hill, R. A. Scott and Messrs. F. M. Ames, Hammersmith, and many others, to the number of about one hundred.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels are at Hotel Coronada, with their three children, for a month. Mr. M. F. Tarpey and Mrs. Oscar de Bretteville, who recently went down in their private car, are guests of the Spreckels family. Mrs. Jules Clerfayt, who accompanied them, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander de Bretteville (Maud Lillian Berri) for the month.

Mrs. Edward Lindquest was hostess at a charming tea last Thursday in her beautiful Green street apartment. There were about twenty guests, who after a delicious repast, spent the afternoon in bridge.

Miss Blanche Murray was hostess at a charming tea on the 15th at the Palace to a group of beautiful young ladies, her former schoolmates at Hamlin's Academy. The decorations, of unusual beauty, were Columbia roses and upon each place card was painted some figure typifying a characteristic of its fair recipient.

Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm, who was very ill during the winter, has recovered. The Helms received a cordial telegram at Christmas from General Pershing, who has been an intimate friend of the Helms since Captain Helm (U. S. N. retired) was director of the bureau of navigation in the Philippines during the Taft administration. General Pershing's aides visited the Helm home last Saturday evening and the general spent as much time with his old friends as he could spare from his official duties during his sojourn.

William F. Humphrey, the attorney and brilliant president of the Olympic Club, will not be able to officiate this year as master of the revels at the Mardi Gras, much to the regret of the directors. Mr. Humphrey left on Thursday to attend some legal cases in New York, Washington and other eastern cities. He expects to return in a few weeks.

Mrs. Richard Derby, mother of Colonel Derby, aide to General Liggett, has just returned from San Diego, where she visited her daughter, who is the wife of Colonel Burgin.

Mrs. Georges de la Tour was hostess during the week at a charming luncheon at her home.

Mrs. J. LeRoy Neilsen's luncheon took place on Friday.

Mrs. Squire Varick Mooney presided at a beautiful luncheon on Thursday at her Broadway home.

Del Monte Polo Tournament

Samuel F. B. Morse, delegate of the Del Monte Polo Club, has approved of a tentative program of matches for the invitational tournament which will open the polo season in northern California. There will be approximately ten to eleven matches played, with some activity every day with the exception of Wednesday, February 4th, when a paper chase will be held at Pebble Beach. Junior teams will be put in the field. Santa Barbara is to oppose San Mateo in the first round play of the first junior event. The next day, Sunday, there is to be another junior event, with Del Monte lining up against Pebble Beach. The senior teams will go on later in the tournament, as the Eastern and British players who will make the trip out here will want additional time in which to get acclimated before jumping right into the saddle.

The tentative program for the tournament is as follows: January 31 (Saturday), first round, first junior event, Santa Barbara vs. San Mateo. February 1 (Sunday), first round, second junior event, Del Monte vs. Pebble Beach. February 2 (Monday), first round, novice event. February 3 (Tuesday), second round, novice event, San Mateo vs. Pebble Beach. February 5 (Thursday), finals, first novice-junior winner, Santa Barbara-San Mateo vs. U. S. Cavalry. February 6 (Friday), third round novice. February 7 (Saturday), finals, second junior event, Del Monte-Pebble Beach, winner vs. U. S. Seventh Cavalry. February 8 (Sunday), first round, senior event. Eastern-British team vs. Del Monte. February 9 (Monday), finals, novice. February 10 (Tuesday), finals, senior. February 15 (Sunday), Two army teams for championship and Presidio field day.

Society at Del Monte

Among the notables who have arrived at Del Monte for the opening of the polo season next Saturday are Marquese de Billavieja and Marquese de Pons of Madrid, who are personal friends of the King of Spain. Billavieja is himself a polo player of international reputation. He is rated as one of the best of the old players of Europe, and is an enthusiast of the exciting sport on horseback. The two Spanish noblemen intend to make a short visit on the Pacific Coast and will then go on to New York, from where they sail home next month. Everything is being put in readiness for the first match of the polo tournament next Saturday. Society folk from all sections of the country are already at Del Monte in preparation for the big sports attractions. The Del Monte polo fields promise to be lively with the usual array of machine parties along the side boards which surround the field. The boxes also are being taken up by parties.

An interesting party at present at Del Monte is made up of Mrs. Arthur J. Baldwin and Donald Baldwin of New York and Miss Florence Gates of Pasadena.

Mrs. Anna D. Pray of Burlingame has purchased a home site in the Pebble Beach society colony, near the fifteenth green of the golf links. She plans building a rustic summer home shortly.

Mrs. Frances Potter Thomas of Portland and San Francisco, is remodeling her home at Del

Monte, adding to the house and cultivating a landscape garden.

Officers of the Monterey-Presidio have accepted the invitation to join in the paper chase at Pebble Beach on Wednesday, February 4th. This will come during the course of the polo tournament and a number of the poloists and friends are expected to make entries.

Fine Arts Dansant

The dansant to be given for the benefit of the maintenance fund of the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts by the Women's Auxiliary of the museum in the colonial and Italian ballrooms at the St. Francis Hotel on Saturday afternoon, February 7th, promises to be one of the most interesting social events of the New Year. The response to the invitations sent out has been quite unprecedented on the part of the younger set who are coming in larger numbers than ever before to any similar event. In consequence of the unusually large demand for tickets for this affair additional arrangements have had to be made to accommodate the tea guests, as numbers of ladies are coming to drink tea and listen to the alluring strains of Art Hickman's orchestra. The ballrooms will be especially decorated for the occasion under the direction of Director Laurvik. The dansant is being given under the patronage of the following patrons and patronesses: Messrs. and Mmes. Walter S. Martin, Seward McNear, James L. Flood, E. Schmiedell, J. K. Prior, Charles Crocker, F. W. Bradley, C. C. Mohun, M. S. Koshland, George McNear, H. Sahlein, P. F. Dunne, Andrew Welch, Jr., Mortimer Fleishhacker, A. S. Baldwin, Geo. H. Cabaniss, A. Uhl, A. W. Scott, Jr., Leon Sloss, Edson Adams, George Pope, Wm. Magee, Willis Walker, Gerald J. Meigs, I. M. Green, J. C. Crawford, E. W. Stadtmuller, Joseph Fife, C. O. G. Miller. Tickets for the dansant, which is from 4 to 7 o'clock, costing $1.50—including tea—may be had of any one of the patrons or patronesses or by applying to the office at the Palace of Fine Arts.

Techau Tavern Stages Unusual Revue

"Jazz, and lots of it," is the comment of the crowded patronage that nightly wends its way to Techau Tavern. The pretty chorus and the 1920 baby ballet is composed of the prettiest girls in a variety of individual costumes, which in their shimmering colors and gay numbers, prove a magnetic attraction to interest the theater-goers who are lured to the new oval dance floor, the finest of its kind in the west, to dance to the beautiful melodies of the Techau Tavern dance orchestra. The song numbers are exceptionally worthy of merit being of an excellence not usually found outside of the big eastern revues. Patrons have found lucky dances in which Hilson's Toggery orders and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes are gratuitously dispensed by the manager and with the excellent menus and comfortable dining arrangements it would be indeed difficult to find fault with the ensemble offered every evening at the Techau Tavern. Afternoon tea also finds the fair devotees of shopping gathered together for social visits and the regular luncheon is such a well-known feature of the Techau Tavern that it is almost superfluous to mention it.

Special Sale of High Quality

Prism Binoculars

An exceptional opportunity is now offered to secure a high grade Prism Binocular at an exceedingly low price—

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These glasses were manufactured for the War Department under government contract and supervision. Your inspection cordially invited. They must be seen to be appreciated.

Café Colombo

Early next autumn the new Cafe Colombo will open to bon vivants a glorified and beautiful place. The ice dancing rink is now under way, and the salt water plunge will be ready before October. In the annex, there will be billiard tables, squash, racquet and handball courts. The dining room will seat 500 diners, the dancing parquet being designed to accommodate 140 couples. All these activities are designed by the progressive maitre d'hotel, S. A. Firpo, to make the patrons of the Colombo forget the presence of prohibition.

Addio, Rodolphi of Techau's

Rodolphi, whose handsome Tuscan face has beamed for nine years upon the Techau Tavern patrons, has retired from his connection with the sparkling Tavern. He is hesitating between an establishment of his own and Leopold Michael's offer of a position at the Ritz Carlton. The Ritz people are looking for a San Francisco site and perhaps Rodolphi would be put in charge of the café, for it is said he knows, from his nine years' service at the gladsome Techau, all the worth-while people in California who frequent cafés.

Commandant

Oh! red is the color of Life and Love,
And vivid things that inspire—
The crimson heart of a summer rose;
The glow of a winter fire;
But for joy and refreshment and heavenly cheer
To the weary after strife,
Give me a glimpse of our Lady's robe
As she walks in the House of Life.
I love the rich depth of a ruby's gleam,
The rosy blush of a child—
The scarlet flash of a robin's breast,
And poppies—flaunting wild;
But fairer than flow'r or dazzling gem
Adorning a royal dress,
Is the dear Red Cross that our Lady wears
As she walks in the House of Rest.

—From "A Pocketful of Rye," by C. A. Travers.

Born to Pity

Many women are born to delight and torment the world; many there are whose loveliness troubles while it attracts; some that demand admiration as a right, and some that plead for it with a sort of plaintive appeal. Some that coax and cajole, and others that sweetly insinuate. But there are just a few who go about life with compassion in their eyes—the woman born to pity.

"What is the trouble, Wife?" "N-nothing." "Yes, there is. What are you crying about; something that happened at home, or something that happened in a novel?"

MOSTLY HUMOROUS

A parson had prayed for rain, and eventually it came in torrents. Standing in the porch, he bewailed the excessive downfall, whereupon his wife said mildly, "But you prayed for rain." "Yes, my dear," replied the worthy man, "but this is quite ridiculous."

Intrepid Widow—"Speaking of conundrums, Mr. Slocum, here's a good one—'Why is the letter d like a wedding ring?'" Procrastingating Bachelor—"Oh, I'm no good at conundrums." Intrepid Widow—"You give it up? Why, because 'we' can't be 'wed' without it!"

"See here!" exclaimed the stranger as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle, "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road?" "Well," replied the native, who had volunteered to guide him through the dark, "We're finding them, ain't we?"

Indignant Mother—"Why did you strike little Elsie, you naughty boy?" Dick—"What did she want to cheat for, then?" Mother—"How did she cheat?" Dick—"Why, we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it up herself."

Farmer's Wife—"Please, sir, I want one of them things as reggylates the 'eat of a room." Chemist—"Thermometer you mean, ma'am, I suppose?" Farmer's Wife (eagerly)—"Yes, sir; that's it, sir. And if you'll be so kind, sir, to set it to 65 I shall be much obliged; 'cause that's what the doctor says I'm to keep the room at."

ECONOMIC DRESSING

"Stop the train!" yelled the excited passenger. "My suitcase just fell out of the window."

"You don't expect us to stop the train to pick up a suitcase," said the conductor.

"Listen here," pleaded the excited one. "I'm the manager of this musical comedy company in the car ahead, and that suitcase contains all the costumes for our chorus."

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The Stage

Sparkling Orpheum Bill

The Orpheum bubbles this week, mostly with dancing acts. There are ever so many pretty girls, all in undress creations, revealing pretty forms. Ruth Budd is billed as having a smile. She has more—a lovely form and marvelous dexterity on rings. She is a very daring young person, who takes chances sliding down a twisting rope. She sings ditties upside down—not the ditties but herself.

Lew Brice is billed for an individual act, but he happens on so frequently that one expects to see him filmed at the last moment as a "Current Event". He is indisputably clever and likable. If he entertained the boys in France as well as he does his Orpheum audiences, they must have had a good time.

The Rainbow Cocktail is a lively skit performed by a gay company in picturesque setting.

Bob Hall gives an extemporaneous entertainment. The audience helps him out by suggesting subject and melody and he instantly sings timely rhymes to please them. Sunday he described Governor Stephens and family who were present to enjoy a quiet afternoon in an Orpheum box. Later Mr. Hall engaged in repartee with the gallery. He must have a persuasive personality, for nearly all the other actors on the bill appear unexpectedly upon the stage to assist him with his act. It is popularly supposed that vaudeville performers dash out of the theater for a spin in the park, a whirl in an airplane, a cup of tea in someone's drawing-room, a swim in the Olympic tank or some such diversion, between matinee and night performances. But Mr. Hall's fellow performers seem to like to remain right in the theater—they don't want to go home or anywhere. Lyons and Tosco play the harp and violin, sing and have an Italian comedy duologue. McRae and Clegg do a whirlwind bicycle act, which wins much applause.

In this "Pousse Cafe" melange, the voice of Harry Robertson, lyric tenor, is as great a contrast as would be a crystal glass of pure mountain spring water. His voice is a lyric tenor of beautiful quality, extensive range and admirable artistry. Mr. Robertson gives the impression of being sure of his art and he scorns to descend to extraneous appeals which are deemed necessary by so many singers to mixed audiences. He does not "sing down" to the uncultivated listener, but proceeds uncompromisingly along the artistic lines which he has pursued in years of study. He won recalls and applause on Sunday, notwithstanding his unhappy opening place on the program. The bicycle act or some other not requiring concentrated attention would have been a logical substitute, giving Mr. Robertson's lovely tones and artistic phrasing a chance to be truly appreciated. Vaudeville managers give us far too few cultivated singers to vary their programs. We hope Mr. Robertson will appear in a new future bill. And where are all the excellent dramatic sketches we used to see in vaudeville? If we are patient, they will be offered again, but in too rapid succession. Singing acts, acrobatic performances, tramp and monologist "stunts," dancing numbers, seem to be selected in groups, managers doubtless believing we like our variety by the week instead of by the single performance. However, the Orpheum goes gaily on and is crowded with enthusiasts at every performance.

—H. M. B.

"Roads of Destiny"

Channing Pollock has dramatized O. Henry's weird story of Fate and built something that Nietszhe might have created. The Alcazar company is called upon to portray nearly everything in melodrama, including murder, betrayal, insanity, gambling, financial juggling and family wrangling; yet the company bears the strain and comes up smiling. The inevitable fate of the hero (Clay Clement) is worked out to the satisfaction of the author. The curtain falls upon him reaching out across the vanished form of his murdered brother, to his born affinity—the brother's wife. Emily Pinter is the wife and distinguishes herself in the rather trying role. Fay Courteney is first seen in a gambling house in Alaska, where she is a "regular devil," calling spades spades and otherwise behaving in a most unladylike manner. In this scene she pays the price the author demands—shot by the villain. Next act she is a society lady. Here again she explains lucidly her unhappy plight. Once more she pays the price, her life—but this time she is responsible for the dark deed. In the third act she is a rural kitchen help, but "clean stark mad," as she has been betrayed by the villain again. In this act she varies the program by committing murder. Clay Clement proceeds through this harrowing drama as the much-loved hero. There is a limit to one's imagination, so it is difficult to fancy how a young man in real life would act under such painfully pleasant circumstances, but Mr. Clement appears thoroughly in earnest and works out the author's intention heroically. Brady Kline, as a villain, is really a viperish creature. He is in turn a weak brother, a crooked gambler, a lacivious, cheating backer, a betrayer of a helpless country wench, but unflinchingly he runs the gamut, in each new situation being relentlessly pursued by an ivory handled pistol, which persistently either kills him or someone whose thread of destiny is interwoven with his own.

Out of this lurid picture Clifford Alexander steps forth a cheerful relief. He is cast as a devilmaycare gambler up in an Alaskan barroom, of which he is the best customer. Irving Dillon, Rafael Brunetto, Al. Cunningham and Russell Medcraft, all have roles which they act with fidelity to the author's intention. The scenes are faithfully constructed and the whole production is one which would drag the most blasé theater-goer away from a sense of ennui and send him away rather shuddering as to the truth of the quotation: "On every road waits that which was intended; at every end of the earth man finds his Destiny".

—H. M. B.

"Zaza" First Sung at Tivoli

The "Zaza" performance of Geraldine Farrar at the Metropolitan has come in for high praise by the New York critics. It is billed as "first time in America," but San Francisco saw it with a superb company during Portola year, 1913, at the Tivoli Opera House. Leoncavallo conducted his own opera; Carmen Melis was a splendid Zaza, Montesanto and Luca Botta were Cascart and Dufresne, respectively. Leoncavallo felicitated himself at the time upon having these three fine artists to produce his work for the first time in America. The book was the same Belascoized version of the Berton-Simon drama now on the Metropolitan boards. One can readily believe that the svelte Farrar is more alluring in physical abandonment than was the very plump Melis, but Geraldine Farrar's vocal equipment could not stand comparison with that of the Italian prima donna whose rendition of Leoncavallo's music revealed the gold in the soul of the social outcast. Montesanto, the handsomest baritone on the stage and a superb singer, went to the Metropolitan, as did Botta, who died last year. Amato and Crini have the roles in the Metropolitan production.

—H. M. B.

Carolina Lazzari

Carolina Lazzari's beautiful contralto voice drew two large audiences to Scottish Rite Hall last week, the auditors being conspicuously of the ultra-musical population. The handsome American singer can be sure of a cordial welcome when she comes again. She is on the Chicago Opera Company's roster for a season in New York and later goes to the Metropolitan.

Frank W. Healy's next attraction will be Mme. Galli-Curci in May, for which tickets are already on sale.

At the Alcazar

Lovers of real acting find abundant satisfaction in the varied achievements of the brilliant New Alcazar Company, which offers "Bought and Paid For" next week, commencing at Sunday's matinee. George Broadhurst's play of power, passion and illuminating comedy, is a classic among vital, enduring emotional dramas. There is one big scene in particular, where the sensitive bride repulses her newly wedded husband, inflamed by liquor. He is a decent fellow at heart, but the brute in him cries out that he has bought and paid for the woman. Her revolt thrills an audience like a galvanic shock. But "Bought and Paid For" is not all emotion. It rings with merriment over the big ideas of Jimmy Gilley, an effervescent shipping clerk who is the incarnation of youth, optimism and self-assertive audacity. In few American dramas are the contrasting elements of fun and pathos so adroitly and evenly balanced. Every character is a great acting part. Fay Courteney and Clay Clement, are the storm-tossed newly-weds; Clifford Alexander, the blithe young Napoleon of finance; Emily Pinter has slangy sweetheart, with the other Alcazar favorites well bestowed.

"Please Get Married" has its first dramatic showing here Sunday, February 1st. It is the cyclonic honeymoon farce that Oliver Morosco put over to New York's laughing delight last summer. An eloping couple are married by a burglar whom they mistake for a clergyman. Luckily he proves to really be one, who burgles while suffering from loss of memory. But in the meantime the honeymooners are involved in many embarrassments. There is a bedroom scene of pink pajama fabric but piquant, without shattering stern proprieties.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week is very inviting in appearance. Charley Grapewin who heads it has added another incident to the lives of the Harveys. This is called "Jed's Vacation". Harvey, as everybody knows who saw Mr. Grapewin and his associate, Miss Anna Chance, in their previous sketch, "Poughkeepsie," are a traveling salesman and his left-at-home wife. Mr. Grapewin is carrying this couple through a series of farces. When it comes to acting farce it would be very difficult to find a man any-

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Liquidation was again in evidence at the start of the previous week, although the bulk of sales were really made by the professional element, who were all bearish and they tried to force the market lower, so as to bring about a lower range of prices and market on which they could cover their existing short contracts. The results, however, were more in favor of the bulls than the bears. The market refused to be stampeded and, when shorts started to cover, there was so little stock on the market that the reaction was sharp and the market gained all of its break. The public generally were not in the market except in the way of cash purchases. Break in foreign exchange to the lowest figures on record favored those not in the constructive side of security prices, but they could not take advantage of it, because of the limited supply of floating stocks which would indicate that the market was sold out. The advance announced by the New York federal reserve board in the discount rate from 4¾ to 6 per cent, and which was immediately followed by Chicago, fell flat, as most traders had anticipated the change in rates. Call money was more plentiful and had a favorable effect, as the average trader is more inclined to follow the call money rates. The best news of the week was in the form of the issuance of a call by leaders of finance and commerce of all the countries of the world for a conference for the purpose of considering the problems arising out of the aftermath of the war. This movement is, in many respects, the most significant step that has taken place since the peace conference in Paris. The memorial addressed to the various governments by the signatories recognizes the extreme pass to which the world has been brought by the devastation of the war, but strikes an optimistic note that reaches its highest point in the confidence the action implies in the ability of the business and other interests of the world to meet the problems in a sane and constructive manner. The recognition of the fundamental importance of alleviating the conditions imposed upon the central empires until they can get on their feet is perhaps the most important feature of the memorial. In other respects it goes to the heart of the problem that confronts the world and suggests steps that must lead to a satisfactory solution. General business continues good in all lines. The steel corporation reports their business between 80 and 90 per cent of capacity and the same applies generally to all industries with the possible exception of the copper industry, but of late this industry seems to show signs of improvement. During 1919, copper securities were friendless—producers were burdened with a huge and growing surplus of raw and refined metal, a weight that kept copper shares down. While the copper market is in a better condition now, the producers must of necessity wait for some weeks or months before they cash in on the big copper sales and those which are to be expected to continue from now on. The copper stocks look attractive at this level and will show further improvement in price. The situation generally is clearing up from a market standpoint. We have had a good house-cleaning and most of the bad news that has come out has been thoroughly discounted in the decline of the market. The labor troubles seem to be out of the way for the present and with congress inclined to fix up the peace treaty stocks should work higher. Stock market operations will not be curtailed by the latest increase in the federal reserve rates. The market has long since resigned itself to this restriction and is, therefore, not seriously concerned over the further marking up of bank notes. The general view is that it is the loans secured by commodities and by exchange bills that the banks will require to be paid off in order that they in turn may pay off their obligations to the reserve banks. After all this increase is only taking official notice of what has long been appreciated, namely: that the price of credit has risen greatly along with prices of other commodities. We feel very friendly to the market at this level and believe that the market is shaping itself for the usual spring rise.

Cotton—The professional element dominated the cotton market the past week and day to day news that usually has an influence on the market was lost sight of. The trade were more inclined to follow the action of the stock market and, as stocks were generally on the down grade until near the close of the week, the cotton market followed, although there was a good recovery at the end of the week, as the short interest had become too large and a covering movement was in order. There was very little in the general cotton market news to influence the outsider and trade from this source was light. The trade, as a whole, continues to place considerably more stress on the outside economic and political conditions rather than on fundamental questions in the cotton trade. Bear leaders say that exports this month will be up to the most bullish anticipation, but say that the spot demand in the south is slackening and that heavy exports cannot be expected after the middle of February. Stress is also laid on the large volume of low grade cotton held in the south as against the small stocks of high grade, which is mostly in demand. However, reports from the south do not bear this position out altogether, and it is more than possible that exports will maintain the present high rate, in which case the outlook for the planter is bright indeed for the rest of the season. We have not changed our opinion as to the ultimate price of cotton and still believe that there is a probability of new crop month selling much higher than present prices. At the same time, the immediate course of the market depends largely on the foreign demand. It is certain that domestic consumption will be limited only by the capacity of the mills, but export business which has been good up to this time is, in our opinion, something that is unsafe to figure on. However, with the distant futures selling at so big a discount under the spot prices it discounts, in our opinion, any let up in exports which has not been a reality up to present writing.

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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STAGE

(Continued from Page 13)

where on the American stage who knows more about it than Charley Grapewin. He knows how to write farce, too, and the result is that every sketch he has ever produced in vaudeville has been a laughing success. Lois Josephine's new partner is Leo Henning and with Lee Feiner's assistance, they are offering a delightful combination of song and dance. Fay Courtney, pleasantly remembered as one of the famous team, "The Courtney Sisters," is now successfully going it alone. She will be heard in exclusive songs composed and written by her sister, herself and Arthur Behem. Bert Fitzgibbon, the original Daffy Dill, is described as a "nut" comedian of the extemporaneous kind. Fitzgibbon evidently believes in the Shakespearean saying, "with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come". Francis Renault, although a man, is much more attractive in feminine attire than many women are and in the course of his performance he wears a wardrobe which represents an expenditure of five thousand dollars. His ability as a camoufleur is by no means his only asset, for he is an exceedingly capable delineator of character songs. Steele and Winslow exist on the stage for laughing purposes only. They were the laughing hits of "Everything" at the New York Hippodrome. They are comedy skaters. Hudler, Stein & Phillips will appear in a melodious act entitled "Steps of Harmony". The delightful musical fantasy, "The Rainbow Cocktail," will be the only holdover. Ivan Bankoff, generally conceded to be one of the finest exponents of Russian dancing, is a graduate of the Russian Imperial Ballet School and one of the most original and creative dancers. His present vehicle, "The Dancing Master," enables him to maintain his high reputation and is just what its name implies. His dancing partner is Mlle. Phoebe, an attractive and clever girl, and he brings with him an excellent pianist as accompanist.

Belle Bennett's Return to Alcazar

Belle Bennett is completing her brief but much needed vacation, after fourteen consecutive months of exacting work, and will return to the Alcazar Sunday, February 8th, reappearing as Muriel, the bewildered runaway bride, in the first local dramatic showing of "Please Get Married," a honeymoon farce which recently scored a laughing hit when produced in New York by Oliver Morosco. Fay Courtency, who came on from New York for a special limited engagement of four weeks, has revealed charm and artistry, and takes her farewell next week as the outraged wife in George Broadhurst's powerful domestic drama, "Bought and Paid For". She is already under engagement for a Broadway production to be made in March. Clay Clement remains as leading man at the Alcazar. Both players are expected to find their roles in next week's bill, "Bought and Paid For," unusually congenial. By a coincidence, Miss Courtency resembles Julia Dean, and Mr. Clement is a younger double of Charles Richman, who were the hero and heroine of the original production. With the Alcazar cast so well adapted to the play, it ought to have a run of several weeks.

San Carlo Grand Opera Company at the Curran

Only one big event in music-drama is scheduled for San Francisco this season, that being the two-weeks' engagement of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, beginning Monday night, February 2nd, at the Curran. The organization visited that theatre last season and attracted capacity audiences at every one of the performances. With many new and celebrated singers added to its already formidable forces, for the present tour, the fortnight of song seems replete with singularly attractive features, not the least of which is the appearance of Miss Alice Gentle, the well-known mezzo soprano, who is specially engaged by Impresario Fortune Gallo, of the San Carlo, to sing the roles of "Carmen" and "Santuzza."

Marcella Craft, the California girl, lyric soprano, is similarly engaged for the Pacific coast tour of the San Carlo to sing her brilliant role of "Madame Butterfly". She will appear here once within each week. Miss Craft's eastern and European successes as an opera star are familiar to all who keep in tuneful touch with big operatic events. The San Carlo will feature its seventeen productions with a complete grand opera orchestra and a superb singing chorus, while a series of splendid scenic productions is promised, many of which are new, novel and traditional in character. The leading stars are: Sopranos: Mmes. Queen Mario, coloratura; Marcella Craft, lyric; Rosina Zotti, lyric; Sofia Charlebois, lyric; Bettina Freeman, dramatic. Mezzo sopranos: Mmes. Alice Gentle, Stella De Mette, Ada Paggi, Alice Homer. Frances Morosini, Ada Galazzi. Tenor: Messrs: Manuel Salazar, Romeo Boscacci, Giuseppe Agostini, Luciano Rossini. Baritones: Messrs. Mario Valle, Vincente Ballester, Paolo Galazzi, Antonio Cetti. Bassos: Messrs Pietro De Biasi, Natale Cervi, Antonio Canova.

Signor Gaetano Merola, late of the London (Hammerstein's) Opera House, London, Eng., will direct the performances, which are as follows: Monday evening next: "Rigoletto"; Tuesday, "Aida"; Wednesday matinee, "Martha"; evening, "Carmen". Thursday, "Madame Butterfly; Friday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"; Saturday matinee, "La Boheme"; Saturday evening, "Il Trovatore".

The prices range, for the evenings and Saturday matinees, from 50c to $2.50. Wednesday matinee (first week) and Thursday matinee (second week), 50c to $2.00, war tax added.

Attl to Be Symphony Soloist

Kajetan Attl, principal harpist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will again be soloist with that organization on Sunday afternoon, February 1, in the Curran Theater, under the direction of Alfred Hertz. Friday afternoon's program will be given in its entirety, though at popular prices, as the regular "repeat" concert of the ninth pair of symphonies. Kajetan Attl was born in Prague, Bohemia, in 1889. At the age of eight he began the study of the piano. After a rigid examination on the piano, young Attl was admitted to the Prague Conservatory. Here he studied harmony, counterpoint and composition on the harp with Anton Dvorak and on the piano with Prof. Hanus Trneck. Even in that atmosphere of musical ambition, Attl attracted attention and when he graduated, though not yet twenty, he had already made a name for himself. Since that time Attl has won an international reputation as soloist and orchestral player on his favored instrument. Since coming to this country he has spent two seasons each with the Denver and St. Paul Symphony Orchestras. For the past four years he has been principal harpist with the San Francisco Symphony and has become exceedingly popular with local music-lovers.

Attl will play Ravel's Introduction and Allegro for harp, with accompaniment of strings, flute and clarinet only. It is a dazzlingly brilliant composition, possessing many difficulties of execution, and it never had local performance before this pair of concerts. The symphony will be Schubert's intensely melodic and altogether lovely Tenth, in C major, which was read by Hertz in his first season here, four years ago.

"Lenore," a symphonic poem of great dramatic power, based on Burger's ballad, and unquestionably Duparc's most successful work for orchestra, will be the remaining number. Conductor Alfred Hertz has made up the program for the eighth "pop" concert, to be played Sunday afternoon, February 8th, at the Curran, entirely of "requests" received from music-lovers. These are to be the offerings: Overture, "Mignon," Thomas; Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; "Kikimora," Liadow; overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner; "Scheherazade," Rimsky-Korsakow.

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ORCHESTRA
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CURRAN THEATER
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Ravel .....Introduction and Allegro
MR. ATTL (First Time in San Francisco)
Duparc .....Symphonic Poem, "Lenore"
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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A New Menace for the Border

Of the many steps proposed for the amelioration or the solution of the negro problem, that perhaps least worthy of heed is the suggestion, made by representatives of the negro race, for the establishment of a separate black state, under the protectorate of the United States. The plan was broached by witnesses at the same time that the house judiciary committee took under consideration federal legislation against lynching.

Whatever the ultimate outcome—and none can doubt that in the end the question will be answered in a manner worthy of the country—the proposal of a new Liberia is one little likely to appeal either to the white race or the negro. The history of Liberia, founded ninety-eight years ago by freedmen from the northern American states, offers small support for the advocates of its duplication.

The answer must be found within America, and not through any device of shifting the issue to other territory, for the simple reason that the south is dependent on the negro's labor. During the last few months thoughtful observers, notably bankers, have given warning of the danger in the emigration of foreigners who have made America their home for past years. Prohibition has stimulated this restless movement back to Europe, which, of course, has no relation with the deportation of a few hundred malcontents, too base for American hospitality. But were this migratory condition repeated in the case of the negro the effects upon the national welfare might well become grave. The south's labor man power could well be seriously depleted, even though the bulk of the negroes would prefer to remain under the safeguards of this government.

But beyond this, the site mentioned for the proposed state is singularly unfortunate, being situated upon the Mexican border. The settlement of a negro state there would only serve to involve even further relations between the United States and Mexico. Just how, may be seen from the recent instance in which white men, seated in a Mexican cafe, were compelled, at the point of pistols held by Mexican army officers, to acknowledge the social equality of Jack Johnson, negro pugilist.

How extensive is dissatisfaction among the negroes it is difficult to say. That it is not general may be assumed from the ease with which, in sporadic cases, the negroes have been disarmed and made to feel the punitive force of the whites against those who turn to rebellious doctrines. It is well that the government is preparing to take eognizance of the situation; the appointment of a congressional commission to investigate lynchings, of which there have been 3224 in thirty years, is believed to be not far off.

It cannot be forgotten, however, that the negro question is one that affects not a portion of America only, but the entire country. Californians no less than Carolinas must give heed to it.

* * *

Africa for the Black Man

In Germany, at an inn, in December, an American officer found that the only vacant place was at a table where sat a colored officer of French troops. The American saluted and sat down. Later he passed the salt and pepper to the negro, who thereupon expressed surprise at the courtesy. The American said: "Why not? You are an officer of the French army." The American admitted the prevailing sentiment toward association with the negro race. The French negro then unfolded his ambition—Africa for the black man. He was a highly educated man and had labored for a long time to educate the people of his race to his belief. But he had met with strong opposition from his people in France and its colonies. He said that no matter what degree the negro race became educated, they cannot, for reasons of ineradicable racial differences, reap the benefits of education in countries which are inalienably the white man's. He attested the loyalty of the negro to the French and American governments, but treasured the idea of a country all their own, where they could dwell, developing the ideals of freedom and progression, the principles of which they imbibed in America and France; emigration of the negro from which countries should, he thought, be entirely a matter of individual decision.

* * *

The Devil's Due

The offence of the Mexican government lies less in its inclinations than in its power, if the opinion of radicals is to be given any credence. While Carranza has been painted to America as one who, for political or other reasons, is ready to lean toward Bolshevism, he is done in other hues in a new propaganda of villification which is in effect a tribute to his inclinations where he has the opportunity to follow them.

Whatever his weakness or worse where American oil interests are at stake, in at least one other point, that of his subjection of Yucatan, he has shown himself ready to follow the dictates of law and order, according to the admisions of the subversive who are now assailing him for his refusal to align himself with the irresponsible doctrinaires.

In Yucatan, the Maya Indians, who work in the hennequen fields that are the district's source of wealth, organized and elected a complete set of socialist officers for the state for a term of four years. Carranza, however, perhaps not hampered there as he is elsewhere, sent in troops, disarmed the peons and shot the leaders. At the last election a squad of soldiers was posted at every voting place, and though the socialist party had a membership of 20,000 out of a population of 36,000, not a socialist was elected. Moreover, many of them were killed in the election disorders.

The instance is given for what it is worth, if the facts be as reported. At most it shows that Carranza can, when unhampered, deal vigorously with a menacing situation. Were he as capable of suppressing banditry, there might be less need for America to regard all Mexico as a region which calls for drastic steps that carry with them a wholesome respect for American institutions and property rights.

* * *

For the Unity of Allied Peoples

Any act or word that militates against the cordiality of relations between the nations that set their common might against a single enemy is to be regarded as nothing less than reprehensible. It is regrettable that in more than one instance the press has failed in its duty. The newspapers of Japan have been permitted to publish aspersions on America's commercial intentions in the Far East; in Paris "Le Temps" recently assailed the "London Times" for its attitude toward French control in Syria, and we have had the spectacle of the London "Express" castigating America and Americans, accusing us of heartless profiteering, and comparing us to a Nero fiddling at the burning of Rome.

However this is to be deplored in itself, it would be well for Americans to con-

sider the factor of human reactions. Anti-British propaganda has been rife in a certain section of the American press; British control and British interests in Ireland, Egypt and India, have been bitterly assailed, and the very issue of the league of nations has been lowered to a matter of the proportion of our votes against the votes of the British dominions, which of themselves insisted on individual representation in the league. In the face of this, it would be no more than natural to expect a reprisal of words. Before Americans can logically object, however, they must cast out the mote in their own eye and lend no voice to a hue and cry concerning matters that are internal to the British empire. Never was propaganda of all kinds more prevalent. Let us be the more careful of belief and let us, at least, remain staunch to our friendships.

* * *

More Government Ownership

A month before the railroads are scheduled for return to private ownership, the railroad administration finds that it is short a little matter of 280,000 tons of steel rails. So it sets about commandeering what it can, under the President's war powers. The first move is to have the war department sign an order commandeering 120,000 tons, to be allotted among rail mills in proportion to their capacity, on the cost plus basis which has been brought into such disrepute since its adoption in the emergency of the war.

This move is reported to be directed against steel manufacturers whose price of $57 a ton is $10 in excess of a stabilization price fixed a year ago. Apparently these manufacturers are to be given no opportunity of meeting the increased costs of twelve months, which have affected manufacture no less than the household.

Thirty days after the original date for the surrender of the roads, and an equal period before the end of the period of grace allowed by President Wilson, the railroad administration finds that even doing its utmost, it will owe the roads 165,000 tons of rails as a replacement item.

Marvelous are the ways of public ownership!

Tod Sloan's Autobiography

Our publication, January 17th, of extracts from Tod Sloan's autobiography have brought so many requests for a continuation of the narrative that we present a few more.

In the beginning of his career as a jockey, he had a fear of horses. In Pueblo, Colorado, at the age of thirteen and a weight of fifty-six pounds, after working round the stables and exercising horses, he got his first chance to ride. Tod relates: "Jim, my mount stood seventeen hands and was a pretty mean horse, I can tell you. When they hoisted me up he began to walk, then he trotted, then broke into a canter. I yelled my loudest for help and lay back tugging with my small arms at the reins. Some of the stable boys came running after me, but Jim must have thought they were other horses, for he stretched himself out and did a furlong inside thirteen seconds. He swung along until he came to a mud bank, where he shot me off, and then turned round and allowed himself to be led back. We all know that dogs can smile and shed tears. I am not sure to this day that Jim was not laughing at me or pitying me. In any case, I soon found out what they thought in the stable-yard,—that I should never make a jockey, and I agreed. But I was a handy boy, so instead of getting rid of me, they put me on to cook. I could hardly reach the top of the stove, but the coffee I made was all right, and I became expert at frying bacon and eggs for the bunch. I tried my hand at a few other things, but generally had to smuggle the result away to a corner and eat it up myself, until I found I could make hot biscuits. They were some success and the neighbors would send the ingredients from miles round for me to make them. But, though cooking can be made a fine art I was not qualifying for a chef. I used to ask myself why I was frightened of a horse though not scared at other things.

The next horse I rode (in Denver) nearly broke my neck,—I remember nothing until I found myself in an attendant's cot. My brother Cash and I decided to clear out. He sold his jockey paraphernalia (forty dollars worth) for ten. In those days, the bars were not up against youngsters going into pool-rooms and gambling saloons in Denver, and with two dollars of the ten I ran it up to fifty. But brother lost his eight, so he persuaded me to 'clear out.' I kept on riding if owners would let me, but I hated myself for not improving. The truth is, I was so bad until 1893 that I was a byword among trainers, who used to say that if a man didn't want his horse to win, he needn't have him pulled but send for Sloan whose riding would be handicap enough." When he was nineteen, he discovered the monkey-on-the-stick seat at the Bay District track; when the horse he was exercising started to bolt, Tod got up out of the saddle and on to his neck. The horse went like the wind, but his stride was easier and Tod was easier too. When he tried this seat in a race, everybody laughed and thought he had turned comedian,—but at last he won races! "Talk about 'Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford,'" writes Sloan, "he was nothing to me."

In 1895 in S. F. Tod rode for George E. Smith (Pittsburg Phil) who began life as a cork cutter at $1.25 a day, but died leaving three millions which he had made "plunging." Phil advised Tod not to go east, saying: "It's a different game there, son. You are known here, but you'll find it a cold proposition there." "That's all right," answered Tod, "but when the flag falls at Morris Park, you'll find me on deck." And he did.

Charles Fleishman

By chance Tod got a chance to ride in a race at Sheepshead Bay, won and attracted the attention of the millionaire Fleishman. "Little did I think," writes Tod, "when I used to go to the grocery when a kid to buy a tin-foil packet of 'Fleishman's Compressed Yeast' that later I should be riding for him and be his intimate friend. His firm made money out of the yeast wastage—vinegar and alcohol. In spite of his inveterate gambling, Fleishman left between fifteen and twenty millions to his sons, Julius and Max."

William C. Whitney

"This millionaire was the most popular man in American racing. He knew very little about horses and must have sunk a lot of money in his racing ventures. I have always said that to know horses intimately you must be raised with them. Of course his son Harry Payne Whitney forgot more about horses than his father ever knew, for he has been among them hunting, driving, riding and racing since he was a boy.

Hamburg was Whitney's first big purchase. I do not hesitate to say that Hamburg was the only great race horse I ever rode. He was one of the sweetest dispositioned horses that ever raced. He loved to race, as every thoroughbred does and you never saw such a beggar to do his level best under all conditions, and he had none of the devil you meet with in some of the greatest. Although Whitney loved the sport for its own sake, he began to bet very heavily. He liked to win, and would say so, but he never talked of winnings or losses,—no one could tell how he stood after a race. Whitney was very generous. As an instance, he gave me $5,000 for travelling expenses to cross from Liverpool to America to ride one of his horses. He was the most even-tempered man I have ever known and he had keen judgment. While he was the soul of geniality, he was no handshaker and everyone who had dealings with him knew he wasn't to be buncoed." Once when Tod lost $50,000 speculating in sugar, Whitney advised him to avoid stocks and stick to his own business, then added: "If you buy about 5,000 shares of American tobacco and go to sleep on the deal until there is a ten point rise you may pull out, but, mind you, I guarantee nothing and advise you to cut it all out." Tod later when standing in a California duck marsh shooting he received a telegram announcing that he had made $110,000. Whitney released Tod to Lord William Beresford; Tod introduced the two men later in Newmarket, England. Whitney purchased Pierre Lorillard's interest and went into racing partnership with Beresford, Sloan riding for them. "While Mr. Whitney liked betting, I must add," writes Sloan, "that like the late King Edward and Lord Dunraven, he would rather see any horse of his beat other horses than win thousands. I believe he would have tried if necessary to keep racing going without a single wager. But of course it is difficult to imagine that racing could go on without betting."

In England Tod's success was meteoric, though the English snickered at his "monkey mount"—at first but later copied it. In Manchester he was surrounded by an admiring multitude after the races; a dozen policemen formed a square round him while he sought his cab. "All the same I should have liked to shake hands with a few of them. I should have risked having all the breath pressed out of me and I was such a little fellow that I might have been dead while they were looking for me on the floor. However, I was the proudest kid in England or America that day. I was tickled to death that people were talking about me. O, yes! I plead guilty! I confess that it

ended in that serious complaint 'swollen head.' At the same time it was not unnatural at my age to be a bit fresh when I had actually shown those who had laughed at me that I could do something they couldn't."

Meeting King Edward VII

Lord Beresford presented Tod to the Prince of Wales (later King Edward) at Newmarket races. The prince shook the jockey's hand warmly and asked if he were happy in England and how he liked the grass courses and added, "Some time or another you shall ride for me." Tod met the prince on several occasions and writes: "I can tell you that although I come from democratic America, there was a wonderful impression left on me by the personal attraction of that great kind-hearted royal gentleman. It sort of drew me to him in the same way a magnet draws in all its strength and picks up scrap iron. I don't mean to say I came off the scrap heap! One day he told me he was no gambler, that as a rule he had no more on a horse than twenty-five pounds, but that he used to make an exception and risk a couple of hundred on anything I was riding.

Once, I was riding a horse called Encombe that I had influenced some one to buy out of a selling race a few days before. The prince beckoned to me in the paddock. 'Sloan,' said he, 'what are you riding? And do you think you have a chance?' Lord Marcus Beresford spoke up and said I was wrong when I said Encombe would win, that it would come in third. I listened of course, but before leaving to get into the saddle I turned to the prince and said: 'Never mind Lord Marcus, your Royal Highness. You can be a plunger here and have a bit on me.' The prince roared; he was laughing at my never to speak so boldly to him. I won and the prince told me afterwards he had put 200 pounds on Encombe which started at 7 to 2."

Sloan lost the first race he rode for the prince, but his Highness only smiled and said, "Never mind—such things do happen." Two days later Sloan won with the same horse, the first of a number of winners he rode for the late king.

The English papers said: "Owing to the prince's great popularity as a sportsman, people are slow to criticise adversely anything his Royal Highness does; but there can be no gainsaying that the shelving of the most representative and best conducted English jockeys in favor of an American professional has given rise to a very painful feeling."

Tod Shoots With the Nobility

"The king often laughed over the story of my visit to Lord William's place at Deepdene for the shooting. I had taken down a new gun from a London maker on which I paid a deposit of fifteen pounds, making the bargain that if it suited me I would give him the balance, but if it didn't, I would pay a sum for its use. With my first shot, the gun burst, showing at the break jagged pieces like a saw. I could see all the other guests thought it was my fault and that I was not used to firearms. The truth was that I had handled them all my life and perhaps could have given points with any gun to the majority of those present. I felt that the guests were either pitying me or laughing at me. When I asked for another gun, my host said kindly: 'Surely you don't want to shoot again to-day, do you?' But I got another gun. I heard someone say, 'We'd better stop before Mr. Sloan shoots somebody.' I missed my first shot or two and I felt pretty sore when I heard another remark, 'Sloan hasn't shot anyone yet.' It made me mad. But all the same the day finished with my having done my share.

A Bread and Butter Story

It seemed waste of time for our large party to waste time over luncheon,—and in those days I was never a midday eater. When Lord William pressed me to take something I told him I wanted to shoot, but I couldn't if helped to a lot of good things. When he insisted I asked for some butter for the bread I had just broken. There was none on the table; then I noticed that butter does not make its appearance in English homes until the cheese is brought on; but the butler after a bit of a delay, placed some at my place. When I left that evening after the shoot, Lord William said, 'Good-night, little man. I'm glad you showed them you could shoot birds instead of men, and the next time you come here to meals there shall be dishes of butter all over the table."

Richard Croker

A pure invention of mine at the expense of Mr. Richard Croker also amused the king. The 'Boss' had chaffed me about something so I got even by saying to some gossips that when Mr Croker and I were in adjoining butts one day shooting, a bird came running toward him. According to me the 'Boss' had his gun ready to fire when I called 'Don't shoot the bird running.' He replied (again according to me) 'No, I won't, I'm waiting for it to stop.' Mr. Croker met me after that and said: 'You villain, I can't get away from that yarn you spun about me. I heard it in Dublin and it's been printed from New York to California. Sometimes I think it true and most of my friends seem certain about it.' Then he laughed heartily and shook his first at me.

It has often been said that one reason for my getting such a swollen head was that I was above myself altogether from the fact that the prince spoke so amiably to me. On the contrary, I believe that he lifted me up and put me at my best with my own thoughts and made me hope to live up to what I ought to have been but was not. Had I been able to fulfil the contract for the royal stables that had been made for me for 1901 I shouldn't have given way to the temptation to get about so much and—well, back horses. Two blacks don't make a white and I don't excuse myself for breaking a rule, but I suppose many jockeys have sinned with regard to a wager or two. In fact, I've yet to know of a jockey who has not bet—even a small amount. The allurement is too strong for human nature.

Besides, in that year, 1900, it would have been difficult for me to keep up what was, compared with other years, really a comparatively modest expenditure without betting. Little or nothing came my way except my riding fees."

The Wedding Gown

By George Moore

It was said, but with what truth I cannot say, that the Roche property had been owned by the O'Dwyers many years ago, several generations past, sometime in the eighteenth century. Only a faint legend of this ownership remained; only once had young Mr. Roche heard of it, and it was from his mother he had heard it; among the country people it was forgotten. His mother had told him that his great, great grandfather, who had made large sums of money abroad, had increased his property by purchase from the O'Dwyers, who then owned, as well as farmed, the hill side on which the big house stood. The O'Dwyers themselves had forgotten that they were once much greater people than they were now, but the master never spoke to them without remembering it, for though they only thought of themselves as small farmers, dependents on the squire, everyone of them, boys and girls alike, retained an air of high birth, which at the first glance distinguished them from the other tenants of the estate. Though they were not aware of it, some sense of their remote origin must have survived in them, and I think that in a still more obscure way some sense of it survived in the country side, for the villagers did not think worse of the O'Dwyers because they kept themselves aloof from the pleasures of the village and its squabbles. The O'Dwyers kept themeselves apart from their fellows without any show of pride, without wounding anyone's feelings.

The head of the family was a man of forty, and he was the trusted servant, almost the friend of the young master, he was his bailiff and his steward, and he lived in a pretty cottage by the edge of the lake. O'Dwyer's aunts were old women of sixty-eight and seventy and lived in the big house; the elder had been cook, and younger housemaid, and both were now past their work, and they lived full of gratitude to the young master, to whom they thought they owed a great deal. He believed the debt to be all on his side, and when he was away he often thought of them, and when he returned home he went to greet them as he might go to the members of his own family. The family of the O'Dwyers was long-lived, and Betty and Mary had a sister far older than themselves, Margaret Kirwin, "Granny Kirwin," as she was called, and she lived in the cottage by the lake with her nephew, Alec O'Dwyer. She was over eighty, it was said that she was already ninety, but her age was not known exactly. Mary O'Dwyer said that Margaret was nearly twenty years older than she, but neither Betty nor Mary remembered the exact date of their sister's birth. They did not know much about her, for though she was their sister, she was almost a stranger to them. She had married when she was sixteen, and had gone away to another part of the country, and they had hardly heard of her for thirty years. It was said that she had been a very pretty girl, and that many men had been in love with her, and it was known for certain that she had gone away with the son of the gamekeeper of the grandfather of the present Mr. Roche, so you can understand what a very long while ago it was, and how little of the story of her life had come to the knowledge of those living now.

It certainly was sixty years since she had

gone away with this young man; she had lived with him in Meath for some years, nobody knew exactly how many years, maybe some nine or ten years, and then he had died suddenly, and his death, it appears, had taken away from her some part of her reason. It was known for certain that she left Meath after his death, and had remained away many years. She had returned to Meath about twenty years ago, though not to the place she had lived in before. Some said she had experienced misfortunes so great that they had unsettled her mind. She herself had forgotten her story, and one day news came to Galway—news, but it was sad news, that she was living in some very poor cottage on the edge of Navan town where her strange behavior and her strange life had made a scandal of her. The priest had to inquire out her relatives, and it took him some time to do this, for the old woman's answers were incoherent, but he at length discovered she came from Galway, and he had written to the O'Dwyers. And immediately on receiving the priest's letter, Alec sent his wife to Navan, and she had come back with the old woman.

"And it was time indeed that I went to fetch her," she said. "The boys in the town used to make game of her, and follow her, and throw things at her, and they nearly lost the poor thing the little reason that was left to her. The rain was coming in through the thatch, there was hardly a dry place in the cabin,—and she had nothing to eat but a few scraps that the neighbors gave her. Latterly she had forgotten how to make a fire, and she ate the potatoes the neighbors gave her raw, and on her back there were only a few dirty rags. She had no care for anything except for her wedding gown. She kept that in a box covered over with paper so that no damp should get to it, and she was always folding it and seeing that the moth did not touch it, and she was talking of it when I came in at the door. She thought that I had come to steal it from her. The neighbors told me that that was the way she always was, thinking that someone had come to steal her wedding gown."

This was all the news of Margaret Kirwin that Alec O'Dwyer's wife brought back with her. The old woman was given a room in the cottage, and though with food and warmth and kind treatment she became a little less bewildered, a little less like a wild, hunted creature, she never got back her memory sufficiently to tell them all that had happened to her after her husband's death. Nor did she seem as if she wanted to try to remember, she was garrulous only of her early days when the parish bells rang for her wedding, and the furze was in bloom. This was before the big house on the hill had been built. The hill was then a fine pasture for sheep, and Margaret would often describe the tinkling of the sheep-bells in the valley, and the yellow furze, and the bells that were ringing for her wedding. She always spoke of the bells, though no one could understand where the bells came from. It was customary to ring the parish bell for weddings, and there was no other bell, so that it was impossible to say how Margaret could have got the idea into her head that bells were ringing for her when she crossed the hill on her way to the church, dressed in the beautiful gown, which the grandmother of the present Mr. Roche had dressed her in, for she had always been the favorite, she said, with the old mistress, a much greater favorite than even her two sisters had ever been. Betty and Mary were then little children and hardly remembered the wedding, and could say nothing about the bells.

Margaret Kirwin walked with a short stick, her head lifted hardly higher than the handle and when the family were talking round the kitchen fire she would come among them for a while and say something to them, and then go away, and they felt they had seen someone from another world. She hobbled now and then as far as the garden gate, and she frightened the peasantry, so strange did she seem among the flowers—so old and forlorn, almost cut off from this world, with only one memory to link her to it. It was the spectral look in her eyes that frightened them, for Margaret was not ugly. In spite of all her wrinkles the form of the face remained, and it was easy, especially when her little grand-niece was by, to see that sixty-five years ago she must have had a long and pleasant face, such as one sees in a fox, and red hair like Molly.

Molly was sixteen, and her gray dress reached only to her ankles. Everyone was fond of the poor old woman; but it was only Molly who had no fear of her at all, and one would often see them standing together beside the pretty paling that separated the steward's garden from the high road. Chestnut trees grew about the house, and China roses over the walls, and in the course of the summer there would be lilies in the garden, and in the autumn hollyhocks and sunflowers. There were a few fruit-trees a little further on, and, lower down, a stream. A little bridge led over the stream into the meadow, and Molly and her grandaunt used to go as far as the bridge, and everyone wondered what the child and the old woman had to say to each other. Molly was never able to give any clear account of what the old woman said to her during the time they spent by the stream. She had tried once to give Molly an account of one long winter when the lake was frozen from side to side. Then there was something running in her mind about the transport of pillars in front of the Big House—how they had been drawn across the lake by oxen, and how one of the pillars was now lying at the bottom of the lake. That was how Molly took up the story from her, but she understood little of it. Molly's solicitude for the old woman was a subject of admiration, and Molly did not like to take the credit for a kindness and pity, which she did not altogether feel. She had never seen anyone dead, and her secret fear was that the old woman might die before she went away to service. Her parents had promised to allow her to go away when she was eighteen, and she lived in the hope that her aunt would live two years longer, and that she would be saved the terror of seeing a dead body. And it was in this intention that she served her aunt, that she carefully minced the old woman's food and insisted on her eating often, and that she darted from her place to fetch the old woman her stick when she rose to go. When Margaret Kirwin was not in the kitchen Molly was always laughing and talking, and her father and mother often thought it was her voice that brought the old woman out of her room. So the day Molly was grieving because she could not go to the dance the old woman remained in her room, and not seeing her at tea-time they began to be afraid, and Molly was asked to go fetch her aunt.

"Something may have happened to her, mother. I daren't go."

And when old Margaret came into the kitchen towards evening she surprised everyone by her question:—

"Why is Molly crying?"

No one else had heard Molly sob, if she had sobbed, but everyone knew the reason of her grief; indeed, she had been reproved for it many times that day.

"I will not hear any more about it," said Mrs. O'Dwyer; "she has been very tiresome all day. Is it my fault if I cannot give her a gown to go to the dance?" And then, forgetting that old Margaret could not understand her, she told her that the servants were having a dance at the Big House, and had asked Molly to come to it. "But what can I do? She has got no gown to go in. Even if I had the money there would not be time to send for one now, nor to make one. And there are a number of English servants stopping at the house; there are people from all parts of the country, they have brought their servants with them, and I am not going to see my girl worse dressed than the others, so she cannot go. She has heard all this, she knows it. . . . I've never seen her so tiresome before." Mrs. O'Dwyer continued to chide her daughter; but her mother's reasons for not allowing her to go to the ball, though unanswerable, did not seem to console Molly, and she sat looking very miserable. "She has been sitting like that all day," said Mrs. O'Dwyer, "and I wish that it were to-morrow, for she will not be better until it is all over."

"But, mother, I am saying nothing. I will go to bed. I don't know why you are blaming me. I am saying nothing. I can't help feeling miserable."

"No, she don't look a bit cheerful," the old woman said, "and I don't like her to be disappointed." This was the first time that old Margaret had seemed to understand since she same to live with them what was passing about her, and they all looked at her, Mrs. O'Dwyer and Alec and Molly. They stood waiting for her to speak again, wondering if the old woman's speech was an accident, or if she had recovered her mind. "It is a hard thing for a child at her age not to be able to go to the dance at the big house, now that she has been asked. No wonder Molly is unhappy. I remember the time that I should have been unhappy too, and she is very like me."

"But, Granny, what can I do? She can't go in the clothes she is wearing, and she has only got one other frock, the one she goes to mass in. I can't allow my daughter——"

But seeing the old woman was about to speak Alec stopped his wife.

"Let us hear what she has to say," he whispered.

"There is my wedding gown that is surely beautiful enough for anyone to wear. It has not been worn since the day I wore it when the bells were ringing, and I went over the hill and was married; and I have taken care of it that it is the same as it was that day. Molly will look very nice in it; she will look as I looked that day."

No one spoke; father, mother, and daughter stood looking at the old woman. Her offer to lend her wedding gown had astonished them as much as her recovery of her senses. Everything she once had, and there were tales that she had once been rich, had melted away from her; nothing but this gown remained. How she had watched over it! Since she had come to live with the O'Dwyers she had hardly allowed them to see it. When she took it out of its box to air it and to strew it with camphor she closed her room door. Only once had they seen it, and then only for a few moments. She had brought it out to show it, as a child brings its toy, but the moment they stretched their hands

(Continued on Page 15)

The Spectator

More Landmarks to Go

Of all the buildings to which the mind harks back in an attempt to recall old San Francisco, none seems more distinctive of the departed city than Temple Emanu-El. The announcement that the congregation is preparing for the possible erection of a larger temple elicits congratulation, of course, that such a step should be necessary, but San Franciscans of whatever faith will witness the passing of the old synagogue with more than cursory regret.

In the city that was, there could be found no structure with greater individuality than the temple with the gargoyles. The comparison may seem grandiose, bu in a measure the building was to the city of that early period what Notre Dame was to the Paris that Hugo reconstructed in his romance. It stood alone; it was looked upon with a friendly eye by all who knew the town, it lingered in the memory as did no other structure when one left the city for a sojourn, and when at last the city was taken away from us, to be replaced indeed yet never to be the same, one rejoiced that the Temple was spared, though altered.

The Quest of the Spirit

When the future historian comes to explore the spiritual records of this post-war period, he will in all probability be startled by traces of religious groping that are the most outstanding characteristic of the day. Were the story of new hopes and new beliefs told succinctly, it would fall upon the ear with much the strangeness of the false doctrines and schisms that pass kaleidoscopically before St. Anthony in the "Temptation" as written by Flaubert. It is a phenomenon to make one pause, and yet it is to be expected after the spiritual strain through which the world has passed in the last five years.

There is a hunger in the soul of mankind, now made more keenly realizable than ever in history. One must go to the period of the barbarous Moguls to find an era in which so many lives have been surrounded in battle, and for each one slain there has been someone at home in whom has quickened the desire to feel the consciousness of future life and reunion. It is this which has brought unprecedented vogue to the occultists. In London the humblest medium or palmist is booked far ahead, like a fashionable doctor; in Paris it is officially estimated that there are not fewer than 35,000 practitioners of these arts and kindred thought reading and divination. In America the fiction makers and the playwrights find no surer way to catch a vast and lucrative audience than to play upon the theories of soothsaying and day by day the newspapers bring stories of the mysterious powers and accomplishments of the ouija board. A land in which queer sects have always flourished sees them spring up as they never have before, and the robes of all beliefs are borrowed to deck them out. Of the making of books written by spirits there is no end and pundits of science on both sides of the Atlantic gravely weigh the imponderable forces that tip tables and they are seduced by ethereal atoms.

More than this, there is a widespread readiness to accept the unbelievable. As rumors spread during the war—tales of letters describing atrocities, apprehensions of sublime disasters pass through the populace, and one finds a prediction of the end of the world producing in a single city two score cases of permanent or temporary insanity. At the same ratio, the heralded end of the world a few weeks ago must have caused the derangement of 8,000 persons in America.

And yet all this necromancy is but of the surface and of the moment. The great religious forces which have made our civilization what it is today remain the foundation of that civilization. Though the signs of schism may be many, they are found, when analyzed, to be superficial, and the spiritual hunger that accounts for them will in the end turn the seekers to the true way. Christianity as it was given to man and as it has been evolved will remain the rock upon which we build. For America above all, in that has our strength been and in that will it remain.

Mr. Asquith and the By-Election

Never has Great Britain followed the campaign of a by-election as it has that of Paisley, where the voters will select a new representative in Parliament the middle of this month. More than the affiliation of an M. P. hangs on the outcome, however, for the contest, in which Mr. Asquith is the leading figure, is taken as to no mean degree a barometer of the national situation. The make-up of the next cabinet is in dispute, for if the ex-premier is defeated, while he may run again in another constituency, he will have suffered a blow that will tell strongly against him in the wider field.

To that extent is the Paisley contest of more significance than the Spen Valley and other recent by-elections, by which the Coalition has been weakened.

With Asquith victorious, he will be in a position to take the lead against Premier Lloyd George and also against the Labor Party, which is clearly preparing to a bitter fight in the expected general election. Arthur Henderson's invective against the government because of its reported preparations to carry war against Russia once more, and the subsequent retirement of George Barnes from his ministry without portfolio, are but two of many straws which show for what the Labor Party is preparing.

In the national field, Lloyd George will find himself handicapped by his recent announcement that the small inner cabinet was to be supplated by a full cabinet of twenty members. The coalition cabinet which Asquith headed, and upon which Lloyd George heaped ridicule for its size and unwieldiness, had but three more members than the score now selected by George himself as necessary.

Caillaux and the French Cabinet

To a degree that is not appreciated on this side of the water, the immediate future of France hangs upon the outcome of the Caillaux case. Seldom even in the history of the third republic have the lines been as sharply drawn as between the defenders and the opponents of the former premier who has been held in jail these many months on the charge of promoting a premature and dishonorable peace.

If Caillaux is vindicated, he will hold the future of France's reconstruction in his hand, for it is certain that in such a contingency he will be able to put his hand upon the purse-strings of the nation.

The need of France today is for a financial guide, and it is in that light that a rehabilitated Caillaux would appeal to his countrymen. He has held the finance portfolio as did his father in an earlier day and his adherents will make much of his ability in that sphere of government. The need of France today is for a man who can rejuvenate the national finances. The proposal of Minister Marsal for an interallied loan, to be guaranteed by the German indemnity, while it has much to recommend it, is not regarded as an ultimate solution.

The significance of the Caillaux cause, which is an issue that France will have to meet squarely, is such that there seems to be solid ground for the opinion that no French cabinet can regard itself as secure till the matter has been disposed of. An instance in point is the fact that Premier Millerand's cabinet, but three days after its formation, was given a vote of confidence of 272 to 23, with 300 deputies not voting.

The retirement of Caillaux's enemy, Clemenceau, is a factor in the case, but not a decisive factor, for the waters have been too deeply stirred.

Crying Need for Restoration

In Judge Van Fleet's courtroom, hangs an oil portrait of Ogden Hoffan, the distinguished California jurist. The artist was Thomas Hill, for whose sake as well as for that of the original painting, the picture should be revarnished and brought to its original colors by some local artist.

Praise and Protest for Irish Bonds

When the drive was started, January 18th, in New York to raise $10,000,000 by subscription for Ireland's independence, a small army of canvassers started out to sell certificates which are not an obligation and bear no interest until six months after British troops are out of Ireland.

John Rooney, chairman of the meeting, pledged his team to raise $1,000,000; the Brooklyn representative pledged another million and John O'Leary gave his own check for $5,000 and thought his borough good for $250,000. Richmond and Queens pledged $100,000 and $200,000, respectively. Archbishop Hayes sent his personal check for $5,000 and his full sanction to the drive.

Bourke Cockran presided at the meeting and referred to the cause of the "Irish Republic" as a revolutionary movement, rapidly approaching triumph, but devoid of violence and interested only in law and order. A letter from Governor Smith proclaimed that official's best wishes for the drive.

President De Valera was received with loud cheering. He said "We have issued bonds and these bonds are bonds of the Irish people. These bonds will be profitable in the end. Those who buy them will have a personal share in the republic of Ireland. We aren't so much interested in the bonds as we are in the by-products of them, such as the devoted help they will inspire."

Other speakers were Justice Cohalon and Rabbi David Klein.

Alderman W. F. Quinn, after the meeting issued a statement bitterly attacking the loan.

Alderman Quinn's Protest

Alderman Quinn's protest against the loan drive and his attack on Mayor Hylan read:

"Proud of my Irish ancestry and the great part Irishmen have played in the establishment of our country and the proud achievements of Irishmen all over the world, still at this time I feel it somebody's duty to protest against the financial appeal being made by the so-called 'President' of the mythical 'Irish Republic,' De Valera.

"This man no doubt is sincere in his dream of freedom, and as there is nothing dearer to an Irishman's heart than the freedom of the Old Sod his appeal no doubt will have tremendous effect.

"No more generous race exists than the Irish, and it's a pity to see the duly elected representative mayor of this city pandering to a proposition to relieve Ireland's descendants in this country of $10,000,000. At first this 'Irish Republic' bond issue was considered a joke, but when a cheap, pettifogging demagogue like the mayor we have in the City Hall allows himself to become a party to a fraudulent scheme such as this so-called 'Irish Republic' bond issue is, it is about time to raise a protest against such cheap claptrap political panhandling for votes, and tell the people the truth.

"A bond issue is a financial lien against a tangible property. The misty dream of a deluded agitator is not and never can be called security for a bond issue. If this man De Valera is sincere let him tell the truth about these subscriptions for Irish freedom. It is not a subscription to a bond issue, but a financial gift to the man who thinks he is going to free Ireland by traveling around the United States, having his expenses paid by appealing to the sweetest sentiments of the most generous race on earth, aided and abetted by a bunch of politicians without sentiment who have been fooling the Irish and Irish descendants in this city for years. But I am happy to say the Irish will no longer be fooled by their kidding methods."

May Involve Us in War

"Good Americans, including Irish and Irish descendants, don't forget that this man De Valera is doing almost identically the same thing in this country that we are deporting the so-called radicals for. Not a native of Ireland, I understand, three thousand miles away, he is going to solve all their problems. How ridiculous and still therein lies a danger, for with $10,000,000 he may do enough harm to embroil the United States in a war with Great Britain.

"We have our own problems, particularly the audacious attempt of alien radicals to overthrow our form of government, for what they consider freedom and liberty—a Soviet form of government—but which we know is nothing more than organized governmental recognition of legalized murder, robbery and a return to all primeval passions or barbarism.

"Irishmen, do not be deluded by any such nonsense. If you are interested in the freedom of Ireland do not permit yourself to be carried away by impractical capitalizing sentiments that are near and dear to you."

Disregard of Common Sense

The N. Y. "Times" of January 28th printed in full a discussion from "The Street," a financial paper, of the Irish bond issue in America. Extracts are:

"Every one has heard of the Irishman who purchased a railroad ticket but decided to walk 'to beat the company.' A very essential element in the gayety of nations would be wanting should Irish 'bulls' be suddenly eliminated. The news so-called 'Irish loan' is very Irish in its confusion of terminology, and has all the originality, the bright disregard of common sense characteristic of the Irish. As such it is excellent comedy. Unfortunately this 'Irish loan' has also many extremely disturbing and dangerous aspects for Americans in 1920.

To any thinking man it is obvious as 2 plus 2 equals 4 that $10,000,000 will not suffice to defeat England after all the vast German military machine and all the countless billions of German gold failed to accomplish it. 'Irish bonds' or 'Bond Certificates'—call them as you please—are not even a speculative wild-cat security. They are not a security at all, and the only motive which could have led De Valera & Co. to lend the terminology always associated with securities is a desire to confuse the ignorant or inexperienced American citizen and swindle him out of his money. It is passing strange that some of our politicians who have shown such apparent horror of Wall Street, and who have clamored for 'blue sky' laws and about 'crooked promoters,' should so blandly place their benediction upon what is in many ways one of the most brazen and impudent attempts to swindle Americans in the history of American finance.

Without entering into a discussion of the rights and wrongs of the case, every American should ask himself this question: 'Am I willing to start another war—a war between England and the United States—over the Irish question?' It is time Americans put up or shut up. If we mean business in allowing our citizens and our government to meddle in England's affairs, are we willing to float some more Liberty Loans, build a bigger fleet, revive conscription and prepare for further destruction or bloodshed, smash our business structure and prepare for war? It is one thing or the other.

Turn about is fair play. When the German plotters planned to recover Texas, New Mexico, etc., for the original Mexican owners, most people can still remember the wave of indignation which swept over the country twenty-four hours after the press had printed the story. We cannot expect England to endure this continual plotting in America for bloodshed in Ireland. If we are intellectually honest we should either declare war against Britain in Ireland's behalf, or else silence the assorted collection of cranks, socialists, pacifists and former pro-German traitors to this country who keep up this continual caterwaul about Ireland, and these continual attempts to embroil us with England."

Education for the Foreigner

Just now when the world is going through a period of reorganization as a result of the war which had plunged three-fourths of it into a frightful abyss, the great post-war problem for America is the education of the foreigner and his assimilation into the body politic as an American citizen. He must be treated as a brother who desires to become a true citizen of the republic," says a librarian in the Boston Herald.

"The question is asked, what is the best method of teaching our immigrants the ideals of our country, and impressing on them the fundamental principles of the American form of government? As a result of years of practical experience in journalism, and close study of human nature through my connection with the greatest educational institution of our city, the public library, I have come to the conclusion that we should meet the foreigner more than half way.

Do you realize, gentle reader, that for 25 years the Boston public library has been doing in its own systematic way, unostentatious and effective, the very thing that is uppermost in the minds of all at the present time, meeting the foreigner more than half way, and providing the point of contact between the illiterate adult immigrant and the boundless opportunities for education and advancement in our city?

Direct Foreign Banking Service

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For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

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RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

Much Effort Misdirected

Too much effort has been expended by well-meaning people in trying to teach the foreigner a lot of things that do not appeal to his imagination, and too little effort in helping him to preserve and improve on the good things that are a part of the country whence he came, and which were instilled into him when he was a boy on his mother's knee.

Europe is a great deal older than our own country, the cradle of art, literature and music, and notwithstanding the fact that the destructive teachings of Prussian autocracy finally plunged us all into a whirlpool of blood, there are many beautiful customs in the old world that are well worth preserving here, by encouraging the newcomer to keep up the artistic, imaginative and scholarly perfection of the old world.

I have in mind an incident which occurred a few years ago, when several well intentioned persons tried to abolish the reading room of the public library at the north end because the adult Italians asked for books in their own language, which the little reading room did not have. In every case the book desired was one of the classics. Upon investigation the trustees of the library disclosed the fact that primarily the applicant was looking for something written in his own language. He was yearning for a book, and not being familiar with the English language or English authors, he could not do otherwise than ask for something which he had heard about or read in his own country.

At the same time it was a pleasure to find that the children of these lovable people were crowding the library every day after school hours and reading books in English on American history, American traditions, and particularly the lives of George Washington, Paul Revere and Abraham Lincoln.

Met the Wants of the Readers

Instead of abolishing the reading room, as requested by those who lived in a more aristocratic portion of the city, the trustees of the library bought a number of books on American history written in the Italian language which were eagerly sought by the adult readers. As a result of this policy of meeting these wonderful people more than half way, the reading room of the north end has grown into a most important branch, with a building all its own, which includes a large lecture hall and a circulation and influence as great, perhaps, as any branch library in the city.

The public library is in a position to do more for the foreigner than any educational agency in the city. He sees the sign which is over every branch and reading room, "Free to All," and enters with perfect freedom, because he knows it is his, and knowledge is there for the asking, and the library is ready to assist him.

Books were beyond his limited means in his own country, education was for those who had money to pay for it, and here he is welcome to all that a liberal city provides for a man who has the ambition to improve his mind and better his position in the world. Isn't this Americanization of the grandest kind?"

Greeks Return Home, Bringing Thrift

It is interesting to note the astonishing number of Greeks who are returning to their native country in spite of excessive steamship fares and difficulties experienced in obtaining passports. While it is not at the moment practicable to ascertain the number of Greeks who have returned in the last few months by steamers other than those coming directly from the United States, the consulate general has just obtained figures relative to the numbers arriving on certain vessels which have since June plied between New York and Patras, and New York and Piraeus. These figures amount to only a little less than 12,000, distributed as follows: Latter part of June, 2007; July 6, on steamer Pannonia, 1306; July 16, on steamer Belvedere, 1442; July 26, on the steamer Presidente Wilson, 1882; August 6, on the steamship Sofia, 752; August 12, on the Columbia, 337; August 23, on the Canada, 2089; and September 29, on the Pannonia, 1904.

The amounts of money taken back with them is very large. Since January 1, 1919, more than 130,000,000 drachmas (25,090,000 at normal exchange) in postal orders have been remitted to Greece from the United States, in addition to moneys brought by returning Greeks in the form of drafts, bank notes, etc.—Commerce Reports.

A New Occupation

The W C. C. S. in Boston finding itself unable to meet the calls for song leaders of community songs by factory, business houses, movies, schools, hospitals, clubs and other organizations, have opened a school for song leaders. Instruction is free.

In San Francisco, Alexander Bevani has had tremendous success in this line. Days when he is due at the Coliseum or other neighborhood movie theaters, he entices the kiddies like the Pied Piper.

"Kahn a Candidate for Senate"—Boston Herald

"Representative Kahn has considered entering the contest for some time, but he held back on account of the other candidates all being millionaires. But now that it seems certain that Mayor Rolph will not run, Mr. Kahn has consented to talk the situation over with his friends. He is the author of the draft law and a loyal supporter of all measures during the war, besides having a good record for long service in the house. He is likewise strong with all factions in the state, having kept out of all political quarrels in the past. These things will prove of great benefit to him if he decides to enter the race.

Senator Phelan will, of course, be unopposed for the Democratic nomination, and in any event will prove a hard man to beat, for he is immensely popular in the state."

Germany's Obligation to Schleswig

Publication has been made in the papers of Flensburg of the text of the treaty which concerns the revictualing of plebiscite areas, concluded between the Interallied Commission and the German government.

According to the terms of this treaty, the Germans must keep the Schleswig territory supplied with coal, sugar and cement. In return, the communes where the plebiscite will be taken are to deliver a certain quantity of cattle every week to Germany.

Rumania to Export Grain

Considerable improvement in the agricultural situation of Rumania indicates that a large quantity of cereals will be available for export as soon as the new crops have been harvested, according to advices received from Bucarest.

Although the weather was unfavorable during the autumn, sowing has been going on extensively in the last two months, and on December 31st, the following acreage was reported in seed: wheat, 985,000 acres; rye, 39,000 acres; barley, 97,000 acres.

The government has taken steps to assume the plowing of large areas which have not yet been tilled.

Germany Pleased With Condition of Prisoners

Repatriation of German prisoners of war, which began January 20th, is now proceeding rapidly. Trains have left from Valenciennes, Cambrai, Toul, Verdun, Soissons and Laon. Two German ships have taken some 1500 German prisoners and two other ships are ready to bring back fifty German officers and 700 men.

Comment in Berlin papers upon the condition of the repatriated prisoners is favorable. The Tageblatt and even the Vorwaerts admit that the first German prisoners who have returned from France appear to have been well fed and cared for, and that generally they make a good impression.

A Celebrated Visitor

Theodore Dreiser is paying California his first visit. Naturally there is excitement among the lion hunters of San Francisco at the approach of the man who has been called by more than one critic the foremost American novelist.

Dreiser is now in Los Angeles and it is understood he will visit San Francisco before returning to his New York home. He has many friends in literary circles here; California writers, indeed, were prominent among those who took up their cudgels in his behalf three years or so ago when Anthony Comstock's successor, Sumner, made an onslaught on one of his novels which led the Authors' League of America to protest. There was a grand literary row at the time, and from London came a cablegram protesting at the vice experts' attempted suppression of the book, signed by Arnold Bennett, William J. Locke, E. Temple Thurston and H. G. Wells.

Gertrude Atherton was among the writers on this side of the ocean to join in the defense of Dreiser. She was then a member of the council

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of the authors' league, of which other California members were Jack London, Peter B. Kyne and Will Irwin.

What Mrs. Atherton Said

Discussing the attack made against Dreiser's "The Genius," Mrs. Atherton, writing over her signature in the New York "Sun," said:

"What American literature and this country in general needs is not more morals but more brains. In time perhaps we shall have a censor who will suppress every book which does not appeal to the intelligence of the better class of readers and at the same time cultivate the lower levels. As it is, the average American mind is so drugged with fiction in which the sweet, sentimental and commonplace elements abound, that it has no chance to realize its degradation, much less strive after a more elevated taste."

This is plain speaking by one who should know whereof she speaks.

Furthermore, Mrs. Atherton declared that the great public is constantly written down to by authors "whose education and early ideals fitted them for an honorable career, but whose families are expensive and insistent."

Where Dreiser Stands

Even his opponents, aside from Sumner and his cohorts, must admit that Dreiser stands on his sincerity. He has stuck to his guns from first to last, in the face of exceptional oppression. It is twenty years since his first book, "Sister Carrie," was sequestered by the wife of an American publisher, only to win its author recognition in England while his native land remained ignorant of him. The eminence of this man, then, is no flash in the pan, nor the result of the press agentry of one who falls afoul of the unlamented shade of Comstock.

He has summed up his artistic creed in one place thus: "The sum and substance of literary as well as social morality may be expressed in three words—tell the truth."

Now this is not new but it is unusual, in American letters. It is strikingly like the message our own Frank Norris gave to the young writers of his day. Among Norris' listeners was Dreiser, who has paid his tribute to the Californian.

The Passing of Jim Gallagher

By Sidney P. Robertson

Last Sunday morning I noticed in the paper, that detective James T. Gallagher had the day before brought a prisoner from the east and had then gone home reporting he felt ill. On Wednesday I read on the Chronicle bulletin board that he had passed away.

What is the use of employing the stereotyped expression "his death was a great shock to his friends?"

It is announced by exponents of every religion that the Creator sends souls into the world as an example for us to copy or to be warned by, Jim Gallagher was a lesson in good.

He was a detective of many years standing and in his line of duty he not only tried but accomplished much good. It was all owing to his kindly heart. I am sure he never struck a prisoner in his life. I know positively he never slipped handcuffs on a man if he could avoid this indignity to a fellow-being. Instead of trying to depress a poor unfortunate who was under his charge, he would try to buoy him up.

Judge Rudkin, this week, instructed a jury in the federal courts that in reviewing the testimony of an operator or detective they should do so with caution. No instruction of that character was necessary in any case that Jim Gallagher worked up. He took the witness stand every day, week in and week out, simply to tell the truth, from his own knowledge and nothing else.

Then, the other side of Jim Gallagher, to those who knew him was interesting. I know of no one who enjoyed the joke more than Tom O'Connor himself when Jim Gallagher would give a perfect imitation of him—of Tom addressing a jury—down to the rolling of the "R's". "We will try this case in an open boat," Jim Gallagher would commence with a majestic sweep of his hand, imitative of Thos. M. O'Connor. Jim Gallagher was "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," but there was no sting in his humor or merriment.

Not two weeks ago he was the detective for the prosecution of a case in which I was the attorney for the defense. When I closed my argument to the jury and sat down, Jim Gallagher gave me a sly wink which to me meant volumes. At least I interpreted the wink to mean, that I had done my duty as a lawyer and had given the best there was in me. That was the way I always looked upon Jim Gallagher—he was the first to walk up and shake hands with an attorney and congratulate him, whether the prosecution won or lost.

It is the little things in life which draw grown, busy men together. I can look back and remember a year or so ago, that his wife took me into her confidence and told me she was going to give Jim a wheelbarrow and a new garden set for Christmas. What fun I had joking with him, and explaining that it was round and kind of square, and could roll and yet it could not! He could not guess what it was, and what fun we had over a little simple incident like that!

It is a pity that some people through life are never understood. I know of a federal judge who passed away a decade ago. He walked with head erect, looking neither to right or left—and he was never known to smile. Yet those who came in close contact with him said that he had a kindly heart. If such was the case he never revealed it. But not so with Jim Gallagher, the detective sergeant. He was always smiling, he was ever ready in his kindly way to help those in distress and in his thoughtful manner make their load lighter.

Some years ago, while crossing the Atlantic, the liner on which I was aboard, was, according to custom, laid by at Queenstown for an hour. A tall man rushed around the decks with a telegram shouting "Telegram for Mr. Smith". My curiosity was aroused and upon inquiry a sailor told me that it was a Scotland Yard detective looking for a man. "How did you guess?" I asked the sailor. Then he explained that the man wore regulation police shoes of the British Isles. My opinion of Scotland Yard went down then fifty per cent. In San Francisco Chief White and Captain Mathewson select men who are brave, honest and polished for detective service. If you should see the roll-call at nine in the morning many of the detectives look like prosperous business men. I do not know when Jim Gallagher was taken off street duty but I am sure that when he was promoted it was owing to his ability and courtesy.

Jim Gallagher has crossed the bar. Some one else will be substituted in his stead at the roll-call in the detectives' assemblyroom of the Hall of Justice. I hope the man promoted when he lays his belt aside will follow in the footsteps of Jim Gallagher. I hope the new detective will be as kind, I hope he will be as considerate of others, I hope the Jim Gallagher feeling of good-will to all men will never disappear in the San Francisco detective bureau.

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Social

By TANTALUS

The '49 Camp, which is the form the Mardi Gras ball for 1920 will take, should be a brilliant success, pictorially and dramatically, for traditions of that wonderful period of gold discovery are very much alive in this city, where many of the participants are descendants of forbears who lived in the mining camps of those extraordinary days Mrs. Arthur Vincent should be a dashing queen. As Juanita Wells she was a reigning belle in San Francisco and she wields her scepter right royally in the circle of society matrons. Her sister, Marie, (Mrs. Hanna) and her cousin, Marie Oge, (Mrs. Truxton Beale) were twin divinities in the local smart set nearly twenty years ago.

At the '49 bar, soft drinks only will be served. Nietzshe must have had our '49ers in mind when he wrote: "If anything in me is virtue, it is that I have no fear in the presence of any prohibition." But it is the descendants of those daring men of the gold quest days who have to face prohibition, and it will be interesting to see how fearlessly they will face the situation.

Thornwall Mullaly is chairman of the floor committee, so a smooth performance of the pageantry of the occasion may be anticipated.

Mrs. Madison B. Starring of New York gave a dinner last week at the St. Francis. The table appointments were unusually elaborate, the gold service being used, roses decorating the table with orchid corsages for the ladies. The guests were General and Mrs. Liggett, Messrs. and Mmes. Garrett McEnerney, Wm. Von Phul, Mrs. Blanche Morton and Thornwall Mullaly.

Miss Mary Gorgas will soon leave for a visit to naval friends in San Diego.

Society is looking forward with great interest to the Schwerin-McCreery wedding in April. Miss Schwerin and her fiancé are both popular, in addition to belonging to prominent families. The bride's attendants will be Misses Helen Crocker, Ysabel Chase, Helen Keeney, Josephine Grant and Katherine Ramsay.

The parents of the groom-to-be are giving a ball in honor of the charming couple.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, who has been much entertained since she arrived from Boston to visit San Francisco, was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club to twenty-one ladies, including: Mmes. Joseph Lee Jayne, Hunter Liggett, Clara L. Darling, Ray L. Wilbur, David Starr Jordan, Misses Sarah E. McDonald and Helen Shaw..

Mrs. Squire Varick Mooney is giving a series of informal luncheons in her Broadway home, to her many friends. The second took place last week, the guests being: Mmes. Eleanor Martin, Frank H. Kerrigan, N. A. Dorn, Charles Fee, Frank P. Helm, F. W. Bradley, Sewell Dolliver, Randolph Whitney, Joseph Fife, Courtland Benedict, George Uhl, Peter F. Dunne and George Whitaker. The table was very beautiful with poinsettas and marigolds blooming upon it.

Mrs. Walter B. Coffey gave a delightful bridge tea at her Vallejo street home last week in honor of Mrs. Starring, one of our eastern visitors. There were six tables at cards, the prizes being huge pink silk pillows. Mrs. Eleanor Martin won the consolation prize.

Mrs. Le Roy Neilsen entertained at luncheon Mmes. Eleanor Martin, Ross Ambler Curran, Hunter Liggett, Frank P. Helm, De Meiére, W. Poundstone, K. Crittenden, Philip Wales, J. Howell, Robert Hays Smith and Miss Mary Phelan.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was a hostess at the S. F. Club luncheon at the Palace on Saturday. Her guests were Mmes. Liggett, Joseph Redding, Paschal, F. P. Helm, J. Le Roy Neilsen, Howard and Miss Pauline Ferguson.

Society Participants in Concert

An event which is causing quite a stir in musical and society circles in Ross Valley is the concert to be given in Saint Anselm's Alditorium, Ross, on Saturday evening, February 14th. The artists who are to take part are well known and consequently a great number of their friends have taken sections.

Mrs. George Cameron's appearance as harp soloist will be the motive for many dinner parties to precede the concert, the guests afterward motoring to the auditorium. Madame Stella Jeleia, soprano; Emilio Puyans, flutist, and Uda Waldrop, accompanist and concert pianist, will take part. Those who have reserved sections are the following: Mr. and Mrs. James K. Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. George Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mr. and Mrs. George Young, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tynan.

Concert to begin at 8:20, sharp.

Mayor Rolph's Pebble Beach Home

James Rolph, Jr., Mayor of San Francisco, has made the purchase of nine acres of land in the fashionable Pebble Beach residence colony, where he plans to build a home in keeping with the rustic surroundings of the historic and romantic Monterey peninsula where his family will spend much of their time.

The home site selected by Mayor Rolph has a view over beautiful Carmel Bay and the Pacific Ocean. Almost directly across from tis place is Midway Rock and the lone cypress tree growing on it. This rock and tree, so it is claimed, have been painted and sketched by artists more than any other rock or tree in the world.

A number of other prominent people from all sections of the country are located at Pebble Beach. James Shewan, a wealthy ship owner of New York, recently purchased a tract of 50 acres or so at Pebble Beach. Neighbors of Mayor Rolph will be Miss Edith Chesebrough, a prominent woman golfer, John Parrott, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Clark, Mr. Louis Hill, son of the late railroad magnate, J. B. Rittenhouse, Miss Sarah Parke, Mr. Dan Murphy of Los Angeles, Geo. T. Cook of Kansas City and a number of others.

Ambitious plans are being mapped out for the Pebble Beach residence area. There is already in operation one of the finest golf links to be found any place in the country and there is a harbor for yachts, launches and other craft. Miles of automobile boulevards and bridle paths bring pleasure to residents and visitors. A proposal has also been made for the construction of a polo field.

American Legion Municipal Concert

A wealth of good music will be offered at the Lincoln Day concert of the Municipal Music League, under the auspices of the concert committee of the board of supervisors, at the Exposition Auditorium, next Thursday evening, February 13th, at 8:20 o'clock. The occasion will take the form of a compliment to the American Legion and Col. H. G. Mathewson will make a brief address on "The Spirit of Lincoln's Citizenship." Director Festyn Davies will present his chorus in some simple songs, such as "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Swanee River" and "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," but they will be interpreted in a way that will almost elevate them to the rank of classics. Bandmaster Jean Shanis, a member of Golden Gate post of the American Legion, with sixty picked musicians, will play interesting and high-class selections throughout the evening and Uda Waldrop, our San Francisco composer and organist, will play three numbers on the great municipal organ. Miss Frances East, a gifted young contralto, who created a most favorable impression on her debut, a few weeks ago, will sing a group of

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songs, accompanied by Waldrop. A notable feature of the program will be the first appearance in San Francisco of John Hand, the American tenor, who is making a concert tour of the west and receiving very flattering notices wherever he sings. He has a robust, splendidly schooled voice, which completely filled the great Stadium in Tacoma last September, when over twenty thousand people received him with acclaim. General admission to the concert will be but twenty-five cents, with children, ten cents. A few reserved seats at fifty cents may be obtained at Sherman, Clay's.

Techau Tavern Offers Distinct Presentations

Aside from the many attractive features of this well known restaurant the afternoon presentations of individual favors is proving an unique attraction. On Tuesday of this week each lady patron attending afternoon tea receives an individual bottle of Un Air Embaume "Sachet Powder" manufactured by the famous Rigaud. On Wednesday afternoon a petite metal case of Duval's paste rouge, lip and skin beautifier will be presented to the patrons. On Thursday afternoon the same presentation is made as on Tuesday. All the new teas find their devotees in this splendid afternoon repast at Techau Tavern. In the evening the presentation includes Ladies' Toggery Merchandise orders and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes for the men, these being gratuitous prizes distributed without competition in lucky dances.

University of California, Extension Divison

A complete course in railway traffic management is to be given under the direction of the Extension Division of the University of California in San Francisco by Walker L. Trammell of the Southern Pacific Railway Company. The course will start in San Francisco on Friday evening, February 20, and will be a study of railway organization, freight rates, classifications, interstate commerce commission rulings and procedure, railway accounting, and foreign trade in relation to railways and commerce.

The course will last for 40 weeks and will be a thorough and practical study of transportation and traffic management. The instructor, Mr. Walker L. Trammell, is with the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco, and was formerly instructor in interstate commerce and railway traffic in the La Salle Extension University, Chicago.

The public is invited to the organization meeting for the course, which will be held on Friday, February 20, at 8:00 p. m., at 1337 Sutter, near Van Ness.

Mmes. Frank P. Deering, A. P. Hotaling, G. de Latour, Stetson Winslow and Miss Maud O'Connor were luncheon guests of Mrs. W. S. Porter last week.

THE OTHER WAY ABOUT

A tramp called at the house of a gentleman and obtained a hearing.

"I've walked many miles to see you, sir, because people told me that you was very kind to poor chaps like me."

"Oh, they said so, did they?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I came."

"And are you going back the same way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then in that case will you be good enough to contradict this rumor?"

A FAILURE

After listening to a sermon on "Married Life and Its Duties," two old Irishwomen commented on the address.

"It's a fine sermon his reverence would be after giving us," said one to the other.

"It is," was the reply; "and I wish I knew as little about the matter is he does."

A TRAGEDY

Robert, the four-year-old son of a scientific man, had lived in the country most of his short life. One day a caller, wishing to make friends with the little fellow, took him on his knee and asked, "Are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?"

"No," responded Robert promptly, "but there are plenty of edible fungi."

HUMOR GLEANINGS

An oyster gets four months' holiday every year.

A new broom sweeps much cleaner when a new servant is operating it.

We have a theory that wild flowers get that way by trying to pronounce their botanical names.

It is very hard to convince a writer who is paid by the word that brevity is the soul of wit.

"Boo-hoo! You used to call me an angel before we were married." "Well, I believed it myself then."

"I hear your old flame, Maud, is a widow." "I always was lucky. Just think, if I'd married her I'd be dead now."

Master Bilton—"Pa, what does money say when it talks?" Bilton, Senior (speaking from personal experience)—"Good-bye!"

"Made any plans for your vacation yet?" "I don't need to. My boss tells me when I'm to go, and my wife tells me where."

"I understand Percy married an heiress." "That's what he understood, too, but the girl's father failed the day after the wedding."

Good Voices Gone Wrong

The "Opera News," speaking of the handicaps under which Gatti-Cassassa has had to work, says of the new voices which were revealed during the presentation of "The Blue Bird": "Some of them disclosed good voices; almost every one of them disclosed an amazing ignorance of the art of making a good voice sound good."

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Dated Jan. 28, 1920.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

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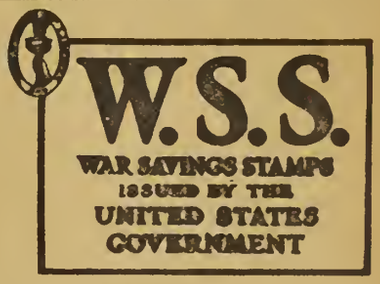
On the 28th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me James D. Crawford, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of Santa Barbara, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

JAMES D. CRAWFORD,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of Santa Barbara, State of California.



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The Stage

"Bought and Paid For"

The Alcazar Company distinguished itself in George Broadhurst's strong play, this week. At the first performance, the players moved through the scenes with the ease of a season's experience. The Alcazar setting did not suffer by comparison with the original, even though the objects d'art in the latter were genuine—a fad with the producer. Clay Clement was superb as Robert Stafford, the captain of industry who had fought his way in life for bread, for education and for success, to wealth and power. He had not to fight for love—his tenderness to the woman of his choice won it for him. Fay Courteney was Virginia Blaine, the woman. She was appealing in the role and rose to exalted heights in the splendid boudoir scene with Robert. I have been reading George Sterling's intense new dramatic poem, "Lilith," and when Robert and Virginia faced each other in their terrible scene of conflict, it seemed to me as if Broadhurst had visualized a conflict between Adam and Eve—all the lower passions of Adam roused into fury by his demon wife "Lilith," while the lofty spirit of his earth wife, Eve, triumphed ultimately bringing him back to normality. It was here that Miss Courteney's dramatic ability shone, her voice rising and ringing in self-pleading, in indignation and resolve. Clement too was fine in the scene. Bereft by drink of his reasoning faculties, he raged as the man whose will had never been thwarted, and his baser emotions wrought him to a pitch of frenzy. It was a terrible scene realistically done. In the quieter scenes, Mr. Clement played with ease and the delicacy of touch of the cultivated man of the world who had found in the love of a gently bred, sensitive woman with brains and independent spirit, the haven his strong nature craved.

As Fannie Blaine, Virginia's sister, of clay less fine but just as sweet and strong, Emily Pinter covered herself with glory. Miss Pinter on the Alcazar stage is usually a society lady, a college girl or a vamp of polished exterior. As Fannie, she is frankly unrefined, slangy and ordinary in every sense of the word. She interlards her sentences plentifully with "Huh's!" and kindred lower-class Americanisms; she pitches her voice in loud key and swanks round in awkward attitudes exactly like the great uncultivated. She scores in comic situations and funny lines and she looks handsome and buxom as many of our working girls do notwithstanding their unpolished personalities. Clifford Alexander has an actor-proof part as Jimmy Gilly, the brainless, acquisitive brother-in-law—and if he had the good fortune to have created the role, he would now be a fixed star on Broadway.

Instead of the Jap butler which a Californian (Clyde Crawford) played in New York, Al. Cunningham is equally acceptable as a negro valet, while the elegant Irving Dillon is a proficient butler and Edna Shaw is the French maid.

—H. M. B.

The San Carlos Opera Company

The opera season at the Curran has had an auspicious inaugural with "Rigoletto" and "Aida," the two casts revealing no stars but an excellent assemblage of competent artists, a well-drilled chorus, and fine orchestral accompaniment, under Merola, a magnetic leader.

This city, so long nurtured upon opera, is starving for it, and unpretentious companies which give us the opportunity to hear the unfying strains and ensembles of opera classics, while at the same time giving dramatic representations of fidelity, are always welcome. The San Carlo is one of these. No stars, did I say? Yes. Agostini is a star whose luster is not dimmed. His lyric tenor is as captivating as ever. Alice Gentle, who sings Wednesday night after this paper shall have gone to press, is bound to be another. We had the pleasure of proclaiming her a magnificent "Carmen" the first time she ever sang the role. Since then she has made rapid strides in her art and a sensational performance may be anticipated. The time should hasten when this artiste may be given the opportunity at the Metropolitan to sing the roles to which her voice, beauty and dramatic ability entitle her.

Marcella Craft should be an appealing and acceptable "Butterfly." Notwithstanding the "flu" scare, the management reports crowded houses at all performances. People who attend opera are usually those who care enough about the protection of their own voices not to venture out if they have colds, so one is safer against contagion at an opera performance than in a movie theater, where the human voice is heard only in coughs and comment.

—H. M. B.

Ninth Symphony Concert

The ninth concert of the Symphony Concerts, held Sunday afternoon, February 1st, was largely attended, as has been the usual occurrence this season. San Francisco is greatly indebted to the Musical Association of San Francisco, which makes it possible for the public to enjoy such educational and instructive concerts. The lovely Schubert Symphony No. 10, written just before the death of the composer, was splendidly rendered and received with great enthusiasm. The feature of the concert was the harp solo with accompaniment of strings, flute and clarinet, given for the first time in San Francisco and rendered by Mr. K. Attl, who played the difficult passages in a musicianly manner. The concert closed with the Symphonic poem, "Lenore," by Duparc, given for the first time in San Francisco and greatly enjoyed. The next Sunday afternoon concert, February 8th, will be an excellent one, the numbers compiled from requests sent in to Alfred Hertz, and no doubt the house will be crowded to the doors.

—A. Sutter.

Orpheum

For next week the Orpheum promises another great new show which will be rich in merit and variety.

"The Little Cottage" is the title given the headline act, a delightful, quaint and original musical comedy in which several people unknown to one another seek a little town in New Hampshire for the purpose of enjoying solitude which they think they can find in "The Little Cottage"; but they find everything else and the audience rejoices at their discovery. Sinclair, Divon and Collins, who, with the assistance of a bevy of attractive girls make the act breezy and melodious.

Hickey Brothers begin their act with clever songs and witty conversation; then they do some excellent straight dancing and conclude with speedy acrobatic feats.

Edith Clifford, the famous singing comedienne, was formerly of the team of Clifford and Mack. Her success was so great that she wisely determined to proceed alone and the result is that today she is one of the successful stars in vaudeville. Roy Ingraham accompanies her at the piano.

Sam Hearn, the rube, with his fiddle and bow can be enjoyably anticipated. He is full of jokes and in the opinion of his fellow ruralites is destined to be tempted to New York by some enterprising manager only too glad to pay him a fabulous salary.

The Ishikawa Brothers, four in number, are the most famous of Japan hand equilibrists. Their feats are of astounding variety and their finale is sensational.

The remaining acts of this truly wonderful bill will be Lois Josephine and Leon Henning, Bert Fitzgibbon, the original Daffy Dill and Charley Grapewin (assisted by Anna Chance) in his tremendous comedy hit, "Jed's Vacation."

Alcazar

Many Alcazar patrons will deeply regret the close of Fay Courteney's limited engagement, in "Bought and Paid For," this week. But there there will be warm welcome for Belle Bennett, returning after a month's vacation to dive into the frothing farcical whirlpool of honeymoon happenings that buffet the eloping lovers in "Please Get Married." This is Oliver Morosco's latest New York laughing success, and never before acted in San Francisco, where an innocent dash of tobasco in the cup of comedy is not distasteful. Belle Bennett, Clay Clement, Rafael Brunetto, Irving Dillon, Edna Shaw, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Clifford Alexander, Brady Kline, Al Cunningham and Henry Shumer are in the cast.

And then, on Sunday, February 15th, in response to hundreds of requests, comes a week's restoration of Jean Webster's exquisite idyl of romance "Daddy Long Legs," with Miss Bennett as the orphanage drudge and Mr. Clement as her mysterious benefactor.

Galli-Curci as Violetta

Rosa Raisa being indisposed, Mary Garden opened the Chicago Grand Opera Company's season at the Lexington Opera House, New York city. Mme. Galli-Curci, whom Frank W. Healy will present in concert at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 2nd and at Assembly Hall, Stanford University, Monday evening, May 3rd, opened the Chicago Opera Company's second week at the Lexington Opera House, New York city, last Monday night in "La Traviata". The tenor was Dolci, the baritone, Galeffi, and Marinuzzi did the conducting. On Thursday evening, Mme. Galli-Curci appeared in "La Sonnambula". Rosa Raisa, scheduled to open the season, was indisposed and Mary Garden jumped into the breach in "The Love of Three Kings". A prominent San Francisco music lover telegraphed to Mr. Healy that tickets for Galli-Curci's "Traviata" cost her fifty dollars for the pair.

Elman and Ysaye

Writing in Reedy's Mirror recently, the editor said of Eugene Ysaye, the unrivaled artist whose matured and perfect mastery of the violin will be heard here in conjunction with the wondrous wizardry and golden tone of Mischa Elman at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, "For if music is the life of the emotions made manifest, surely Ysaye, by virtue of his full-orbed life and its latter sorrow

and anguish, is eminently fitted to interpret for us these voices of the spirit."

Next Concert

Alfred Hertz will offer a "request" program for the sixth regular "pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be played Sunday afternoon, February 8th, in the Curran Theatre.

Some time ago, Conductor Hertz invited suggestions for a program of this nature from local concertgoers. He was fairly deluged with answers and from these he has made up the attractive program to be played Sunday. The largest number of "votes" went to Rimsky-Korsakow's "Scheherazade."

Following is the delightful budget of numbers in its entirety:

Overture, "Mignon" .....Thomas
Prelude, "Afternoon of a Faun".....Debussy
"Kikimora" .....Liadow
Overture, "Tannhauser" .....Wagner
"Scheherazade" .....Rimsky-Korsakow

The usual sold-out house is anticipated, and music-lovers are urged to make immediate reservations at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Louis Persinger will be the soloist at the tenth pair of regular symphonies, to be played Friday and Sunday afternoons, February 13th and 15th, in the Curran Theatre. Persinger will play Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor, considered by many the greatest concerto written by the French master. Certainly it is a brilliant work, and one that will disclose Persinger's art at its finest.

Brahms' Fourth Symphony, and Tschaikowsky's symphonic ballad, "Voyvode" will be the remaining items on a remarkable program.

Social Notes, Hotel Cecil

Rear Admiral and Mrs. C. F. Goodrich who have been sojourning at the Cecil Hotel left Wednesday for Honolulu. A dinner of ten covers were given by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thayer Thursday evening. It was in honor of Miss Irma Thayer's birthday. Most of the guests were classmates of Miss Thayer's at Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Huff of Lexington, Ky., are guests. Mrs. R. J. Johnson gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday. Covers were arranged for ten. Mrs. William Morris returned this week from a trip to Los Angeles. Major H. R. Vaughan, U. S. A., is a recent arrival. Mrs. Norris J. Frink who was a guest last year at the hotel has returned from her home in Michigan and will remain in San Francisco for several months. She is occupying an attrative suite at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Wagner will remain another month before returning to Indianapolis.

GRUESOME

The keeper was feeding the pythons. Several live rabbits were tossed into the cage, and were immediately and greedily seized by the reptiles. The struggling rabbits, although seemingly almost as large as the snakes, were swallowed whole one after another. The ghastly sight prompted the scholarly-looking man to exclaim:

"Gruesome, eh, keeper?"

The keeper turned a glance of scorn upon the professor.

"Yes, and you'd a grew some, too, if you'd et all that live stock, I guess."

Summer Boarder (slapping his cheek)—"And you have a sign up. 'No mosquitos'." Farmer—"I know it, but the consarned critters pay no more attention to it than the poachers pay to the sign 'No trespassing'."

On the Star of "THE LEGION OF HONOUR"

By Lord Byron (written about 1815)

Star of the brave! whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet—
Wild meteor of immortal birth,
Why rise in heaven to set on earth!

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here:
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours, each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes,
One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Aphorisms—Nietzshe

There is no harder lot in all human fate than when the powerful of the earth are not at the same time the first men. There everything becomes false, and warped, and monstrous.

Man is a something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him?

What is great in man is that he is a bridge, and not a goal.

He who would create beyond himself hath, in mine eyes, the purest will.

Freedom is the will to be responsible for oneself.

Who would not a hundred times sooner fear—if at the same time he might admire—than have nothing to fear, but at the same time to be unable to rid himself of the loathsome sight of the ill-constituted, the stinted, the stunted, and the poisoned?

Dead are all gods; now we will that Superman live?

To women: Let your hope be, "Would that I might give birth to Superman."

Man is a rope connecting animal and Superman—a rope across a precipice.

A thousand goals have existed hitherto, for a thousand peoples existed, but the one goal is lacking. And if the goal be lacking, is not humanity lacking?

WHY ALEXANDER WEPT

The teacher was telling the class about the conquests of Alexander the Great. He made the tale a stirring one, and at last reached the conquest of India. Wishing to impress the children, he said, "When Alexander had conquered India, what do you think he did? Do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate the triumph? No, he sat down and wept!"

The children seemed a little disappointed at this childish exhibition on the part of the hero; so the teacher continued. "Now, why do you think Alexander wept?" he asked.

Up went a little hand; but when its owner saw it was the only one in view he hurriedly withdrew it.

"Come on now, Tommy," said the teacher in his most persuasive tone, "why do you think Alexander wept?"

"Please, sir," said Tommy hesitatingly, "perhaps he didn't know the way back."

CARROTS AND ROSES

A well known physician advised an old lady who took her daughter to him suffering from anemia to "give her claret." Six weeks later the old lady returned with the girl, now rosy-cheeked and healthy. "I'm glad she has taken the medicine," said the doctor. "Oh, yes," replied the old lady. I gave her plenty of them. We boiled them and stewed them, and gave them to her at every meal." She thought the doctor had ordered—carrots.

"Remember, my son, that riches take flight." "I know it, Dad, but maybe the price of aeroplanes will come down after a while, so a poor man can afford to own one."

Jobson—Ever back a horse, Bobson? Bobson—Yes, once. Jobson—Drop anything? Bobson—Yes, $25. I backed my nag into a shop window.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The money situation has influenced the stock market all week and generally in a downward direction with only occasional upturns. Almost every day call money was quoted at some prohibitive figure, and it has been in a way a puzzling situation.

There were several items of news that ordinarily would have helped the market, such as the Steel statements—one by the big corporation and the other the Bethlehem Steel Company. The trade were looking for a statement showing around 30 million dollars earned for the quarter after all deductions had been taken out, and some were even predicting that the statement would show that the big corporation was not earning its dividend. When the final figures came out, showing nearly 40 million dollars earned after all deductions, it started a mild covering move in the stock, which was in turn reflected in the other steel issues. However, with money rates so high and the continued weakness in exchange rates, the trade turned against the market and what advance took place was lost again and the excellent statements were soon forgotten.

The trade can see nothing bullish in the market at present, and all good news that comes out from day to day seems to be overshadowed by the money conditions, which at the moment are decidedly unfavorable from a maket standpoint. Exchange rates continued to decline with scarcely any recovery and prediction of still lower prices were heard. There was no explanation of the break in exchange.

The annual statement of the Department of Commerce, showing no perceptible change in the volume of our trade with Europe, was held responsible for the increased bill offerings in an equal degree with the attitude of the banks toward loans covered by European bills. The complications over the treaty had an unfavorable effect upon exchange. The lack of any basis for a judgment of the future in the matter of loans for the relief of the situation is perhaps the most single factor in the situation. Every suggestion that has been put forward has been stepped on in one way or another and there is apparently no immediate prospect of a solution that will meet the situation and the objections raised at one and the same time. Those that feel friendly to the market base their ideas on the theory that things are not likely to grow much worse than they are and that they ought to grow better.

The news of the last few weeks has been against the market and the time for a turn is about due. However, the effect of the advance in the discount rates as reflected in credit restrictions, is yet to be manifested, and there is no telling the extent of the entanglements between stock and commodity prices. There is no evidence that the raise in the discount rates has impressed commodity speculators. Second holders are being forced to sell, but they are obtaining very near the market price for their goods and are not being hurt. In the event that pressure is increased and commodity holders are forced to unload, they may have to sell their stocks to protect their credit in other directions. In the meantime, until financial conditions change for the better, the market is expected to drag with now and then a sharp upturn due to the technical condition of the market.

Cotton—The serious decline in exchange rates was finally brought in as a market factor last week and prices sagged steadily under consistent bear pressure. Commission houses were heavy sellers and the south also furnished contracts with very little support at times except in the way of short covering. Liverpool had been strong and higher early in the week, but when our market developed weakness, the foreign market also turned weak and they began to sell over here.

The drastic smash in foreign exchange rates, which carried rates of all leading countries to new low levels, was the principal factor and is highly important as bearing on the export situation. The rate of exports at the present time is satisfactory, but it must be remembered that clearances of today represent purchases made a month ago, while purchases made today will not show in the export figures until next month. Reports from the southern spot markets indicate that the demand has died down somewhat, leaving only the highest grades in demand, although some quarters report a satisfactory demand for the low grades. The sharp decline in German marks, which carried rates down to but a fraction above a cent apiece, affected the market adversely, as some interests are still hoping against hope that German affairs will right themselves sufficiently to enable the merchants of that country to cover their requirements in cotton. With these factors pressing against the market, there was little support and prices continued to sag until, at the close of the week, a little buying to even up trades, brought about a sharp recovery. Rumors were current in the trade that price cuts were being considered in the finished goods trade and, while these were merely rumors, the trade seems confident that the heavy movement of cotton in the New England section has been checked by the recent advance in discount rates. The higher rates to be demanded for commercial borrowings will have the effect of eliminating much of the speculative element in the dry goods trade and this should work out to the benefit of more legitimate business men. The market at the moment is lacking general support and, until there is some improvement in European financial conditions, there is no likelihood of any material improvement in prices. However, with the futures at so large a discount under actual spot cotton, we do not believe the market can be forced much lower and, with any improvement in money conditions, it will be reflected in the price of cotton futures.

Little Girl—"Mummy's got a headache! Poor old Mummy!" Mother—"You mustn't call Mummy old, dear." Little Girl—"I don't mean that you're really old but that I've known you such a long time!"

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Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
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The Wedding Gown

(Continued from Page 5)

to touch it she had taken it away, and they had heard her locking the box in. But now she was going to lend it to Molly. They did not believe she meant what she was saying. They expected her to turn away and to go to her room, forgetful of what she had said. Even if she were to let Molly put the dress on, she would not let her go out of the house with it. She would change her mind at the last minute.

"When does this dancing begin?" she asked, and when they told her she said there would be just time for her to dress Molly, and she asked the girl and her mother to come to her room. Mrs. O'Dwyer feared the girl would be put to a bitter disappointment, but if Molly once had the gown on she would not oblige her to take it off.

"In my gown you will be just like what I was when the bells were ringing."

She took the gown out of the box herself, and the petticoat and the stockings and the shoes; there was everything there.

"The old mistress gave me all these. Molly has got the hair I used to have; she will look exactly like myself. Are they not beautiful shoes?" she said. "Look at the buckles. They will fit her very well; her feet are the same size as mine were."

And Molly's feet went into the shoes just as if they had been made for her, and the gown fitted as well as the shoes, and Molly's hair was arranged as nearly as possible according to the old woman's fancy, as she used to wear her hair when it was thick and red like a fox's.

The girl thought that Granny would regret her gift. She expected the old woman would follow her into the kitchen and ask her to take the things off, and that she would not be able to go to the ball after all. She did not feel quite safe until she was a long way from the house, and half way up the drive. Her mother and father had said that the dance would not be over until maybe six o'clock in the morning, and they offered her the key of the house; but Granny had said that she would sit up for her.

"I will doze a bit upon a chair. If I am tired I will lie down upon my bed. I shall hear Molly; I shall not sleep much. She will not be able to enter the house without my hearing her."

It was extraordinary to her her speak like this, and, a little frightened by her sudden sanity, they waited up with her until midnight. Then they tried to persuade her to go to bed, to allow them to lock up the house but ;she sat looking into the fire, seeming to see the girl dancing at the ball quite clearly. She seemed so contented that they left her, and for an hour she sat dreaming, seeing Molly young and beautifully dressed in the wedding gown of more than sixty years ago.

Dream after dream went by, the fire had burned low, the sods were falling into white ashes, and the moonlight began to stream over the room. It was the chilliness that had come into the air that awoke her, and she threw several sods of turf on to the fire.

An hour passed, and old Margaret awoke for the last time.

"The bells are ringing, the bells are ringing," she said, and she went to the kitchen door; she opened it. and stood in the garden under the rays of the moon. The night of her marriage was just such a night as this one, and she had stood in the garden amid the summer flowers, just as she did now.

"The day is beginning," she said, mistaking the moonlight for the dawn, and, listening, it seemed to her that she heard once more the sound of bells coming across the hill. "Yes, the bells are ringing," she said; "I can hear them quite clearly, and I must hurry and get dressed—I must not keep him waiting."

And, returning to the house, she went to her box, where her gown had lain so many years; and though no gown was there it seemed to her that there was one, and one more beautiful than the gown she had cherished. It was the same gown, only grown more beautiful. It had grown into softer silk, into a more delicate color; it had become more beautiful, and she held the dream-gown in her hands and she sat with it in the moonlight, thinking how fair he would find her in it. Once her hands went to her hair, and then she dropped them again.

"I must begin to dress myself; I must not keep him waiting."

The moonlight lay upon her knees, but little by little the moon moved up the sky, leaving her in the shadow.

It was at this moment, as the shadows grew denser about old Margaret, that the child who was dancing at the ball came to think of her who had given her her gown, and who was waiting for her. It was in the middle of a reel she was dancing, and she was dancing it with Mr. Roche, that she felt that something had happened to her aunt.

"Mr. Roche," she said, "you must let me go away; I cannot dance any more tonight. I am sure that something has happened to my auntie, the old woman, Margaret Kirwin, who lives with us in the Lodge. It was she who lent me this gown. This was her wedding gown, and for sixty-five years it has never been out of her possession. She has hardly allowed anyone to see it; but she said that I was like her, and she heard me crying because I had no gown to go to the ball, and so she lent me her wedding gown."

"You look very nice, Molly, in the wedding gown, and this is only a fancy." Seeing the girl was frightened and wanted to go, he said—"But why do you think that anything has happened to your aunt?"

"She is very old."

"But she is not much older than she was when you left her."

"Let me go, Mr. Roche; I think I must go. I feel sure that something has happened to her. I never had such a feeling before, and I could not have that feeling if there was no reason for it."

"Well, if you must, go."

She glanced to where the moon was shining and ran down the drive, leaving Mr. Roche looking after her, wondering if after all she might have had a warning of the old woman's death. The night was one of those beautiful nights in May, when the moon soars high in the sky, and all the woods and fields are clothed in the green of spring. But the stillness of the night frightened Molly, and when she stopped to pick up her dress she heard the ducks chattering in the reeds. The world seemed divided into darkness and light. The hawthorn trees threw black shadows that reached into the hollows, and Molly did not dare to go by the path that led through a little wood, lest she should meet Death there. For now it seemed to her that she was running a race with Death, and that she must get to the cottage before him. She did not dare to take the short cut, but she ran till her breath failed her. She ran on again, but when she went through the wicket she knew that Death had been before her. She knocked twice; receiving no answer she tried the latch, and was surprised to find the door unlocked. There was a little fire among the ashes, and after blowing the sod for some time she managed to light the candle and holding it high she looked about the kitchen.

"Auntie, are you asleep? Have the others gone to bed?"

She approached a few steps, and then a strange curiosity came over her, and though she had always feared death she now looked curiously upon death, and she thought that she saw the likeness which her aunt had often noticed.

"Yes," she said, "she is like me. I shall be like that some day if I live long enough."

And then she knocked at the door of the room where her parents were sleeping.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING THE CONVEYANCE OF LAND

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of KATHARINE K. FORBES, Deceased. No. 28518, Dept. 10.

On reading and filing of petition of STANLY FORBES and CLEAVELAND FORBES, Executors of the Will of KATHARINE K. FORBES, deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing them as Executors of the above entitled Estate, to complete the agreement of their decedent by executing to SAMUEL HAMBURGER a deed of that certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

"Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Larkin Street, distant thereon 92 feet 11 inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Bush Street, running thence Southerly along said line of Larkin Street 44 feet 7 inches; thence at right angles Easterly, 84 feet 6 inches; thence at right angles Northerly, 44 feet 7 inches, and thence at right angles Westerly 84 feet 6 inches to the Easterly line of Larkin Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vera Block No. 308."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, March 1st, 1920, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing of said petition when and where any persons interested in the said Estate may appear and make objections to the granting of this petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this hearing be published in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, at least once a week for four successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated, January 28th, 1920.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

DE LAVEAGA & MAGEE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Mills Building, San Francisco 1-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of KATHARINE K. FORBES, Deceased. No. 28518, Dept. 10.

Upon reading the petition of STANLY FORBES and CLEAVELAND FORBES, executors of the Last Will and Testament of KATHARINE K. FORBES, deceased, for an order to lease certain real property, a two-fifths (2-5) interest of which belongs to said Estate, it is

ORDERED that notice be given that all persons interested in said Estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1920, at 10 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why that certain real property situated on the Easterly line of Stanyan Street One hundred (100) feet, Southerly from the Intersection of the Southerly line of Waller Street, on the Easterly line of Stanyan Street and with a frontage of Twenty-five (25) feet on Stanyan Street and with a uniform depth of One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet and three (3) inches; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 697½ in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, should not be leased for the period of ten (10) years at a rental for all of said property for Thirty-five ($35.00) Dollars per month for the first five (5) years and Forty-five ($45.00) Dollars per month for the second period of five (5) years, payable monthly in advance; said notice shall refer to said petition for further particulars.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that said notice shall be published for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, January 28th, 1920.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

DE LAVEAGA & MAGEE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Mills Building, San Francisco. 1-31-3

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
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445 Sutter Street, San Francisco

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXVI. No. 1444 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, FEBRUARY 14, 1920 PRICE, 10 CENTS

California State Library, Sacramento, Cal.

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF CALIFORNIA

FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT

Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1919	$ 71,177,949.00
Total Life Insurance in Force, December 31, 1919	256,796,787.00
Gain in Life Insurance in Force	57,149,267.00
Total Cash Income	14,767,475.53
Gain in Cash Income Over 1918	2,617,944.91
Total Paid Policyholders	4,878,279.27
Grand Total Paid Policyholders since Organization	63,234,313.00
Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned (Exclusive of Capital)	4,631,422.31
Gain in Admitted Assets	5,208,998.66
Premium Income, Accident Department	2,492,843.62

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1919

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans on Real Estate	$25,196,316.45	Reserves on Policies	$43,272,552.52
Loans on Approved Collateral	4,188,061.87	Claims in Process of Adjustment	544,062.64
Loans to Policyholders	7,764,619.50	Prem. and Int. Paid in Advance	267,713.37
Bonds Owned	7,881,729.97	Reserved for Taxes Payable 1920	256,000.00
Real Estate Owned	2,350,455.60	All other Liabilities	469,943.43
Including Home Office Building			
Interest Due and Accrued	755,434.81	Total Liabilities	$44,810,271.96
Outstanding and Deferred Prem.—			
Life Department	786,213.56		
Accident Department	384,702.27	Capital Stock	$ 1,200,000.00
Cash on Hand	1,333,889.05		
Including $1,198,097.16 of Deposits drawing Interest.		Surplus Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders	3,503,448.60
Other Assets	271.19	Surplus Unassigned	1,127,973.71
TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS	$50,641,694.27	Total	$50,641,694.27

AVERAGE RATE OF INTEREST EARNED ..... 5.94 per cent

DEATH RATE, ACTUAL TO EXPECTED ..... 63.60 per cent

KILGARIF & BEAVER, Managers

F. A. STEARNS, Manager
Accident Department

E. G. BATH, Manager
Monthly Premium Department

SHREVE BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVI | San Francisco-Oakland, February 14, 1920 | No. 1444

Published Weekly by
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Secretary Lane's Retirement

The resignation of Franklin K. Lane from the cabinet is cause for regret, and yet San Francisco may hope that the loss to the nation will prove a gain to S. F. If he decides to return to the city in which he has been prominent so long, he will be doubly welcome for the value of his services to his country.

Mr. Lane's last official act was worthy of the score of years of his public activity: it was a request to Congress for an increase to $12,873,000 in the fund for irrigation projects. Such a recommendation is of a piece with his direction of the Department of Interior, and especially with his ambitious plan for giving the war veteran access to the land.

He has loomed large in the public eye: but for the fact of his Canadian birth, he might be numbered today among presidential possibilities. San Francisco knows him, appreciates him, likes him, and will be glad to greet him again.

* * *

Alex. Vogelsang's Succession

If Alexander Vogelsang should receive Secretary Lane's portfolio, the city of the hills would smilingly approve. Before he went to Washington as Lane's assistant, he won a high place in the regard of his confrères in the legal profession and a large circle of friends and admirers of his talents and administrative powers in matters intrusted to his care. Knowing his faculty for acquiring an insight in affairs to which he devotes his energies, his California associates feel confident that he has familiarized himself with departmental necessities to the extent of enabling him to render distinguished service in the Cabinet.

When occasion demands, Mr. Vogelsang surprises by his brilliant oratorical accomplishments. For instance, when the Actors' Equity Society assembled here at the Exposition, it was Mr. Vogelsang who captured the honors. Francis Wilson, William H. Crane and other distinguished Thespians spoke to politely attentive multitude, but it was not until Mr. Vogelsang's address that the audience showed signs of enthusiasm and eager response. Mr. Crane was quick to acknowledge this; when, with the actor's quick intuition of the psychology of the crowd, he sensed their response, he leaned toward Wilson and said: "He's got them going, Frank,—were passed up."

* * *

No Hyde Park for San Francisco

The police are to be commended for their vigilence in putting a stop at the beginning to the discussion of subversive doctrines in the public squares of San Francisco. Time was when the protagonists of any ism might take their soapboxes and spout to jibing passers by in Grant avenue, but that was done away with long ago. San Francisco owes it to itself to adhere to the American tradition of tolerating no too-free discussion in public places of ideas that run counter to the opinions of those who speak for Americanism. Hyde Park may serve its function in London, and any who will may take their places in it and discuss whatever they wish under the perfunctory watch of a tolerant police. But America has no tradition of political asylum to maintain and has no place for those who will not do as the majority see fit. The majority will not countenance the methods of Hyde Park in Jefferson Square, nor any other park of San Francisco. The police have done well in combating this innovation with a prompt and effective raid.

* * *

The Flivver's Rattle in Politics

Perhaps in no instance have the issues of Americanism been more clearly exemplified than in the contest between Henry Ford and Truman H. Newberry for the Michigan senatorship, and the resulting vilification of the successful candidate and his appearance, with many score of his political supporters, to answer an indictment based upon the circumstances of the political campaign.

Senator Newberry is a naval officer, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, secretary of the navy under Theodore Roosevelt, a volunteer of the first day of America's need in the world war, and the spokesman of the principles and practices which have made this country what it is.

Henry Ford is only incidentally a manufacturer, and in his business career he illustrates few of the virtues of the American business man. The country has not forgotten his opposition to preparedness, in which he spent money as liberally as it could be spent by anybody, in a vain attempt to influence press and public; it has not forgotten his quixotic, ill-prepared and absurd peace voyage; it has not forgotten the collapse of his efforts to produce auxiliary naval craft before the signing of the armistice, and it has not forgotten the ludicrousness of his ignorance of American history and American institutions shown in his testimony in the recent libel suit against the Chicago *Tribune*.

This comparison of character and of understanding of the national spirit is at the bottom of the Michigan trial. Mr. Newberry permitted himself to be induced to run for the senate that his state might be fitly represented at a time of crisis. He is accused of spending more money in his campaign than the law permits. The validity of the charge has been questioned. In any event, no more can be said than that Mr. Newberry showed undue zeal in the interests of his state and his country. Between him and Henry Ford, no one who understands all that our civilization means can hesitate in choice for a moment.

* * *

The Raking of Muck

With the ways of the underworld, the decent citizen has ordinarily little understanding and no sympathy. But when muck is plastered upon his fair house, then he may rise in scorn.

San Francisco has been regaled with allegations of a peculiarly noisesome kind these many days. The grand jury has been giving thought and action to them and the bar has taken cognizance of them. The ordinary citizen has been assailed daily with columns of facts and fancies and emotions regarding the alleged influence of a former saloon keeper upon the conduct of the city's lower courts.

In so far as there is basis for the charges, the ordinary citizen can feel secure that the machinery of local government will fulfil its function. If there have been abuses, they will be righted, as they have always been.

But when loose allegations of a particularly repulsive nature are used to reflect upon the civic name, the ordinary citizen must ask himself to what extent will he permit aspersions upon the community of which he is a part. He must weigh the evidence.

The so-called revelation of bail bond practices is made by a convicted attorney who is open to the suspicion of seeking reprieve by treachery to former associates—with the added suspicion of following the way of in-

formers and telling more than is known of man.

Upon the evidence of a man of this sort we are asked to believe such things as this: "So after being in San Francisco three months I came to the conclusion that very few cases in the criminal courts were won or lost on evidence and the law in the case."

Having convinced himself of this, to his own satisfaction, the informer admittedly devoted himself to practices worse than shady.

Not upon merely such testimony, from such a man, will the ordinary citizen condemn the institutions of his city.

Beyond that, however, there is a sinister element in situation, in that the charges that have been bandied have been used subtly as a reflection upon the American business man. The bail bond broker chiefly involved—and properly conducted, the business of such a broker may be a genuine service to the unfortunates who make the grist of the courts —has been held up to the reader not only as vile and debased, but as "a business man." In such comparisons, made insistently, there is a reflection upon our commercial world and commercial methods that is scarcely subtle and certainly a matter for resentment.

If a stone be upturned, and vermin found under it, let the vermin be exterminated.

If a stone be upturned upon a cry of vermin, and none be found beneath it, let the punishment be meeted upon those who uttered the false cry.

But let not the vermin, if there be any, be allowed to infest the unoffending and become a reproach to them.

Abraham Lincoln

By Horace Greeley (1868)

There are those who say that Mr. Lincoln was fortunate in his death as in his life: I judge otherwise. I hold him most inapt for the leadership of a people involved in desperate, agonizing war; while I deem few men better fitted to guide a nation's destinies in time of peace. Especially do I deem him eminently fitted to soothe, to heal, and to reunite in bonds of true, fraternal affection a people just lapsing into peace after years of distracting, desolating internal strife. His true career was just opening when an assassin's bullet quenched his light of life.

Mr. Lincoln entered Washington the victim of a grave delusion. A genial, quiet, essentially peaceful man, trained in the ways of the bar and the stump, he fully believed that there would be no civil war,—no serious effort to consummate Disunion. His faith in Reason as a moral force was so implicit that he did not cherish a doubt that his Inaugural Address, whereon he had bestowed much thought and labor, would, when read throughout the South, dissolve the Confederacy as frost is dissipated by a vernal sun. I sat just behind him as he read it, on a bright, warm, still March day, expecting to hear its delivery arrested by the crack of a rifle aimed at his heart; but it pleased God to postpone the deed, though there was forty times the reason for shooting him in 1860 that there was in '65, and at least forty times as many intent on killing or having him killed. No shot was then fired, however; for his hour had not yet come.

Almost every one has personal anecdotes of "Old Abe." I knew him more than sixteen years, met him often, talked with him familiarly; yet, while multitudes fancy that he was always overflowing with jocular narrations or reminiscences, I cannot remember that I ever heard him tell an anecdote or story. One, however, that he did tell while on his way to assume the presidency, is so characteristic of the man and his way of regarding portents of trouble, that I here record it.

Almost every one was asking him, with evident apprehension if not perturbation: "What is to be the issue of this Southern effervescence? Are we really to have civil war?" and he once responded in substance as follows:—

"Many years ago, when I was a young lawyer, and Illinois was little settled, except on her southern border, I, with other lawyers, used to ride the circuit; journeying with the judge from countty-seat to county-seat in quest of business. Once, after a long spell of pouring rain, which had flooded the whole country, transforming the small creeks into rivers, we were often stopped by these swollen streams, which we with difficulty crossed. Still ahead of us was Fox River, larger than all the rest; and we could not help saying to each other, 'If these streams give us so much trouble, how shall we get over Fox River?' Darkness fell before we had reached that stream; and we all stopped at a log tavern, had our horses put out, and resolved to pass the night. Here we were right glad to fall in with the Methodist Presiding Elder of the circuit, who rode it in all weather, knew all its ways, and could tell us all about Fox River. So we all gathered around him, and asked him if he knew about the crossing of Fox River. 'O yes,' he replied, 'I know all about Fox River. I have crossed it often, and understand it well; but I have one fixed rule with regard to Fox River: I never cross it until I reach it.'

I infer that Mr. Lincoln did not fully realize that we were to have a great civil war till the Bull Run disaster. I cannot otherwise explain what seemed to many of us his amazing tameness when required by the mayor and by the young Christians of Baltimore to promise not to have any more volunteers marched across the State of Maryland on their way to the defence of Washington. Had he then realized that bloody strife had become a dire necessity, I think he would have responded with more spirit.

* * *

When he were at length unmistakably launched on the stormy ocean of civil war, Mr. Lincoln's tenacity of purpose paralleled his former immobility. I believe he would have been nearly the last, if not the very last, man in America to recognize the Southern Confederacy, had its arms been triumphant. He would have much preferred death.

This firmness impelled him to what seemed to me a grace error. Because he would never consent to give up the Union, he dreaded to recognize in any manner the existence of the Confederacy. Yet such recognition, after the capture of several thousands of our soldiers, became inevitable. Had Fortune uniformly smiled on our arms, we might have treated the Rebellion as a seditious riot; but our serious loss in prisoners at Bull Run rendered this thenceforth impossible. We were virtually compelled to recognize the Confederates as belligerents, by negotiating an exchange of prisoners. Thenceforth (it seems to me) we were precluded from treating them as felons. And I could see no objection, not merely to receiving with courtesy any overtures for peace they might see fit to make, but even to making overtures to them, as Great Britain so publicly did to our Revolutionary fathers in the summer of '76.

War has become so fearfully expensive, through the progress of invention and machinery, that to protract it is to involve all parties in bankruptcy and ruin. Belligerents are, therefore, prone to protest their anxiety for Peace,—in most cases, sincerely. Napoleon, though often at war, was always proclaiming his anxiety for peace. It seemed to me, throughout our great struggle, that a more vigorous prosecution, alike of war and of peace, was desirable. Larger armies, in the average more energetically led, more ably handled, seemed to be the National need, down to a late stage of the contest. And I deemed it a mistake to put aside any overture that looked to the achievement of peace. Instead of repelling such overtures, however unpromising, I would have openly welcomed any and all, and so treated each as to prove that the continuance of war was not the fault of our side. And so, when Henry Clay, Colonel Jacquess, and others, solicited permission to go to Richmond in quest of peace, I would have openly granted them every facility, asking them only to state distinctly that I had not sent nor accredited them. And I judge that Mr. Lincoln slowly came to a conclusion not dissimilar to mine, since Mr. F. P. Blair's two visits to Richmond were made with his full knowledge; while his own visit to Fortress Monroe, there to meet Confederate Commissioners and discuss with them terms of pacification, was a formal notice to all concerned of his anxiety to stay the effusion of blood. I believe that this conference did much to precipitate the downfall of the tottering Confederacy. I doubt whether any one of Sherman's nearly simultaneous successes did more. And, while Mr. Lincoln would have been a tenacious champion of the authority and dignity of the Union and the rights and security of all its loyal people, I am sure the vanquished Rebels would have found him a generous conqueror.

Mr. Lincoln died for his country as truly as any soldier who fell fighting in the ranks of her armies. He was not merely killed for her sake,—because of the high responsibilities she had a second time devolved on him, and the fidelity wherewith he fulfilled them,—he was worn out in her service, and would not, I judge, have lived out his official term, had no one sought his immolation. When I last saw him, a few weeks before his death, I was struck by his haggard, care-fraught face, so different from the sunny, gladsome countenance he first brought to Illinois. I felt that his life hung by so slender a thread that any new ac-

cess of trouble or excess of effort might suddenly close his career. I had ceased to apprehend his assassination,—had ceased even to think of it; yet "the sunset of life" was plainly looking out of his kindly eyes and gleaming from his weather-beaten visage.

I believe I neither enjoy nor deserve the reputation of favoring exorbitant allowances or lavish expenditures; yet I feel that my country has been meanly parsimonious in its dealings with Mr. Lincoln's family. The head of that family was fairly elected and inaugurated President for a second term; and he had scarcely entered upon that term when he was murdered because he was President. I hold that this fact entitled his family to the four years' salary which the people had voted to pay him; that the manner of his death took his case entirely out of the category of mere decease while in office; and that they should have been paid the $100,000 which, but for Booth's bullet, would have been theirs, instead of the one year's salary that was allowed them. I am quite aware that Mrs. Lincoln was and is unpopular,—I need not inquire with what reason, since I am not pleading for generosity, but for naked justice. Buchanan, trembling at the rustle of a leaf, served out his term, and was paid his full salary; dying, seven years later, of natural decay. To withhold Mr. Lincoln's pay because he invoked hatred of assassins by his fearless fidelity, and was therefore bereft of life when in the zenith of his career, is to discourage fidelity and foster pusillanimity. May not the wrong be redressed even yet?

* * *

Mr. Lincoln was emphatically a man of the people. Mr. Clay was called "The Great Commoner" by those who admired and loved him; but Clay was imperious, even haughty, in his moods, with aristocratic tastes and faults, utterly foreign to Lincoln's essentially plebeian nature. There never yet was a man so lowly as to feel humbled in the presence of Abraham Lincoln; there was no honest man who feared or dreaded to meet him; there was no virtuous society so rude that, had he casually dropped into it, he would have checked innocent hilarity or been felt as a damper on enjoyment. Had he entered as a stranger a logger's camp in the great woods, a pioneer's bark-covered cabin in some new settlement, he would have soon been recognized and valued as one whose acquaintance was to be prized and cultivated.

Mr. Lincoln was essentially a growing man. Enjoying no advantages in youth, he had observed and reflected much since he attained to manhood, and he was steadily increasing his stock of knowledge to the day of his death. He was a wiser, abler man when he entered upon his second than when he commenced his first presidential term. His mental processes were slow, but sure; if he did not acquire swiftly, he retained all that he had once learned. Greater men our country has produced; but not another whom, humanly speaking, she could so ill spare, when she lost him, as the victim of Wilkes Booth's murderous aim.

* * *

Though I very heartily supported it when made, I did not favor his re-nomination as President; for I wanted the war driven onward with vehemence, and this was not in his nature. Always dreading that the national credit would fail, or the national resolution falter, I feared that his easy ways would allow the Rebellion to obtain European recognition and achieve ultimate success. But that "Divinity that shapes our ends" was quietly working out for us a larger and fuller deliverance than I had dared to hope for, leaving to such short-sighted mortals as I no part but to wonder and adore. We have had chieftains who would have crushed out the Rebellion in six months, and restored "the Union as it was"; but God gave us the one leader whose control secured not only the downfall of the Rebellion, but the eternal overthrow of Human Slavery under the flag of the Great Republic.

Clay M. Greene's New York Letter

An Arid Metropolis—Prohibition Promotes Intemperance—Excursions to Wet Districts—De Koven's "Rip Van Winkle"—Continued Discordance in Dress

As far as the brief sojourner in Gotham is able to gather from observation or careful inquiry, the big city is as dry as the topmost peak of Tamalpais on a July week-day. But every now and then there arises in the inquisitive mind a more or less well grounded suspicion that it is an outward visible sign of an inward "spiritual" disgrace. The great cabarets continue to draw crowds, but they are grim, sullen ones, that seem to go to their favorite resorts because the cabaret has become a habit at certain hours, and then it seems the thing to do among the sportily inclined classes anyway. So they pay the extortionate prices for table seats,—exacted in lieu of the lost profits otherwise,— perfunctorily applaud the excellent entertainments offered, and then wander away after having smoked and coffeed themselves into the sullenness that suggests sleep.

* * *

Glaring Exceptions

While this compulsory decorum is painfully manifest everywhere, there are always exceptions to relieve its distressing monotony. One may no longer bring his own liquor and gladly pay the extortionate corkage, for the law bearing upon that once happy privilege is strictly observed without the erasure of a single letter of it. There is nothing in the law,however, to specify that a man and his guests may not bring their own jags with them, and this fact is noticeably evident in all largely frequented places, and, for the matter of that, in the smaller ones too. These have taken advantage of the liberal interpretation of the dry law which permits unrestricted indulgence in their own homes, so they have dined and wined there and then come to the cabaret for a melodious climax to the spree. And these sprees are discouraginly plentiful, full of clashing discordance in the hopes of the prohibitionists, and a strange anomaly is presented. The country is dry and yet it is wet; there is no liquor sold and yet it is bought somewhere; the wise rich have found a way to get it, while the short sighted poor must retire full of thirst and impotent defiance. There are illicit rumsellers in plenty, but the revenue officials are wary, and the bootlegger must know to whom he sells. Even surreptitious delivery of case goods is becoming more and more difficult, for as much as six dollars per case is often exacted for the delivery of contraband from storehouse to residence, and even taxi drivers are not to be trusted when a fare smuggles his proud possession home under cover of the night.

* * *

Prohibition Not Prevention

This is no idle aphorism but a self evident truth. Technically it closes the saloons, but many of them still furnish liquor to trusted friends; it succeeds in securing coming bankruptcy to many clubs where members might pass pleasant hours with the high-ball or cocktail, but it does not prevent those members from drinking to their heart's content and their physical destruction in their own homes. Several stories have come to hand of the departure of groups of convivials for cities outside of the forbidden land where there is neither prohibition nor restriction. The last steamer to Cuba was said to have carried fully a hundred New Yorkers, ostensibly to attend the races, but as a matter of fact to spend their allotted time in orgies unbridled and unquestioned. It is declared too that every train proceeding toward Montreal or Quebec carries similar groups, whose only motive is unrestricted intoxication. Many instances are known of the protests of anxious wives against the continuance of prohibition, on the ground that their husbands who have never been drunk before in all their lives, are now nearly always so, because they have friends who keep open house and are lavish in their hospitality. What's the use? Prohibition is all wrong as at present applied. It denies the poor any drink at all and forces the rich into further intemperance. It is said to have reduced crime, but,

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on the other hand, it is creating hundreds of thousands of criminals every day. A wise restriction in the use of alcohol was a national necessity, but absolute prohibition will sooner or later prove to have been a social curse.

* * *

"Rip Van Winkle"

Here is a case where an American composer, ambitious to compose a purely American opera upon a purely American subject, was driven far out to sea by a cyclone of poetical license on the part of his librettist. So closely following the sudden death of Reginald De Koven, the opera going public of New York naturally felt a great interest in the first New York production by the Chicago Opera Company of his last work, "Rip Van Winkle," and the vast Lexington Theatre was well filled on January 31st, perhaps every member of it inwardly rooting for the rousing success of the great local favorite that was. Some of them had heard Planquette's setting of the same subject many years ago, and had not liked it, no doubt because it had not been possible for even this tuneful Frenchman to become properly imbued with the American atmosphere of his story. With De Koven it would be different. He knew more about the American stage atmosphere than any other of our composers and he despised jazz. So the music would be tuneful as well as musicianly, for De Koven never yet failed to provide melodies that one could whistle as he walked out of the theatre between acts. He had never been quite satisfied with the libretto of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," revised for grand opera production by Percy Mackaye, and produced two years ago at the Metropolitan Opera House. But Impressario Campanini thought differently, gave a direct order for an opera by the same author and composer, and so New York's dramatic poet again became the composer's associate.

* * *

Too Much Poetical License

The selection was not a happy one. Mr. Mackaye is first of all a poet. He has followed the footsteps of his illustrious father, Steele Mackaye, in a desire to be a successful playwright, but has not yet shown that part of his inheritance has been his progenitor's strong theatrical instincts, and the ability to produce dramatic effects without a too radundant verbiage. Evidently, however, he was able to satisfy all concerned with his ability to approach a folk legend in a lighter vein, and at the same time be truly poetical. Being a poet, naturally poetical license was his inalienable right, and he so exercised that right as to cast aside entirely the quaint legend of Washington Irving, and substitute one of his own, in which nothing was left of the original except a few of the names, and the fact that Rip went up a mountain, met some spirits there and went to sleep. But the drink that produced the slumber was some sort of a potion out of a magic flask, which was used again in the last act to make him the youthful hero of quite an extraneous love story. The sweet human element that makes the original legend a real folk story, is entirely absent in the Mackaye version, although he persists in announcing his work as a "Folk Opera." It would not be just to say that Mr. Mackaye's work is without quaintness, poetry and dramatic interest, but it is not a folk story and worst of all, it is by no means "Rip Van Winkle" as Irving wrote it and we learned to love it in our schooldays. The libretto is distinctly poetical and the scene with the spirits on the mountain a veritable leap into fairyland, but, in producing the probably requisite lightness of light opera it is difficult to conceive why he employs such up to date phrases as "you're rattled," "here's how! Captain," "so long to you" and "he's got a jag." In the main De Koven was his familiar tuneful self in this opera, and in fact quite outdid himself as far as solos, duets, trios and ensembles were concerned. But he fell a trifle short in the spirit scene, where he seems to have failed to set the highly poetical imagery of his librettist. In this scene, as well as in other changes from the original legend, he seems to have been out of harmony with his lyricist, because he had hoped for a true American legend and received a fairy story fitted for any other land. So the great "American Opera" is not yet, in a critical sense, although the tumultuous applause of this audience said success.

* * *

Fashion's Fantasies Continue

I greatly fear that such information as I am able to furnish in respect to what to wear and what not—at least in so far as fair womanhood is concerned,—will continue to be as confusing as have been my efforts in securing it. As a matter of fact I am almost prepared to asseverate, with an assurance bordering on positive conviction, that there are no fashions at all, in the generally accepted sense of the term, and that the word is a confusing misnomer and nothing else. After due and diligent study and observation, I claim to be in a position to state that the definitions of the words "Fashion" and "Fashions" as we have learned them, are incorrect and misleading. I now believe that fashion merely means the wearing of smart clothes, and fashions the widely variable opinions of those who create them.

In a previous letter, based upon a single contemplanation of an audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, and supper afterwards at the Ritz, I wrote that the prevailing fashionable color for evening dresses was bright green, because it was in evidence in all directions in both places, and because a well known modiste had told me so. I can now state with just as much conviction that I was then mistaken, for while bright colors are extremely fashionable in gowns and feathers, I have not seen a really vivid green costume since, and that the hats and gowns, both at opera and supper room, are a gorgeous riot of all of the primary colors, with hats to match the gowns, and dyed feathers seems to be indispensable.

I have also stated that the short skirt and abbreviated corsage are an inflexible law, and that no one can be considered fashionable who does not wear them. I am now told that skirts are worn at ankle length in Paris, and that in another six months anyone who wears a short one will be in distinctly bad form. Already this change has been anticipated here, for a lady who was there assured me that at a great ball at the Ritz on January 31st, there were almost am many ankle skirts as short ones, and that nearly all of the matrons of mature years wore trains. So, there you are. A few days ago one of the "daily hint editors" stated that since the belted in waist had been so generally accepted as a substitute for the straight up and down effect, that it had been decided in Paris to return to the long threatened waspish waist so fetching in bygone days, so I hied me to my favorite informant who received my query with loud but very musical laugh. She informed me that such a report must be absolutely without foundation, except in the minds of the corset makers who hoped to secure advance orders for the high corset so as to be ready for the coming demand for the twenty inch waist. She declared that the Parisian kings of fashion had not yet issued their proclamations, and would not do so for six weeks or two months. In any case I might be positively assured that they would contain no references whatever to the waspish waist.

What are the narrow chested ones with the broad hips going to do? What are the fat ones and those who are too plump in spots going to do? What do you suppose I'd do? Why we'd all rebel and refuse to lace in our present waists by a single inch! So, there you are again. Paris proposes, but the wearer disposes.

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The Spectator

Passing of Attorney Thomas O'Connor

The death of Thomas O'Connor last week cast a gloom in the many places where he was known. In the full tide of manly strength, he was swept from the wave of worldly success into the hereafter, leaving many to wonder at the ways of Providence. His career was typical of what the American youth can achieve by industry and ambition. At the tender age of thirteen he entered the law office of Peter F. Dunne for whose brilliant attainments he always cherished a deep admiration. Mr. O'Connor was admitted to the bar without ever having attended law school. Almost from the beginning his cases came in for press commendation. His straightforward methods, his sincerity, his quaint humor and jovial nature won him many friends among the newspaper reporters who, upon closer acquaintance, learned to esteem him for admirable traits of character. He had a number of cases which brought him in association with old and more experienced members of the legal profession and these men respected him highly and predicted for him a brilliant future. No man wins without cause so many friends as he had. The courts adjourning out of respect to his memory and the eulogies pronounced by Judges M. I. Sullivan and Graham and Mr. Samuel Shortridge were tributes of the honor in which he was held. As success crowned his efforts, the results he joyfully gave to his family whose happiness was his most cherished ideal. Perhaps it was because thoughts of self were excluded in favor of those who were dear to him and those whose interests he served that he held a place high in the affections of so many people.

Local News Via Rome

The Spectator wanders through our Latin quarter now and then, and loiters, among other places, before the little kiosks on which the foreign stationers tack bright colored copies of the Italian pictorial weeklies. And upon one, the other day, he found a picture of a uniformed girl on a bicycle, laden with packages, and pedaling upon the sidewalk before what was either Michigan boulevard or thereabouts, or New York's Battery. But the printed caption said it was San Francisco and that the girl (so much even a very limited knowledge of Italian made quite plain) was one of a new force of feminine mailmen put on the job here.

She was garbed in a modification of the well known brown tweed uniform of our letter carriers, and the picture otherwise had all the verisimilitude (down to the indubitable flatness of San Francisco's hill-less streets) that not so long ago characterized the pictures in our own papers, drawn "by our artist, from a telegraphic description."

It was altogether quaint, and somewhat uncanny. Is the Italian press just verging beyond the stage of pictures from telegraphic descriptions, or is it but graduating into it?

At any rate, there must be brown-clad bicycle mail girls in our town, for the paper said so.

A Threat of Coercion to Voters

The San Rafael members of the American Legion who, not as legionnaires but as citizens, have formed a club with the object of securing the repeal of prohibition, are running the risk of confusing, if not the sublime then the laudable, with the ridiculous. A score of young men have pledged themselves not to marry any girl who will not promise to vote for the restoration of liquor rights. They lay the responsibility for prohibition upon the women: "You," they say to the other sex, "voted the nation dry while we were in the army; you have now the choice of a dry land without husbands or a wet land with husbands."

It is a quixotic plan, which will arouse smiles, and while a smile is welcome enough in these days, it will in the end bring no good to the opponents of prohibition nor to the organization of veterans to which the members of this club belong. There have been such anti-matrimonial clubs before, and they have dwindled and disappeared as the members found abstract principles, no matter how valiantly uttered, of no avail against the beguilements of Hymen.

One may, therefore, regret that a matter so serious has been taken in a manner that can only arouse levity.

Heading Off Union Feuds

A press dispatch from Chicago the other day said that the chief of police of that city had taken steps to search labor union members attending meetings, to prevent their carrying firearms.

One might suppose that such a move would be the result of an industrial dispute, in which the persuasive methods of the battlefield were feared. But no: the dispute is not between organized and free labor. It is between factions of organized labor.

Chicago has had unfortunate experiences in the past in the jurisdictional fights between unions. There have been what amounted to pitched battles and the struggle has been carried with violence into the dark corners of the city. The chief of police in issuing his recent order was merely taking a wise step whose foresight was based on hindsight.

A Murder the Cause

There are those who prate of labor as if the individuals composing it were the members of a medieval order of knighthood, with fealty pledged one to another. No one is so scorned, the parlor radicals will tell you, as the labor man who takes another's job. How such theories measure up against fact is a matter of labor history.

The present situation in Chicago is the outcome of a murder.

There was a man named Moss Enright. He had his virtues, after a manner—the manner of the bad man in the movie. They called him "the king of Chicago's labor gunfighters." And the other day somebody got him.

That's why the police decided to tap hip pockets that had a buldge to them. They wanted to prevent retaliations.

Now nobody pretends that Moss Enright and his ilk are typical of the rank and file of organized labor as it goes about its day's work. Nobody pretends that the methods he used are those which organized labor chooses under ordinary circumstances. But Moss Enright was a potentiality who became a reality, and there are such potentialities, and have been such realities, elsewhere than in Chicago. That is the significance of "the king of the gunfighters."

And a Few Sidelights

The average, peaceable member of a labor union not involved in a dispute will probably resent being frisked by a policeman as he enters the hall of his union.

But there are a few things he must remember.

For one, there is plenty of work for the able workman: so much that in New York the city has been forced to appeal for women for the emergency job of clearing the streets of snow after a storm.

For another, the Bureau of Labor Statistics is authority for the statement that union wage scales in general trades are 55 per cent higher than in 1913, and in the last year alone have risen 17 per cent. This is a considerable increase, even when set beside the rise in the cost of living. Labor can not expect the treatment of a favored class: it must share in the depreciation of the dollar no less than those classes that have no redress.

The government has pledged its word that it will bring down the cost of living. Those who doubt that pledge take their places in the ranks of the disaffected and merit the treatment meted out to the disgruntled foreigners of the Buford. According to the Department of Justice, 895 arrests for profiteering and hoarding had been made in the United States up to the end of the first week in this month, and there had been twenty-eight convictions in the cases brought to trial.

In the face of these facts, the public will have little patience for a peremptory attitude on the part of a division of the populace in which many who perform the lowest functions are paying income taxes that many a professional man would be glad to be assessed. When there are waiters who make $5,000 a year from tips, longshoremen with incomes scarcely less, boot-

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blacks and street car employees and sailors and men in the skilled crafts who are compelled to file income tax returns, even with the exemption at $2000 for a married man,—and there are all these and more, according to officials of the second and third New York internal revenue districts, where a fourth of the nation's income taxes are collected—when there are such examples of prosperity among workmen, it behooves them not to be hasty in irritating a patient public.

The Decline of Nobility

In these days of democracy triumphant, there is an ironic force to the circumstance that the future head of one of the most famous of France's noble families will be the consort of the Princess of Monaco, and no more than that—and most likely consider himself lucky. Such is the estate of the dukedoms of another age.

The young man is Count Pierre de Polignac, and his approaching marriage to the Duchess de Valentinois has, of course, caused a great stir in those circles on the continent which are stirred by such matches. The duchess is the adopted daughter of Prince Louis of Monaco; he in truth is the son of Prince Max, who, secure in his tiny principality where they toil not but still they spin (do you remember the song of years ago, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"?), can afford to laugh at more pretentious titles that are less secure.

The duchess, alas, has no duchy, though no ancient country within the borders of present day France has a prouder name than Valentinois. Now it is a part of the department of Drome, which was carved from lower Dauphiné and Provence. Those are names to conjure with.

The sting of the irony, however, touches the bridegroom-to-be keenest. For it was Yolande, Princess de Polignac, who is remembered for her friendship with Marie Antoinette, and it was her son who in 1830 signed the famous decrees which led to the revolution of July and the fall of the elder branch of the Bourbons. He had directed the fortunate expedition in Algeria, but that availed him not in the face of the revolution, which he survived, however, by seventeen years.

There was another of the family notable in history, too: Melchior, a cardinal, who died in 1742 at the age of 81. He was distinguished both as a writer and a man of state and was the wielder of a pen subtle in combatting the materialism that led to the great French revolution.

A Lunch 700 Years Late

My friend the numismatist pointed to a paragraph in the paper which told how a well cleaner in Marysville had found a Spanish coin dated 1773.

"That's not unprecedented, by any means," said the man of moneys. "There is a fascination about the discovery of old bits of copper and silver.

"The find of them all that appeals most to me goes back almost twenty years. It was when the Campanile of St. Mark's collapsed in Venice. In the cement of the wreckage there was found a silver coin dating back to the great days of Venice, to Doge Enrico Dandolo, who died in 1205. Evidently the coin had slipped from the pocket of some workman during the construction of the Campanile, and was lost to sight for seven centuries. And I have always felt a sympathy for that workman, fancying that perhaps he went without his lunch because of the mishap. Seven centuries is a long time to wait for a bite to eat."

Judge Graham Nominates the Whipping Post

Every experiment has a successor. Prohibition, which really belongs in the category of obsolete sumptuary laws, is at present on the tapis quite alone. But everyone is asking: "Will dancing or tobacco be next?" Whoever it was that foisted prohibition upon America has evidently not decided yet, but probably has a waiting list which this country will accept with more or less grace. Judge Graham made an excellent suggestion last week. He would have the whipping post revived for the punishment of wife and child beaters. That institution went out a long time ago with other Puritanical laws, but prohibition having made them legal again, what reason can anyone advance against the introduction of the whipping post? Of course, it would not have to be brought into play very often because comparatively few men are given to beating their wives. But there are some, so that is a raison-d'etre for it. The millions who do not beat their families need not suffer and the others can be reformed only by that drastic method. By this time, all the drunkards in the country are doubtless temperate, but the rest of the American population are obliged to assist them by forced example.

A Class Banner Unfurled in America

In acceding to the demands of the more radical elements in the American Federation of Labor for a definite political campaign conducted upon avowedly class lines, the conservative leadership of the organized workers has forfeited much. Within the ranks of labor itself, Samuel Gompers and his lieutenants, in yielding to the cry for political action, will find themselves charged with an admission of past mistakes: they will please neither the large conservative element nor the small but noisy division of the left.

But it is not with such internal aspects of the move that the public is concerned. Let Mr. Gompers and his labor opponents prove mutually destructive, and the public will but smile.

A serious issue is raised, however, by the flagrant demarcation of class lines in American political affairs. Many Americans who are not within the scope of the federation have felt respect for the best features of its aspirations and occasionally for its methods. It is to this phase of public opinion that labor has always made its strongest appeal in times of strife. But with a class banner unfurled, class consciousness rampant at the polls, and the terms of a class nomenclature, such as bourgeoisie and proletariat, applied to sturdy American institutions, organized labor will find itself shut off effectually from the graces of those who can see no sign of class division in this country. With that respect so tossed aside, organized labor will be in the position of the plaintiff who comes into court not with clean hands. The boast of 4,000,000 votes under control will prove no more than words when the issue comes to a head, for the American workman as an individual has too level a head to be deluded by such phrases.

We have seen examples of labor in politics which labor would be glad to forget. The political campaign of the A. F. of L. will prove another such when the voters of the nation express their will next November.

The Acquittal of Women

Once more California has had the spectacle of a woman on trial for murder acquitted after deliberation of but a few minutes by a jury of men. The case of Mrs. Wilson at Marysville is in many respects typical of such instances. Emotionalism and a mistaken chivalry—moral judgment, in fact, of the kind one would expect in a moving picture—supplant the usual forensic processes of the mind in the case of a woman, especially one involved in a story

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so melodramatic that it makes possible trial less by evidence than by the lucubrations of sob sisters in court and, even more important, be it said, in the newspapers.

The substitution of such elements for those upon which our judicial machinery is theoretically based gives opportunity for caustic comment by observers from across the Atlantic. How far it has gone, in the course of years, in lessening respect for the laws and the processes of the law, it is difficult to say. Yet it continues: each new instance brings no surprise and no reaction. It is expected as part of the nature of American manhood; as part of human nature, like the discrepancies of honest testimony.

But until it is overcome, until the defendant is tried as a defendant and not as a member of one sex or another, the feet of Justice will travel a rocky path.

Another San Franciscan Arrives

Edward McKnight Kauffer, a young San Franciscan—he is still in his twenties—who made his living as a scene painter in San Francisco before he went abroad a few years ago, has been attracting notice in England as a member of the London Group, one of the most advanced groups of artists on that side of the water. His canvasses and drawings have been shown in exhibitions in comparison with the work of such established men as Jack B. Yates, brother of the poet, and Will Rothemstein, and introductions to the catalogues have been written by Alvin Langdon Coburn, who might be described as the Dr. Genthe of London, and Roger Fry—co-editor of the famous Burlington Magazine. Of Kauffer's work Fry wrote not long ago, after pointing out an earlier tendency toward cubism in the Californian:

"But McKnight Kauffer has, I believe, a peculiarly delicate and subtle sensibility of color and form, and this method must have seemed to him too summary; it was too much like cutting the Gordian knot, and he has never shown himself to be in a hurry to arrive. It is just here, on the patience and self-forgetfulness of his research, and on the peculiar delicacy and refinement of his personal attitude to phenomena, that one finds such hope of his attainments. Meanwhile, it is well to recognize that even in his search for a more definite form, what he does has already personal qualities of a rare kind, a scrupulous taste, a singular delicacy and grace of manner, and a discreet gaiety which makes his work always sympathetic."

An Uneducated Poet

A village shoe-maker of Rowley, near Birmingham, seeing a sign prohibiting visitors to a picturesque estate in the vicinity, addressed some original verses to the owner Lord Shenstone, entreating that he might be exempted from this exclusion and permitted to recreate himself and indulge his imagination in that sweet scenery. Shenstone not only admitted him to the grounds, but to the use of his library also. Shenstone found that the poor applicant used to work with a pen and ink at his side, while the last was in his lap. His name was James Woodhouse, he was twenty-three years old, and had a wife and children to whom he makes affecting reference in these stanzas.

"But now domestic cares employ
And busy every sense,
Nor leave one hour of grief or joy
But's furnish'd out from thence.

Save what my little babes afford,
Whom I behold with glee,
When smiling at my humble board,
Or prattling at my knee.

Now that my Daphne's charms are flown,
These still new pleasures bring,
'Tis these inspire content alone:
'Tis all I've left of spring.
* * * * * *
I wish not, dear connubial state,
To break thy silken bands;
I only blame relentless fate,
That every hour demands.

Nor mourn I much my task austere,
Which endless wants impose;
But oh! it wounds my soul to hear
My Daphne's melting woes!

For oft she sighs and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head,
While blood her furrowed finger steeps,
And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun behold,
Our labours are begun:
And when he streaks the west with gold,
The task is still undone."

Through the friendship of Shenstone and the poet Locke, he cultivated his talents, was raised from poverty and placed in circumstances favorable to his intellectual nature.

Notes from Paris

Major Lee, of the French army, has been placed for one year at the disposal of the King of the Belgians to act as tutor to Prince Léopold. This officer in Morocco and Algeria from 1907 to 1915. During the recent war, he was in command of a company of tirailleurs, and afterwards attached to different staffs. Later he was sent on a mission to Rumania.

Dr. Charles Folley of Paris claims to have discovered that the anti-plague serum which is made at the Pasteur Institute is a cure for influenza and also for lethargic encephalitis, the mysterious new form of sleeping sickness.

A delegation of French business men has presented to former Judge Walter J. Berry, president of the American Chamber of Commerce, a detailed explanation of the aims of the company known as "Paris, Marché du Monde," which, with the endorsement of the Paris municipal council, proposes to establish central headquarters containing more than 500 salesrooms for the producers and buyers of the entire world.

Several feathered heroes of the war are on view in Paris at the annual bird show organized by the Société Centrale d'Aviculture de France, at the Grand Palais. These tiny aviators are the carrier pigeons which have the honor of wearing decorations awarded in recognition of their valuable services—in the form of rings attached to the pigeons' legs.

Their special citations also are duly recorded in a book. Pigeon No. 78715, for instance, in spite of enormous difficulties, carried the last message from Major Reynal, the heroic defender of the Vaux Fort.

Another pigeon, No 2006 conveyed a message on June 6, 1917, announcing that the enemy was going to launch a powerful attack on a certain point, and asking for reinforcements. The message added that the French troops would hold the position aat any cost.

Airplanes and electricity, not explosives, will give the big surprises in the next great war, according to M. Turpin, who invented melite, one of the most powerful explosives used in the recent struggle. M. Turpin, who was interviewed, does not believe that much further progress can be made in the domain of explosives. "The terrible effects of some of the shells I made," said the inventor, "are mostly due to the spontaneity of the detonation. I believe that in the development of electricity, which did not play a great part in the last war, the greatest progress will be made and the most terrible results achieved." M. Turpin does not believe that poison gases can be made very much more deadly. He points out that the quantity of these gases used is the main factor in overcoming precautions taken against them. Flying machines are much more to be dreaded, he says.

The number of births last month in Paris shows a material increase as compared with January of last year, an average of 163 children a day having been born as compared with 72 in the corresponding month of 1919. Maternity hospitals are crowded and special measures are being taken by the new Government Bureau to take care of the situation.

French and American Physical Standards

James Meehan, K. C. secretary who contributes for this issue, "The Pioneer Aeroplane Effort in France," returned to American about

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two months ago. He is a newspaper writer whose home was Salt Lake until he came to this city to continue his K. C. work.

Among the many photographs which he took in France was one of the beautiful Mme. Bollée and her two superb children, the family of whom he writes. The group is seated in the beautiful garden surrounding their white stone house, built in the French rennaissance style. Among those in the picture is Martin Merle of S. F. who was a director of K. C. activities in France. Mr. Meehan, like so many others whose duties took them overseas in war work, seems to have studied social conditions in France closely and compared them to ours. He had a photograph of Fred Bollée, for instance, who at 14 has already graduated from the high school. This is the usual age for high school graduation because the school day is from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. and the course of study does not include non-essential experiments. But the French boys, as a rule, Mr. Meehan said, can't compare to ours in physical development. "They look," said he, "as if they would prefer a bean bag to a foot-ball or a base-ball bat." Also he thinks the food of the American boy is more conducive to physical nourishment and growth than that of the French regimen.

Boxing has become the rage of French youth since the advent of the American troops; the French boys work hard and insistently learning "l'art de la boxe," wherever there is a gym and an instructor. This brought us to a discussion of Carpentier, whom Mr. Meehan knew very well. He describes the French boxer as a fine-looking, well-educated young man of culture and polished manner. Mr. Meehan said: "When Carpentier comes to America and learns how men of his profession are looked down upon in America he will have a big surprise; for in France he has been respected and well treated by all classes. To be sure, he is a type of man far superior to any American representative of his profession." When I asked if Carpentier might be something like Jim Corbett, he said: "Perhaps,—but then some—we've never had anyone in his line to equal him in intellect and refinement. His prowers in the ring seems to be of the Class A species also,"—which may account for literary lights like Arnold Bennett attending his exhibitions.

Mr. Meehan considers that French public charitable institutions are far below the standard of our own and also expressed the opinion that women American war workers were better organized for service than those of France.

He could not find words to praise the indefatigable labors of the splendid American women who gave such arduous service in France. Many of these women, from the cultured, wealthy families of America, he had seen arrive young and blooming; incessant self imposed fidelity to the service of Liberty had made them worn and old, but no hardship could rob them of their zeal and energy for the cause sacred to their loyal hearts.

The Contra Costa Hills

All the hikers aren't California bred. I met one the other day who knows the sands of Barnegat and the ruggeder coast of New England, who has followed the track of poets on the Grand Pre and emulated the pioneers who flung to the world the defiant slogan, "Pike's Peak or Bust." And he asked me something I could not answer.

"Why," said he, "why do all you San Franciscans—and I grant you there is no other city where the art of hiking is more generally appreciated—why do you think chiefly of Marin County as your jaunting ground?"

"Marin—" I began, racking my brains for the most fetching features of the varied and beautiful region to the north of the Golden Gate, but my acquaintance went on.

"Marin is all you can say," he said. "But what about the country back of your east bay cities? Hikers, men and women and girls and boys, old timers and tender feet, crowd the Marin boats, and there is a furor of a Sunday morning, but not more than a handful venture into the hills between Alameda and Contra Costa counties. Those hills have a sweep and a beauty that not Marin itself can surpass. And you folks neglect them."

I told him about the Contra Costa Hills Club, which was formed just the other day at The Hights, Joaquin Miller's old home, for the purpose of spreading the fame of the east shore's beauty.

"That's good," said the easterner. "Tardy, but still praiseworthy. But say—if we had those hills near almost any of the big cities back in my part of the country—" And he shrugged to intimate that San Franciscans do not realize to the full all the good that the most beneficent of heavens has put at their doorstep.

Social

By TANTALUS

On Thursday, January 5th, the S. F. Council of Catholic Women opened its new club rooms, with a reception and musicale in honor of Miss Mary Louise Phelan, who by her charm of manner and spirit of magnanimity has endeared herself to the Council. Since the Council's organization, Miss Phelan placed the ball room of her home at their disposal for meetings and lectures. His Grace, Very Reverend Edward J. Hanna, addressed the members, congratulating them upon their accomplishment and encouraging them to extend their work. Miss Maude Fay contributed a group of songs, Mrs. W. H. Banks two piano numbers, and Mme. Emelia Tojetti sang. Mrs. William Sproule was chairman of the reception committee.

A pretty and unique thought was that of Mrs. D. C. Heger, the club president who had arranged a large round basket the handle and rim of which were decorated with bunches of daffodils and violets. The members each brought a small bouquet of spring flowers, their cards bearing their sentiments for Miss Phelan. These bouquets filled the basket and their personal touch gave the recipient great pleasure.

The rooms are beautifully decorated and furnished, blue being the keynote with sand and amethyst in happy blend. The lecture hall is spacious, with a stage, while the dressing room and kitchenette are perfectly appointed.

The nucleus of a library, the Catholic Encyclopedia, has been presented by Miss Prelan.

The new home is already being greatly enjoyed as it is so centrally located in the heart of the shopping district. The members drop in to rest, read, have a social chat or a cup of tea.

Miss Aileen McIntosh, one of our most charming society girls is named for a celebrated San Francisco beauty, Aileen Goad, her aunt, who after the death of her first husband, a son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, became Mrs. Ryan of Washington. Miss McIntosh was hostess this week at a tea given in honor of Miss Margaret Doubleday of New York.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was the Kruse-Simonds nuptial ceremonies in Alameda Tuesday evening. The Unitarian church, most beautifully decorated, was the scene of the ceremony which was followed by a large and elaborate reception at the Kruse home. There was a very large attendance of friends from both sides of the bay. The bride, petite and blonde, was the most beautiful bride seen in many years in this section and the groom is very handsome, bearing a striking resemblance to Hamilton Bryan. A romantic circumstance of the union of this young couple was the engagement of the bride to her husband's brother who was killed in action in France with the first California troops. For a long time the lovely young fiancée was inconsolable, but later, when the present groom returned from overseas service, she fell in love with him.

The Kruse family were for many years residents of the Philippines. The wedding presents were unusually numerous and handsome.

Mmes. Alanson Weeks, Stuart Haldorn, Daulton Mann, Jack Mighell, F. Hunter, Nion Tucker, W. B. Hamilton, W. Griffith and Miss Dorothy Allen were guests at luncheon of Mrs. Alfred J. Rich recently.

Mrs. Adrien Parks and her daughter, Miss Alice Parks, have gone to New York to enjoy the Metropolitan opera performances. Mr. Parks will join them in April when they will leave for Java to be gone until autumn.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess Wednesday evening at the St. Francis in honor of Prince and Princess Ostowki who recently arrived here from Poland with letters of introduction from Major Harry Harland.

Mrs. Ed. Linquist gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at their charming Green street home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Knox.

Mrs. M. Starring gave a luncheon and bridge party at the St. Francis on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derham who have been in Los Angeles visiting returned to town Tuesday evening. Mr. Derham who is a brother of Mrs. A. P. O'Brien, returns shortly to the Philippines where he has large interests.

Many opera parties have been given during the San Carlo season. Marcella Craft's many San Francisco friends were out in force on her nights and Alice Gentle's Carmen was a magnet

to society which finds exhileration in her sparkling rendition. As usual, our Italian residents have been the best patrons of the reason. The Italian families of this city have many beautiful homes where they entertain hospitably after the opera.

Mrs. A Comte of Clay street who has been confined to her home for a fortnight with a severe cold has recovered.

Mrs. A. P. O'Brien entertained four tables at bridge on Tuesday in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Atkinson of Humboldt county. Mmes. Hunter Liggett, Eleanor Martin, Frank Pinckney Helm, George J. Knox, Cole, Frank Kelly, W. P. Doughtery, Mrs. and Miss Vance of Eureka were among the guests.

Granville Barker, the celebrated English dramatist, was the guest of honor at a literary tea given by the Federation of Women's Clubs at the Fairmont. Dr. Cora Sutton Castle, president of the federation presided. The distinguished visitors theme was announced as "The Only Possible Theatre,"—too late for review in this issue as we go to press Wednesday. Mr. Barker's visit to San Francisco is a literary event of great importance and ought to intensify interest in his delightful plays and all that pertains to the advancement of the drama.

Pebble Beach Will Have Aviation and Sport Field

The proposed aviation field of the residence colony at Pebble Beach will be located in an open space near the Del Monte Lodge. The space which has already been surveyed for this purpose measures 1400 feet by 1050. Members of the Pebble Beach colony who are prominent in business and social circles of many cities are looking forward into the future to the day when travel by the air will be a practical means of transportation. This will bring about a demand for a landing field. At the present time aviators are using the polo fields at Del Monte but it is figured that it will be much more convenient and handy to have the landing field located in the midst of the colony.

The plans call for work to be started shortly on this field. It will be turfed and will be signed with arrows to attract the attention of the travellers in the air. In order to make further use of the field it will be laid out for polo play.

Salvation Army Home Service

The Salvation Army in its Home Service Program for 1920 undertakes to provide a co-operative auxiliary which shall represent it in every community. This auxiliary will be known as the Salvation Army Advisory Board and will be composed of substantial citizens of each county. It will study the local situation by means of a program prepared for it and the board itself will judge of how and when the Salvation Army and its facilities can be made use of to best serve the citizens of a given county. Not only this but through every board all the citizens of any county will have full opportunity to constructively improve that country's situation.

Examination of the Salvation Army's forty-year record, since its war activities have made it a target of intensified public interest, shows this organization has made astonishing progress toward solving our problem of that public disorder which is the outgrowth of private distress. In consequence renewed calls for aid have come to the Salvation Army from throughout the state, evidencing a situation the public necessity of which must be fully met.

Prevention Rather Than Cure

The Salvation Army has ever waged its battle in the very front line, or more correctly speaking, the last line of defenses. Its trenches have been dug in the streets of poverty and the fight for humanity has been made when the enemy was reinforced by want, vice, disease and despair. Efforts have necessarily been devoted in a large measure to ministering to those who have already been dangerously if not mortally wounded in life's encounter The function of the army has been and will continue to be one of alleviating distress and sorrow. "A Man May Be Down but He Is Never Out," will remain the slogan. But it is the hope of all of the officers everywhere that the new program will tend to "prevention" rather than "cure" and that the man, boy, woman or girl, may not always come to them "down".

For the Guidance of the Board

This program will explain to the board members how they may inform themselves on the various subjects to be covered. Among other matters the board will be asked to investigate the following:

Poverty—with particular reference to the old and infirm.

The Unemployed—with reference only to dependent cases.

Juvenile Delinquencies—and contributory causes.

Missing Persons—boys and girls, men and women.

Illegitimacy—the number of illegitimate births—disposition of mother and child.

While the foregoing would seem to require a certain experience in these matters by board members to make an intelligent study, such is not the case. The sources of information are immediately at hand. They are county officials, police and civic officers, school teachers, physicians, ministers, lawyers and social workers. Thus is revealed the efforts of the Salvation Army to provide the "preventative" as well as the cure.

Techau Tavern Dispenses Attractive Gifts

While the Techau Tavern dance orchestra and the Techau Tavern oval dance floor in conjunction with the revue of artists in modish gowns of the late moment are holding the limelight of public attention, nevertheless the interesting presentations which take place on different afternoons during Tea from 3:30 to 5:00 p. m. are proving a great attraction to the public. Among the favors distributed weekly are small gift metal boxes of face powder with powder puff enclosed, and small dainty bottles of sachet powder, both these pretty gifts manufactured by makers of individual perfumes. Paste rouge in small attractive metal boxes, particularly suited for the purse and shopping bag are also given away free to lady patrons. In the evening merchandise orders on ladies toggery and boxes of cigarettes for the gentlemen are greatly appreciated as gratuitious gifts in lucky dances. One of the features of Techau Tavern which is attracting a lot of favorable attention is the scientific system of ventilation which ensures a constant supply of cool, fresh air making dancing and dining a healthful pleasure.

A Hard World

That life-long social worker on behalf of women and children, Lady Henry Somerset, tells a quaint story of a little maid of seven summers, who, tired with play, sat with folded hands gazing fixedly at the fire. Looking up finally with a thoughtfull expression on her face, she said: "Mamma, if I get married when I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?" The mother turned, looked down into the earnest eyes and answered with a smile: "Why, yes, dear; if you get married you will have a husband like papa." And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Nellie?" "Yes, dear; you would be an old maid," aswered the mother, laughing at the queer question. "But whatever put such thoughts into that little head?" But the child didn't laugh. She only looked grave and said dejectedly: "Well, it's a pretty tough world for us women, isn't it?"

Although a bride of but three short months, she had her troubles, and quite naturally made a confidante of her mother. "My dear child," said the old lady, "if you would have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from his club, you might be happier." Perhaps you're right, ma," answered the young wife, with a soulful sigh, "but what am I to do with my nose?"

Gertrude—"I don't think Bertha cares for Tom. Why, she's a head taller than he!" Phyllis—"Oh, I don't know. She's had all her heels lowered."

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George E. Lask and the Renaissance of Opera in San Francisco

By Helen M. Bonnet

In the theatrical history of this city, one of the names which stands out most prominently is that of George E. Lask. For ten years of its glory, his name was synonymous with that of the Tivoli Opera House, where with its brilliant manager, William H. Leahy and successive musical directors, he was a member of a triumvirate which was responsible for unbroken years of opera presentations, a musical educational force during its existence and the potency of which we have realized only since its vanishing. There has never been anything like it anywhere else in America, and owing to the world's changed conditions, there never will be again. Yet more than contributing conditions, the personalities of Mr. Leahy and Mr. Lask were responsible for perpetuation of opera in this city; to their knowledge, their enthusiasm, their ambition and love for the art of opera were attributed the brilliant career of the famous little opera house.

There can be found no one who ever had a share in the operatic performances there who doesn't love the memory of the dear old place and no one who frequented it as a spectator who does not recall with wonder, the charm and excellence of the productions given there.

When I asked George (everyone who knows him calls him George) what he thought the future of San Francisco is going to be musically, whether he believed we are to be a centre, or, like a Middle West town, occasionally surprised by a flying visit from an opera troupe, he was as optimistic as he is about everything.

"This city," he said, "on account of its distance from great art centres has always had to make its own amusements. Its geographical remoteness has not changed and transportation facilities have retrograded; in consequence, we have suffered theatrically and shall stagnate or deteriorate if we do not again create our own amusements. The present generation is deprived, to a very great extent, of the musical and theatrical educational fundamentals given to preceding generations. The result is that our young people of to-day, nurtured on movies, are missing an intellectual pleasure of inestimable value in the development of their artistic instincts,—a pleasure which frequently beginning as such becomes a mental stimulant, a beloved resource for the artistic nature; and in innumerable instances, a means of livlihood, sometimes leading on to fame and fortune.

'If nothing is planted, nothing grows' so the prospect, viewed from present conditions, is an arid one for the harvesting of musical and dramatic talent of our young people."

But Mr. Lask declares his belief that the time has actually arrived when the seeds are in the ground for a renaissance of such products. So firm is his faith, that he has opened a studio here for the reception of insistent aspirants to future glory behind the foot lights. That is very good news for San Francisco, for many of the leading actors and opera stars unhesitatingly express it as their opinion that he knows his business as well as any stage manager and producer extant. It is needless repetition that he was director with Edna May, Prince of Pilsen (in London), with Blanche Bates in the original Darling of the Gods, Leslie Carter in Du Barry, Margaret Illington, Margaret Anglin, the original Florodoro, Henry B. Harris, Henry Savage Grand Opera Co. and many others notable stars and companies.

Fortune has made it not obligatory for Mr. Lask to pursue his profession, but the love of the work, his joy in widening his own artistic horizon, impel him to labor in his favorite field. His big, reposeful studio, 220 Post street, seems an ideal place to cultivate the muse and here already a few ambitious souls have sought him out.

Mr. Lask is a firm believer that the California Opera House will soon rise majestically in our midst. He too has heard that Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the Metropolitan Opera House, is deeply concerned in the achievement. "If we do not hear new operas, see new dramas, how can we develop?" he asked. Graphically he pictured the splendid seasons when the great opera stars will come to us again and sing their glorious new messages as well as the perennial classics. Their presence will inspire emulation and a desire for study, thus giving new life to musical and dramatic culture in our city.

He thinks that the municipal chorus idea is an excellent one which should be encouraged and fostered under leadership and selection of high artistic ability. His plea is strong for the democracy of art and he is passionately eager that where talent exists in humble places it should be a precious privilege to bring it to perfection. Resident choruses efficiently trained in a repertoire of grand opera could by the time the opera house is ready, be able to give performances worthy of an exalted company of opera stars. From the best voices of the chorus, selection could be made of those for minor parts; to the gifted and ambitious, progression is clear. No one knows better than George Lask, through his lifetime of contact with distinguished artists, that the road to achievement is and always will be beset with labor, heardships, struggles and disappointments. The most anyone can do is to equip the pilgrim with technique and aid him with words of counsel and cheer—the real climbing to the heights he must do alone with unswerving steadfastness of purpose.

Here again Mr. Lask spoke of the achievement in the theatre of San Francisco's sons and daughters. He opened a thick little volume of "The Cast"—the list of plays and players in every New York theatre. "Here," he said, "on nearly every page is to be found the name of at least one 'San Franciscan.'" He was right,—page after page revealed the name of one and sometimes more who had learned the rudiments of his or her art at the Tivoli, the Alcazar, the Central, the Grand Opera House. The mere name "San Francisco" has opened the doors of managers' offices to applicants entirely unknown. To come from San Francisco was the "Open Sesame!" to the door of theatrical opportunity. "Was?" Why not "is" and "shall be?" It depends upon ourselves,—a word from George Lask, the friend of opera, the busy, cheerful man who was never known to be so occupied with his own pursuits or those of his immediate friends that he hadn't time to step aside and help a young student striving to reach the heights. He rejoices at the success of friend or stranger who pursues the chosen path. But all that helpfulness of his is so well known by the actors and singers of America, that it seems trite to repeat it.

It is his interest in the resumption of musical and dramatic development at the present time in this city which is our chief concern.

"What do you do for students up here in this studio, George?" I asked. For it seemed incredulous that this artist in the thick of artistic activities could be content to concentrate his energies upon teaching. As I expected, his table was piled high with letters from struggling playwrights, scenario writers, actors, actresses, arrived producers and famous stars, and occasionally a remark from me would bring one of them out as an answer. Well, he told me that he teaches stage technique, dramatic business of operatic repertoire. No, oh! no, beginners are not welcomed at his door. He presupposes a knowledge of music, elocution and the innumerable arts that are necessary in the process of the evolution of a stage entrance—a vital part of the equipment of the pilgrim to the shrine of the art of the theatre.

"Do you believe in the doctrine of development of one's own individuality on the stage?" I asked.

"By all means," answered George smiling, "if one has any." And there you are! He went on to say that some people have a sense of color, a gift of impersonation, the priceless possession of self effacement, of imagination. These beings can be trusted to go their own way, restrained only by the laws of technique. All have some defects which can be pointed out with an effort at least made to eradicate. Others are color blind, negative. Imagination cannot be created, but emotion simulated. This is where the selection by physical resemblance comes in and the producer must build by his own imagination.

I could not close our little interview without asking what this devoted apostle of opera and the spoken drama thinks of the movies and their educational influence. "It is an entirely different mode of entertainment," he said quietly. "The stars of the screen are those who possess photographic possibilities with a high degree of susceptibility to suggestion by the producer, regardless of their own desire for individual expression. As for the educational influence, yes, it is true that sophistication through the eye alone comes early to children where formerly it was reached through exhaustive reading." Is it an advantage or a great disadvantage?—I didn't ask him. Mr. Lask said he highly appreciates travelogues and current event pictures. All old fashioned people do,—especially those who are so reactionary that they think the drama will die without the sound of the human voice. The glorification of that voice he finds in music drama—he didn't have to tell me, because I know and I rejoice that I believe it too. As a loyal San Franciscan, it must be painful to George Lask to contemplate the small part that the human voice plays in the local dramatic world. The screen play has come to stay, but why in this large city should it predominate to such an unwonted degree?

Before I thought to ask him to solve the riddle, George Lask was praising our symphony orchestra. He said that we have always been particularly fortunate in having instrumental virtuosi who came here from the east, or Europe or the Orient and who, largely owing to the climate and pleasant living conditions, as well as to the expense of departing to larger fields, settled here permanently, to the great advantage of our teaching and orchestral forces. From

Alfred Hertz who knows all about operatic productions, whose experience with great voices has been vast and varied, George Lask must strongly recommend, list of musical conductors who would lend distinction to grand and light opera organizations, among of permanent. He would that continuous like that of the San Carlo now in the Curran would sing periodical seasons with and keep alive the hand on the opera situation.

There is nothing one or nothing even in the opera world which George Lask does not assign worthy of study. I told him that he reminded me in his attitude toward the artist of what a Russian had just told me when I asked him if it would be safe for Pavlova to return to Russia now. "Safer in Russia than anywhere. Others might be robbed and abused, but the artist in Russia is protected from harm, even from jealous mental out his trespass against loyalty." "Just what I have here," said George, taking up a roll of manuscript—and then I thought it was one to make an exit from the cosy studio and brave paradoxical complex Russia and Russian art for another day. What Russian art was last week, it probably will not be a fortnight hence but George Lask will keep pace with it if anyone can.

The Stage

Belle Bennett's Return

"Home again and so glad to be back" is the song Miss Bennett expresses to Joe Mitchell. Her audiences share her delight. Her admirers showered her with flowers and gave her a goodly of certain calls. Everybody likes and admires Belle, dear Belle. She is very charming in "Please Get Married." Clay Clement shares honors with her, to the extent a genuine medley goes to the one wedding. All the incomes the will case and altogether it is a matter of regret that the play is to be taken off so soon.

—H. W. B.

Orpheum

Colette Ryan and Lane Orloff who head the Orpheum bill next week are very attractive girls who sing delightfully. They have had the best musical vaudeville this country affords and have proved one of the successes of the present vaudeville season.

"For Pity's Sake," a comedy on the old time melodrama, introduces a frame of harmonizers in a very primitive rural opera house. The manager of the so-called opera house is a seaside gamin. This role is played by Thomas Dancy and is a clever and amusing characterization.

Dan Rewaen, the celebrated Belgian cellist, requires no eulogy to the city which has been the scene of many of his triumphs. Famous internationally, she is included in the very small circle of eminent musicians.

Wallace Priddy and Gertie Arthur will present their new and very fascinating offering "Follies of Song and Dance," which is a comfort vehicle for the full display of their specific talents and one of the popular contributions to vaudeville.

Kennedy and Nelles, the original college boys, will appear in "Dorothy's Initiation" a soft exploitation skit.

Dick Dudley and Betty Caldwell will be remembered for a very fantastic act, entitled "By the Same Post." In song and patter they make fun of a huge that is more appalling.

Alfie Lucille will introduce her remarkable cockatoo named Cocky. Like other parrots he possesses the power of speech and carries on with his mistress a rather extended conversation. Cocky was a sensation at the Finsbury Music Hall London, and the Alhambra Theatre, Paris.

The novelty of the coming bill is increased by the fact that it will contain only one, but over the successful musical comedy "The Little Cottage."

Gall-Curci at Auditorium

Those in attendance at the Gall-Curci concert in the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 2nd, will be guilty of the fact that the Democratic convention is to be held thereby the Exposition committee will spend a vast sum of money for the purpose of perfecting the acoustics of the great building. It is a certainty that Mme. Gall-Curci will again fill the Exposition Auditorium to its utmost capacity.

As on the occasion of her previous visits to New York city, Mme. Gall-Curci is awaiting the arrival of the New York newspapers to glean appreciation of her TRUMPET expression on opera, art. This prominent in her the sincere celebrating, who at the same time has the rare ability of interpreting the thought of poet and composer in tones that appeal to the personal sentiments of the human soul, and with detail so completely mastering that her songs seem the continuous outpouring of the spirit of entirely that dwells in Nature and knows no rules.

Persinger Soloist With Symphony

It will be pleasant news to local music-lovers to learn that Louis Persinger, the popular concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will again appear as soloist with that organization on Sunday afternoon, February 15th, in the Curran theatre, when under the direction of Alfred Hertz, the concert postponed on Friday will be repeated. These two concerts constitute the tenth pair of regular symphonies.

Persinger's superb art is beautifully exemplified in Saint-Saens' Concerto in B minor, for violin and orchestra, which is considered by many as the greatest concerto ever written by the French master. It is a brilliant work in its entirety. The concerto was first publicly performed in Paris, in 1881, by Pablo de Sarasate, to whom the composition is dedicated.

The symphony will be Brahms' Fourth in E minor, one of the most gigantic works in symphonic literature. It received its first public performance in Meiningen, on October 25, 1885, under the direction of the composer. The work made an immediate impression and was at once pronounced the master's orchestral masterpiece by the foremost critics.

Tschaikowsky's "Voyevode," a highly dramatic number, based on a Russian ballad by Pushkin, will be the remaining item of the interesting program.

Numbers of appeal to all types of concertgoers will be found on the program which Alfred Hertz has arranged for the month "pop" concert, which will be played on Sunday afternoon, February 22nd, with Louis Persinger as soloist. This is to be the program:

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman" — Wagner
Largo from "New World" Symphony — Dvorak
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra — Mendelssohn
Louis Persinger
"Carmen" Suite No. 2 — Bizet
(a) Andante Cantabile — Tschaikowsky
(b) Dance of the Sylphs — Berlioz
(c) Woodwind Elfin — Tyson
(d) "Waltz on the Shore" — Grainger
On the Beautiful Blue Danube — Strauss

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For the Last Time in San Francisco
"DADDY LONG LEGS"
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Sole Bennett—Clay Clement
"THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13"
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Alcazar

The playful piquancies of honeymoon farce, "Please Get Married," this week, will be followed at the Alcazar next Sunday by a farewell revival of Jean Webster's tender and affecting romance "Daddy Long Legs." Here is a comedy of resistless pathos and delicate, fanciful humor that has survived the mutilation and vulgarizing to which it was subjected when burlesqued in pantomime. If ever the value of the spoken word, the music of human diction, the charm of fascinating personality found triumphant demonstration it has been in the original personality of Jean Webster's quaint little volume which lays bare the heart of an oppressed child and the soul of a sensitive, strangely gifted young woman. Belle Bennett has shown the finest phases of her emotional ability as Judy. Clay Clement has the delightful role of her fairy god-father. Emelie Melville, Clifford Alexander, Emily Pinter and Zita Williams are in the cast.

"The Woman in Room 13," that proved New York's best melodramatic thriller last season, will unfold its amazing mysteries, for the first time in San Francisco on Sunday, February 22nd. It is by Samuel Shipman and Max Marcin, master melodramatic draftsmen, who collaborated in "Friendly Enemies," "The House of Glass" and "Eyes of Youth."

San Carlo Opera in Final Week

With the performance of the perennial favorite, "The Barber of Seville," on Sunday night, February 15th, in the Curran, the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, which has provided such a successful season under the managerial wing of Fortune Gallo, will enter upon the third and final week of its engagement. Gallo has completely kept faith with the San Francisco favorite, and has provided casts, orchestra and productions of the first water. The result has been the most prosperous season, from a box-office standpoint, ever given here.

Queena Mario, the delightful coloratura of the San Carlo forces, will be heard to advantage in "The Barber of Seville," on Sunday; as Gilda, in "Rigoletto," on Thursday night; and in "The Love Tales of Hoffman," scheduled for Saturday afternoon.

Alice Gentle will repeat her wonderful "Carmen" on Monday night. On Wednesday she will sing Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Rosina Zotti in "I'Pagliacci." Miss Gentle will also sing the leading role on Friday night in Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," which has not been given here in recent years and is eagerly awaited.

Maude Fay, San Francisco's popular daughter, will on Thursday matinee give her interpretation of Marguerite in "Faust."

In response to numerous requests, Puccini's "Butterfly" is to be given again on Tuesday night, with Marcella Craft in her charming portrayal of Cio-Cio-San, which aroused such enthusiasm on its presentations here.

The favorite mezzos, Stella De Mette, Alice Homer, Ada Paggi; the tenors, Salazar, Agostini and Boscacci; the baritones, Ballester and Valle; the basses, De Biasi and Cervi, together with the other noted artists, will be most happily cast.

Pioneer Aeroplane Effort in France

By James Meehan, K. C. Secretary

The quaint old French town of Le Mans, whose history dates back to 52 B. C. became known to thousands of Americans during the world war, through the concentration there, of our troops, before their departure for home. The narrow city streets and the great public square, around which, stand the principal business buildings, were daily thronged with kakhi-clad doughboys, while rumbling trucks and speeding cars plied back and forth to the four great military camps on the outskirts of the city.

The influx of Americans in this area seemed almost an unwelcome intrusion to the inhabitants, who contrasted this invasion with the unheralded entrance, a few years previous, of two studious and unassuming countrymen of these impetuous, demonstrative soldiers.

All these thousands of men who were stationed in the big military camps were brought into close contact with the local history of their illustrious fellow citizens, who came there twelve years ago, and after two years of labor, successfully completed and gave to the world one of the greatest inventions of all times.

It was to the city of Le Mans, the Wright brothers came in 1908, to continue their experimentation and flying; the aeroplane which proved to be one of the most destructive of war devices and now bids fair to become invaluable in furthering world progress, was given additional trials that opened the way for its future phenominal development.

On the way to Belgian Camp, which was the military home of thousands of American soldiers, during and after the war, one passes through the Avenue Leon Bollée, the most pretentious street of the city, and by the home and the factory of the man, after whom the avenue was named.

This noted French genius was an inventor at the early age of 18, and before his death, which followed that of Wilbur Wright, by a few months, was famous for the part he played in the perfection of heavier than air machines. In this home of the Bollées, the Wright brothers lived, at intervals, for the greater part of two years and in this factory the engines and the planes assembled, that later made successful flight on the very fields where acres of army barracks housed our American troops.

Down in the city one strolls through the Rue Wilbur Wright which passes the fine old Gothic cathedral, the street being named in his honor, a little over a year ago, and one is thus further reminded of the reserved Americans who came to this quiet French city to study and work on their inventions.

Leon Bollée, sponsor and co-worker of the Wrights, was keenly interested in the world's mechanical progress, and his familiarity with the work of the brothers in America, caused him to invite them to the city of Le Mans in 1908. During their stay, this brilliant, jovial Frenchman worked daily beside them in his factory, cheering them in their disappointments and optimistically assuring them of the ultimate success of their efforts.

During six months residence in the American Embarkation Center, I was a frequent visitor in the Bollée home, and learned much of the noted French inventor and heard of the trials and successes that filled the lives of both himself and the Wrights during the time spent in the construction of the first aeroplanes that were assembled in Le Mans.

Madame Bollée, a woman of Athenian birth, is active to-day in the conduct of the great business founded by her husband. During the war, the factory was used for the manufacture of aeroplane engines and war munitions, yet with all the strain that such burden imposed, this charming matron found time to express and demonstrate her love and esteem for America and its people. She is the mother of two handsome children, Fred Leon, a youth of 14, who inherits, I am told, the mathematical mind of his brilliant father, and Elizabeth, a pretty miss of 12, and mother and children converse fluently in English.

Master Fred will, during the coming year, visit America and renew acquaintances that were formed among the many military guests that shared the hospitality of this distinguished French family, while quartered in the Le Mans area.

Wilbur Wright was the godfather of little Elizabeth who was born in 1908; she showed me her autograph album with this beautifully expressed sentiment which recorded the advent of this little French girl into the world: "Little girl whose bright eyes opened upon this grand world just when my flights in France had their beginning, I wish that your life may be long and happy and useful. Wilbur Wright, Le Mans, 21 December, 1908."

Turning over the pages of this album, Elizabeth proudly pointed her finger at the bold signature of Woodrow Wilson, and while he was not a guest at the Bollée home during his attendance at the Peace Conference, madame and family are members of the most exclusive society circles of the French capital, and it was while on a visit to Paris, the daughter secured the coveted signature of the President of the United States.

A favorite photograph of Wilbur Wright which hangs in the Bollée home bears this autographic expression of his affection and appreciation of the French inventor: "To my true friend Leon Bollée whose warm sympathy and unfailing help made possible my success at Le Mans, my sincere thanks and best wishes. Wilbur Wright, 18 December, '08."

Charm and taste and simplicity characterize the home of the Bollées and all about the walls of the study in which Leon Bollée and the Wrights pondered over their aeroplane problems are pictures and drawings of Bollée inventions, with many medals and testimonials awarded him by the French government, and by technical and scientific organizations from many prts of the world.

Among the interesting pictures that Madame Bollée allowed me to take is that of the artistic mausoleum, erected over the grave of her distinguished husband who is buried in the little French cemetery of his native city of Le Mans.

Seated in the garden of the Bollée home one afternoon, madame told of further honors that were to be accorded to the French inventor, when a magnificent monument will be erected in his honor, and within the coming year, another will be dedicated to his friends and co-workers, the Wrights,—American inventors of the aeroplane.

The last of the troops in the American Embarkation Center have departed and adieus have been said to the Bollées, friends and aids

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—High money rates and an unprecedented smash in foreign exchange resulted in heavy liquidation on the Stock Exchange last week. Rumors that the Federal Reserve Bank would advance its discount rates still further also had its effect. Liquidation was general and securities of all kinds were thrown on the market regardless of intrinsic value. Some stocks made new low records and, while there were rallys from time to time, the bears seemed to have everything their own way and had no trouble in getting their stocks back, although there was a fair recovery at the close of the week. The decline had been so drastic and so far reaching that stocks had got to a point where even the most pessimistic trader did not care to press his sales.

Demand for call money was light, but this was attributable to the action of the banks in fixing a very high rate for funds. The liquidation in stocks presumably prevented demand from developing itself, as it otherwise would, but it is also true that many who would have supported the market had they been able to get reasonable assurance of loans at moderate rates have become discouraged and now view the present charge for money as semi-permanent, so that they are unwilling to enter into any commitments that would possibly subject them to the payment of prevailing charges. With call money well above 10 per cent all week, there was very little encouragement to borrowers to go into the market as borrowers.

The detailed foreign trade figures were made public and, although encouraging as showing a power to export from Europe to the United States, which appears to be steadily increasing, were discouraging in their indication of very large shipments of goods to countries which are in no position to pay and which must be expected to continue therefore as debtors for a long while to come.

The alleged fact that various groups in the Senate had become weary of juggling with the Peace Treaty aroused a little enthusiasm; it being felt that the exchange situation is far beyond the power of psychological influences to bring it back to a normal condition. Much the same is true of the apparently favorable outlook on the railroad question, yet it is admitted that good news on all of the pending questions, if practically simultaneously announced, would greatly help the situation.

The extreme low level reached by many classes of shares gave them a bargain aspect. Selling in the market was confined to the shorts and the holders of long speculative accounts—investors not being in the mood to let go. The enormous liquidation has clarified the situation wonderfully and the technical situation has been so improved that it should not be difficult to bring about an upward movement in prices at any time.

Cotton—Prices were generally on the down grade the past week with some recovery at the close of the week, but the undertone was weak, probably due more to the pronounced weakness in the stock market rather than to the cotton news in general.

One of the prime factors, however, was the further decline in sterling exchange, which continues to work to new low ground with apparently no relief in sight.

The tremendous trade balance in favor of the United States, as well as the needs of Europe which must be satisfied, indicate that offerings of foreign bills in our market will remain abnormally heavy for a long time to come, while the possibility of European countries sending us manufactured products in sufficient volume to check exchange decline is based entirely on the rate of recovery in European industry, which in turn is largely based on exports of raw materials from the United States. Among the exports needed from this country is cotton; in fact, there are a few commodities which are more needed than raw cotton.

As the cotton mills of England, France, Italy, Germany and Austria are forced to depend upon American cotton for the most part of their supplies and have a four year accumulation of demand on hand to meet; therefore, it seems a foregone conclusion that Europe must buy our cotton be the price what it may, and the Southern farmer is reflecting the general concoction of this fact by his stubborn holding movement. Having set a price around 40 cents as a minimum at which he will sell his crop, he is determined to obtain the price and is obviously in a position to control the market. Therefore, it is not likely that declines, such as was witnessed last week, will bring in much cotton from the South.

Spots have been held above the futures consistently for a long time and the heavy exports from the Southern ports bear out the contentions of primary owners of the actual that their price will be paid.

Exports have been extremely heavy and, in fact, shipments from the United States have almost reached the four million bale mark. We do not think that cotton will be among the exports to show much decrease, as English mills are doing an enormous business and selling goods at prices two to three times higher than the prices for spot cotton, and big dividends will encourage them to continue buying the staples. Therefore, advantage should be taken of all declines to buy the distant futures for ultimately higher prices.

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I'm sure of it." "But I can't see anything attractive about her." "Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank all right."

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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Pioneer Aeroplane Effort in France

(Continued from Page 13)

to our countrymen who lived and labored in this field twelve years ago; after-war peace and quiet has settled over Le Mans.

A connecting link remains in the nine hundred little white crosses above the graves of those fine American youths who paid the supreme sacrifice, and mark their last resting place in the Grand Cemetery of Le Mans. The Stars and Stripes float over the well kept plot with evergreen hedges between the rows of graves and around the outside of the section where these American heroes are interred. This last scene depicts the closing chapter of our sad contribution to the struggle for the world's democracy. An earlier one, in which the Wrights figured, resulted in the further progress, manufacture and perfection of aeroplane invention, that culminated in the trans-Atlantic flight of the interpid Captain Reade and his crew, followed by coast to coast flights in America, and daring, successful international flights abroad.

The thousands of Americans who lived in the great military center of France have learned intimately of the part the Wrights and Bollée had in aeronautical successes. From this fact they will now have a keener interest there, when enduring, commemorative monuments are dedicated to honor the men whose initial efforts in aeroplane construction, gave to the world an invention which mechanical geniuses had for centuries endeavored to achieve.

Madame Bollée has expressed her sincere hope that, at the forthcoming dedication, Orville Wright and sister Catherine might be witnesses of the ceremony that will show French appreciation of the noted Americans who lived, labored and scored success in co-operation with her gifted husband.

Sympathy With Youth

Whenever men or women find themselves losing their sympathy with youthful hearts and pursuits, they may be sure that something is wrong with them; for it is not in the nature of the soul to grow old. It may grow in height, and depth, and breadth, and power, but the passage of years can bring it no decay. Consequently, all those who feel themselves dissonances in the song which the young life around them is singing, are allowing their bodies to do their souls damage. I believe that every healthy old saint in Christendom finds his heart going out more and more towards the young. As his evening sun descends, and heaven grows glorious while the shadows gather around him that which is essentially heavenly—young men and maidens, and the bright forms and innocent faces of children. Prepared for heaven, it is only in such society and that which sympathizes with it, that he finds his heart at home. I believe that social life, in all its healthful manifestations, is that which combines all ages—which brings youth and middle age together with old age and childhood. Every age needs the influence of every other age to keep it healthful. There is no such thing as age with those who, in a few years at most, will be as the angels in heaven. As we shall be, and as we shall associate, there, so should we be, and so should we associate here; and let this truth never fail to be remembered: that unless the aged sympathize with the young, they will get no sympathy, save in the form of pity, from the young. God does not send young sympathies in that direction. He always holds us back with them, while our bodies go on to decay and death, and we forget, in immortal youth, that we were ever old.—Timothy Titcomb.

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Aphorisms of Nietzshe

Art is the great stimulus to life.

No, life has not deceived me. I find it on the contrary year by year more rich, more desirable, and more mysterious—ever since the day there came to me the great liberator, the thought that life might be an experiment for the seeker after knowledge; not a duty, not a fatality, not a sham and a fraud. "Life as a means to knowledge"—with this principle in one's heart, one can not only live bravely, but with joy and laughter.

Courage said, "Was that life? Up! Once more!"

Every great philosophy is finally a confession, an involuntary memoir.

A philosopher is a man who constantly tries, sees, suspects, hopes, dreams of extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as if they came from without.

For the thinker, success and failure are only responses.

I praise all kinds of scepticism which permit me to reply: "Let us test it."

Brave, unconcerned, scornful, violent—thus wisdom would have us be; she is a woman and ever loveth the warrior only.

To vulgar natures all noble and generous sentiments appear extravagant, fanciful, absurd, unreasonable.

As long as genius dwells within us we are bold, nay, reckless of life, health, and honour.

Write with blood, and then thou wilt learn that blood is spirit.

Let your work be a fight, your peace a victory.

Myself I sacrifice unto my love—and my neighbour as myself.

He who is not a bird shall not dwell over abysses.

By one's own pain one's own knowledge increaseth.

One must have chaos within to enable one to give birth to a dancing star.

Only where there are graves are there resurrections.

A group of housewives were having tea together at a restaurant and talking over the events of the day. The question under discussion was who had done most to win the war. Some said Pershing, others Beatty, others Foch. At last one woman cried:—

"I don't know who's done most to win the war, but I know who's been most talked about."

"Who's that?"

"Why, this 'ere Alice Lorraine that the French and Germans came to blows over."

Professor Cube Root's class of geographical geniuses was receiving instruction. They were first taught that a circle was a thing like this—O. They then learned that a straight line was one without wobbles in it. "Now, boys," said Professor Root, "can any of you describe to me what a half-circle is like? I'll give a penny to the boy who gives the best reply." Up shot half a dozen grasping hands. "Well, Teddy," said Professor Root, "let's hear your definition of a half-circle first." "Please, sir," answered Teddy, "it's a straight line caught bending!"

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

JAMISON STEEL CO.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated Jan. 28, 1920.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California, City and County of Santa Barbara

On the 28th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me James D. Crawford, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of Santa Barbara, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

JAMES D. CRAWFORD,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of Santa Barbara, State of California.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING THE CONVEYANCE OF LAND

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of KATHARINE K. FORBES, Deceased. No. 28518, Dept. 10.

On reading and filing of petition of STANLY FORBES and CLEAVELAND FORBES, Executors of the Will of KATHARINE K. FORBES, deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing them as Executors of the above entitled Estate, to complete the agreement of their decedent by executing to SAMUEL HAMBURGER a deed of that certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

"Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Larkin Street, distant thereon 92 feet 11 inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Bush Street, running thence Southerly along said line of Larkin Street 44 feet 7 inches; thence at right angles Easterly, 84 feet 6 inches; thence at right angles Northerly, 44 feet 7 inches, and thence at right angles Westerly 84 feet 6 inches to the Easterly line of Larkin Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vera Block No. 308."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, March 1st, 1920, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing of said petition when and where any persons interested in the said Estate may appear and make objections to the granting of this petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this hearing be published in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, at least once a week for four successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated, January 28th, 1920.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

DE LAVEAGA & MAGEE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Mills Building, San Francisco 1-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of KATHARINE K. FORBES, Deceased. No. 28518, Dept. 10.

Upon reading the petition of STANLY FORBES and CLEAVELAND FORBES, executors of the Last Will and Testament of KATHARINE K. FORBES, deceased, for an order to lease certain real property, a two-fifths (2-5) interest of which belongs to said Estate, it is

ORDERED that notice be given that all persons interested in said Estate appear before this Court on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1920, at 10 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why that certain real property situated on the Easterly line of Stanyan Street One hundred (100) feet, Southerly from the Intersection of the Southerly line of Waller Street, on the Easterly line of Stanyan Street and with a frontage of Twenty-five (25) feet on Stanyan Street and with a uniform depth of One Hundred and Thirty-one (131) feet and three (3) inches; being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 697½ in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, should not be leased for the period of ten (10) years at a rental for all of said property for Thirty-five ($35.00) Dollars per month for the first five (5) years and Forty-five ($45.00) Dollars per month for the second period of five (5) years, payable monthly in advance; said notice shall refer to said petition for further particulars.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that said notice shall be published for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, January 28th, 1920.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

DE LAVEAGA & MAGEE,
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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Wilson Takes the Reins

By his bold stroke in dismissing Secretary Lansing has President Wilson emerged from his enforced retirement of many weeks with a manifestation of energy typical of his career.

The unprecedented exchange of letters between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lansing was preceded by the remarkable statement made by a specialist who was called into consultation during his illness, in which the declaration was flatly made that Mr. Wilson was suffering from a clot on the brain. As to the ethics of such an admission, nothing is to be said: it is probable, however, that the specialist's confidence was abused by a reporter. Following this came the significant statement on Lincoln's birthday that there would be no more cabinet meetings until the president called one at which he would preside. As ultimate developments showed, Mr. Lansing's resignation had by that time been proffered.

In uttering his conception that organic law makes the cabinet meetings held during his illness a usurpation of authority, the president has taken the whiphand with a flourish. He has spoken amazingly, knowing to the full the political use that his opponents would make of his admission that he was so incapacitated for four months as to be ignorant of the meetings of his advisors.

It is not to be conceived, however, that that admission invalidates the work of those months, or such developments as the letter in which the president, over his signature, warned the miners of the attitude he and his administration would take of any strike they might call—an attitude made clear by the Indianapolis injunction.

There has been no secret about the differences of opinion that have existed in the cabinet for a long time past. Mr. Lansing has not been a solitary figure of dissension, though of him more than of any other have rumors of impending resignation been rife. The secretary of state has clung to an ignominious position and has come to an ignominious end. His status during the peace negotiations was that of an office boy: while self-respect seemed to call for his retirement then, however, it must not be forgotten that it required courage for him to retain his portfolio in the belief that by doing so he was serving his superior and his country, even when the president's door was closed to him. Events have shown, however, that it would have been a greater loyalty for him to retire. That, at least, would have spared the country one spectacle of the president and the ranking member of his cabinet retiring into adjoining rooms, as it were, to write letters to each other.

The testimony of William C. Bullitt on Russian affairs, before the senatorial inquirers, gave Mr. Lansing more occasion than was needed for handing in his resignation. That testimony, indeed, revealing him as believing—and saying—that the American people would not sanction the League of Nations covenant if they understood it, is known to have done more than any other single factor in hastening the president's breakdown. In view of that, it is little surprising that acrimony has tinged the final correspondence between president and secretary, by which Mr. Lansing has been as effectually knocked into a cocked hat as was his predecessor, William Jennings Bryan.

The dismissal of Mr. Lansing leaves the remaining old members of the cabinet chastened, even those recognized as forming the dominant element within it. Franklin K. Lane, who will return to private life March 1st, was freer to offer to share the onus of the cabinet meetings with Mr. Lansing: by that stand he wins commendation, for such a spirit is rare. But his former colleagues find themselves in a more difficult position. The president's attitude is a warning to them that he will brook no encroachment on his leadership.

Woodrow Wilson has again girded up his loins for battle.

* * *

The National Issue That is a Local Issue

The political fuss and furor aroused by the Shipping Board's proposal to sell the thirty seized German liners has cast the smoke of partisanship over an issue which should be scrutinized only in the cold light of the nation's commercial interests. In those interests San Francisco has an eminent share. The issue has been seized upon by those who would discredit the administration and there has been hysteria in the press, reflected in resolutions in state legislatures and in congress. In so far as opinions on the plan come from men of standing in the nation's industrial councils, they are worthy of consideration: unfortunately they have been mingled with the servile opinions of notoriety seekers of whom one never heard before nor will again.

The situation comes down to this:

The Shipping Board, presumably sure of its authority, decides to sell the thirty ships, stipulating that they remain under the American flag and be sailed in the routes indicated by the Board.

Bids are advertised for and the International Mercantile Marine prepares to offer $28,000,000 at auction.

The value of the vessels is placed as high as $300,000,000 in loose talk; one expert says their pre-war value was $154,000,000 and another puts their present value at $275,000,000. At $200 a ton, their reproduction value would seem to be $78,000,000. It is estimated, however, that to recondition them for passenger service would cost $57,000,000.

The sale arouses opposition from advocates of public ownership. The government, happily, is not committed to such a policy. Experience has shown that dry passenger liners, operated by a dry government, cannot compete with wet foreign ships. This, indeed, is a crucial factor.

The advisability of selling or holding must be judged by the standards of the market place. There is a keen demand for ships: it is possible, however, that it will not be so strong within a matter of months. Deliveries have been heavy, in total tonnage, and official estimates place the total tonnage on the ways now aat 7,861,363 for the entire world, America's proportion being 2,966,515, almost as large as the total of the United Kingdom. Incidentally, however, America's total number of hulls is 647, to 757 for England: this means that America is building larger vessels than England, which in itself is a sign of supremacy.

The Shipping Board, coincidentally with its preparations for the sale of the German ships, has made a shrewd bargain for the cancellation of contracts for 58 vessels at Hog Island, and has bought the site of the yard for $1,700,000. This puts the Board in a position to sell the plant to private interests or to the city of Philadelphia. On the day the arrangement was announced, Hog Island launched its eighty-sixth hull.

All of this indicates that the government has at last come to something like a definite

policy, and that that policy is against government ownership.

The time has come for final consideration of the entire difficult problem. The situation is one that first and last will call for all the skill of which the administration is capable.

* * *

The Bay's Offer to the Navy

The declaration of Secretary of the Navy Daniels, that the establishment of a naval base in California is the most pressing need of the navy, may be taken as another tribute to the important place occupied in the nation's affairs by our harbor and its contiguous territory.

That there should be any other site ultimately considered than those in the bay region seems beyond possibility to those who are familiar with the California coast line and its harbors.

Mr. Daniels' words are a new assurance, irrespective of the controversy over the suitability of various sites for the base in San Francisco and its sister cities.

The secretary made his declaration when tentatively accepting a deed for a site for the base in Alameda, the mayor of Alameda, representatives of Oakland, and members of the Helm board being present.

The acceptance was made conditional, among other things, on the action of Congress in appropriating funds for the necessary construction. With the realization of the navy's need so definitely stated by the secretary, however, there remains no doubt that Mr. Daniels' department will do its utmost to secure the appropriation, even in a time of restriction of government funds.

It is to be hoped that San Francisco's influence will be brought to bear upon Congress to rescue the base project from any danger it may face from a mistaken policy of niggardliness.

* * *

Regulating the Sale of Firearms

The function of the police is less to correct crime than to prevent it. In no manner can a large proportion of crimes be prevented more effectually than through the strict regulation of the sale of firearms.

The recent introduction before the supervisors of an ordinance providing for such regulation is a move to which no legitimate objection can be raised.

The absence of such rules, or laxness in their enforcement, is responsible to no small degree for the astoundingly high murder rate of America. This country has an undesired leadership in the ratio of its criminal killings. When the single city of Chicago, for instance, has more murder cases than an entire European country, it is not out of place for Americans to inquire into the causes of the situation.

When this was a country of frontiersmen, or later when the frotier traditions and virtues were live things and not merely a mine for cheap scenario writers, then each individual was used to the handling of firearms and in that habitude there was safety. But that day is past. Not many years ago one heard expressed the belief that America was invincible in war because every American had had first hand experience in the use of weapons. It was not because of that reason, however, that American troops acquitted themselves well in the great war. And where there is need for the use of arms, then we can trust that the proper training in their use will be administered in a competent manner.

Meanwhile, to leave the pistol and the automatic at the disposal of any uncontrolled individual who may fancy to step into a gun store or a pawn shop, is to leave our control of an important social condition upon a mediaeval plane. The future will look upon such carelessness with the pity and censure with which we today contemplate the disregard of common sense hygienic precautions in the communities of past ages.

* * *

California's Service to Woman

The final gathering of the National American Suffrage Association in Chicago, at which the virtual victory of the ballot for the women of the nation after a struggle of more than half a century, was in especial an occasion for rejoicing among Californians.

The part that this state has played in the long fight has been a worthy one, and there is no voice raised today to regret it. The opposition of a few years ago, the opposition that was so bitter in the great contest of 1896, has gone the way of all human prejudices.

California has been a pivotal state in the suffrage fight. The national campaigns have placed responsibilities upon this state which it has met never less than adequately and often nobly. When the history of suffrage is finally written, the tribute that must be paid to the women of California should be written in letters of gold.

Frozen New York Blazing With Mirth

February 8, 1920.

Sleet and Panic

I have just come in from out of the teeth of a blizzard which holds New York in its icy grip. After three days of continuous snow and sleet, accompanied by a cyclonic wind, the highways are highly polished iceways on which patient New Yorkers skid and fall. With the results, that any stray hospital beds, not occupied by flu and pneumonia patients are hourly being filled by folks with broken bones and heads. The famous Rialto electric awning, heavily ice-laden, fell yesterday morning, injuring several pedestrians. Eight minutes later, the electric awning before "The Playhouse," just around the corner, crashed down with fatal results. Imagine a wind that broke two enormous show windows on Broadway and 36th streets; officially, the storm is the worst since February, 1902, and the most disastrous since the blizzard of 1888. Streets are impassable,—stalled automobiles, hub deep, and abandoned, everywhere. No surface cars can run, tracks being hidden by a heavy coating of ice. And no progress at digging the city out of the drifts, mountains of snow blocking every street. New York seems to have gone strike-mad. Only about 5,000 shovelers answered the call for 20,000. This is largely the result of labor agitators, who called off three separate squads of men, demanding $1.00 per hour instead of the 50 cents paid by the city. Transportation was so badly crippled throughout the city last night, and business so nearly prostrated, that Mayor Hylan appealed to all vehicular transportation to put their forces at the command of the municipality for 72 hours, in order to clear the streets.

And Palm Beach only two days away! We think longingly of seven league boots to transport us from the cold grey pavements of the Isle of Manhattan and dip into the gold of hot southern sun! But it takes more than seven league boots to get to Palm Beach. After a survey of the shops on the avenue, and their wonderful windows frankly reveling in beach and summer togs, it would—yes, it would take, beside seven league boots, about eleven trunks packed tight with these Palm Beach togs.

For three days we have had panic on Wall Street. The storm goes on down there too, but is forgotten in the excitement of dropping of stocks. In the early afternoon of yesterday, I stood on the corner of Exchange Place and Broad street. Just half a block below was the surging, screaming, picturesque "Curb Market" —out storming the storm with its dull roar of hoarse human voices. Panic had seized the street. Men's ashen faces told the tale as they hurried by, or stood in groups.

* * *

Amusement and Dissipation

But New York—many sided New York—still wears its Joseph's coat. In the evening the theatres are gay,—storm or no storm, panic or no panic finds them crowded to the door, all of them, any of them. Most desirable seats must be procured at a brokers at inflated prices. And after—the midnight frolic, or the new midnight whirl on the Century Roof—for those who just can't go home. Strangers mostly these, who can't get enough of it, with a sprinkling of the regulars. To most of us, the theatres of New York are one of its greatest lures. I was listening the other day to a famous manager discuss New York as THE centre of the theatrical world, tradition having heretofore habitually marked London for that honor. And London having set its seal of approval upon an actress, or an actor, New York received them as correct. He held that now the pendulum has swung; and from being the backdoor of the theatrical world, New York has become the producing theatrical center of the universe, London now offering enormous sums for certain New York triumphs to be produced over there—and being in many cases refused.

As for the shows themselves, the judgment of New York itself—theatre trained,—for once agrees with the procession of visiting profiteers who nightly crowd the houses, that among the best and foremost is Abraham Lincoln, which holds its audience in a quiet enthusiasm. Beautifully staged, without a jarring note, its success is unquestionably due to the great interpretation of the venerated Lincoln—by Frank McGlynn. All New York has taken off its hat to him, and we Californians sitting there and listening to the deafening applause—feel a fierce pride in our faraway California—and in McGlynn, its worthy product. "The Jest," featuring those two excellent actors John and Lionel Barrymore, still crowds its houses after months at the Plymouth. John Barrymore, who in this play, does the cleverest piece of acting seen here in many years, has been seriously ill with influenza, but returned on Monday last.

During his absence, his place was taken by Gilda Caresi, it being impossible to find another actor to fill this remarkable part—which has been played by women both in Italy and in France.

And now we are dividing our attention between two rival Grand Opera Companies. The securely established Metropolitan and the Chicago Opera Company at the Lexington. The opening night last week brought out all society, in its most glittering frocks—a gala night.

On last Tuesday night, February 3rd, Rosa Raiso set all the town atalking, with her remarkable rendition of Norma in Bellini's masterpiece. Her audience, wild with enthusiasm called her countless times before the curtain. This revival of Norma was planned for the opening at the Lexington, but postponed because Miss Raiso's illness. Except for a few obscure performances during the past 28 years in theatres of the eastside by Italian companies, no performance of Norma has occurred in the Metropolitan Opera House in the past. New York seems music mad. Last Sunday I went with Miss Lillian Russell and her husband Alexander P. Moore to the first of a series of Sunday night concerts at the New York Hippodrome. From Miss Russell's procemium box one faced on the left a crowded house from gallery to orchestra, while upon the stage were Gino Marinuzzi, conductor, and the Chicago Opera orchestra. This young conductor was chosen and recommended by the late Campanini as his successor. Titto Ruffo and Miss Yvonne Gall were the soloists, both receiving ovations.

And now to step over to the New Amsterdam where here "below stairs" as the English say, "Monsieure Beaucaire" is presented to delightful and delighted, gay and fashionable audiences by a live English company. While the music of "Beaucaire" charms the audience below, gay crowds arriving for the midnight frolic, go by special elevator to the roof to behold what Ziegfeld, wizard and creator of follies and frolics, has in store for them. Here gather about the tables a happy lot of pleasure seekers, and though wine, and other necessary cups of the past can no longer be served, folks pay amazing sums for the innocent drinks of childhood. And the while they toy with the unaccustomed drab fluid, remarks like this float to your ears: "And do you remember when they used to put the big crock of 200 proof eggnog on the bar—at Christmas time?" And another sadder voice answers: "Yes, and do you recall how Jimmy the proprietor, insisted on your taking home a quart of the best Scotch,—but you wouldn't do it, because it was too bulky to carry in your overcoat pocket,—and besides you weren't going right!" And barring an older man's groan at this,—merriment is at its height and nary a grumble comes for the high cost of living, while gazing upon the amazing attractions offered atop New Amsterdam Theatre where Mr. Ziegfeld has proved himself to be Chief Justice of the Court of Pretty Girls.

The complacency with which folks sit here and pay extravagantly and yet feel they get their money's worth, reminds me of an article by Percy Hammond, in the "Chicago Tribune," when Ziegfeld's "Follies" played Chicago on New Year's Eve, which really explains New York's attitude toward extravagance:

"Shall Mr. Ziegfeld be indicted for avarice, charging, as he does $10.00 an orchestra chair for his 'Follies' on New Year's Eve, the government keeping pace with him by adding its extra four bits? By no means, since Mr. Ziegfeld is the whitest of the so-called profiteers, rending a commodity as inessential as a coat of sables, or a cone of ice cream. He is as useless as a silk shirt, a symphony,— a third automobile, or a cuff on your trousers. Necessity is not included among the myriad virtues of 'The Follies' and Mr. Ziegfeld, a patriot, seeks, no doubt, to make extravagance an impossibility by definitely detaining on the outside, many of those who could spend $5.00 to see his show, but who are estopped by the tariff of $10.00. The 'Follies' is the Locomobile, the compartment in the Broadway Limited, the underground Bourbon, the Palm Beach, the Champagne and Terrapin, the pearl necklace—of the theatre, and life can be lived without it. That perhaps is the reason that General Palmer, in his impassioned, though profound crusade against the high cost of living does not seek to reduce it by cutting out the high cost of the tax on theatre tickets."

* * *

Society in Gotham

Among society events here there is one that will greatly interest San Franciscans—the recently announced engagement of Miss Helen M. Keeney, daughter of Mrs. James Ward Keeney, of San Francisco, who has made her home at the Plaza Hotel here for some time,—to Dr. George Bolling Lee of New York, son of the late General Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia. To say that it came as a surprise is putting it mildly. Dr. Lee was graduated from Columbia University about 1896 and was always a great favorite in the set presided over by Mrs. Tessie Oelrichs, and believed by that older set to be a confirmed bachelor. New York is still talking it over,—still surprised, and stands exclaiming, "Bolling Lee engaged! Well! Well!!"

It is interesting to note that at the dinner dance last week Mrs. Joheph Pulitzer, for her young son Herman, that Muriel Vanderbilt and Katherine Mackey were both there—the former in vivid orange tulle, and Miss Mackey in a fluffy white frock, with a hugh crimson fan, looked more like her mother than ever. Miss Vanderbilt is the granddaughter of James G. Fair, and Miss Mackey the granddaughter of John W. Mackey.

* * *

Charity Ball

On the third the annual Charity Ball took place in the Waldorf Astoria. The time honored grand march was led by the president of the Charity Ball Association, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander (Hattie Crocker), escorted by Lieut.-Gov. Harry C. Walker. This, New York's most notable social functions, through many seasons, had its origin in a strange pathetic little incident. In 1857, a little child was left alone all day in a New York tenement house. Striving to get a better look at the bright outdoors, she leaned too far out of a window, and was saved from a fall into the street below, by her stout little frock, which caught and held on a projection. At this propitious moment, Mrs. Cornelius Du Bois, a young society matron of that day, was driving through this street. She saw the dangling child, and rushing up the stairs, rescued the little one. Inquiry proved that the child had been locked in all day, while both parents were obliged to be out at work. Mrs. Du Bois investigated conditions of working mothers, finding many similarly situated she organized "The New York Nursery for the Children of Working Women." This famous institution later developed into "The New York Nursery and Child's Hospital" which has always been the beneficiary of the Charity Ball.

To obtain funds for the upkeep Mrs. Du Bois and a number of her friends organized the ball, which was held in 1857, in the Academy of Music, on Fourteenth street. And newspapers described the decorations as being very sumptuous, two bands played—hoop skirts were in vogue, etc., and the sum raised, $7,200, was astonishing in those days. Since that ball there have only been two breaks in the long succession of Charity Balls. The first,—during the three dark years of the Civil War, the second in 1918, during the world's war. In 1866 the New York Herald reported: "The ladies wore Tarleton, satin, and moire antique. Some appeared in walking suits, and sat in the dress circle seats. Others had donned the most decollete robes. At midnight the dancers were almost riotous in their evolutions. Irving place was very brilliant on this occasion, especially so because of a large calcium which flooded the street with light." Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan was president of the ball for forty years. In 1859 she led the grand march with Cornelius Vanderbilt, then a young man.

The late Mrs. Lispenard Stewart helped organize the balls of the sixties. Her daughter, Mrs. Frank S. Witherbu is now treasurer. While the new sharply jostles the old order of things, this one old institution holds firm to old ways. Few of the time honored customs that have given distinction to New York's oldest charity benefit, were altered on this February 3rd. The grand march and the use of the dance cards are two of the principle features retained today, as they were, when Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, danced in the old quadrilles and lancers, in the old Academy of Music. This year's ball was a tremendous success. The Charity Ball is always an early one; guests assembled in the Myrtle room to form the grand march at ten o'clock.

As Mrs. Alexander and Lieut.-Gov. Walker entered at its head, the word "Charity" and the years "1857-1920" blazed out electrically over the great dais in the ballroom, which merry dancers did not leave till dawn.

—Josephine Huff.

(JUST PUBLISHED)

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What Will Happen to Russia?

By Helen M. Bonnet

I have never talked with anyone about Russia to whom the country did not seem an enigma. Russian literature and Russian music stimulated the imagination about the people, the war widened our vision of the living conditions there and the personal contact of our American troops with some of the Siberian inhabitants somewhat increased our acquaintance with the population. Such information as filters to us through the press, pictures the changing governments in a chaotic state and the people at the boiling point of uncertainty under the misguidance of the reigning professional politicians. Russia remains yet a sphinx—of priceless marble, studded with precious stones, decorated with exquisite flowers; but over the huge stone body millions of discontented people struggle and fight and kill one another, frightening away the foreign invader whose suggestions might bring prosperity, unity. Unity—the last thing which seems possible for Russia. If the Russian at home finds it hard these troublous times to obtain information of his friends but a few miles away, it is not surprising that the Russian in a foreign land is kept in perpetual suspense and doubt regarding the fate of his relatives and interests there.

A young Russian cavalry officer who is at present in San Francisco, when appealed to regarding his belief in the authenticity of the report of Admiral Kolchak's murder, professed a conviction that anything possible is probable in Russia these days.

* * *

Unauthenticity of News

He did not seem at all sure that newspaper reports about conditions there should be received as infallible; as from his own experience he had personal knowledge of the frequent impossibility of obtaining news of events which immediately afterwards was given out as having been obtained. In one instance he had acted as interpretor for Kolchak to an American correspondent who had afterwards deliberately garbled the subject matter to suit the attitude of his own publication.

When the Russian is educated, his mental attainments are of very high order and this young officer is no exception. The descendant of an old family, he was born in Moscow and reared in Orenburg, a city of 250,000 inhabitants. When people relate to him the tales of returned soldiers regarding what they saw in Siberia, he is at pains to explain that Siberia is but a part of Russia, a spectacular part at that, even in normal times different from the rest of the country; and since the war "the dumping ground" for adventurers and speculators. 60 per cent of its present city inhabitants are refugees. All sorts of adventurers find there a haven. "Vladivostock," he said, "is the back door of Russia,—the only portal to the rest of the world and its conditions are not typical of Russia even in these days of revolutionary upheaval. For returned travellers to come here after having made the trans-Siberian trip to the Ural mountains (which even Russian tourists take as a novelty, an adventure)—for these travellers to describe this as typically Russian is as absurd as for a foreigner to consider the Alaskans as described by Jack London to be typically American; or for one who had journeyed from San Diego to Galveston to describe that territory traversed as characteristically American." Besides, this young man states that what is to be seen close to the thread of railroad in Siberia—is quite different from what is to be found in the interior. 80 per cent of the Siberian males, he told me, are trappers and gold miners. They are peasants who till the fields and mine in summer. When the harvesting is done, they take their rifles and hunt for game.

* * *

Its Climate

Another thing that my Russian informant deplored is the impression that Russia is "a big ice-box." He grew eloquent over the fertile soil of his vast country, the richness of its varied products. Did I know that citrus fruits grow in Caucasus, Turkestan, in abundance and that apples and peaches are raised in quantities for exportation? He said that the agricultural department of the U. S. is thoroughly familiar with the adaptability of the luscious Russian apple to our soil. 85 per cent of the cotton used in Russia is raised there. Before the war 123,000,000 pounds of rice were raised and the tea crop of state plantations in Caucasus was so prodigious that the standing army of 1 million men were supplied with it. 3 millions acres were given over to silk cultivation. Roses bloom in April in Turkestan and cherries are ripe in May. There are violets at Christmas in Crimea and in June melons, peaches, etc., are on the market. Grapes grow abundantly in many parts of the country; and Crimea, where the snow fall is very light, is famous for a grape so delicate that the territory to which it is indigenous is famous all over Europe as a health resort for invalids afflicted with cataarh of the stomach and liver and intestinal diseases. In the fall of the year, this district is the Mecca for the invalids who seek the curative juice of this medicinal grape, so delicate that its properties are lost in transportation. The Kahetin grape (of the Caucasus) is famous as the strongest wine grape raised, which yields 42 per cent wine without distillation, the average per cent of other wine grapes being but 12. The young Russian wrote for me "Kakhetin wine, 42 per cent kick" and then laughingly advised me not to print it because just now our dry country might become envious. Of course I wanted to know about vodka which is the purest alcoholic drink in existence. Shades of near-drinks!—he gave the alcoholic per cent as 42! It is made from grain or potatoes, is separated from all fusil oils and coloring matter which gives whisky its bouquet, but which vodka drinkers regard as impurity. The liquor is clearer than water and attains its clearness through hundreds of filtrations through charcoal and sand. It can be manufactured from any products rich in hydrocarbons and starch. I forgot to ask the young man if he considers this drink to be the curse of Russia as the rest of the world have long believed.

* * *

Russian Forests and Minerals

He dwelt upon the vast, virgin forests of Russia and said that of the 3,150,000 acres of forests but 25 per cent has been explored. He told me that if American industry depended entirely on American grown timber—the industry would die. 94 per cent of the world's platinum comes from Russia, 7 per cent of its gold (the other countries producing more being relatively U. S., Australasia, Africa); iron, copper, manganese and coal are mined extensively.

Before the war, flax, silk, seeds, leather and metal were exported in the raw (mainly to Germany) and returned as manufactured products. Now that trade with Germany has been destroyed, the opportunities for importation from other countries are great. Newspaper offices receive in their foreign press matter, a great deal of data along these lines and it is plain to be seen that Europe is keenly alive to these trade exchange opportunities. It is to be hoped that America is laying its wires wisely and industriously for its share in Russian commerce.

There should be a wide field for Russian manufacturing industry, but the young officer says that the great impediments are meagre transportation facilities. Owing to the tremendous internal distances 1000 miles of rail-road would not give the opportunity to domestic trade that one or two in Germany or some other thickly populated country would afford. Besides, under imperial conduct, conditions were unprofitable; but when the government reaches some sane basis, there will undoubtedly be a brilliant future for manufacture.

In this country of tremendous area, the climate in some places is very severe. For instance, along the Moorman Coast in a latitude of 66 degrees, there is a nine months' polar winter where the sun is never above the horizon for several consecutive days and severe climatic conditions prevail at Archangel, latitude 62 degrees.

* * *

Variable Characteristics

Where the extremes in climate are prevelent it is but to be expected that there people are variable. In Russia in 1914 the population (including Poland and Finland) was over 180,000,000 souls. 9 of these millions were in Siberia, 5 in Turkestan (25 in Asiatic Russia in all).

Is it any wonder that among this vast conglomeration of people where the line of demarkation is deeply drawn between two classes, the high and the low, where there is even a great gap of enormous difference between them, where the numerical balance is greatly upon the side of the poverty stricken, ignorant peasant and laborer, is it any wonder that revolution should be so ferocious? The young officer related that the discontent which thrived during the imperialistic dynasty, sprung into fury during the war,—that the reason for the revolution was the inefficiency of the czar's management in war time, when the treachery of the pro-German clique surrounding the monarch roused the people into revolution. At the czar's abdication, all through the army there was an expression of confidence that a new offensive, free from treasonable intrigue would be pursued. This officer expressed it as his belief that the great misfortune which precipitated the revolution was the abdication of Duke Michael, the czar's brother. This prince was popular and broad and would have made a good constitutional monarch. If he had seized the sceptre at the psychological moment of the czar's dethronement, he would have been able to save the country from mob rule and the sway of the demagogue Karensky.

Are Lenin and Trosky enemies, rivals or confederate bandits? I asked. Lenin the soviet president is supposed to have more power than

Trosky his war minister, but their relative powers are problematical, perhaps dependent upon the mob's temper. Surely they are rivals for the people's favor and both are dangerous and pander to the passion and rage of the populace. They are both terrorists who justify deeds of violence on the theory that for the wrath of the People there can be no punishment—even when often the People are represented by a group of three desperate men. Lenin, my informant believes as great a menace to the Russian people as Trosky, but the former is a dangerous fanatic though without desire for personal aggrandizement. Trosky, loud, vulgar, disgusting, the Marat of the revolution is keen for personal enrichment.

Had this officer personal knowledge of Bolshevik atrocities? Yes, he had seen three massacres of officers and wealthy citizens and also knew where the spiritual heads of the movement in Evpatoria had drowned 100 men in the sea, because, upon the corresponding date during the French Revolution, victims had met their deaths by being thrown into the Seine,—the poor Russian maniacs studied that bloody period of French history like a hand book for guidance.

He told of bands of sailors invading homes searching for weapons, papers and gold; of their taking jewelry but never giving it to the soviet government but boldly presenting it to their women associates. He believes the country unsafe for women while the Bolsheviki have sway. He described the evolution of the Bolshevik party. Originally there were two wings. One was the minimalists, the conservative wing which planned to reach the goal of "social democracy" by gradual reforms; the maximalists advocated armed revolt, severed their connection with social democracy and founded the "Communists." The Russian officer said that while politically he condemns their methods, their force, their bad instincts, yet he admits that their desires were born of profoundly humanitarian ideals.

"And you, who do not approve imperial rule nor revolutionary sway, what form of government do you advocate for Russia?" I asked. "I would be content with a constitutional monarchy, but I would not insist upon it. The leaders of the government should be men of education and liberal ideas, who would advocate an All Russian Government. I am opposed to autocracy of any faction,— the high classes or the mob, but if I had to choose would select the former. I am what is called a Ka-Det—a Konstitutional Democrat." Whatever form of government is finally crystallized in Russia, my informant believes will incorporate ownership of the land by the toilers. This idea is inborn with the Slav who can't be separated from his belief that the land is God's (like the air and water) and belongs to those who work upon it. "Whatever happens to my people," the young officer continued, "we have hope that their evolution will proceed along broad cultural lines and toward humanitarian ideals. Our real Russian literature and music is only about 100 years old—they bloomed after the Napoleonic wars. Our first great poet was Puskkin; our first great musician Glinka. Since then, the intellectual products which have sprung from peasant minds are the beacon of hope for the civilization of the future Russia. Nekrassoff and Koltzoff, the poets were peasants; Rapin the painter was one; Shaliapin, our magnificent basso, was a stevedore on the Volga, and Mussorgsky whose songs reveal the heart of the people, came from the peasantry; Pavlowa's mother was a peasant and I could continue a list of artists and writers whose genius was born in humble, sordid surroundings." The young man's fine eyes glowed with pride of his race and there was a patriotic fervor in his voice as he pronounced the words "Our hope is in our peasantry."

We spoke of American-Russian marriages. I told him a story which Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale related. One day when a Siberian transport docked here, a group of Russian peasant women landed as brides of young American soldiers. Just after one Red Cross American canteen worker had remarked to her co-workers that were she the mother of a soldier, her heart would bleed were he to bring home such a wife, an American woman stretched wide her motherly arms, embraced one of these ungainly peasants and exclaimed sincerely: "My daughter! I have three sons; but you, dear girl, are my first daughter and I am so happy to have you." It was a lesson in kindliness, of motherly loyalty to a son, of womanly hospitality to a pilgrim forsaking her own country for shelter in a stranger's. I was glad to hear the Russian officer say that he believed the woman's soldier son had done well to choose a peasant instead of a sophisticated girl of the cities. "Our peasants are adaptable,—they are easily molded to new ways. Their hearts are kind and their mental growth depends upon their environment. Their outward appearance can be improved by American clothes and manners,—the boys who chose them for wives have it in their hands to make them consorts of whom they can be proud."

We went on then to discuss woman's position in Russia. "One thing we shall never have is woman suffrage," he said, "for woman in Russia is not deprived of the rights which men have. Peter the Great was their first emancipator; he made it a law that men must bring their wives and daughters to formal gatherings to dance once a week." Before that, a woman above the peasant class was supposed to remain in seclusion in the "terem"—her own rooms—I suppose the "terem" was her "sphere." At present there are large numbers of women doctors in Russia, though they had to fight for admittance to the medical colleges. During the war all the wounded behind the lines were cared for by the women physicians, the men going in the front lines. Later when necessity demanded, the women went to the front lines too and as we know, women even fought as soldiers. Two women engineers built a bridge in the trans-Caspian desert and many others are civil engineers.

Maurice Baring, in a pre-war work, said that the Russians are the most wonderful people in the world. If they are all like this young Russian officer, I agree with him. I regret I can't expatiate here upon his personality. But, dear reader, as he talks, imagine a robust young "Ruske" with shiny blond hair, a strong contour, a gentle voice, polished straightforward manner, a mind stored with the best of everything in history, art, literature; personal experiences with distinguished people; and a most beautiful and unusual absence of desire to make comparisons. He was a lieutenant of cavalry until wounded; when he recovered he became a captain of engineers, serving for the whole duration of the war.

Notwithstanding the seriousness of our topic, his sense of humor bubbled through often and when describing events, American slang fitted in surprisingly apropos.

I described to him Prince Dolgoroki's visit to San Francisco and related that he had drunk champagne from a Chicago chorus girl's slipper at a public supper. "Ah!" said the officer, "that is really a Polish custom which obtains at weddings." But wasn't it extraordinary under the circumstances?" I asked. "I couldn't say. I would have to see the chorus girl," he laughed. And so, after all, it is good that after war and wounds, revolution and terrorism, a nice young Russian patriot can smile and say something gallant about a girl and her slipper. C'est la jeunesse, I suppose. I hope our own boys lost no opportunity to pay compliments in Siberia—and I guess they did not.

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Reducing the High Cost of Living

If we would reduce the high cost of living, the system of income or profit taxation must be arranged so that profits on the necessities of life will not be taxed more than once in passing from the producer to the consumer. For it is a true fact that the final purchaser is compelled to pay all the tax that has been levied upon the article of his purchase. Stimulate business and encourage the increase of production by changing the present income tax law so that it will not destroy the initiative.

Our slogan should be "Treat everybody alike in the way of income taxation whether they are large or small producers," so that increased production will be encouraged rather than retarded. By favoring the small producer, which the income tax law does in its present form, we are forcing our large producers to become small ones, thereby decreasing production and causing the high cost of living. We certainly require as many large producers as possible to comply with the demands of 100,000,000 people in supplying them with the necessities of life.

We should adhere to the maxim "What is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee."

The sliding scale feature in the present income tax law should be eliminated and a "one rate" tax law formulated to apply to all regardless of quantity produced or profits realized on same.

The Government would derive as much revenue if this "one rate for all" method was adopted as it does using the present form, on account of the increase in volume of business encouraged and stimulated by the relief afforded from the elimination of the retarding or "holding back" feature of the present law.

Supply and demand regulates the price; therefore, the increased production resulting from the relief obtained, mentioned above, would automatically reduce the cost of living and our country would be revived from a period of unrest and internal strife to an era of peace and contentment, which are the vital requirements essential for general prosperity.

Woman's "Sphere"

Mungo Park, the African explorer, related that while sick and suffering in the Great Desert, the negro women who mercifully ministered to his sore necessities, gave utterance to their sympathy in a rude song of which the burden ran thus:—

"Let us pity the poor white man:
He has no mother to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn."

The Blame is Eve's

This is no idle setting up of a bogaboo calculated to frighten the thousands upon thousands of women who affect the soothing cigarette, but a stern warning that unless they are more guarded in making too public an exhibition of their comparatively new fad, the privilege will be taken away from them through due process of law, before the next three crops of the fragrant weed are gathered. Worse than that, the privilege will be withdrawn from the men as well, and nine-tenths of the sterner sex who use tobacco constantly would rise in open revolt rather than consent to its prohibition. Five years ago a statement to the effect that alcoholic beverages would be prohibited by constitutional amendment, would have been received with shouts of derisive laughter, and yet the country is dry as a bone, with only the faintest glimmer of hope that it will not remain so permanently. To prohibitionists, or at least to a large majority of them, the use of tobacco is a kindred evil, and having succeeded with one they have already organized to prohibit the other. The gilded dance halls in which women of all ages were encouraged to drink too much in public, hastened the 18th amendment to adoption long before its specified time, and the indiscriminate smoking by women in all public places where tobacco is permitted will no doubt within three years place it under a similar ban. When woman is blind and foolish, she is very blind and foolish indeed, and the latest exhibition of her crass shortsightness has been the building of a $10,000 smoking lounge for women adjoining a Chicago theatre. This, too, in the very center of the operations of the Anti-tobacco League, which is gaining strength so rapidly, that it is projected to attempt the passage of an anti-tobacco law at next year's session of the legislature if not before. Wise women should at once take measures to prevent the continuance of such places, or soon none of us will be permitted to smoke.

New York Hotel for Women

Another venture is in process of financing in New York, whose purpose is to provide, for working women and those of the stage profession, a hotel where they may receive the same benefits of independence and comfort that is accorded to men. Ventures of this kind have been attempted before but none of them has attained the success aimed at by their projectors, because of stringent rules which the women of independent nature could not find it possible to subscribe to. It will be recalled that the late Alexander T. Stewart provided for such an hotel in his will, it being his wish that the women of moderate salary could find in it comfortable homes at a fair price, instead of being driven to unhealthful lodging houses and community hotels presided over by narrow minded landladies. The hotel was built and conducted under a system of regulations which no self supporting women would consent to be fettered to, so the project was abandoned. The Martha Washington Hotel has been more successful, but the stringency of its first rules had to be considerably relaxed, and besides its rates were much too high for the small salaried woman to pay. Now, however, James S. Cushmen and William Silk believe that they have hit upon the proper plan whereby cheap hotel homes with club exclusiveness can be provided for a work-a-day femininity. It will be known as the Hotel Allerton, and Mr. Silk, its principal projector has said in print: "The increasingly large class of women for whom no provision has been made is at last to be taken care of. The Allerton Hotel will provide homes for 800 women. There will be no taint of musty motherliness or stringent regulations to mar the feelings of individuality or independence, and I assure you that it will be no nunnery."

Is not this project the other extreme of the women's hotels that failed? What hotel of any kind could do business unmolested under the system proposed by Mr. Silk? Already the writer has heard a subway morning paper reader turn from his page and remark to a friend in outlining the project: "I think I'll have to rent a bachelor apartment on the very same block.

Mrs. Sidney Webb, J. P.

Suffragists the world over have new cause for rejoicing in the announcement from London that the first woman justice of the peace has been sworn in and that more are to be appointed. Among the latter is Mrs. Sidney Webb.

Few women have been more influential in their generation than has Mrs. Webb, whose work has been closely associated with that of her husband, the celebrated economist. Mrs. Webb began her work in the early eighties, and she was one of the founders of the Fabian Society. In the thirty-odd years that have passed since those days, however, she has found herself more and more placed toward the center, politically, instead of the left—less through any development of her own than through the swing of political forces in England. She has devoted herself to the serious study of social problems in a manner that would have brought her into note under any but the least favorable conditions, and she has been an intellectual force.

What H. G. Wells Thought of Her

To the general public that recks little of economics, however, she was little more than a sort of magic name until H. G. Wells published his long novel, "The New Machiavelli," ten years or so ago. At that time Wells had become converted to a newer political and economic belief than that exemplified by the

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school with which Mrs. Webb had been identified, and to which Wells himself had given allegiance for many years, and in that book he broke with many of his former associates. Mrs. Webb and her husband were among those whom he sacrificed under disguises that were worse than none at all, for they but added to the cause for rancor.

Wells book made a good deal of talk at the time: it rather shocked the literary, in England at any rate. But the friends of the Webbs and their associates can claim the laugh now, for Wells' influence seems on the wane, despite his preoccupation with theology and other matters new to him., while Mrs. Webb has seen her ideas of social betterment advanced to the point that she herself is given the approving stamp of office.

Another of the new women justices of the peace is the Marchioness of Crewe.

Early Days Sports in California

"Just to while away the time," said the Clockwinder, "I have been looking into the early history of California, and from what I find, banditin' was, if I may say it, the mainspring of action. It was like baseball, only more excitin'. Every town had its favorite bandit; each county could pull off a tournament whenever it wanted, and then there were the big leaguers, like Joaquin Murietta and Pico and Vasquez. The people sort of kept those big guys back for the post-season series. They were the stars. The big guns. The super-profiteers. Why say, they could give cards and spades to the H. C. L. pikers we got today and then throw a rope around 'em and drag off to their mountain fastnesses without turning a hair.

He Ticks Off Some Statistics

"It's interestin', too, this hummagin' around in the old accounts. It gives a fellow a grand idea of the magnitude of our beautiful state and its wealth and resources and population. Especially population.

"Say, do you know what the population of the state was when Vasquez was on the job?

"Well, the population was 4,523,071. No, of course we ain't got that many now. The bandits must have killed a lot of 'em off. How do I know that was the figure? Why, that's easy. You just take the total number of Californians who were held up by Murietta at some stage or other of his career, and the total that was held up by Vasquez, and you and a few for Pico and a baker's dozen more for good measure, and there you are. And that's what I did. Why, you could form an aristocracy out of the old Californians who weren't stuck up at some time or another by one of those bandits.

"That's a lot of people, 4,500,000 and a few extra. But the state was bigger then so that made it easy. It must have been bigger, or Vasquez and his side kicks could never have ridden as long or as far as their old friends say they did. Take that chap. I have figured it out that in his get-aways he traveled all told 165,000 miles. Could anybody travel that far in California today? Of course not. Doesn't that prove the state used to be bigger?

"But it's too bad about Vasquez. He was born before his time. I suppose he got pretty good pickings, dashin' here and there and actin' generally like one of Mr. Carranza's friends. But say—if he were only alive today, think of the salary he'd be drawin' in the movies!"

A Tip for Candidates

The Clockwinder paused a minute before he leaned over in a confidential manner and, lowering his voice, said: "Say, I want to tell you somethin' low-down. Don't let anybody know, now. I'm goin' into politics. Sure. Don't know what I'll run for yet, but whatever it is, I'll win in a walkover. I got it all framed up.

"It's this way. I'm goin' to form a Grand Order of the Descendents of Victims of California Bandits. Everybody this side of the Tahachapi, and some the other, will be eligible. I'll make each member a grand comminuted secret hohokus or somethin'. It'll be all officers. And then, as founder, I'll get 'em all to vote for me. Why, if 1916 is any precedent, I could be president if I wanted to."

The Clockwinder is Worried

"I feel kind of pale," the Clockwinder confided, as he sat down and mopped his brow. "Matter enough," he continued. "I passed a jewelry store a little while ago and there was a dinky clock in the window under a glass case, like they used to put over wax flowers on your grandma's mantelpiece, and there were two little jiggers at the bottom that kept wagging back and forth, and there was a little sign on the thing that said, 'This clock runs two years without windin'.'

"Say, machinery is takin' the place of too darn many people in this world. It makes me sick."

What Do You Do When You've Saved It?

After I had calmed him by letting him wind my watch, he went on:

"Then there's this daylight savin'. It keeps comin' up all the time. Makes me feel as if I was livin' over a keg of dynamite. A city here and a city there goes at it again, without carin' what congress says, as if they were savin' coupons for cigarettes. Why, there are folks right in this town who want us to go jugglin' with our clocks again this summer. Why can't they get up an hour earlier if they want to? Maybe it doesn't seem like much to you, but it would if you'd got to keep an eye on the right time and the time the clock says and the time the alarm goes off and local time and standard time and siderial time and the time ball and dinner time, and that's what a clockwinder has to do if he knows his job. It's a tough world. No wonder I fell all run down.

"Besides, it seems to me that in these dry times it would be a lot easier to save electricity than to save daylight."

About Marrying Early

The other day Mrs. Josephine Stevenson, a Californian, read a paper on "Marriage and Divorce" at the convention of the Woman's National Bar Association in Chicago, in which she pleaded for the marriage of men at the age of 21, and of girls at the age of 18.

Much might be said on behalf of such an argument, from the standpoint of Rooseveltian quantity. Mrs. Stevenson adapted her theory to present conditions by arguing that girls who marry could and should continue to work, if they were employed prior to the marriage. That would solve the high cost of living phase of the question.

But from a biological standpoint, Mrs. Stevenson has no support. It is not from parents of eighteen and twenty-one that a superior type of humanity is to be evolved.

Almost without exception, the great men of history have had parents who were at least in the middle thirties when the sons came into the world under a favorable star. The exceptions are those whose grandparents, and even further ancestors, had reached a comfortable maturity before assuming parenthood.

The figures are well known to students of the subject.

The fact is best shown by taking the span of years between the birth of the grandfather and that of the man who became distinguished. With Lincoln it was 76 years; in Grant's case, 74; in Robert E. Lee's, 78. Franklin's father was 51 when the great American was born; his father, in turn, was the son of a man of 57. Running down the list, the years between birth of grandfather and birth of the one chosen by fame are, in a list of many names, as follows: Augustus Caesar, 118; Audubon, 115; Lamarck, 110; Washington Irving, 107; Copernicus, 100; Bunsen, 95; Ptolemy, 95; Watt, 94; Dumas the elder, 93; Goethe, 92; Bach, 87; John Herschel, 85. A study of the cases of 571 eminent men shows an average of 40.7 years.

If the world wants geniuses, its advice must be "marry late." But then, the world doesn't usually want geniuses.

A Prank That Wouldn't Go Now

The Spectator has been dipping into Colonel Watterson's autobiography, and mighty interesting reading it is. Marse Henry has an eye and a mind and a pen that can follow the line, and the combination is one to relieve the tedium of the reading of many books.

Probably no other man today could give such an instance of the changed attitude of the country toward matters of wassail. It is odd, now that prohibition is clamped down sufficiently tight to make the bibber uncomfortable,

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to read of a future president of the United States diving into a canal in the country's capital—not for the equivalent of a Carnegie medal, but just to keep a friend company.

The friend was Colonel Watterson's father, then editor of the administration mouthpiece. Pierce, who represented New Hampshire in the house and then in the senate—this was ten years before he became president—was his bosom companion. Many were the tales told of them that could not be told of two such legislators today.

One of the many stories relating to his father and Pierce that Colonel Watterson heard in Washington as a boy, and retold now in his memoirs, related to a nocturnal excursion of the pair. On the way home Watterson pere slipped and fell into a canal. Pierce tried to pull him out. He tried again and again. He couldn't. So, weary at last, he said: "Well, Harvey, I can't get you out but I'll get in with you." And he did.

How times have changed! A scant three-quarters of a century, and there is no canal in Washington, and no congressmen, nor senator either, who would dare dive in if there were. There are only water and blue ribbons and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

When the Street's Torn Up

"What's the matter?" the Spectator asked of a friend who has traveled in every part of America and knows its cities like so many books.

"Tell me something," he replied. "Why is it that in San Francisco the city permits a contractor to make more litter over an insignificant little shack than he could make for a skyscraper in most places?"

The Spectator murmured something about the Board of Works, and surmised that perhaps local pride was so tickeled at the sight of a new structure of any kind that much latitude was permitted.

"Maybe," said the traveler. "But honestly, it's a nuisance and awfully provincial. Here is a one-story frame bakery shop going up, for example, or something equally trivial. Can the pedestrian pass in comfort? No: there is a litter of lumber and lime and what-not all over the sidewalk, and a stream of water that's never turned off but makes mud all day long, and if anyone is exasperated enough to protest, he's lucky to get away without being hit with a hammer.

"And it's the same with your streets. New York is the classical example of a town whose streets are always torn up. But New York is always building subways and things like that, and the foundations of its big buildings go further under earth than the tops of most of yours rise above it. You can find three subways passing one under the other.

"But here, at Market and First streets, on my way to see you at your office, I have to walk a quarter of a long block to get around a tupenny ditch for a sewer, because the contractor hasn't intelligence or decency enough to put even a plany across where the footway ought to be.

"No, my dear fellow. San Francisco is a wonderful city in most respects, but in this it has something to learn."

P. C. Moore's Nemesis

Pierre C. Moore, erstwhile of the Pacific Union Club is being pursued by a series of unlucky events. First, he picked out the wrong chamber maid as the object upon whom he sought to lavish caresses. Next, the circumspect club directors expelled him ignominiously for an amorous pursuit beneath its aristocratic roof of one of the club's menials. A third calamity is the law suit for $10,000 damages which the cold hearted maid has brought against Mr. Moore for forcibly kissing her cheek in the bath-room. It is to be presumed that there was a drawing room in the Moore suite. Now had he kissed her there, what would have been the cost of balm to purify her fair cheek? The public did not know the cognomen of the insulted chamber maid, but now the suit reveals it. Will her reputation and earning power suffer when she seeks other fields of employment? Will it be detrimental to her as a domestic employee that she positively will not be kissed by admiring swains? If she is a beauty, a jury will have a hard time to decide whether Moore was tempted beyond masculine strength. In that case, wouldn't he have cause for action against the club for casting temptation in his unavoidable way? If there are women jurors, maybe they will be puzzled why the young woman was so violently opposed to a harmless kiss from a gay club man. She said him nay when he proposed a rendezvous outside the club but he told her she was an angel and that her eyes haunted him. Pauvre Pierre! Nous verrons ce que nous verrons!

It was a severe punishment to expel Mr. Moore from the club, but think of the peril of those other members with plethoric bank accounts! Any attractive chamber maid might cast a spell over them in their bath-rooms and what could the weak men do but even as did Mr. Moore? All men are human, within and without the Pacific Union Club, although the committee responsible for the installation of chamber maids didn't believe it. Pride goeth before a fall. It has been the tradition of the club that no woman ever crossed its threshold —presumably the front door threshold; but naughty Eve in the guise of a chamber maid found her way in the back door to tempt poor Adam there.

A Manly Apology

In a very manly, graceful letter James H. Wilkins, veteran editorial writer apologized openly in the "Bulletin" of Tuesday for a letter of reproach which he had previously addressed to Mayor Rolph. Evidently the newspaper man had unjustly thrown opprobrious comment in the mayor's direction but later became convinced that he had written rashly and had made unfounded accusations. To acknowledge so sincerely and promptly his awkward blunder was the act of a gentleman. Mayor Rolph has never "turned down" appeals for assistance either out of his own pocket or by vetoing propositions to let the city help; it is gratifying to the public which is familiar with the mayor's liberalty, to know that Mr. Wilkins, convinced of error hastened to acknowledge it. Mr. Wilkins has gone to Mexico with Col. Dan Burns with the vowed intention of taking relief to the earthquake sufferers.

Senator Nealon Recovering

The legion of friends of Senator James C. Nealon are congratulating him because of his physician's assurance that he is on the high road to recovery. The senator has been confined to his home on Haight street since Thanksgiving. His two daughters Mrs. Percy Henderson and Mrs. A. Hampton have devoted themselves to his care, one or the other remaining constantly at his bed-side notwithstanding the presence of nurses. The family is besieged with inquiries from local friends and telegrams from distant places.

Senator Nealon is most faithful to his friends and they have manifested sincere sympathy and affection during his long siege of illness.

In the Air

During the Lyons fair, air machines will carry passengers from London, leaving that city at 10 a. m. and reaching Lyons at 4 p. m. The service will be inaugurated February 27th.

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Notes from France

The French chargé d'affaires in Berlin has been instructed to inform the German government that the verification and compensation bureau mentioned in article 296 of the Versailles Treaty will be established forthwith. The function of this office will be to provide for settlement of pre-war debts outstanding between private French and German interests and for payment of the indemnities to French subjects for losses caused by confiscation and liquidation of their property in Germany.

"Rigaud Preparations Presented at Techau Tavern"

Aside from the dainty afternoon tea served at Techau Tavern, with its individuality of offering three selective menus, one of the many features of attraction is the dispensation of gifts from the famous laboratories of Rigaud of Paris and New York. The gifts consist of individual bottles, with gilt screw tops containing "Un Air Embaume" sachet power. Also individual gilt metal boxes containing Mary Garden face powder, with a small powder puff attached within. These are particularly suited to carrying in the purse or shopping bag, and in addition to their convenience the superior quality of the Rigaud products makes them doubly attractive to the lady patrons. On Saturday afternoons the full "Artists Revue" and cabaret members are scheduled for the entertainment of the guests during tea. The Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra is drawing big crowds every evening, by its marvelous symphony of jazz creations and dance music.

Government Warning

Because of the great number of inquiries received by the War Department concerning Teysseyre, a Paris undertaker affiliated with the Purple Cross Society., Secretary of War Baker has issued a warning to all concerned, advising them not to pay money to anybody for the return home of bodies of the American soldier dead, as it is the intention of the government to return the dead at public expense to the next of kin if they so desire—no one else being authorized to remove bodies buried in France. Further information concerning American dead in France or Russia may be had by inquirying of the Graves Registration Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Social

By TANTALUS

Cards announcing the bethrothal of Theodore Rethers, Jr. and Miss Adele Chevalier were received last week by their friends. Miss Chevalier, a beautiful young girl, is a graduate of the Sacred Heart Convent and a great favorite in the young set. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George Chevalier. Her mother was Miss Remillard of Oakland. Young Rethers is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Rethers. He left U. C. to enlist in the army when war was declared and after the war resumed his medical studies with the intention of taking up the career of his brilliant father, the well known physician of this city. He is a nephew of Major Harry Rethers. His mother was the youngest daughter of the O'Kane family, so he has many prominent family connections in this city.

Mme. Romanovsky, wife of the Russian consul general invited a group of friends to luncheon on Thursday at the Town and Country Club, later taking her guests to the opera matinée to hear Maude Fay in Faust. Mme. Romanovsky is a beautiful young woman. Strangers call her "typically Russian," although she was an American girl, born in Chicago.

Mrs. E. F. Preston gave a luncheon and bridge party on Wednesday at the St. Francis. Among her guests were Mmes. Starring, Hotaling and F. P. Helm.

As was to be expected, the Mardi Gras Ball was the big event of the social season. This year the Spanish costumes much in evidence were universally becoming. The queen and her king, Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent and Jack Neville were as attractive a pair as one sees outside of a "Carmen" production. Indeed, while Queen Juanita was a pretty little queen as has ever graced a bal masque here Mr. Neville's pulchritude caused comparison to be made with preceding kings and kinglets, which is saying a great deal as we've had some very good looking kings.

When Mrs. Stuart Haldorn makes known her intention to be at a Mardi Gras, it is a foregone conclusion that she will appear in something startling and lovely thereby distancing all rivals. Last year as "Polly of the Circus" she was adorable, but this year she was ravishing as a Spanish senorita. Her type of beauty lends itself absolutely to the Spanish dress and her lithesome figure caused the spectator to see visions of the Spanish dance every time she moved.

This year there was a little more abandon than than usual at the big ball, owing to the roulette wheel, where the dancers quickly got into the carnival spirit. But by 1 a. m. sixty per cent of the merry-makers had left—for home refreshments.

Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm was a stunning Spanish figure in iridescent black with black lace mantilla and high comb. Miss Anne Peters in a similar costume was as attractive as usual.

Mrs. Adrian Splivalo was very chic as a senorita in black with touches of vivid red. The Splivalos were the centre of a gay coterie who made the occasion a farewell, as they sail on the 10th for London where Mr. Splivalo will establish himself in business. Mrs. Splivalo is the sister of Mr. Jack Mighles who married beautiful Elinor Tay.

Mrs. D. C. Jackling's dark beauty never appeared to greater advantage. She was a white Carmen and might have been arrayed to enrage the jealous Don Jose outside the bull-fighters' ring.

Mrs. Elysse Hopkins was adorable in a Spanish costume. She wore a Spanish hat and from its rakish crown to her dainty ankles, she looked alluring.

Mrs. Robert Hays Smith in cloth of gold portrayed the Carmen of Sargent and might have stepped from the frame in the Morgan collection.

Mrs. Le Roy Neilsen was a remarkable Apache dancer. Not only her bedraggled feathers and escaping hosiery were in the picture, but she walked and darted about in the most true to life manner of the underworldling.

Willis Polk's dramatic instinct stood him in good stead as an early day Don Juan. Mr. Polk is nothing if not dramatic in real life and with the opportunity to give his imagination full play,—well Willis was a male vamp of the '49 camps and all the Gringoes were green with envy. He did everything typical of the early dons except give ranches away.

Mrs. Paul Verdier was the most striking figure at the ball. She is extremely attractive and chic and in her Russian costume she was nothing less than a sensation.

There was a wonderful Indian costume which dancers followed, fascinated. The lady who wore it and sustained the character so well was Mrs. George Cameron.

Mrs. Walter Martin may always be depended upon for an original costume. Her stunning figure this year was a vigorous, blooming basket of nasturtiums.

Miss Gladys Quarré in a fancy costume was one of the belles of the ball. Indeed, this year, the young set were much in evidence, though they did not go in for striking costumes.

Mrs. Harry Scott was superb as usual and greatly admired for her carriage.

The supper was not the event of former years, of course, but many home dinners were partaken of before the ball and the dancers enjoyed gay wine suppers at homes. Not yet can Bacchus be torn from the side of Terpsichore. Before their final separation there will be many opportunities for celebrations under family roof trees.

The curtain has fallen, for the nonce, on the gay scenes of the polo field where for the past two weeks society has found entertainment, and the "sport of kings" gives place to the royal game of golf. The important event that is drawing society and those who are "mere golfers" is the Gold Golf Vase Tournament which will be played at the new seaside links at Pebble Beach, February 21st to 23rd. This event not only gives players an opportunity to test their skill over the course, but also celebrates the first anniversary of the opening of

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the course and of the magnificent Del Monte Lodge which a year ago was the scene of a Washington's Birthday Dinner Dance and other brilliant social affairs.

This coming week-end bids fair to eclipse the previous year's gaieties and among those who have made reservation at Del Monte Lodge are Messrs. and Mmes. Roger Chickering, C. E. Hume, Julian Hart, Latham McMullin, Julian Thorne, C. O. G. Miller and party, all of San Francisco, and Mr. Raymond Welch of Spokane.

Afternoon teas in the Lodge tea room are always a pleasant diversion.

For women who wish to indulge in a special golf event there is to be a handicap Medal Play Competition over the No. 1 course at Del Monte. With the ever growing interest of women in golf the entry lists are increasing each year and a goodly number of women players are planning to participate.

People of note who have made reservations at Del Monte for the holiday week-end are: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Crocker of San Francisco, accompanied by Count and Countess Limur, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Miss Helen Crocker and Mr. Wm. W. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Thane and young daughter, Miss Fay Thane have engaged accommodations for another visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster and party, Mr. Gordon Armsby and party, Miss Marion Baker and party, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller and Mr. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble, the Misses A. and L. Hanchett, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Boyer, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, and Mr. Alphonse Sutter are among the San Franciscans who are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Neville, Dr. and Mrs. D. P. Fredericks, Capt. John Barneson, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin of Denver, Miss Evelyn Barron of Burlingame, Judge Sloss of San Francisco, Miss Constance Hart, accompanied by Mrs. R. E. Hammond of San Francisco, Mr. A. D. de Armand of Claremont, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Henry and Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker Holt of Stockton, are society folk who find much to interest them at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Henry and Mr. and Mrs. Holt expect to occupy their beautiful homes at Pebble Beach very soon.

Among the Canadians and Northwesterners who are at Del Monte may be mentioned: Dr. J. Macdonald of Winnipeg, Mr. D. C. Sweeney and daughter of Vancouver, Mr. August Paulsen and family of Spokane and Mrs. John Hendry and Mrs. E. W. Hamber of Vancouver; Mr. J. W. Carruthers of Montreal, Miss K. McKenzie and Miss A. McKay of Quebec, Mr. J. F. Stephen of Vancouver.

Mrs. Wm. McFadon and Donald McFadon are registered from Tacoma and Mrs. Lefevre and Mrs. A. G. Gibson from Vancouver.

Mr. J. A. Lindsay from Victoria; Mr. W. F. Howarth, Everett, Washington; Mr. B. Wilson, Victoria; Mr. J. A. Rithet, Vancouver and Mr. Sayward of Victoria, familiar figures on the golf links are enjoying the delightful days with their families at Del Monte. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Rithet were defeated by Capt. T. Brearley and Capt. Geo. Hirst of England in a recent match but the Northwest was retrieved subsequently when Mr. Wilson and Mr. Sayward defeated the English Captains in a friendly foursome. Mrs. Wilson is the envied holder of a trophy which she won in a tournament on the Del Monte links recently.

The Army Department has notified the Polo Association of America that it intends to do everything possible to encourage the exciting sport on horseback. It has been found that polo is a wonderful means of training our cavalry in horsemanship and to quicken the eye for practical military purposes. During the war, when the rank and file of polo players answered the call of their country it was found that they were proved experts in the saddle without any exception.

England has long appreciated the value of polo as part of the military training and the result has been that a number of players of international reputation have been developed. It was an entire army team which lifted the polo cup from America in 1914.

The difficulties encountered by American army officers was their inability to obtain suitable mounts and failure to have fields in which to practice. It is now understood that an appropriation will be made to supply these wants.

Foxhall Keene, who takes rank as one of the greatest polo players ever turned out by America, still takes an enthusiastic interest in the sport. He is a great advocate of polo in the army and has made strong recommendations for it.

The distinguished visiting sportsman, who is proud of the fact that he was born in California, is making plans to be on hand at Del Monte for the Annual Tournament on March 27th to April 15th. Foxhall Keene refereed several of the games last season and it is probable that the players will prevail upon him again this year to hand down the decisions.

BREAKING HIM IN

"Young man," said the boss, "your vacation starts tomorrow. I want you to spend it in the open air. Play golf or tennis. Go fishing. Climb mountains. Anything to keep you out of doors."

"Thank you, sir. It's very kind of you to be so solicitous about my health."

"It isn't that," growled the boss. "I want you to get good and tired, so you'll appreciate sitting in a nice, comfortable office chair when you get back."

A Coming Diva

The godparents of Gloria Caruso, the great tenor's baby daughter were the Marchese and Marchesa Orozio and Nessy Capelli. They occupy the villa next to Caruso outside Florence. The marchesa is a concert soprano.

Alice—I thought you could keep a secret. Mabel—Well, I kept it for a week. Do you think I'm a cold storage plant.

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Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
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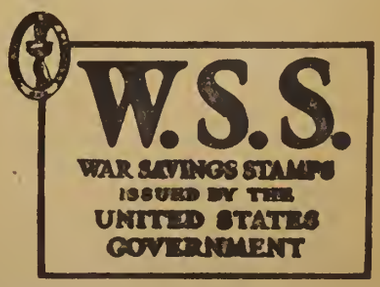

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The Stage

(Written specially for the California State Journal of Medicine by Miss Rebecca Godchaux of San Francisco, at the request of Dr. René Bine.)

"Pasteur" Made the Hero of a Play

It will certainly interest the world at large—and—particularly, the medical world, to know that the great Pasteur has been given one more honor. He has been made the hero of a beautiful play.

Pasteur—as early as twenty-four years after his death, "est entré dans la Légende" as the French would say,—(has entered the realm of legends). It must be that his glory is so high, the halo around his name so radiant, that it affords the necessary perspective usually required, and only obtained after many generations

The author, Sacha Guitry, had long cherished the thought of an acted picture of Pasteur's life. But, what if it should prove a profanation, a sacrilege? The author hesitated; he dared not put on the stage the worshiped master, who had almost just left our midst. Vallery-Radot, Pasteur's son-in-law, had published a splendid biography of the great scientist. Sacha Guitry devoured it,—his imagination was at work before his reason gave consent. At last, one day, Lucien Guitry, the great actor, father of Sacha, asked his son to write a part for him. It was then that "Pasteur" stood before him—no longer on the pedestal of his own statue—but on the great platform called "The Stage."

How reverently and adoringly Sacha Guitry handled his "subject!" How careful he was not to betray any of Pasteur's admirable qualities, his modesty, his firmness, his honesty, his generosity. No incident, no episode foreign to this most beautiful life, has any place in this "work of love,"—as one might well call it.

Sacha Guitry has accomplished with no other aid but Pasteur's biography and his own dramatic genius, what is usually only attained with such fiction. He has made a wonderful play out of a few well chosen pages of a remarkable life.

The play is divided into five rather short acts, relating to five different periods of Pasteur's career.

The first act takes place in 1870. It is a mere introduction, showing Pasteur's relations with his pupils. The second act (1880) represents the Academy of Medicine. There we are shown the great man in all his wonderful activity and strength, defending his ideas and discoveries against a few skeptics and detractors.

How forcibly we are given an insight into this splendid character, so gentle, so mild, except when unjustly treated! When once sure of his theories, when once illumined by the light of truth, he violently defends his discoveries and convictions. In the third act (year 1885) Pasteur is seen ministering his care to a child dangerously ill, threatened with hydrophobia. For the first time Pasteur applies his treatment, and with great care and what love for the little victim. At the end of the act, Pasteur prepares to leave his little patient in the hands of his assistant; he puts on his hat and coat, giving the doctor his last instructions. Then, after a pause, he takes off hat and coat, and decides to spend the night at the bedside of the little sick child. "Go," he tells one of his pupils, "go to Mme. Pasteur; tell her what has happened; she will excuse me; she will understand why I spend the night here."

The fourth act (in 1888) takes place at Arbois, Pasteur's home. The great man is failing in health, and is being eagerly watched by his anxious wife and doctor. A visit fills him with joy,—that of the child, whose life he had saved. How exquisitely Sacha Guitry has shown here the love of Pasteur for children. When the young boy assures him of his good health, and exhibits the prize he has received at school; when the child tells him his mother said "Pasteur saved his life," the master with a cry of joy exclaims: "Oh, how beautiful these words sound coming from this little mouth! He does not know, he does not understand what he is now doing for me. Show me your beautiful, living eyes, look at me." It is most touching, most perfect in depth of feeling.

The last act (1892) is "at the Sorbonne." This short act is a sort of apotheosis of Pasteur. President Carnot comes in person to present to him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the play ends with Pasteur's own words, "I unflinchingly believe, that science and peace will triumph over ignorance and war, and that people will understand each other and agree not to destroy, but to edify."

This beautiful play in which not one woman appears, has been received with much enthusiasm. To add to its success, the part of Pasteur was done most wonderfully by the great artist Lucien Guitry, father of the author.

It seems that he conceived the part with such truth, such realism—and, through his extraordinary art achieved such a perfect resemblance to his great model, that Mme. Vallery-Radot, Pasteur's daughter, as she saw him appear on the stage—startled,—cried out: "Father!"

Let us congratulate both "Guitrys" for having thus almost resurrected in mind and body the great man whose work will be immortal.

Clay M. Greene Treading the Labyrinthian Way

Clay M. Greene, enjoying a New York winter season, is faithful to his promise to let us know what happens to San Francisco's friends there. He sent us this week copious clippings of reviews of Henry Hadley's "Cleopatra's Night" which seems to be acclaimed as musically charming, though the subject, an amour of Cleopatra and a low born lover and founded upon Gautier's tale, lacks originality. The marvelous Egyptian exhausted all lines of originality; but if after centuries some composer can array an operatic setting for her adventures, why may he not claim originality?

Mr. Hadley's countless friends in San Francisco rejoice that his opera has been permanently accepted for the Metropolitan repertoire. The cast was: Mmes. Alda, Gordon, Tiffany and Messrs. Harrold, Picco, Reschinglian and D'Angelo with a ballet led by Rosina Galli. On its premiere it was followed by "Pagliacci" and on February 5th by "Le Coq D'Or" (Rimsky-Korsakoff).

Mr. Greene also pledged himself to keep an eye on Gotham fashions in order to point out to our local belles wherein they differ from the smartly clad New Yorkers. This seems to be an arduous task for the observing Clay, but evidently he faithfully treads a maze of apparel shops in quest of the magic of fashion. What his masculine eye is there attracted to is that which stands out in high relief; but being a progressive individual who swims along with the tide, he finds nothing to reject, but simply chronicles that which has its moment of floating upon the waves' crest.

From Greene's Letter

To read the exhaustive reviews of the supposedly high-browed musical critics—retained on the staffs because they are supposed to know precisely whereof they write—our own Henry K. Hadley's "Cleopatra's Night," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House at the matinée of January 31st, achieved only a fair modicum of success. To eliminate the numerous "buts," delvings into memory, invidious comparisons and those heavily phrased paragraphs of wisdom that always confuse everyone not of their own particular stripe, it was the nearest to a substantial success yet attained by a musical composer; nearest, in point of fact to the long waited great American opera. For example, Mr. Krehbiel of the "Tribune"—declared to be among the most erudite of New York's musical critics, said: "There was no evidence of a prentice hand in the structure of Mr. Hadley's score. Not a crudity, not an inept phrase. The music flowed on from beginning to end, now in deep pellucid eddies of sound, now in swift, surging, spouting, glistering (?) sonorities." And, later on, "We would gladly have sacrificed much of this technical finish for a modicum of originality." This lack of originality, in the opinion of the high-browed Mr. Krehbiel, seems for the most part to consist of certain resemblances to exclamations and phrases of Richard Strauss, Moussorgsky, Wagner or Puccini, which, in the humble opinion of the untutored auditor must seem, the very limit of hypercritical twaddle. But most of the best known critics were apparently as disinclined as is Mr. Krehbiel, to make the break that must be made sooner or later, that there is actually a composer of American birth or citizenship who can really write a grand opera that will get by. As a matter of fact, which only they will venture to dispute, De Koven and Victor Herbert have done it more than once, Joseph Redding has one awaiting production, and on January 31st, Henry K. Hadley proved himself the master of them all. His "Cleopatra's Night" is "full of infinite variety and exceeding fancy"; it thrills and it soothes; its soft sentiments delight, and the changes from these to inspiring sensuousness, sometimes of the loftiest kind, evoke admiration even among those who frown upon exploitations of the sex problem. Taken all in all, this time, our own Henry Hadley has come dangerously near equalling the work of at least the best of the great modern composers. I congratulated him on the evident success of his work, from my point of view, and he replied:

"Well, it's nearly time, don't you think, that I made a real success? I've worked very hard for a great many years, only to be disappointed, and the best I can say now for the future of 'Cleopatra's Night' is that Mr. Gatti-Gasazza believes it will continue as part of the regular Metropolitan repertoire. Anyway it will be one of three performances in Philadelphia this week, with one in Brooklyn to follow, and it is scheduled for two repetitions in New York. All of which is most encouraging to me,—but quien sabe?" So the small doubt expressed in our Henry's "quien sabe?" has been most emphatically removed, for now he knows that he has

missed by a very narrow margin the creation of the great American opera.

Flashes at Fashionables

Please take notice that I have again carefully avoided use of the word "fashions," for after another week of comfortless peregrinations in New York's execrable weather, I feel compelled to re-assert that there is no such animal. Of fashionables, however, there are many hundreds on exhibition always, and no matter what the cut of the gowns, their materials, trimmings, brevity or length, all are equally alluring and notably smart and I feel that, though a dyed in the wool Californian I am guiltless of neither sedition or heresy when I record that the New York women are far and away the best dressed women in the world.

Waists Versus Blouses

In two or three quarters I am informed that there is a veritable merry war waging between the hitherto perennial, and, naturally economical, shirt waist, because it is washable, and one of this season's fetching introductions, the ornamental blouse, many of which are made of materials which even the cleaner would spoil. There are large stocks of these blouses in the stores, and the prices range from $60 to $100. The generality of them are in bright embroidered colors on a darker or lighter ground, in Persian or brocade patterns and the most expensive ones are embroidered in silver or gold, much resembling the stringy, tinsel material we throw over Christmas trees. To the cold hard eye of calculating man, they seem to be nothing more or less than fancified sweaters, and appear to have been gotten into in much the same way, since I have seen none of them with buttons, front or back and they cling to the figure, but many more of these unserviceable blouses are to be seen in the shops than upon the forms of fashionables. Inquiry among the modistes generally elicits the information that the style grew old before it had been well introduced, and that the designers must find something much more chic and attractive to supplant the shirt waist, which after all is the most sensible body covering yet devised, and can be economical or extravagant, according to the purse of the wearers. Disputes of this nature are as frequent as my inquiries concerning the smart things for women to wear; the decisions on either extreme of the argument are equally pronounced, and, to all intents and purposes, equally fortified by facts. My own impression, however, is that the dear old short waist will, like the brook, go on and on forever, while these fancy blouses will be as ephemeral as was the uncouth dust gathering and uncomfortable harem skirt.

How About This?

In a Fifth avenue window I saw a lay figure in one of the blouses above mentioned, and a pair of flowing Turkish trowers or bloomers, with straps of the same material leading about the soles of the shoes, an appliance which was a necessity in holding down the trowsers of men back in the 70's. A saleslady, in replying to a query as to what a thing like that was intended to be, stated that she was not quite sure, but that somebody in Paris must have determined to bring something like the harem skirt back again, and the strap was devised to prevent the skirt from hiking up too far, when the wearer was in a sitting position, as that skirt had the—at least to many wearers—distressing feature of hiking up and not again adjusting itself. Another reason might be, the saleslady ventured to say, that similar embarrassments occurred with the extreme short skirt, where a strap would be impossible, and these strap trowsers might have been intended as a substitute for them. So you see again, even the interesting and affable young persons who are employed to sell so called fashionable frocks, have only a vague sort of an idea as to whether the newer things are really vogue or merely freaky ideas to catch the conspicuously inclined.

Orpheum

The Marion Morgan Dancers will head the Orpheum bill next week in a dance drama in the time of Attila, created and directed by Marion Morgan who has been one of the most serious and most intelligent of American sponsors of chorographic dancing. She has given the stage a group of exquisite musical pantomimes, but in her latest work she has outdistanced herself and produced a vehicle which gives the fullest measure of all the combined arts necessary to a presentation of this sort.

Bessie Rempel requires no introduction to vaudeville audiences. Her new vehicle is an episode by Frances Nordstrom called "His Day Off." It makes a general appeal because everyone has undergone the same experience. The little piece tells of a man who is an enthusiastic fisherman and who in the hope of interesting his wife in his favorite sport takes her on a fishing trip. It enables Miss Rempel to present a remarkable characterization.

Harry Cooper who at one time was the principal member of the Empire City Quartette and at another time the featured player in a vaudeville musical skit will make his first appearance as a single entertainer in what is described as a songologue.

Burns and Frabito, the popular Italian dialect comedians will present their ludicrous skit, "Shoes," which is one of the most successful acts in vaudeville.

Marconi & Fitzgibbons call themselves "The Two Aces of Music." They excel on the accordeon, xylophone and piano and are responsible for much good music and a great deal of fun.

The remaining acts on this most interesting and enjoyable bill will be Coletta Ryan and Leta Orlob in new songs; Elsa Ruegger in new cello solos and Thomas Duray and Company in the melodramatic travesty "For Pity's Sake."

Galli-Curci in Opera

Mme. Galli-Curci who will appear in song recital at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 2nd, at 2:30 o'clock, sang last Tuesday in the opera "Lucia" to the largest house which the Chicago Opera Company has had to date in New York City.

On a previous occasion, New York critics called attention to the fact that due to a slight cold, Mme. Galli-Curci's efforts had been severe ordeals, but that on the present occasion, she sang brilliantly, and was in better vocal condition than ever before. Bonci, the tenor, shared critical attention as a singer of classic style. The New York "Times" said that Donizetti's mad scene ended in an outburst of applause that deafened sensitive listeners, while a shouting house refused to be downed by hisses till the singer repeated her last cadenza.

When Mme. Galli-Curci appears at the Exposition Auditorium she will again face an audience that will tax that colossal auditorium to its utmost, for although the concert is three months off, already one-fourth of the seating capacity has been sold. Orders for Galli-Curci tickets are coming from points as remote as Phoenix, Arizona.

Alcazar

"The Woman in Room 13," to be acted for the first time by the New Alcazar Company, commencing at next Sunday's matinee, suggests all sorts of throbs, thrills and tangled myster-

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NEXT—February 27-29; 11th Pair Symphonies

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ies. It is by the two most expert melodrama craftsmen who write for the stage; they produce nothing but big popular hits. Samuel Shipman is co-author of the phenomenally vital "Friendly Enemies," and Max Marcin wrote "Cheating Cheaters" and "The House of Glass" and collaborated in "Eyes of Youth." They know how to quicken the pulse and hold suspensive interest. A rich rogue is murdered in room 13 of a fashionable hotel. It is known that a woman was present. Who was she? That is not cleared up until after swift and exciting episodes, full of quick action, vivid color, electrifying suspense and the clash of positive wills. Incidentally the dictagraph cuts a figure in the detective activities and its workings are demonstrated. There are tremendous dramatic roles for Belle Bennett, Clay Clement, Brady Kline, Emily Pinter, Clifford Alexander, Jean Oliver, Zita Williams, Al Cunningham, Rafael Brunetto and a reinforced cast.

"The Five Million," to have first local performance February 29th, is another comic exposition of the romances and tangled troubles that involve a good many of the five million young American soldiers on their return from overseas. This comedy had the edge on "Jim's Girl" in New York through its prior production by Comstock and Gest, and is conceded to be even funnier. It is by Guy Bolton, co-author of "Polly With a Past" and the San Francisco dramatist Frank Mandel whose "High Cost of Loving" has made countless thousands laugh.

Ninth Hertz "Pop" Concert

A program as varied in its appeal as any Alfred Hertz has contrived this season will be performed on Sunday afternoon, February 22nd, in the Curran Theatre, as the ninth regular "pop" concert of the season. Something to strike every musical taste is included in the budget of melodic offerings, and Conductor Hertz has been unusually prodigal in numbers. The soloist will be popular Louis Persinger.

That the theatre will be sold out before concert day is certain, and it is advisable that those anticipating attendance should make immediate ticket reservations at the symphony box-office in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Following is Sunday's delightful program in its entirety:

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Largo, "New World" Symphony.....Dvorak
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra..Mendelssohn
E. Minor
Allegro molto appassionato
Andante—Allegro molto vivace
Finale—Allegro molto vivace
(Louis Persinger)
Ballet Suite, "Le Cid".....Massenet
Castillane
Argonaise
Aubade
Madrilene
Navarraise
(a) Andante Cantabile.....Tschaikowsky
From String Quartet No. 1
(b) Dance of the Sylphs.....Berlioz
From "Damnation of Faust"
(a) Murmuring Zephyr.....Jensen
(b) "Molly on the Shore".....Grainger
"On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss

An unusually interesting program will be played at the eleventh pair of symphonies, to be given Friday and Sunday afternoons, February 27th and 29th, in the Curran. Particular interest will attach to the first public performance anywhere of Albert Elkus' "Impressions from a Greek Tragedy," a composition in three parts, played without pause, of which Hertz thinks highly. Elkus lives in San Francisco and is held in high regard in Pacific Coast music circles as musician and composer. He is a nephew of M. H. De Young.

The symphony will be Mozart's C Major, generally known as the "Jupiter Symphony." Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela" is also listed, and the program will be brilliantly terminated by Berlioz' overture, "Le Carnaval Romain."

Curran

Kolb and Dill, the most popular comedians that ever trod a San Francisco stage, are scheduled to return to the Curran Theatre on Sunday night, February 22nd, for an engagement limited to two weeks. A special holiday matinee is scheduled for Monday, February 23rd, in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

The merry funsters have an entirely new vehicle, "Wet and Dry," which is a satire on the livest topic now before the public. The comedians term it a "temperance play with a kick and plenty of music on the side." It has scored with a vengeance wherever the stars have appeared, breaking box-office records everywhere.

The cheerful book of "Wet and Dry" was written by Max M. Dill and Jean Havez, while the lyrics and music are the work of Havez. Dill's first work as a librettist was in "As You Were," the team's last vehicle, and a most successful one.

"Wet and Dry" is entertaining not only for its clever and mirth-inspiring book, but for its pretty girls with their attractive costumes and its melodies, which are interpreted by a special jazz orchestra.

Saturday night's performance of "Il Trovatore" will conclude the tremendously successful engagement of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company.

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ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD.

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On this 18th day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Arnold E. Archibald, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

JAMISON STEEL CO.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated Jan. 28, 1920.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California, City and County of Santa Barbara

On the 28th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me James D. Crawford, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of Santa Barbara, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

JAMES D. CRAWFORD,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of Santa Barbara, State of California.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING THE CONVEYANCE OF LAND

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of KATHARINE K. FORBES, Deceased. No. 28518, Dept. 10.

On reading and filing of petition of STANLY FORBES and CLEAVELAND FORBES, Executors of the Will of KATHARINE K. FORBES, deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing them as Executors of the above entitled Estate, to complete the agreement of their decedent by executing to SAMUEL HAMBURGER a deed of that certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

"Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Larkin Street, distant thereon 92 feet 11 inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Bush Street, running thence Southerly along said line of Larkin Street 44 feet 7 inches; thence at right angles Easterly, 84 feet 6 inches; thence at right angles Northerly, 44 feet 7 inches, and thence at right angles Westerly 84 feet 6 inches to the Easterly line of Larkin Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vera Block No. 308."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, March 1st, 1920, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing of said petition when and where any persons interested in the said Estate may appear and make objections to the granting of this petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this hearing be published in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, at least once a week for four successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated, January 28th, 1920.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

DE LAVEAGA & MAGEE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Mills Building, San Francisco 1-31-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law.
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Work and the Yankee

By Edward Sandford Martin

It is rumored that ammonia has been trained to haul street cars, and promises to prove strong, docile, and cheap, not afraid of the cars, and able to run up hill without getting out of breath. Even in a decade so prolific of tractorian movements as the present one, this is a development that is not to be sneezed at. I suppose it is another bit of Yankee enterprise.

The Yankee's antipathy to work has never yet been adequately appreciated. He takes to it so effectively that you might think him a Rollo sort of person who does it for his play. But not so. He is in a state of perpetual insurrection against the primal curse. He feels that he was born to sit on the fence and whittle in the sunshine, and he is against every apparent necessity that would compel him to forego the serene pleasures of a purely contemplative existence. He recognizes, to be sure, that work has got to be done. No one has a more vivid realization of that. But the consciousness of the need of getting things done does not impel him to take his coat off and do them, so much as to contrive some way of accomplishing ends without working. The crudest, simplest way of doing that is to get rich enough to hire labor. Accordingly, the Yankee does try to get rich, and does not try in vain. It is not that he loves money so much, and desires to possess it, as that he loves labor so little.

But to get rich is only an indirect way of beating the tyrant. The Yankee would rather abolish work than elude it. If he cannot wholly eliminate human intervention, he wants to reduce it to its lowest possible limit. When he gets matters fixed so that the work is done with very little intermeddling, he is willing to sit by and supervise the process. He will pull a lever and turn a cock now and then without much complaint, if so be that he can ruminate and whittle between times. It is not that he is lazy. His name is a synonym for energy and perseverance. But to make things work together for the automatic accomplishment of labor, and to sit by and see that they work right—that is the Yankee idea of the mission of man.

It is the right idea; perhaps even the highest idea that there is on the subject. Omnipotence, according to the reverent conception of some of the wisest philosophers, is not so much the ability to do all things, as to compel a spontaneous performance of allotted duties by all creation. So it may fairly be argued that it is not the Yankee's perversity but the divine spark in him that is at the bottom of his desire to make nature toil while he looks on. Of the propensity toward contemplation he has no monopoly. The seers of all times have shared that. It has peopled monasteries and convents, and enthusiastic Buddhists have been used these many centuries to give up all their time to it. But it is the distinction of the Yankee, admirably illustrated in the case of Lincoln, to combine the contemplative disposition with an acute sense of responsibility for the proper conduct of affairs. He insists upon having time to think, but he also insists that the work shall go on while he is thinking. It would not suit him merely to sit under a bo-tree and concentrate his mind on his own corporeal centre, nor yet to vegetate in a monastery. That would seem to him an evasion of responsibility. What he does do is to build a machine that will do his work while he sits by and watches it.

I wonder sometimes that with his inter-mixture of the meditative and the practical he has not made greater progress in developing the possibilities of prayer. Prayer might be loosely defined as one method of getting some things done without actually doing them, and in that aspect of it it might be expected to appeal to the Yankee. No doubt it does appeal to him, but he seems to have made no greater progress with it than his predecessors on earth in other climes and ages. Considering how long prayer has been in use in the world and how much human energy it has engrossed, it seems a remarkable thing that there should continue to be such uncertaity about its effects. When a boy throws a ball over a wall, he cannot tell precisely where it is going to land, but he is sure it went over and that it will hit something. When a doctor gives medicine he cannot be certain of its effect until the patient has shown it, and he cannot always be sure then; nevertheless he knows the medicine was an actual force and that it did something, though other forces may have neutralized its action. But when a man of average sentiments prays he is not sure whether or not anything has gone out from him which has had any effect outside of his own range of perception. He is sure that his own mind has worked in a certain manner. If other persons have heard him pray, he may be convinced that his uttered sentiments have affected their minds, but beyond that everything is foggy and uncertain.

That is an unsatisfactory state of things, with which prayerful persons ought not to be satisfied. If prayer is worth using at all, and great numbers of intelligent people are convinced that it is, it is worth using with the utmost intelligence and the highest attainable skill. The kind of prayer in which the petitioner asks for everything he can think of, in the hope that some of his supplications may reach the mark, is as much out of date as those doses affected by doctors of the last generation, in which a lot of drugs were mixed, not for their combined effect, but in the hope that the right one might be among them, and might find its way to the right spot in the patient. Perhaps clumsy doctors do that way still. Not so the masters of medicine. Their diagnoses make plain to them what they want to do; then, if they use a drug at all, it is sent to accomplish that particular purpose. So, in this enlightened generation, the prayers of the great prayer-masters should be rifle-shots sent by an understood force at an ascertained mark. Whether they hit or miss should depend upon comprehensible conditions. If a savage fires at the moon with a rifle, he may be surprised at not hitting it; but a man who understands about rifles is not surprised. He knows what may be expected of them. So it should be possible to understand prayer.

There are forces of nature which used to be mysterious, but which the men of our day can use and control, because they have learned how. If there are natural forces which can be reached or directed by prayer, it is not unimaginable that human intelligence may gain a more definite use, and some measure of control of them also. Men pray to God, but there is no natural force that the idea of God does not include. The more rational idea of prayer would seem to be not an argument or entreaty which influences the sentiments of the Deity, but a force which acts directly on some force which is included in God. Of prayer so considered it is as obvious a necessity that the results it seeks should accord with God's will as that the results expected from the control of other natural forces should accord with the laws of nature. Men do not expect water to run up hill and turn a mill-wheel. They have found out that water runs down hill. But if the use of water was still in the experimental stage they might put their millwheels at various points to see what results they got. Until they learned the laws of nature as they affect water, water-power would be a mysterious and uncertain force.

Prayer is still in the experimental stage. We know that it is of no use as a force, except so far as it conforms to the will of God. Yet many of us believe that it brings things to pass which would not happen without it. Electricity works in accordance with the will of God when it hauls a street car, but it would not haul the car except for the interposition of the will of man. So we constantly use prayer as though it were an objective force, subject to the will of man in accordance with the will of God. We are pretty sure that the will of God, including and regulating all natural forces, is invariable, not subject to whims or argument or entreaty. When we pray, then, we do not hope to alter God's will, but rather for the application to a special case of some force whose existence is suspected rather than understood, which is included, as are all natural forces, in God, but which, like other forces, is subject to our will in proportion as we understand the laws that govern it. But we don't seem to know enough about prayer yet to adapt our methods with any certainty to its possibilities. We set up our mill-wheels and wait to see which way the force tends, and whether or not it will turn them. We string our wires, but don't quite know how to get the electricity into them. We cannot gear our wants by prayer to the great central force so as to get our necessities satisfied. When we have more nearly perfected our knowledge of prayer, and of the will of God, we will, perhaps, be able to do that very thing. Then, when we see a comet coming our way we may be able to pray our planet out of its course as easily as we steer a ship out of the course of another and avoid a collision. Then, when we are in such a predicament as often are the passengers of a disabled steamer, we can count with some certainty upon calm seas and succor from the nearest ship.

Man is not the supreme force of the Universe, but he is akin to it. He shares its quality. All things are possible to him if only he can learn how. If he can ever become the reverent master of scientific prayer, we may expect to see the rate of his progress indefinitely accelerated. The incurable will be cured then; the impracticable will be done; the secret of perpetual motion will be revealed; the fountain of youth will gush out. The millennium will have come, but only for those who learn to know it.

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TOWN TALK

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An Answer to Labor

In adopting the conference report on the railroad bill by a margin of a hundred votes, the House of Representatives gave a firm and unmistakable answer to organized labor and its threat of coercive electioneering along class lines if its dictates were not obeyed.

The action of the house was significant for many reasons. The railroad issue was the first involving labor largely to come up after the American Federation of Labor served warning that it would carry its fight into politics. The issue was emphasized by the recent threats of strikes and the unshaken opposition of the president. More than that, the railroads not only form perhaps the most essential industry, but one whose workers have gone further than any others in formulating revolutionary demands: their Plumb plan is taken body and soul from the extreme platform of the British radicals.

Representative Kitchin, leading the opposition, made it clear his conduct was not based on labor's demands: he admitted that the pressure brought by labor leaders had caused a dozen members to desert the opposition. The significance of the vote, therefore, is beyond mistake.

With the return of the roads to private control almost at hand, and the guarantee of a net income of 5½ per cent a matter of record, preparations are under way for needed expansion. To consider but one minor point of special meaning to California, the railroads will again be able to advertise for tourist business. In that item alone there are millions of dollars for this state. From even so narrow a standpoint, disregarding the broader meaning of the government's retirement from the railroad business, California has cause for rejoicing.

Americanism Must Govern America

The critical situation created by the Adriatic problem has served to arouse a feeling of precariousness among those who have supported President Wilson in his fight for the acceptance of the peace treaty without reservations. Following closely on the correspondence with Secretary Lansing, the reported determination of the president to withdraw the treaty from the Senate, and even to abrogate the defensive alliance with France, could but weaken the confidence of his adherents. During the many days when the nation awaited an announcement of the president's reply to the allies' Adriatic proposals, days in which the demand for an unreservedly open diplomacy became stronger perhaps than at any other time since the beginning of the peace sessions in Paris, the report that Mr. Wilson had decided upon so drastic a course as withdrawal of the treaty came from so many sources, public and private, not only in Washington but abroad, that the conviction spread that such a development was at least possible. Thus the operatic gesture of an Italian poet has its echo in the policies of America.

The situation emphasizes the expectation that the treaty and its corollaries and implications will come to the voters of America in the approaching campaign. Self-determination is an American principle, and the people will apply it to their foreign relations. The treaty is not a plaything of internal or external politics and in the end the American public will not permit it to be treated as such.

* * *

The Burden of Prohibition on the City

Facing the necessity of raising $20,000,000 for municipal expenses, and pledged to keep the tax levy within $3.08, the city authorities find themselves in a difficult position as a result of the loss of liquor license revenue.

It has been proposed to spread the cost of prohibition over the entire population by imposing a tax of one per cent of gross receipts on virtually all businesses. Such a tax would, of course, be passed on to the public, in practice doubtless with additions. The plan gives promise of solving the immediate problem; it will, however, serve in the end only to create dissatisfaction, for the average citizen will not smile when his income is depleted by the accrued taxes upon the jobber's receipts, the wholesaler's, the retailer's, and in some cases even others handling commodities between the point of origin and the consumer's home—for the citizen will be, not asked, but compelled, to submit to this less for the sake of his city than for the glorious privilege of being denied his constitutional liberty.

The finance committee of the Supervisors has shown a commendable optimism in asking the city departments to base their budgets upon actual requirements and not upon the expectation of having their totals reduced when the appropriations are made. The use of the asking price in budget requests, however, is probably too deeply rooted in custom and human nature to give significance to such a request.

Certain it is that any measure calling for a higher tax rate than that agreed upon would bring forth a storm from property owners before which more trees than one would fall. Prohibition has proven no more than was expected: a calamity for tax makers. San francisco is wrestling with the problem. When the public realizes the cause of that problem, then may we look for a reaction and a burning desire for change of laws that will restore the old conditions of normality.

* * *

Let American Traders Be on Guard

At a period in which every nation, and every individual in every nation, is being exhorted to produce the maximum output of goods, that five years of unprecedented waste may be overcome, we find the anomalous situation of an embargo cutting the bulk of mankind off from access to 37 per cent of the world's timber resources, 50 per cent of its iron ore, 97 per cent of the platinum, 35 per cent of the supply of fur, 79 per cent of the flax, more than half of the hemp and rye and a fourth of the oats and wheat.

Such has been in effect the outcome of the policy of isolation for Russia.

The recent decision of the Supreme Council to lift the blockade, with the trade restricted to the Russian co-operative societies, marks a new condition of which America must prepare to take its due share.

The matter is one of prime importance to San Francisco because of this city's advantageous position in transpacific trade.

There have been disquieting rumors of late that the traders of other nations were edging in that they might hold the strategic points upon a resumption of trade with Russia. For

one thing, London is buying Russian rubles in Germany. Of the possibility of a resumption of trade there have been many indications; while it is true they may mean litle, on the other hand they may be of great significance and America should be ready to hold its place of eminence as a trading nation in whatever contingency may occur.

It is no secret that the lifting of the embargo by the United States, which did not concur in the Supreme Council's action, has been momentarily expected for some time. That such a move would be in accord with the wishes of a considerable body of the country's business men was indicated by the revelation made before the senate that 941 American business concerns were ready to do business with Russia, once permission were granted, through the negotiations of the Russian trade ambassador, Martens, who came to America with an offer of $200,000,000 gold in exchange for commodities.

The recent election of William C. Redfield, former secretary of commerce, to the presidency of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, would seem to indicate an expectation of trade.

In the military field the nationalist and other forces opposing the Soviet government have not fulfilled the expectations of their supporters. The small border states have begun making peace with Russia; England herself has entered into an agreement for the exchange of prisoners, despite the impudent threat of reprisals made by Petrograd late last year in a statement accusing the British of maltreating and killing prisoners. In England, Winston Churchill finds himself on the defensive because his investment of $75,000,000 government money in the support of Denikin seems now an extravagance, in view of England's inability to pay interest on one debt to America. All of these circumstances have their bearing on the trade situation.

More significant is the statement, made on Russian authority, that trade has been going on since 1919: that the Union of Siberian Co-operatives exported $16,000,000 worth of furs and other commodities last year. The same authorities dismiss the western European doubt of Russia's actual possession of large stores of wheat, and there would seem to be much on their side in view of the peasant's tendency to hoard in unstable times and when one remembers the decrepit condition of the Russian railroads. The Russian government, however, has turned two army corps to productive tasks, maintaining the military form of organization. If Europe gets the goods these and other Russians produce, and especially the wheat, the demand for American wheat will suffer. America must have other trade to counteract such a loss.

Uncle Sam is a shrewd figure. The Russian situation seems to call for his shrewdness, or he may be bested by his debtor, Europe.

Haskins

By Bart Kennedy

He was a man who liked using his muscles. It gave him joy to feel that he could more than hold his own with his mates in the matter of working. And when he saw the boss looking at him he worked harder than ever. It was a good thing to keep in with the boss, he felt. It was a good thing to feel that he, the boss, thought a great deal of him as a shoveller!

That the boss thought a great deal of him was plain, for on the second day of his working here on the job he called him over to him and made a proposition to the effect that he would pay him a halfpenny more an hour if he set the pace for the other navvies. He warned him, however, to say nothing about it to them.

The chest of Haskins swelled with pride when this proposition was made to him. A halfpenny an hour more than the other navvies! Why, that would mean that he would get sixpence an hour, for all that the others got was fivepence-halfpenny! He had almost the feeling that a soldier would have on getting the Victoria Cross for valour in the field. And he felt it hard that he could not proclaim it aloud to his mates that he was getting more an hour than they were. But the boss had been emphatic about his saying nothing about it.

The work that was being done on this job was amongst the hardest kind of navvying work. One had to keep bending one's back through the whole of the time. Sewer-pipes were being laid, and just at this place it was a case of digging down through clay and then through gravel to a depth of some twelve feet. Then men worked in a line—in Indian file, as it were—and the harder a man worked, the lower he got down. It was therefore easy for the boss to see who was doing the most work.

It was customary amongst the navvies to work to a kind of pace arranged, perhaps subconsciously, amongst themselves. Though not expressed in so many words, it was understood between them that a man was not to work too hard. There was a certain normal pace that could be kept up through the working day of ten hours without causing too much fatigue. Naturally, the pace that could be kept up through a day of, say, eight hours would be faster than the one kept up through a day of ten hours. And then the physical differences in the navvies themselves was a factor that also operated in the setting of the pace. There were men who were faster and stronger than other men. These were in the habit of not exerting their full speed and strength. And so it was that a pace was maintained that could be kept up by all—if they were of normal strength and habituated to the work. And this general pace of working was, oddly enough, different on different jobs. How it came actually to be set was mysterious, not to be quite explained. It was a thing of the mind.

This setting of a pace by the men themselves was a thing that some bosses fought against. Their desire was to drive the men as hard as they could. And one of the ways of doing this was getting a man to set the pace.

As suggested, Haskins was a quick and powerful worker. And there was another thing about him, too. He had a strong sense of himself as an individual. He was also highly emulative. He was by temperament unable to grasp easily the general point of view of his mates. He could not understand why he should work slowly because other men were not so fast as he was. He liked working hard; and he liked showing that he was a quicker worker than anyone else. And he liked to please the boss. It thrilled him and stimulated him when the approving glance of the eye of the boss rested upon him. It may have been that in some other incarnation Haskins had been a boss himself, for he identified himself strongly with the wishes of bosses and what he conceived to be their interests.

The man who was working next him in the digging of the excavation had it in him to be be as quick and as powerful a worker as he, Haskins, was. But his point of view was altogether different. In the first place, he was in no way fascinated with being a navvy at all. He would like to have got his food by some easier and more graceful method of toil. And he was not particularly emulative—at least, as far as navvying was concerned. The approving glance of a boss left him cold and unthrilled. He was at once intelligent and aggressive, and a firm believer in the taking of things as easy as possible.

"You wants to get a medal, I s'pose?" he remarked to Haskins, who was working away like a demon.

Haskins did not say anything. He had been up against remarks of this nature before, and he had found that the best way of dealing with them was to take no notice. Though a powerful man, he was not by nature aggressive, and he did not take kindly to the gentle art of fighting. Besides, he was too busy to think of anything but his work. This digging with his spade as hard as he could delighted him. He liked to feel the gravel giving way. He liked the effort of pitching it up on to the bank above. His whole being exulted in the work. And also he was showing this man alongside him that he was a better shoveller than he was. He had dug his section deeper down!

"'Ow much will you be able to get on yer medal?" remarked the man again. "Ye're a good 'un, I don't think, a-workin' like that. Chuck it. Go heasy."

There was, if one might so put it, a touch of steel in the voice of the navvy as he made the remark. It pierced into the innermost recesses of the feelings of Haskins. He had heard this kind of tone before, and he knew that it occasionally led up to the rudeness of physical assault. For he had got into trouble fairly often through his habit of rushing on jobs. Though he was invariably a favorite with the boss, his mates gave him the cold and jaundiced eye. Navvies were as human as most other people

who work. They did not like to do too much for the money they received. They believed in toiling as easily as they could. And it is hardly necessary to say that there was but little enthusiasm in their regard for a man such as Haskins.

For a moment he slackened speed and looked out of the corner of his eye at the man who was working alongside him. The result of his gaze conveyed but little comfort to his soul. He saw a hard, truculent face that carried the impression that its owner was a person who enjoyed fighting as much as he, Haskins, enjoyed work. He felt slightly nervous.

But in a moment or so this nervousness passed off. The lust for hard work was too strong upon him. And he was back again at his furious pace.

"Look 'ere, you ——— swine!" growled the navvy. "Chuck it! Go heasy, I tell you. What are you tryin' to do? Are you tryin' to run me off the job?"

At this moment the boss appeared on the bank, and he gazed down upon Haskins with a loving and admiring gaze. And Haskins caught that gaze. It was to him as the sweetest and most soothing balm. It comforted him and made him forget the rude name that the man alongside had bestowed upon him. If possible, he shovelled harder than ever. What did he care what anyone said as long as he pleased the boss? What did it matter what names he was called? The boss, after all, was the person to please. It was true enough that he might get into trouble for working hard. But if he were careful, there was a way to avoid that. He could keep away from the pub near the works. For when the beer flowed fighting was in the air.

"I say!" called down the boss from the bank. "I say, what are you doin' on down there? Are you asleep? Why don't you keep up?"

He was addressing the man alongside Haskins. And the man growled under his breath. For a moment he was on the point of throwing down his shovel. But he didn't. Work was slack, and a job was hard to find. So he had to mend his pace. There was nothing else for it. He would have to keep up with the man who was "running" him. He felt murderous towards him. He looked upon him as a traitor, for no man could keep up the pace he was setting all day.

An idea was now aflame in the mind of Haskins. He would "run" the man alongside him off the job! In that way he would get even for the name he had called him. He would show the boss that he was no good—that he, Haskins, was worth ten of him! He would fight him in his own way—fight him with work!

The man knew what he was up to. He knew what was in the mind of Haskins. And there came up in him an impulse to strike him with his shovel. But if he did this he would be sacked, and, like as not, be locked up into the bargain. There was no help for it. He would have to keep the pace with Haskins. He did not want to leave now, for he had only started the day but one before. So he set to work as hard as he could. He determined to keep up with the man who was "running" him.

And, after a bit, there began to come to him the spirit of emulation. His usual point of view left him:—that it was foolish to work too hard! The feeling came to him that he could beat Haskins at his own game. He would "run" him off the job. It would be a good thing to do! It would be a good thing to show him that he wasn't the best navvy going. The idea that in doing this he was playing the game of the boss would, in the ordinary way, have occurred to him. But it did not occur to him now. He was burning with the desire to beat Haskins.

The two navvies were working like madmen. And the boss, seeing this, went off. He was congratulating himself and giving himself large mental pats on the back. His ruse had worked. The halfpenny an hour extra that he was paying Haskins for "running" the others would come back a hundred-fold. The job would be put through quickly, and upon him would fall much honor and glory. The contractor would be pleased, and all would be well!

The pace set up by these two men in time, of course, transmitted itself, as near as it could be transmitted, to the other navvies. All of them worked away at a surprising rate.

After an hour or so, however, the pace began to tell. One man who had only started that morning, and who had had no breakfast, suddenly slackened his speed. He was not feeling up to much anyway, for besides having had no breakfast he had been out of work for two weeks and had not been getting enough food.

The boss noticed him.

"What's up with you?" he shouted.

The man said nothing. He leaned heavily on the handle of his shovel. He was feeling dizzy and faint.

"What's up with you?" shouted the boss again.

"I feels dizzy," answered the man slowly.

"Come, get out o' that!" commanded the boss. "I can't 'ave you goin' to sleep. You're not in a doss house. If you can't do your work, get out. Come on and get your time. It'll not be much. Get out."

The brutality in the tone of the boss aroused the man. He felt himself again.

"Blast you!" he exclaimed, throwing down his shovel. "'Oo wants yer work? Take it to 'll!" And he climbed up out of the ditch.

As he was going off another man came up and asked the boss for a job. He had been waiting round with six or seven other men in the hope of being put on. He did not quite like the idea of taking another man's place under the circumstances, for navvies did not care to work on a job where there was "running." But there was no help for it. He had to have the work—that is, if he wanted to eat.

The boss looked at him and scowled.

"Yes," he said in a hard tone. "I'll put you on. You can take that fellow's shovel—that fellow that thought 'e was in a doss house. But you'll 'ave to shape better than 'e did. Go on."

The man took off his coat, jumped down into the ditch, and set to work.

Haskins was now in the seventh heaven. He felt that he was the prime mover in the whole show. He was the boss of the job. He was setting the pace. He was making the rest of the navvies play to his tune. It was fine! It was grand! He was showing them what for. And he was making this fellow alongside him, who had called him the name, work his hardest. Haskins was making the dirt fairly fly from his shovel!

The boss was now sitting on a log with his back turned to the navvies, smoking his pipe and admiring the scenery. He was thinking pleasantly of his skill as a diplomat. What he didn't know about navvy human nature wasn't worth knowing! He was the boy to handle 'em. He was the boy to make 'em work. Once he had been a navvy himself. In his day he had performed prodigies of valor with his shovel. He knew veery twist and turn of the work. He knew when a man was doing his best, when he was doing only half his best, and when he was loafing. He was up to all the tricks. He had the eye of a hawk. He could tell to an ounce what a man ought to lift upon his shovel. He knew the differences between the shovelling of sand and gravel and cinders and broken stone, and the digging of clay. He knew the different muscular exertions that were called for. In fact, he knew everything he ought to know—and more. He was that hardest kind of boss—the man who had once been a practical navvy.

Suddenly he heard a shout from the ditch. In a moment he was up to the bank. A man was lying on his back and two other men were bending over him. The rest of the navvies, including even Haskins, had stopped working.

"What's up?" he asked.

"'E's fainted," answered one of the men.

"Fainted? Why? What do you mean? What's wrong?"

But he knew well what was wrong. None better. The man had fainted in trying to keep up with the pace Haskins had set. This particular boss had had this kind of thing happen before on the jobs he had put through.

There were several things that would make a man faint on a job that was being put through on the "run." It might be that he had got past the prime of his power as a worker. Or it might be—when times were hard as they were now—that he had started work in a weak state through not having had food. "Running" at this heavy kind of laboring work was dangerous for a man if he were not perfectly fit. And even then it was bad for him. Working beyond the normal power of his body told on him in the end.

"Lift 'im out," ordered the boss, "an' throw water on 'is face. 'E'll be all right in a minute. And—well, what are you fellows stoppin' for?" he shouted to the rest of them. "Go on with your work. It's nothin'."

The work began again, but it was some time before it got back again to the murderous pace. The fact that a man had fainted had its effect upon the navvies. One man indeed threw down his shovel, refusing to work further.

The boss felt irritated. He despised a man who fainted—who gave in in this way to his work. To him it seemed that he must lack grit. Of the two he preferred a man who refused to work.

He started two more men, and this time he did not go back to sit on the log. He stood watching how things were going. He felt slightly disturbed. And there came back to him the memory of that time two years ago when a man fell dead on a job like this. Nothing had been said at the inquest about the fact that the man had fallen dead because he was trying to keep up with the pace that he, the boss had caused to be set. Indeed, nothing could have been said. "Running" was in no way an offence against the law. It was the right and proper thing to do if one only knew how to do it. Still, having a man die on a job was a nuisance. It got spread about.

He felt relieved when he saw that the man who had fainted had come to all right. He sent him off to be paid for the time he had put in, and he gave him the price out of his own pocket to get himself a pint of beer.

And how was Haskins getting along all this time? Was he defeating very badly the truculent navvy who had insulted him? Was he showing that he was by far the better man?

He was not. With sadness it must be confessed that he was not. This truculent navvy had turned out to be as good a man as Hask-

(Continued on Page 15)

In and About New York

February 17th.

New York, to the neverending stream of tourists, presents a weird appearance. It is now ten days since the blizzard swooped down and buried Manhattan under a mountain of snow.

Along the main arteries of traffic, the snow has been shoveled from the center of the streets to the curbline, meeting there the snow pushed off the sidewalks, forming long lines of white hills, shoulder deep.

Fifth avenue has been entirely cleared, and the busses are running—but cannot take up one-tenth of the people who would ride. Every corner of the avenue holds a disappointed crowd, as these busses, every seat occupied, speed by. The burden of travel falls upon the subway and the elevated.

The only crosstown car running is the 59th street. Even with the propitious weather, such as we are having now, New York will not be over the effect of the storm for five weeks, according to the commissioner of streets. The cost of the storm will exceed $50,000,000.

It is estimated that snow removal alone will entail an expense of $5,000,000. With ice packing down harder every day, mountains of snow lying all about, and many streets still drift clogged, New York has its hands full. In answer to the despairing call of the city for able-bodied men to volunteer, 3,000 patrolmen put aside their clubs for pickaxes yesterday, and willingly undertook the tremendous task of clearing the solid pack of ice from the roadways of the Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg bridges. In less than two hours 200 of these willing workers broke a roadway on Manhattan Bridge that set free the traffic snarl which had tied up vehicles for the past week. They were greeted by wild cheers from every passing vehicle,—these brawny smiling patrolmen who made the task a game, and refused pay for their work, volunteering their nights off to pickwelding on these icefields. Every device available is being given a trial—steam shovels, plows, flame, even the war tanks, but none proved as effective as the fire hose under high pressure. Last night twelve fire men were required to hold each nozzle, the pressure was so great,—but the results were marvelous. The work went on all night. The Red Cross standing by till morning, in the freezing weather, serving the men hot coffee and sandwiches, and so day by day, and inch by inch, Old Father Knickerbocker is being slowly dug out of the drifts.

There was real excitement yesterday at the Grand Central Palace, the second day of the Westminster Kennel Club show. A holiday crowd jammed all three floors of this big building, from morning to late night. In the Boston Terrier Class, two far westerners scored above all the blueblooded and pampered pets of the east. The bue ribbon for the best dog going to Mr. Freeman Ford of Pasadena, Cal. The winning dog was Arroya Arbitrator. While Bestyette, owned and loved by Mrs. F. Janahl of Houston, Texas, won deservedly her blue ribbon. Both owners were wildly enthusiastic, each having made the trip to New York with their dogs. Society thronged the show all day, many remaining for hours with their pets. Seemingly in reaction from the dreary days of war, people are veering back to the easy luxuries and pleasures of those pre-war days.

Though the weather still calls for furs, there was quite a sprinkling of beautiful spring suits among the débutante class—blue serge showing its old time popularity. There was also a number of smart sport costumes bringing with them a breath of spring. Mrs. Philip Hunloke, who came from England to act as judge, was at the afternoon session. She leaves for England on Saturday. Among the afternoon crowd were Mrs. Burke Roche, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Gerry Snow Jr., Mrs. Paul Moore, Joseph Widener and a party of friends up from Philadelphia. Miss Janet Snow won many prizes.

Fashions as seen on Broadway and those seen on the avenue, vary sharply. A young friend of mine, but recently arrived from S. F., expressed her great disappointment in the fashions of New York and in the people who wore them. "They all look terrible," she said, "no style at all, or else too much of it. Why, those shops on Broadway," she began, but was immediately pounced upon by one New Yorker present. "On Broadway," she exclaimed in scorn, "who ever shops on Broadway? Come, we will show you the avenue." And we did,—to this girl's joy. And then the Ritz with its charming afternoon throng at the tea hour—to her delighted amazement. There, on any and every afternoon, gather the youth, beauty, and gay of gay New York. The constant stream of arrivals seems at once dressed for the Arctic and the tropics. The freezing cold of outdoor air necessitating the warm enveloping furs, which, upon being shed, reveal the sheerest and gayest of springtime frocks. There one sees visiting celebrities and many titled foreigners. Here are gathered together distinguished exquisite matrons, with their daughters, interesting débutantes, who this season have come into their own. For after two years of utter neglect, their debt has been paid in full, with all past interest due. For many years no single season has launched so many prominent buds—all great heiresses. Parties, dinners, and dances so crowded one another, that it taxed even their two years of reserved strength. Frocks too, seem to have been designed with an eye only to the requirements of the débutante,—short sleeves, short skirts, foolish little trimmings—and ruffles and ruffles! All the skirts bulge at the sides; taffeta is in great favor for afternoon frocks, as are many of the soft weaves of domestic silks that look so well for semi-dress occasions. One taffeta afternoon frock, worn at the Ritz, was the color of a frosty raspberry ice, girdled with a ribbon of lavender, the bouffant skirt standing out at the sides by cording set in a deep banding about the hips. The tiny puffed sleeves were finished with white organdie. The bodice showed a front panel of this hand-embroidered organdie, ending in a round tab-like apron at the knee. Something quite new, that carries with it a note of spring, is this touch of white organdie,—usually forming a great shawl collar in the back, and continuing squarely down the front in a wide panel, to near the end of the skirt. It is usually hand hemstitched, and not attached to the frock at all, but goes on separately, and worn over black or gay colored taffeta frocks. It is belted at the waistline, by narrow picot edged ribbons, and finished with the ever present little corsage of spring flowers.

Thus far, with some few exceptions, New York has not gone in for the extreme fashions with which Parisian women have caricatured themselves. It a recent smart ball here the gowns worn were stunning, but sane. Draperies were not cut off somewhere slightly below the knees, as decreed by some of the French fashion creators, but were built with the purpose of becoming their wearers. One young girl floated down the room in a cloud of white tulle. From her slim waist two rows of white ostriche, fringelike, gave the desired billowly bouffant effect. Another, a dark haired beauty, in flowing orange chiffon, as simple and graceful as a Grecian robe. And a third, in peach colored velvet, with a bodice of chrystals—like a beautiful peach, with the sunlight catching the dewdrops on its velvety surface.

Skirts are smartly short—few are exaggeratedly so. With hardly any exception, the hipline is wire extended. On evening frocks this wire is garlanded with brilliant flowers. Narrower garlands are used about the waistline. On many bodices flowers large and small, singly or in groups are buttonholed onto the material with half inch silk stitches. And fans—fans—fans! At the ball—at the opera—they flutter and sway and dip, or idly lay in silken laps—these long, alluring feather fans, whose gay colors are flame and green and orange.

We hardly expected to see flowers growing so profusely on the crown of a hat. The hat itself wears a sort of droopy air, as if it had not quite grown accustomed to the idea, and were a little crushed by the unexpected burden. This fashion of hat, with its Victorian tendency to droop, is also trimmed with wreaths of old-fashioned garden flowers. Green is still showing, though the emerald green of winter plumes is fading to charming jade green feathers. But already there are signs that this exquisite shade will become so common that women of fastidious tastes will avoid it. There is scarcely a shop along the avenue that does not feature jade green in some way. Most of the hats shown now are of the sport type. These are charming, and together with the droopy garden style of hat mentioned are designed largely for Palm Beach. There they are being given their tryout.

Witter Bynner was recently asked to serve as witness in a court trial—a civil action.

"Your name?" said the recording secretary.

"Witter Bynner."

"Your name?" again inquired the secretary.

"Witter Bynner."

A third time the question was asked, and a third time it was answered as before.

"Witness will please stop making that funny noise!" said the pudge.

At the Park Theatre the American Singers Opera Company is presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore," in it's fifth week, to crowded houses, first N. Y. production in 35 years. Speaking recently with an Englishman, Mr. Ernest Kennedy, about the marked unpopularity of this opera in London, he told the following story: "The London public did not so much object to the opera, as it did to the name. Gilbert was deluged with protesting letters. One letter ended, 'Why, you might just as well call it 'Bloodygore,' and be done with it—there is very little difference.' To which Gilbert replied, 'My dear sir: As to there being but very little difference between Ruddigore and Bloodygore, I beg to state I find considerable difference. For instance, if I were speaking of cheek, and it was my cheek of which I spoke, I should say I had a ruddy cheek. But, on the other hand, if it were your cheek, of which I spoke, I should say you had a bloody cheek.'"

The very cleverest comedy of all the merry

list is the "Clarence" of Booth Tarkington at the Hudson Theatre, which leads in crowding its houses. Mr. Tarkington personally selected and guided the actors. This play has been running since early September, at the same high speed of popularity. A member of this company is Mr. Willard Barton, son of our well remembered Willard Barton of San Francisco—one time president of the Bohemian Club. Young Barton is a good looking, clever and interesting chap, who should go far in his profession.

Mr. James M. Beck, well known student of current events, recently said before a large audience of women at Carnegie Hall, that New York had been caught up in a wave of incredible frivolity. Of the theatres, he said: "In the 53 theatres of New York, only 10 plays of any real value are being produced. The dialogue of the modern play shows wit which is an insult to human intelligence, and these frothy valueless creations turn away large numbers nightly,—such is the superficiality of the modern day taste."

The public, reacting from the strenuous year of war, normally, and naturally swings out for pleasure. The theatres are crowded with laughter loving people. They want to laugh. I don't believe the frivolous plays of New York will hurt the New Yorker. What would the world be without dancing, laughter and song? Besides, all nations, on the morrow of war, are in a process of adaptation. But beneath this lighter vein, one senses a deep underlying current of a religious nature throughout the city, which holds one's thoughts. When "The Wayfarer," a serious Biblical play was produced in December and January, Madison Square Garden was thronged. This introducing of a divine to New York was undertaken a little tremblingly by the producers,—it was something amazingly new. New York responded by crowding the house nightly with hushed and venerating audiences. On the eve of Christmas, I was present at the midnight mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral on the avenue. The entire edifice was crowded to the doors. People stood packed in the aisles for hours. The ceremony lasted until 2:30 a. m. About 6,000 were in attendance, of whom half were communicants.

As to being caught in the wave of frivolity, the war has changed the finances of many—pouring golden streams in the hands of those who never before knew wealth. These are the present day spenders, the wasters, and the idlers, to whom the word frivolity applies. They cannot spend their money rapidly enough. Naturally they fill the public eye. They crowd the theatres, and the restaurants and overrun the hotels. Frivolity is their self expression.

Discussing this with a friend, returned last week from France, we learn that Paris is in a far worse state. Never before have the people of Paris sought more frantically after happiness, in a vain desire to forget the grim yesterdays of war; if they do not find happiness, they at least find a sort of revenge for past deprivations, by spending to the extent of their means, now greater than ever before. Paris, she says, is one mad whirl. The place is Carnival and Pleasure is their king. Never have the women worn such jewels and such furs, nor such costly golden raiment. They pay recklessly, prohibitive prices for everything. New York, she insists, is economical beside Paris,—while we, gasping at the absurdity of New York prices, try to expand our poor ideas to grasp what limit these Paris prices might reach.

—Josephine Huff.

The Spectator

A Plank for a Platform

Upon the shoulders of America there sits a fanatic, rowelling the land with a clutch as pinching as was ever that of the Old Man of the Sea. The prohibitionist tugs at the reins and the country dances sadly to his will. More and more, as the full effects of the dry legislation become apparent, does the intolerable nature of it grow manifest.

The time is past for any measure less stern than a blow short and swift in the manner of the real nation, as we know that manner from history and from tradition.

California in especial has suffered economically to a vast extent from the calamity that has come upon the land. The state has seen a great industry obliterated by law. But California is ready to stand or fall with the country as a whole: to plead for or to expect extraordinary consideration is futile and worse. The course of those who were careless of the progress of prohibition so long as it left our state unmolested is ethically on a par with the attitude of the dive keeper, with his stock excuse, If I didn't, somebody would. It is not in such a spirit that Californians can contemplate the ruin that has been done. It is not as Californians but as Americans that they must think and act.

For the harm of prohibition is not confined by the boundaries of a state: it blights the life of the entire land, root and branch. The leaves that are upon the branches today must take their fate, but if we are to preserve the root and the life sap within it, the people must take cognizance of what has been done to them and must eradicate the enemy as the husbandman wars upon the vermin of his trees.

* * *

Evils in Prohibition's Train

Prohibition has changed, and changed violently, the social habits of the people. It has had its evil effect on their commercial life at many points. It has made the operation of American liners impracticable. It is today killing off those citizens who have fallen victims to influenza. It is hastening the death of there is no telling how many more whose illnesses are less regarded than is the recurring epidemic. Prohibition is turning men and women to the addiction to drugs upon a scale that, were it fully realized, would cause a revulsion in which the dry laws would fall like bricks in an earthquake.

But all these are as passing phases of ill fortune when compared with the major evils produced by the surrender of legislators to Puritans who have not stooped to borrow the most nefarious methods of the lowest of politicians, furnishing them with a moral purpose as a casuist may condone deeds that make men draw back instinctively.

For prohibition has struck deeper than at the superficial things, important as they may seem in the shortened perspective of immediate suffering. Prohibition strikes at the foundations of our entire system.

* * *

Destruction of Economic Machinery

It is not only that laws such as now govern the nation are a negation—and as such, an inimical precedent—of those personal rights whose guarantee is an assumption in the very bases of our political and organic life. Worse than the denial of personal liberty which makes criminals by the hundred thousand of men in all other respects punctilious in their regard for the law, wrose than this is the sanction of expropriation implicit in the passage of such a law. The dry law, wiping out an industry of magnitude with one stroke, is a blow at the economic machinery upon which the civilization of America is based. Between its provisions and the partial expropriation in putting a term the income tax, there is no true comparison: on the one hand we have a partial measure, affecting a minority and balancing any possible injustice to that minority by benefits accruing to the people as a whole; on the other, we find a sumptuary measure whose effect, sooner or later, is felt by every individual, and whose only ostensible beneficiaries are the weaklings who, denied alcohol, take to drugs.

Between the American prohibitionist at whose beck an industry has been destroyed, and the Russian radical who absorbs private interests in his state, there is slight difference, and what there is is in favor of the radical.

America, bound helpless by blue ribbons, has been made a mockery and a by-word. She stands alone among the nations save for her fellowship, in the proscription of drink, with Soviet Russia. Those who would preserve America as it has been had best give care to the facts: it is not for nothing that the most radical country

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in the world, Russia, and the city in which of all American cities radical doctrines have their deepest hold, Seattle, have both had prohibition for longer than an experimental period. There were industrial leaders who sanctioned the campaign for prohibition in the belief that it would increase the productiveness of labor. We have prohibition and productiveness has not been increased. If energies have been released, they have been turned into channels of unrest.

And the end is not yet. The dry machine still grinds. Flying straws warn us of a storm for "social morality," before which there is no saying what remaining rights of the individual will be swept away. The professional Puritan girds his loins anew for combat. Tobacco, the dance, who can foretell what else, will be subjected to an onslaught of provincialism and prurience on a scale such as has never been seen and the grotesque forces of Comstockery, which have been an incubus on the spiritual forces of American art, will grow and fasten upon the body politic without discrimination.

* * *

Prohibition Fanatics Over-Reaching Themselves

While all this is in preparation, the prohibitionist, with his foot upon the neck of America, makes ready to carry his claptrap and his crocodile tears and the unctuous phrases of his impertinent sanctimoniousness beyond the borders of foreign countries. He would meddle with the internal affairs of our neighbors and our allies. To tell how they will regard such uninvited visits of a super-divine wisdom is not a matter of guesswork but of knowledge of human nature: they can but look upon it as would America were this land invaded by the self-appointed crusaders of an exotic morality.

It is conceivable that the American prohibitionist, loose and garrulous in a wine-making country, might produce a situation, were his political methods analogous to what they have been at home, in which a spark would bring on war. Let a half be called for the country's internal welfare of today and of the future: let us put a period to this madness before the nation is involved in international disputes.

Never before were the policies of our political parties in so fluid a state as now. Prizes are offered for planks; suggestions are thrown helter-skelter as if the necessities of politics were no more than the province of a village meeting. On each side the leaders are attempting as never before to feel the pulse of the public.

* * *

Let the People Decide

There is no advance of an issue, whatever be the courage of those who should speak but keep silence.

Let prohibition be placed before the people. Let them pass upon it in a plebiscite in which the majority's will shall govern, and not the will of a narrow and unscrupulous minority, The people know now what prohibition is; it is for them to decide whether they prefer slavery to the freedom that has been and should be theirs.

Vladivostok and California

There is a peculiar interest for Californians in the recent developments in Vladivostok, of which belated news has been coming piecemeal. The occupation of the city by the zemstvo forces focusses attention on a region with a romantic story which in more than one way parallels the attempts of Russia to secure a grip on our own Pacific Coast. We still have vestiges of that attempt, in historic buildings north of San Francisco and in more than one place name.

It is not generally known, however, that the desire of one man to see a closer rapprochement between Russia and the United States was responsible for the occupation of the vast region of which Vladivostok is the port.

The man was Count Muravioff and in his great enterprise he played almost a lone hand: not only did the Czar's government in St. Petersburg give him no help, but it displayed a reluctance to support him which came near being downright opposition.

The period was that just preceding the opening of Japan to trade.

A Russian's Dream of Empire

Muravioff was in command in eastern Siberia when he conceived the project of annexing to Russia the vast and rich region on the left or northern bank of the Amur, and of taking in the Pacific littoral as far to the south as Peter the Great Gulf, on which Vladivostok is situated.

To this region Siberians had been drifting for two centuries.

Muravioff, under the necessity of making the seizure quickly that a fait accompli might meet the inevitable protests of the western European powers, could get neither men nor money from St. Petersburg. Nevertheless, he went ahead.

His purpose was to establish a chain of settlements along the 2500 miles of the Amur and its southern branch, the Usuri. There were not sufficient free inhabitants of Siberia for such a scheme. So Muravioff organized released convicts who had become serfs in the imperial mines. He made them Transbailakian Cossacks and settled them on the rivers. Then he secured freedom for a thousand hard labor convicts, for the most part robbers and murderers, and sent them off to the lower Amur. Many of these men had been followed to Siberia by their wives. There were some who were not. As Muravioff bade them adieu on the river bank, the unmarried clamored for wives. Muravioff, on the spur of the moment, released the women hard labor convicts, a hundred strong. It was a matter of a moment: the river was rapidly falling and the rafts had to depart. Muravioff wasted no time. He raised his arms and cried: "I marry you, children. Be kind to one another and be happy."

Later, the church recognized these marriages. They are said to have been as happy as marriages are on the average.

Punishment Battalions Drawn On

More men were needed, so Muravioff later sent 2000 from the punishment battalions—the dregs of the army—to become "adopted sons" in the families that had preceded them. But they were scamps and scallawags and worse, and they loafed instead of helping clear the forests for settlements. The first settlers had a sorry time of it: supplies had to be sent them each year, on barges, and it was long before the region showed any signs of prospering.

But Muravioff has been justified, though his dream of empire has not been realized in the way he expected. Had Admiral Kolchak had the wisdom and strength not to drive the Czecho-Slovaks whom he nominally succored to repudiate him, had he not alienated the Americans by such horrors as the Death Train described a year or more ago by American Red Cross workers, had he been able to hold his territory without barbarous repressions and to stand against the red armies when they started to drive him three thousand miles from Omsk to the Pacific, then would he have been in a position to work new wonders with the great region along the Transsiberian railroad, and the Amur, where Muravioff sent his convicts and his hard-case soldiers three-quarters of a century ago.

Peary's Debt to Norwegian Hunters

The death of the discoverer of the North Pole marks in a measure the end of a period of Arctic exploration which leaves little more to be done, except in the vast work of detail.

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Now that interest has shifted to the Antarctic, it is not without interest to recall the debt geography owes to the daring of a little group of unlettered Norwegians, seal hunters, for the fillip given by their daring was perhaps the chief factor in renewing interest in northern exploration, more especially in Europe, and bringing on the long period of big achievements.

It was the opening of the Kara Sea to navigation that marked the start of the greatest era of Arctic work, and that feat was accomplished, in the face of scientific opinion, in 1869-71, not by a well equipped expedition but by a little fleet of Norwegian seal hunters. The Kara Sea, northwest of Siberia, had been thought to be a vast ice chest and nothing more. Naval ships approached, looked at the floating ice at the entrance, and departed. But the sealers came, dared, and won. When their accomplishment became known, science sat up and took notice, and there followed the expeditions which led to Nils Nordenskjold's circumnavigation of Asia —it was in 1878-79 that he discovered the Northeast Passage—and Nansen's Fram expedition and Peary's discovery of North Greenland in 1886 and his determination of Greenland's insularity. The tale was continued on down to Roald Amundsen's work and the voyage of the Gjoa, the little 46-ton whaler that now reposes in the Golden Gate Park.

As we honor Robert E. Peary, let us also not forget the Norsemen who followed the seals into Kara Sea and so helped make his achievements possible.

The Clockwinder Reads History

"I been readin' history," said the Clockwinder, taking his usual seat. As nobody appeared excited at the announcement, he remarked extenuatingly, "It's very interestin'. There's lots of folks ought to read history. It'd do them good. 'The study of history,' it says in the front of the book I been readin', unlocks the secret of mankind's activities. It seems to me they need a lot of unlockin' nowadays.

"But what I been readin' about is the Opium War. You remember. No, not the last tong war. The real Opium War, back in the forties it was, when the English went after John Chinaman with a gun in one hnd and a hop layout in the other and gave him his choice.

"Well, now, just consider. There were the Chinks and they scarcely knew what opium was, and the great civilizing influence of the white man spread over them like liquid flame, and now nobody thinks of a Chinaman without his hop, even if they have supposed to have stopped the trade in it."

Now for a Beer War

"Well, the opium trade has been stopped, officially anyhow. And the Chinese have got to get something to take the place of their old reliable. What do we find? Well, we find this. America's gone dry and they can't make any more beer in America, so they're going to send all the beer making machinery over to China.

"Instead of hop, the Chink is going to have hops.

"China is on the brink of a wonderful transformation. Take it from me. That's what it is to have the secrets of mankind's activities unlocked for you. China is awakening. The Chinese will drink beer. No war's needed, like with opium: they'll just take to it like a duck takes to water. Wait a few years, and you'll see the Chinese no longer thin and pale and kind of slinky, as they were when opium was breakfast, dinner and supper and nightcap to them. No, sir. You'll see 'em red and rosy like the beefeaters of Old England, with a tankard in each fist, singin rollickin' drinkin' songs like this: 'Chung-wah mok toy bo sin afoo.'

"But there'll be another beer war, mark my words."

Eastward the Course of Empire

"Yes, sir. America, as prohibition continues (if it does) will get to look like China was, thin and spiritless and slinky like. And the Chinese will fatten and get a bloom on their cheeks and get energy and new ideas—from beer. And first thing you know they'll have so much new pep that they'll take their gun in one hand and the beer machinery in the other and they'll come gallivantin' over here, just the way the British went to them seventy-five years ago when they was tryin' to find a market for India's opium, and the Chinese 'll say to us, 'Take your choice.' And by then we'll be so worthless from prohibition that we'll just have to grin and bear it and say, 'Well, I'll take beer.'

"That's the way it'll be. And then America 'll be flooded with beer made in Chinese breweries, where they're sendin' our outlawed brewing machinery now. There'll just be a tidal wave of beer. Think of it, man! May I live to see the day!"

Autographs

Practically every person has an autograph of some sort. Personally the autograph that is most appealing to me is that on the dotted line in the lower right hand corner of a check. However with a large portion of the population the collection of autographs is beginning to compete with the gentle indoor pastime of collecting stamps.

A good autograph hound is no respecter of signatures. Nothing would please him better today than the autograph of President Wilson just under that of Jack Dempsey or that of Bernard Shaw adjoining that of Willard Mack.

Probably the saddest moment in the life of an autograph collector comes when he reviews the pages of history and is confronted with the fact that so many personages have lived, given their autographs and died before he came upon the scene.

In securing autographs famous writers are easily approached. A comparison of their style with that of Stevenson usually does the work. If this fails a little note that their work carried a message direct to the heart of the autograph seeker is certain of success.

Editors are a bit harder. Rejected manuscripts in 99 cases out of 100 carry only a formal printed card and manuscripts that are sold are accompanied only by checks signed by auditors and business managers. However the autograph collector need not despair. Simply think up some bright little idea which will increase their circulation 100,000 copies and you can depend upon receiving a pleasant letter with their signatures attached.

Eminent actors most easily respond of notes of comparison. The more famous the actor you offer in comparison with the work of your victim the more certain you are of getting results. This rule will be found effective in both the movie and the legitimate fields.

Any statesman if he is a politician at all will reply to a note of appreciation of his greatness with a word of thanks bearing either his signature or that of his secretary.

The latest thing in autograph collections is that of famous army men. It has been found that an adriot little letter in which his methods of work and the name of Napoleon are used in reasonable proximinity in the same sentence will bring results.

Fire Commission Change

Had the resignation, last week, of Fire Commissioner Frank C. Sykes aught to do with the fact that the capable and opinionated find life in an official family not always one of political bliss?

Those who have observed the work of Mr. Sykes in public life fail to view his going in other light than that of a severe loss to the

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city he so well served. Competent, honest, and forward, the Fire Department owes to his effort much of the efficiency therein presently obtaining. Usually the minority member of the commission, his forcibleness on many occasions overcame opposition to theories eventually proven correct. However, experience demonstrates that divergent opinions have broken up many a happy home; to cast with minorities may be heroic, but, in final analysis, most heroes can only point from spirit-land to the ornate tombstones commemorating their passing, while the careful and the patronizing, sticking with safe majorities, have life and enjoy it.

Algeria Developing Industries

Rapid expansion of a new industry in Algeria is shown by commercial statistics for the year 1919 which have just been issued. The export of fresh and frozen meat amounted last year to 46,485 quintals, as compared with only 962 quintals in 1918. A striking increase in the export of manufactured goods is also seen, particularly the case of hyperphosphates, of which 14,576 quintals were exported in 1919, as against only 4,852 quintals in 1918. Exports of tissues, cloth and garments have also increased.

The total imports to Algeria for 1919 amounted to 943 million francs, an increase of 200 millions as compared with 1918. The value of exports last year reached 1,344,000,000 francs, an increase of 558 millions.

Franco-Belgian Association Formed

A Franco-Belgian association has been established with a view to the development of closer political, commercial and industrial relations between the two countries. Baron Beyens, Belgian Minister of State, is president of the temporary executive committee of the new organization, and Mm. Michel Levie and Mechelink will be vice-presidents.

The appointment of sub-commissions was decided at the first meeting. These will examine economic questions of common interest to France and Belgium; reconstruction problems and educational matters, such as the establishment of equivalents in diplomas, exchange of students and professors. Creation in Paris of a Maison d'Art building where Belgian painters, sculptors and engravers will exhibit their work is contemplated.

Marriages Increase in France

The number of marriages in France has increased rapidly in the last few months. At one of the mayoralties in Paris, ninety-eight pairs went through the ceremony one day, which is a record figure for the first two months in 1920 are the highest for many years, and the number of marriages celebrated so far this year is double that of the corresponding period of 1914.

New Foundation for Strasbourg Cathedral

Important engineering work is being carried out on the foundation of the Strasbourg cathedral which has for several years been in such a condition to threaten the safety of the building. The cathedral is built on oak piles driven into the ground, and in recent years these have begun to rot. Strong reinforced concrete walls are now being built on either side of the old pile foundation. Hydraulic jacks will be fitted on these walls to support the weight of the building and passages will be pierced between the two concrete walls so as to allow the removal of the old foundation. New foundations will be built and the jacks removed.

Czecho-Slovaks Grateful to French Mission

M. Klofac, Czecho-Slovak Minister of Defense, has issued a proclamation to commemorate the anniversary of the arrival of the French military mission in Prague. In this proclamation M. Klofac pays tribute to the members of the mission and declares that they have greatly aided in organizing the army and staff and in training the troops. Special tribute was paid to General Polle. The minister declared that the co-operation of the French would be required for several years to complete the organization of the army.

Foch's Automobile Sold

Marshal Foch's famous blue and black motor with the marshal's baton painted on the panels, which he used, has been sold by auction. The purchase price was 74007 francs (normally $15,081). The purchaser also gets a written guarantee that the car is actually the one used by Marshal Foch on his daily round of duty during the war. Last year the kaiser's motor car was sold to an American, a Mr. Crater of Long Island.

Very Remiss!

The cadets were in camp for the first night, and were preparing to turn in after a day's heavy labor. Naturally, they showed all the helplessness of novices.

They were instructed to lie down and roll themselves in their blankets, and generally make themselves comfortable.

An officer was expected to see that each company was all right, As an officer was strolling back from the tents of "B" company, he was accosted by a civilian. The latter had been standing by and watching events with much amusement.

"I say," he cried to the officer, "you've forgotten something!"

"What's that?" was the reply.

"You haven't kissed them good-night!"

Aphorisms of Nietzsche

All that is good makes me productive.

I have no other proof of what is good.

Decadent art demands Salvation; beautiful and great art expresses Gratitude.

In order that a sanctuary may be created, a sanctuary must be broken down.

All that is done for love is done beyond good and evil.

If man would no longer think himself wicked he would cease to be so.

Life would be intolerable but for its moral significance? But why should not your life be intolerable?

"Autonomous" and "moral" are mutually preclusive terms.

What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness.

Whoever liveth among the good is taught to lie by pity.

No good, no evil, but my taste, for which I have neither shame nor concealment.

The Christian resolve to find the world evil and ugly has made the world evil and ugly.

That your self be in your action as a mother is in the child, that shall be for me your word of virtue.

Morals are perpetually being transformed by successful crimes.

On the day on which with full heart we say: "Forward, march! our old morality too is a piece of comedy!"—on that day we shall have discovered a new complication and possibility for the Dionysian drama of the "fate of the soul."

THE SCORCHER

"The car was going at least forty miles an hour," testified the constable. "It was all I could do to get out of the way."

"Your Honor," objected the defendant, "that is a lie on the face of it. If my car had been going as fast he says it was, I'd have got him, no matter how quickly he jumped."

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Social

By TANTALUS

Raphael Weill's Birth-Day

A holiday on San Francisco's calendar is Raphael Weill's birth-day. The 83rd anniversary of his birth was celebrated on Tuesday and surpassed all such previous affairs given in his honor. Besides his informal reception, when friends and admirers called at the St. Francis to offer him their good wishes, a group of his old friends gave him a breakfast at Frank-Bergez's on Washington's birthday. Those present were Justice Melvin, John Landers, Hugh Burke, Col. Noble, Charles S. Wheeler, Fred Myrtle, C. D. Yale, Judge Morrow, Chas. Josselyn, Frank Hatch, Dr. Ainsworth, Louis Sloss, Fred Hall, H. Francis, Charles Foster, Dr. E. R. Taylor, D. J. Davis, Michel Weill, J. B. Leighton, Dr. J. W. Shiels, Ed. H. Hamilton, John McLaren and Consul-general Neltner.

The French colony's dinner at the Commercial Club was a beautiful affair, all warmth and love. The French people of this city are extremely proud of their distinguished dean saying always when he is mentioned: "Il n'y en a pas deux comme lui." Mr. Weill was in happiest mood on this occasion, looking ten years younger. He joined in all the songs and received the affectionate tributes of his friends with the degree of appreciation commensurate with the lavish outpouring from his generous heart. The fête in his honor were not given because of his venerable age, but rather because of his perennial youth. His spirit is joyous and still growing, his judgment, even in his philanthropic gifts, remarkable for its keenness. All his long life, he has given love to those about him and he receives it back, as this birthday has illustrated. The French consul, Mayor and Mrs. Rolph represented the French colony and the city. Postmaster Fay read Edward Robeson's touching tribute to his beloved friend, M. and Mme. Ferrier sang charmingly and Mme. Eyael and M. Brun sang, and there was ensemble singing by the guests. There were many words of congratulation offered in regard to Mr. Weill's having recently been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. Through the offices of Consul-general Neltner, the routine necessary to the conferring of this honor was hastened, in order that the most distinguished citizen of San Francisco who claims France as his birth-place might have the happiness to receive it before leaving his friends here for another visit to France. Mr. Weill leaves in April for Paris, but he will return in a few months.

Society Filmed

Of the Orpheum motion pictures at the Mardi Gras, Mrs. Kathryn Sullivan and her brother Baldo Ivancovich stood out as quite the most successful picture. Mrs. Sullivan's gestures were happily timed and her pose might have been studied in a studio, instead of being an impromptu circumstance. She is a very handsome woman and in her Spanish costume she was like a beautiful young señora from the pages of Washington Irving. Mr. Ivancovich's costume would have been the delight of a native of this state in the days of fiestas and in the picture beside his sister he was a romantic figure. Col. Thornwall Mullaly screened successfully; but like all real life heroes he seemed a bit anxious for the ordeal to finish. President Wilson and Gen. Pershing are notable examples of how screen technique can be acquired and perfected by practice. Their first pictures caught them ill at ease, self conscious but by their later ones, they might have "worked" side by side with Douglas Fairbanks or Charles Ray.

The two latter stars were the centre of attraction at the St. Francis when they appeared at the supper dances last week, each accompanied by a beautiful young lady.

Mr. E. O. McCormack returned to San Francisco from New York on Monday and was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm for a few days before going to his Santa Cruz home. He and Mrs. McCormack will spend some time in town during the next fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lathrop of New York are guests at the St. Francis. They spent the week-end at Del Monte with their friends Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Starring who are also at the St. Francis and have become very popular in San Francisco society since their arrival among us.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott will be greatly missed during their visit to Hawaii. Many friends bade them bon voyage when they sailed on the Matsonia.

Mrs. Herman Helbush accompanied by Miss Caroline Barry sailed on the 11th to visit their sister Mrs. Darwin York in Honolulu. They are planning a trip to the orient before returning to San Francisco. Mrs. Helbush is a stunning looking woman who entertains in a quiet, hospitable manner in her charming home on Sixth avenue.

The wedding of Miss Maud Kahn, daughter of Otto Kahn (chairman of the Manhattan Opera House) to Major Marriott, military attaché of the British embassy, will no doubt be a brilliant affair. Miss Kahn is very young. She is an accomplished vivacious girl, devoted to outdoor sports.

Miss Elena Eyre will be the motif for a tea on March 2nd at the home of Miss Coralie Mejia.

Miss Josephine Grant is entertaining Miss Geraldine Adee and Miss Harriet McKim as their house guests.

Mrs. A. Hammersmith who was ill at the St. Francis Hospital, has returned to her home on Octavia street.

Col. L. A. Dorrington of Reno was in town during the early part of the week and was "rushed" by his friends during his short stay.

The vivacious Mrs. Vincent Whitney has been greatly missed during the winter activities as she has not been going out owing to indisposition. But she has recovered and her delightful personality will soon make its presence felt. There is an indefinable charm about this little lady which reminds one of spring. It arrested attention even in her débutante days and grows with her matronly seasons.

California friends who knew the Princess Poniatowski when she was Beth Sperry are delighted to have the opportunity of meeting her after her long absence. As Miss Sperry she lived with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and was far and away one of the most beautiful girls in local society as well as one of the most brilliant. The prince was the most popular foreigner who ever made his appearance in San Francisco society, combining business acumen with unusual social graces.

At Del Monte

No event of the mid-winter season has created so much interest everywhere as the Gold Golf Vase Tournament at Pebble Beach. The fact that it is to be an annual affair and the additional fact that this is the first competition of note over the fine new Pebble Beach course has brought players from other states as well as all parts of California, not to mention enthusiastic Canadian golfers and society and sport lovers have been watching the result with keen interest. Mr. M. A. McLaughlin, the winner, comes from Denver and he is anticipating with much pride displaying the trophy to his fellow golfers across the rockies and keeping it in his possession for a year. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin are popular visitors at Del Monte having spent many pleasant vacations there.

Mr. D. Kerr from Portland, Oregon, who has been making his home at Del Monte for the past five or six months, with his family, is receiving the congratulations of his friends for having carried off the prize awarded to the winner of the tournament. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr are constantly on the links and fully deserve reward for their persistent practice.

Del Monte Lodge has been the scene of a number of afternoon teas and groups of inter-

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esting folk have gathered on the sun porches overlooking the sea and the golf links. Among these have been Mr. and Mrs. G. Maurice Heckscher, Miss E. Chesebrough, Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, Count and Countess de Limur, Prince and Princess Poniatowski.

The Washington's Birthday week end has been the occasion of several dinner parties at Del Monte Lodge as well as the Palm Grill at Hotel Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Gallois who are spending some time at Del Monte Lodge, entertained a party of friends in the Palm Grill; Mr. and Mrs. Ira F. Powers of Portland had another table; Mr. and Mrs. G. Maurice Heckscher gave a dinner in honor of Major Phillip Magor and Major Leonard Tate, British army officers, who are poloists of international reputation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster and Miss Oyster of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Thane, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble and Miss Maretta Brown are sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse are always the center of much gaiety.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Prentice of San Francisco entertained a host of friends at the Del Monte Lodge at a dinner dance. The national colors and appropriate Washington's Birthday favors and red and white carnations and baskets of violets made the long table most attractive. Among the guests were: Messrs. and Mmes. Carl S. Stanley, Geo. Cook, E. L. Hueter, Alvin J. Bernard, Robert Weber, Hugh McKevitt, Henry C.. Kleversahl, Arthur Heinz, Jas. Eva, H. C. Nauman.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Babcock of New York are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte Lodge. Mrs. Babcock is a cousin of Mr. S. F. B. Morse.

Another young couple who were married recently is Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch of Spokane. Mrs. Welch was Miss Rhoda Fullman. They are on their way to Honolulu, but are extending their stay at Del Monte where they are thoroughly enjoying the delightful climate and the many diversions.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heinman, all of San Francisco, have been enjoying a week of golf on the new Pebble Beach links.

New Yorkers who are finding Del Monte delightful are Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Lathrop and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Starring; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Tworger.

On the Del Monte sport calendar for April 17th and 18th, is a gymkhana. To some followers of athletic pastimes and diversions a gymkhana might be anything from a pushball contest to the boyish amusement of marbles.

A gymkhana, however, is time-honored as a sport. In the days when the owning of blue-bloded horses was the regular thing there was nothing more popular than a gymkhana.

The event consists of a number of feats of horsemanship. There are pony races, a contest of speeding with ball and mallet and many freak competitions such as conundrum race, threadneedle race, musical posts, ultra pulta stakes and so on.

At Del Monte in April the popular old sport will be revived. Sport manager Fred A Purner is planning to add a steeplechase, a jumping contest for hunters and a mounted parade.

The gymkhana will follow the annual Del Monte polo tournament, which commences March 27th. The exhibitions of equine speed never fail to thrill the crowds and the gymkhana is back on the schedule as a regular feature.

The de Young home on California street has this winter taken on its old time appearance of gaiety as Mr. de Young's daughters have been occupying it with their father. The de Young girls have not the genius for entertaining which their mother possessed to a marked degree but they are charming hostesses nevertheless. The de Young home life was beautiful and serene and the children even when mere tots were not excluded from a share in the hospital entertainments given to the many distinguished strangers whom their parents frequently entertained.

Mrs. George Cameron has nobly stepped into her mother's place in charitable activities, notably the Children's Hospital; and her sisters Mmes. Theriot, Tobin and Tucker are faithful to the traditions of their mother in sharing the burdens of charitable and public endeavor. As the wife of the dean of San Francisco's publishers, Mrs. de Young had unusual opportunities to shine in social affairs and to do a great deal of good for the public welfare. Not only did she seize the opportunity, but her accomplishments, charm and initiative made her the leading hostess here to whose home visitors eminent in the spheres of art and society, looked for entertainment. No one has ever taken Mrs. de Young's place; and owing to the changed conditions of social life, it is doubtful if anyone ever will.

Musical Association to Have Members' Concert

The second and final Members' Concert of the Musical Association of San Francisco, will be given on Thursday evening, March 4th, in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel.

These occasional events have proved tremendously successful. They are given in compliment to the members of the Musical Association of San Francisco, sustaining body of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, who make the public concerts of the orchestra possible through their financial support.

Conductor Alfred Hertz has arranged the following program of light music to be played by the complete orchestra of 80 musicians at the forthcoming Members' Concert:

Prelude, "Lohengrin" .....Wagner
"Carmen" Suite .....Bizet
"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber
Five Dances, "Nutcracker" Suite..Tschaikowsky
Two Hungarian Dances.....Brahms
Dance of Slyphs.....Berlioz
From "Damnation of Faust"
Humoreske .....Dvorak

Gifts at Techau Tavern

Among the other interesting customs which are a part of the attractiveness of Techau Tavern is the custom of distributing dainty souvenirs to the lady patrons during the afternoon tea time.

Dainty preparations such as small bottles of "Un Air Embaume" sachet powder, prepared by the well known house of Rigaud of Paris and New York are the attractions on some days, while on others, minature metal boxes containing a powder puff, and the famous Mary Garden face powder, are given away free as gifts suitable for the shopping bag or milady's purse.

Duval's paste rouge, the well known preparation for lips and skin, in small attractive metal cases is also another feature gift presented during the afternoons.

The Techau Tavern dance orchestra still holds its place in the limelight by its wonderful ability to interpret the very latest in dance music in a manner all its own.

And of course, the many patrons find the after supper numbers such as the big revue of artists in clever song and dance numbers an ever increasing attraction. Hilson's Toggery Orders and Melachrino Cigarettes also find popular favor as gifts in lucky dances.

A Trace of Independence

"There's one thing I've got to say for the prodigal son," remarked Farmer Corntossel.

"What's that?"

"He had the grit to walk back home instead of telegraphing for money."—Washington Star.

My Cellar

My cellar, 'tis of thee,
Wondrous sub-treasury,
Of thee I sing;
Cave of your owner's pride!
Hall where glad spirits hide!
To every bottle's side,
Let cobwebs cling.

My sacred cellar, thee,
Pent-up perfumery
For lucky lungs!
I love thy flirting flasks,
Thy jugs, thy jovial casks;
Heigh-ho, the tempting tasks
Of pulling bungs!

Let prohibition spread
Outside—above my head;
Down here all's well!
Let mellow whisky flow!
Let neighbors come below!
This is the life what-ho!
Who would rebel?

John Barleycorn, old boy,
They cannot kill thy joy;
Hail Nature's pet!
Long last each home's supply!
—America's gone dry?
Ho, what a jolly lie!
—We're soaking wet!

—Buffalo Truth.

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The Stage

Kolb and Dill

Comedians may come and go, the craze for the problem play alternate with that for grand opera, managers may clamor now for the problem play and again for the piece with "the happy ending"; but the San Francisco vogue for Kolb and Dill never seems to wane. Their houses for their new play "Wet and Dry" at the Curran are full to overflowing and must make the comedians' income tax very acceptable to the government in this period when prohibition makes a serious loss to the treasury.

The play is a travesty upon prohibition and the playwright makes out an excellent case that the prohibitionist exists only in theory, and that the law-makers and enforcers are the most consistent consumers of forbidden liquids. The audiences accept the situations with the greatest enthusiasm, roars of laughter greeting every comment upon camouflage abstinence.

Dill is the author of the jolly farce; as Albert Von More he has written an amusing role around his amiable personality and one which wins for him "volleys of laughter." His big blue eyes are as innocent as ever, his mild voice as inquiring as in his most unsophisticated Weberfieldian period and as usual he bobs up serenely at the end, no matter how perilously near to annihilation he may have gone during the progress of the two lively acts. Kolb smileless, cock-sure, determined to get at the root of things, is a figure that would evoke laughter from invisible spirits in a petrified forest. He does not depart from his time honored function of tyrannizing over his little partner and he explodes in a tempestuous rage which is funny to the last degree. The action drags a bit when the comedians are off the stage, but their absence is never sufficiently prolonged to cause ennui.

There are several girls in the show. They wear dazzling raiment chosen with an eye to individual effect rather than to tone or color ensemble. The two principal young women are honey blondes of identical personality—they might be twins. Well, if you don't like one, there is the other; but you will observe also that there are other girls on the stage with dark hair. If you are not enthralled with the beauty of the damsels, you can't help admiring their elaborate and varied coiffures. Some of the girls sing,—not startlingly well, but with an amiable desire to entertain. There are two nice young men, George Banta, Jr. and Lorenz Gillette. Besides, there are several politicians who look as if they might be office holders in any typical American city,—it is these gentlemen who are a bit tiresome but they are necessary to the elucidation of the plot. Altogether Kolb and Dill, "Wet and Dry" are an invincible quartette. If the attitude of Tuesday night's audience may be taken as a criterion, the play could be sent over the country as anti-dry propaganda.

—H. M. B.

Sparkling Orpheum Bill

The week's bill at the Orpheum opens with éclat. Marconi and Fitzgibbon in a musical act are the best in their line whom I can remember to have heard perform upon instruments there. The name Marconi may account for the temperament and magnetism of its owner, but the audience is left in doubt as to which one is Fitzgibbon who, at any rate, is not far behind his partner in skill. Bessie Remphill in a fishing scene is comical and pathetic. A born Isaak Walton has his day's sport spoilt by his domestic companion who is decidedly non-sympatica. The act should be a lesson to wives not to drag domestic discord to sylvan vales and woodland streams.

Coletta Ryan and Leta Orlob look pretty and sing, as pretty young ladies sometimes do in parlors when imbued with a desire to entertain, with the usual result. But while in action, they really are very good to look upon—the tall young lady especially who has lovely arms. These arms are long and slender, white, graceful and tapering. She is the first Orpheum lady since the youthful daughter of "The Two Mortons" whose deltoid muscle did not shake as she danced. If it be true that firmness of the upper arm is a sign of youth, then the tall young lady must have that precious asset in real life and not just stage youth. Indeed, it is not incredible that her pretty arms as revealed in a black velvet frock may have been the cause of the act's being retained for a second week.

"For Pity's Sake" shared the same pleasant fate—doubtless to evoke peals of laughter. Even Gerald Dillon, that most surfeited auditor had to smile. Yes, several times he removed his cigar to permit his risible muscles full play. The act is a travesty on old fashioned melodrama. Thomas Duray is a rube of the stage type. Grown-ups laugh at him when he falls down ladders and does other Charlie Chaplin specialties in a style highly approved by Charlie's childish admirers.

Burns and Frabito return in their comical skit "Shoo's." Harry Cooper is excellent in a songologue of the popular type.

The Marion Morgan Dancers give a very beautiful and intensely dramatic portrayal of a Hun invasion of Northern Italy. King Attila, cruel, lustful and horrible to behold is enamored of a beautiful princess. His barbaric methods of capture leave little to the imagination. The dancers led by Miss Morgan are exquisitely formed, diaphonously arrayed, and are the personification of grace. The act is as colorful, artistic and daring as any dance drama ever given here.

The Mardi Gras Ball was reproduced upon the screen. Edgar Walter and his burro, as well as other sections of the pageant were clear and interesting. Doubtless the dancers filmed thought their pictures interesting, but it is not too much to say that many of them must have been disappointed; for to pose for the screen without knowledge of its technique is to court disaster, very often. The people in the boxes caught unawares looked very bored and not at all pleased to be photographed. But it was all for charity so doubtless they were resigned victims.

—H. M. B.

A Real Melodrama

When the curtain dropped upon the Alcazar's play, "The Woman in Room 13" a young man near me sighed as he said: "Four acts and a prologue—I wish there were four more." And they were acts that moved too—really thrilling melodramatic things from a divorce summons to a murder trial; they included a hounding police captain, a Don Juan banker, young men ambitious to rise in the world, ladies lured or being lured to ruin, and all the modern improvements: even a learned, plain college girl who wins a roué in spite of himself, though his capture was not in her plan of achievement. Henry Shumer has put the play on in his usual artistic style and his popularity with the audience on Tuesday evening was attested at his every appearance in the role of the police captain. The long cast included all the favorites, who were consistently in the picture.

Belle Bennet, the heroine, had to pass through many harrowing phases of the heroine's career, but she played the part in her characteristic quiet key, which for once seemed a bit out of tune in situations which in real life would require tempestuous outbursts. Her repression seemed infectious, for Clay Clement was singularly restrained in crises where one looked for stormy emotional manifestations. He seemed however to realize a lover's possibilities more nearly than in his previous roles. Rafael Brunetto was amazingly natural as the debauching banker and Sam Burton shed a light of true comedy as his friend Lewis, who was given a monopoly of epigrammatic lines. Emily Pinter was handsome, alluring and dramatically vivid as a "ruined" wife in the clutches of her rich lover. Zita Williams was a refreshing surprise as the college girl. Her progress as an Alcazaran will be interesting to watch. Edna Shaw, Jean Olliver, Al. Cunningham, Russel Mederaft and other favorites all were excellent. Brady Kline as the villain gives the last touch which pulls the T. B. M. away from real cares.

—H. M. B.

Washington's Birth-Day at Symphony

The Ninth Popular Concert given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Sunday afternoon was crowded to the doors and the audience applauded as if in holiday spirit.

The number most in favor was the Ballet Suite "Le Cid" (Massenet) composed of Spanish dances and performed in an incomparable way.

The "Largo" from the "New World" symphony (Dvorak) was selected, the balance of the program being made up of special request numbers, ending with the "Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes" of Strauss.

The feature of the program was the Mendelssohn Concerto for violin, played exquisitely by Mr. Persinger with orchestral accompaniment.

—Alphonse Sutter.

Ysaye and Elman

With two of the world's greatest violinists joining in a recital of music for their combined instruments, audiences which fill the largest auditoriums, even to all of the available space on the stage, are hearing programs that are unique among the events of the musical season. The appearance of either the distinguished Belgian, Eugene Ysaye, or the younger, but equally famous, Russian, Mischa Elman, in individual recital is an event to be considered notable, but the playing of the two together, assumes the importance of something musically rare and memorable.

Therefore, the music lovers of this community will be glad to learn that Ysaye and Elman will match their great art in a concert of music for the violin at the Exposition Auditorium on May 23rd, tickets for which are now on sale.

Galli-Curci

In response to the many requests for the numbers to be given by Mme. Galli-Curci, at her coming concert, May 2nd, by students who wish to familiarize themselves with the selections, Mr. Healy gives out the following advance program:

Manuel Berenguer, flutist; Homer Samuels, pianist.

1. My lovely Celia (old English).....Monro
   Daffodils a-blowing.....Edward German
2. Caro nome from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
3. Lo' Here the gentle Lark (with flute).Bishop
4. Ah, non credea, from "Sonnambula"..Bellini
   Clavelitos (in Spanish.....Valverde
   Breathe gently, my Song.....Liszt
   Sempre libera from "Traviata.....Verdi
5. Fantaisie .....Hue
   Mr. Berenguer
6. The Little Damozel.....Novello
   Oh, have you blessed.....Murdock
   The Little Bells of Sevilla.....Samuels
7. Qui al voce, from "Puritani".....Bellini
   (with flute)

Symphony Concert

"Impressions From a Greek Tragedy," Albert Elkus' composition which had its first presentation anywhere on Friday, will be repeated on Sunday afternoon, February 29th, in the Curran Theatre, by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz.

Tremendous interest has been awakened in this work, since the composer is a resident of San Francisco and a graduate of the University of California. Elkus has achieved genuine distinction as composer and musician.

Sunday's symphony will be Mozart's C Major, generally known as the "Jupiter" symphony, a sobriquet which has become classical.

A happy number will be the scherzo from Mendelssohn's incidental music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." It is all brilliant, charming and spontaneous music. The scherzo is an intermezzo between the first and second acts and is a fitting prelude in its lightness to the second act, which is given over to the fairies.

The program will be concluded by Berlioz' brilliant "Le Carnaval Romain," originally conceived by the composer as an overture to the second act of the opera, "Benvenuto Cellini."

The tenth and last "Pop" concert of the season is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, March 7th, in the Curran, and Conductor Hertz has fairly outdone himself by the program he announces for the occasion.

At the Curran

Kolb and Dill, the most popular funmakers that ever stepped on a San Francisco stage, will begin the second and final week of their tremendously successful engagement at the Curran Theatre with Sunday night's performance. That this pair of laugh-instigators could continue to attract capacity audiences for weeks to come is certain, but previously made contracts prevent this.

"Wet and Dry," the latest vehicle of the tall and short stars, is especially timely. The piece lampoons prohibition. The book, which was written by Max M. Dill, the corpulent member of the team, possesses a well-defined plot, humorous lines and situations of the most ludiorous sort. Jean Havez has provided bright lyrics and haunting melodies.

The stars themselves were never better fitted as regards opportunities for coralling laughs and they have excellent support in a well-picked cast of favorites. There is a bevy of charming girls who sing and who look smart their spick-and-span costumes.

"Maytime," the celebrated musical comedy which made such a sensation at the Curran last year, returns on Sunday, March 7th.

Alcazar

"The Five Million," which Comstock and Gest have specially released for first Pacific Coast presentation by the New Alcazar Company next Sunday is a farcical comedy of returned doughboy romance, that got into New York ahead of "Jim's Girl," which recently packed the Alcazar to overflowing. Its story is quite different, but it also shows just how a great many of the boys who were over there" with one foot in Hades and another on a banana peel," were received when they got back home. It is a play of laughter, that is likewise food for thought. In no way detracting from its uproarious comedy, but rather adding to it by a touch of the dramatic, the power of the discharged A. E. F. is intimated, if fused for political purposes, for it is to be remembered that "ten presidents of the United States were ex-soldiers and at least half of them were elected by the soldier vote." The scenes in a New York small town, up-state, depict the school house reception of the home heroes, a village law office, and Monahan's boarding house. Belle Bennett, Clay Clement, Brady Kline, Clifford Alexander, Sam Burton, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Zita Williams, Henry Shumer, Al Cunningham, Rafael Brunetto are in the case. The humorous quality of "The Five Million" is guaranteed by the authorship of Guy Bolton, who collaborated in "Polly With a Past" and Frank Mandel who wrote San Francisco's favorite laughing classic "The High Cost of Loving.

Orpheum

Henry Santrey and his Syncopated Society Band of ten pieces will head the Orpheum bill next week. Santrey, the only baritone of the New York Hippodrome whose voice reached every single one of the audience of 6,000, is the first entertainer to contrast in a striking manner opera and popular songs. His Society Jazz Band, musical organization of jazz artists and ranging from harp to banjo and from the trombone player to the bass violin player, who introduces the startling innovation of using the immense instrument as a guitar. Musical madness might be the term applied during that number when each member of the band apparently loses his own senses in the wildly exhilirating clash. Even in costumes Santrey adds to the effectiveness of the arrangement by appearing in various attires ranging from evening dress and walking suits to the costume copied from one of the most notorious of New York's underworld, which he uses in his characterization of the dope fiend.

The Lightner Girls and Newton Alexander demonstrate that refined songs cleverly and delicately sung invariably have an appeal.

Maria Lo affords a glimpse into the world's famous art galleries by reproducing the most celebrated works of art of various kinds. Miss Lo is herself an artist and this fact has helped her materially in reproducing inanimate beings.

Harry Jolson, although a brother of Al Jolson, does not rely on his brother's reputation. He has no occasion to do so for he is a comedian par excellence and the possessor of a fine singing voice.

Dan Bruce and Margot Duffet will appear in a new playlet called "Thru the Keyhole," which was written for them by Hilliard Booth.

Kennedy & Nelson are wonderful acrobats who perform with marvelous speed a variety of thrilling and novel acrobatic stunts.

Hubert Kinney and Corinne specialize in dancing. Their new production consists of a group of five widely different dances.

Lady Lo Wah (Dainty Dew Drop), a Cantonese prima donna and the possessor of a sweet and well cultivated voice, will sing English and Chinese songs. The only holdover in this splendid bill will be the Marion Morgan Dancers in the successful dance drama of the time of Attila.

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NEXT—Sunday, March 7—LAST "POP" CONCERT

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Liquidation in the stock market seemed to have run its course in the stock market the previous week and most of the professional element were looking for a good sized recovery from the recent low figures. Prices were generally on the up grade throughout the week and, while there was really nothing in the news to change sentiment, a better feeling was probably caused by the sudden show of strength in the railroad list. This class of securities have been lying dormant so long that most traders have almost forgotten the time when there was a market that was led by the rail list.

The action of Congress in speeding up legislation that will benefit the rails and the general feeling that this legislation will go a long ways in helping all the rails, as well as the prospective return of the roads to private interests, had a most favorable effect upon sentiment and likewise added a better tone throughout the list. What benefits the rails will derive from the present railroad bill is largely problematical, but anything in the way of constructive legislation will have its effect on the security market, as it is generally felt that prices for all kinds of railroad securities are at such a low ebb that they have discounted all their troubles.

The speculative public have been all at sea over the trend of the market and day after day industrial stocks have been making new low records until last week.

The principal factor continues to be the money situation. Scarcity of money was the real cause of the liquidation and, if money is scarce for stock market purposes, it will be scarce for other needs. That the lower price of stocks will have a tendency to increase the supply of credit goes without saying, but a far larger volume can be released through a similar liquidation in commodities. Undoubtedly, the stock market has anticipated lower prices for finished products and raw material.

That the public is beginning to realize that a strained money condition is the real cause for the liquidation is shown by the absence of criticism of the Federal Reserve Board. A month ago that body was held up by many as the real cause of the stock market troubles. The trade are now aware that the trouble was fundamental. It was because of the strained credit system that the Reserve Board was forced to act through an advance in the rediscount rates and the liquidation was not due to their action but rather to the weakness of the entire credit system of the world. Had the Reserve Board not taken action in advancing rediscount rates, the collapse of the security prices would have been far more drastic than it has been, although it might not have come so soon..

Now that money rates are again becoming more normal, a good deal will depend on what effect the declining security market will have on business in general. Up to the present, business of all kinds seem to continue at top-notch figures, judging from the weekly reports of the mercantile agencies. The best posted people in the trade, however, are looking for a general let-up a little later on in the season and are calling attention to decline in exports to Europe. No doubt, there will be some let-up in all lines, but this in turn should make for lower prices to the consumer and, if it is not too drastic, a curtailment should be more favorable to the trade in general—and, from a market standpoint, should have very little effect, as the market has already discounted this same news.

We believe the market at present presents a sold out appearance and is in a condition where it will respond quickly to any favorable news, and we believe stocks should be bought for an investment.

Cotton—Cotton prices were quick to recover from the depression of the previous week and the market showed a startling reversal of form.

One of the strongest underlying factors came from the much better tone from abroad. The continent, as well as Liverpool, were heavy buyers of cotton and, as a consequence, our market followed suit. Private cables from Liverpool indicate that Manchester was again receiving orders for finished goods on a large scale and this sent Liverpool to our market for further heavy supplies.

English spinners are, undoubtedly, willing to pay for our raw cotton with dollars, inasmuch as they are able to pay their other costs in depreciated sterling, while the manufactured goods are salable in this country for dollars again.

India and China, two silver countries, are huge takers of English goods and silver is selling at a tremendous premium in the London market at present.

Exports are running very large and promise to continue so. The real strength in the situation seems to be the high price at which cotton is selling at in the south. Spot holders in the south have hardly given an inch, despite the confident statements emanating from bearish sources that the banks would not be able to hold out against the tight money situation and other handicaps.

To date the banks have stood behind the cotton growers staunchly, and there has been no signs of weakening. Again it was predicted that the southern planter could be stampeded into selling his cotton, when England was supposed to have declared an embargo. Not a foot did he budge and spot sprices are still firm and considerably above future price.

Speculation, however, is rather quiet and is confined mostly to the room trade element. The outsider can see nothing in the market at present and, while the market looks attractive, judging from the discount at which futures are selling below the actual cotton there is so much low grade cotton that can be delivered on contracts that he loses courage whenever prices are forced down.

We expect the market to continue in the present rut for the time being or until something more definite in the way of news makes its appearance.

Ice is an exception to the rule that heat expands, but the ice bill is not.

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Haskins

(Continued from Page 4)

ins. He made the gravel fly in just as marvelous a manner. He had dug his section down just as deeply.

The battle between the two was Homeric. Never had there been seen such shovelling before.

"Blast you!" grunted the truculent navvy. "I'm agoin' to run you off this job. I'm—"

He flung a shovelful of gravel high up on to the bank.

"I'm agoin' to do it," he grunted again. "You ——— swine!"

Again he had qualified the epithet with the ruddy adjective. He had it in for Haskins. And he felt that he could beat him at his own game. He could out-shovel this fellow that reckoned himself to be the champion shoveller!

A tremble came into the soul of Haskins. And for the first time there came to him a doubt as to his power to beat the navvy at shovelling. He had done all he could to shake him off, to leave him behind. But this navvy was one of the boys of the bull-dog breed. He was not to be shaken off. The strong fighting instinct that was in him helped him now. Though Haskins was one of the best men going at the navvying game, he was not by nature a fighter. And this fault in his temperament was against him. He began to lose confidence in himself. He began to be afraid that after all he might not be able to beat this man.

He paused to wipe his brow. And as he paused a feeling of the awfulness of possible defeat descended upon him. It would be the most terrible thing that had ever happened. He would far rather have taken a beating from the fists of this navvy than be beaten by him at shovelling.

"Don't be a-stoppin'," grunted the truculent one. "Go hon. Make the dirt jump." And he again bestowed upon Haskins, by way of encouragement, the epithet, colorfully qualified, that he had bestowed upon him before.

Poor Haskins! Haskins, the swift and mighty artist with the shovel! The unbelievable was happening. He could not believe it—he could not credit it—but it was happening before his very eyes. Yes, it was really happening. He was being beaten. For the first time in his life he was alongside a man who was turning out to be a quicker worker than he was.

Again he straightened himself up and wiped his brow. He felt that he was being beaten, and he lacked the grit to fight that hardest fight of all—the losing fight.

His opponent paused and glared at him.

"Whatcher mean?" he growled. "Whatcher stoppin' for? Are yer a-givin' in? Get hon, or get hoff. You started it, an' if you can't keep it hup, get hoff the job."

"I wants a drink o' water," said Haskins hoarsely.

"Water!" sneered his opponent. "Well, get it, an' come back again, an' I'll beat yer 'cad off. Water! You're a nice un. You're a runner, I don't think! I could make a better runner nor you outer clay wi' me shovel. Get yer water an' come back, you ———." Again he bestowed upon Haskins the qualified epithet.

The boss looked on, saying nothing. In fact, there was nothing to say. As pointed out, he was a person of wide experience, and he knew that in a duel of this kind between two navvies it was not the thing for him to interfere. He knew well what was going to happen.

He turned—and there was Haskins sitting on the log that he, the boss, had sat upon some time before when he was congratulating himself upon having set the men "running." He went over to him. Haskins was almost in a state of collapse. The pace at which he had been working, combined with the fact that he had been beaten, had proved too much for him.

"Well, what now?" queried the boss.

"I'll go," said Haskins weakly. "I'll go, an' take what's a-comin' to me."

"All right," said the boss shortly.

He had known that Haskins would not return to the ditch after being beaten. It was what usually happened under the circumstances. If a "runner" were beaten, he invariably left the job.

The boss was back again now, watching the men on the job. The "running" had stopped altogether. The men were working easily—going at a normal pace. The navvy who had out-shovelled Haskins—who had "chased" him off the job—was working in a particularly calm manner.

The boss did not like the turn affairs had taken, but he could hardly say anything. He could not sack them all, and he knew it would be useless to attempt to get the conqueror of Haskins to set a pace. So he let the men go on as they were going without comment.

When the close of the day's work came the navvies got a sub all round, and they went off to celebrate the defeat of the "runner."

There were great goings-on that night in the tap-room of the "Fox and Goose." The landlord was kept on the "run" through the whole of the time. Pot of beer after pot of beer found its way down the throats of the jubilant navvies. There was dancing and singing. And there was even a recitation from "Hamlet." It was given with great effect by the truculent navvy who had "chased" Haskins off the job. His comrades were all agreed that he was as good as any play-actor they had ever seen. He was their hero. They avowed that he was a great man in every way—that he could do anything, or overcome anything.

It is to be feared, however, that even he was overcome before the time came for the landlord to close the "Fox and Goose."

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That I, the undersigned, ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD, do hereby certify:

That my name in full is ARNOLD EDWARD ARCHIBALD, and that my place of residence is at NUMBER 1217 JOSEPHINE STREET, BERKELEY, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA;

That I am transacting business in the State of California under the fictitious name and style of THE ARCHIBALD COMPANY, and that I am the sole owner and proprietor of said business; that the place where said business is carried on and conducted and my principal place of business under said name is NUMBER 667 HOWARD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 18th day of February, 1920.

ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Arnold E. Archibald, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

JAMISON STEEL CO.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated Jan. 28, 1920.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California, City and County of Santa Barbara.

On the 28th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me James D. Crawford, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of Santa Barbara, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

JAMES D. CRAWFORD,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of Santa Barbara, State of California.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING THE CONVEYANCE OF LAND

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of KATHARINE K. FORBES, Deceased. No. 28518, Dept. 10.

On reading and filing of petition of STANLY FORBES and CLEAVELAND FORBES, Executors of the Will of KATHARINE K. FORBES, deceased, praying for an order of this Court directing them as Executors of the above entitled Estate, to complete the agreement of their decedent by executing to SAMUEL HAMBURGER a deed of that certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

"Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Larkin Street, distant thereon 92 feet 11 inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Bush Street, running thence Southerly along said line of Larkin Street 44 feet 7 inches; thence at right angles Easterly, 84 feet 6 inches; thence at right angles Northerly, 44 feet 7 inches, and thence at right angles Westerly 84 feet 6 inches to the Easterly line of Larkin Street and the point of commencement; being a portion of Fifty Vera Block No. 308."

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, March 1st, 1920, at the Courtroom of Department 10 of the above entitled Court be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing of said petition when and where any persons interested in the said Estate may appear and make objections to the granting of this petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this hearing be published in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, at least once a week for four successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated, January 28th, 1920.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

DE LAVEAGA & MAGEE,
Attorneys for Executors,
Mills Building, San Francisco 1-31-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971
Julius Calmann
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Stabilizing San Francisco Labor

A forward step has been taken by those San Franciscans, among the employers and the workers in the building trades, who have come to an agreement stabilizing the labor conditions of the industry. In the face of widespread uncertainty, this settlement of terms for mutual benefit should serve as an object lesson. It is a recognition of the principle that the interests of the employer and of the worker are identical. As a result of this acknowledgment of the obvious, it is expected that San Francisco will benefit by the immediate beginning of work in building operations involving the expenditure of as much as $5,000,000, which have heretofore been postponed for fear that they might be involved by fresh labor demands while the work was in prosecution.

It has been suggested that the plan be extended to embrace the entire state. The suggestion is worthy of commendation: to put a large industry upon a firm basis, providing due machinery for the consideration of any disputes that may arise, is a project of more than passing importance to the state.

The agreement, entered into between the Building Industries Association and the San Francisco Building Trades Council, provides that there shall be neither strike nor lockout and that a joint arbitration committee shall pass upon disputes. No change in labor conditions shall be demanded on work in progress.

This agreement, through whose acceptance labor wisely bows to the state of public feeling and the necessities of maintaining production and consequently of keeping up the flow of wages, accords in more than one respect with the findings of the Industrial Conference summoned by President Wilson after the initial conference had dispersed during the first period of the unlamented steel strike.

The agreement fulfills the suggested requirement for the restoration and maintenance of industrial harmony in that it provides the way for employers and employees to settle their differences without injury to the public. It acknowledges, as stated before, the unity of interest between both parties to the agreement. It provides, not a regional arbitration board, but one with jurisdiction over the field of the agreement, which comes to the same thing in the end, allowing for the necessary adaptation. In so far as a stipulation of conditions for a restricted territory and one industry can meet the plans considered by the federal inquirers from a broader basis, the local agreement may be cited as indicating that the findings of Mr. Wilson's conferees are practicable.

It is no small thing that this demonstration should have been achieved in San Francisco. The city may consider the compact a contribution to civic polity. It would be well were the lead followed in other industries, the employers coming together with their employees, whether as independent workmen, as members of plant unions under what is called the American plan or under other similar conditions, or as craft union members. There are many problems not solved or even touched upon in the building trades agreement which would have to be solved in the cases of other industries or of larger territories, but until these problems are met, there can be no final solution of our entire industrial situation. The sooner amicable and workable understandings are reached in single instances, the sooner we will come to a satisfactory outcome of the whole situation.

* * *

The Asquith Victory and the Radicals

The victory of former Premier Asquith in the Paisley by election looms larger in significance as the days pass. It shows not only the attitude of the public toward the radical labor program but the new alignment in the Liberal ranks and the probable trend of the expected fight for political supremacy between the Liberals and the coalitionists or the conservative elements. The Liberals, in fact, have come back, judging by Paisley.

Mr. Asquith has been returned by a district in which the labor ranks were strong, yet, making a decided fight against nationalization, especially of the coal mines, he got 14,694 votes to 11,840 for the labor candidate, with the only other contestant a bad third.

The ex-premier stole a good deal of labor's thunder. His platform calls for the resumption of trade with Russia, financial retrenchment, a levy on capital, equality for women, a minimum wage and minimum hours and joint control of industry, the obliteration of profiteering and full self-government for Ireland.

It is upon these issues that the next big parliamentary fights may be expected.

But those fights will be led by the Liberals. Labor recognized the importance of the Paisley election, and its defeat may mean the end of fear of a British Labor Party victory. Had that party had the strength it claimed at any time in these eighteen months, it would not have dillydallied as it has.

The Paisley vote is important to America, for American labor admittedly is taking its cue from the British workers. A repudiation of British labor claims is a defeat for American radicals.

* * *

A Splendid Woman and Her Memorial

There could be no finer monument to a notable woman than that with which San Francisco will perpetuate the memory of Jean Parker, whose death is mourned by many former pupils who have won distinction.

When Miss Parker, then a principal, resigned from the San Francisco school department, her old school, the Broadway grammar, was renamed in her honor. A name carved upon the portico of a school building is not a name writ in sand.

Miss Parker, who crossed the plains as a child, was a national figure in education. While the teaching profession can draw to it such woman as this, the country need have no fear for the welfare of its school children.

* * *

Will There Be Future Jean Parkers?

Yet it must be admitted that even the most devoted of teachers, those rare women, and men too, who are made for such work and can be happy in no other, should not be compelled to expend their energies in a constant struggle with stark necessity.

No class of worker has felt the pinch of increased costs more severely than the teachers, and as a result large numbers of them have left the schools and in no small percentage of cases their places cannot be filled. California pays her teachers more than any other state except New York, yet California's average for all teachers in 1914-15 was only $951.27. The average increase in teachers' salaries since then, for the whole country, has been only 16 per cent.

According to the United States Commissioner of Education, a teacher's chances of

attaining an income of $3,000 a year or over would be one and a half times as great on the stage, three times greater in the clergy, nine times greater in storekeeping, commercial traveling or real estate, and fourteen to twenty times greater in publishing, medicine, military service and insurance.

The Jean Parkers will be drawn to their work as long as there is such work to be done, but if the nation is not to waste them it must recognize that they are worthy of their hire.

A Tri-Partite Nomination

President Wilson's selection of Bainbridge Colby as the successor of Secretary of State Lansing can only be regretted by all who wish to see the stability of the old political parties maintained. Irrespective of any questions of personal ability, Mr. Colby's record is such as inevitably to stir partizanship to the point of bitterness, and, even more unfortunately, to direct that bitterness adventitiously to consideration of the League of Nations.

Mr. Colby began life a Republican, followed Roosevelt into the wilderness in 1912, and found his way out on the other side as a Democrat. As a question of personal choice, even as one of conscience, there is no quarrel to find with Mr. Colby's inclinations, but when they are injected into public life as a political issue, the result is not happy. This was proven at the time of his nomination by Mr. Wilson to the United States Shipping Board in 1917. The rancor of the fight caused by that appointment was aroused immediately that word of his selection as secretary of state reached and astounded senators of both parties.

One may acknowledge the president's courage in choosing a man whom he has tried for a post of such importance. One cannot feel that he has been politically segacious from the standpoint of party lines. But, far more important than all, one resents the intrusion of an incidental factor, such as a nominee's foreseen unacceptability, into an issue as grave as that of the treaty and the league, an issue, moreover, already too far involved by extraneous circumstances.

Clay M. Greene's Letter From New York

It is most discouraging for a Californian to be wafted away from the mildest western winter in many years into the most severely inclement eastern one since 1888, and his expected activities are usually met by a sort of mental mutiny which seriously interferes with consideration of time, promises or even obligations. Then too, Gotham has been more or less dormant, in fact in a state of hibernation, ever since that memorable blizzard period came which found it in a disgraceful state of unpreparedness, excepting that the General Wood boom for the Republican nomination is uproariously alive, and that so called fashion changes with every arrival of a west bound liner, or whenever one of the "daily hint" writers evolves some new notion as to what is meant by the latest proclamations from Paris designers.

* * *

The First Dread Month

It is greatly to be feared by those of us who affect the cheering and invigorating high ball or the pre-gastronomic cocktail, that following the close of the very first month of bone dryness the prohibitionists have come alarmingly close to proving their case against us. At all events the distressing certainties of statistics all seem to point in that direction with glaring portent if they be accurate. From the Bellevue Hospital it is learned that the long standing and sometime overcrowded "Alcoholic Ward" has been practically abolished; from the aviation town of Mineola comes the amazing intelligence that a magistrate has resigned his office for lack of business since his cash emoluments are dependent upon fees; theatres report an increase of business averaging 25 per cent over that of this time last year, and rent collectors declare that prohibition has made their calling a matter of cash down without equivocation on application. The New York "Tribune," after an elaborate investigation of bone dry conditions, reports editorially that, "this investigation, conducted with the strictest neutrality, developed enough arguments in favor of prohibition to wreck the white paper market were they printed in detail and with all their far reaching ramifications." The president of the Bowery Savings Bank says that during the first twelve days of prohibition deposits increased more than $1,000,000 over those for a corresponding time last year; a prominent real estate operator makes a similar report with reference to the purchase of property instead of booze, and a statement from the marriage license bureau shows an increase of applications approximating 25 per cent.

Nevertheless the irreconcilable protestors against this wanton interference with personal liberty are maintaining a sullen and foreboding silence, threatening all manner of dire happenings should the anti-saloon league carry out its purpose of having a law enacted, making it illegal for a known drinker to be provided with passports to wet countries except under bond that his hegira is for business purposes only. The end is not yet, so watch, wait and listen. The prohibitionists will eventually defeat their own cause, for such a preposterous enactment as this would surely prove to be the ax that will chop off the head of the producer of their golden egg.

* * *

The Come Back of Wagner

The curse of rampant patriotism has at last been lifted from the production of German music in New York by a subterfuge that was not only wisely evolved but made an altogether delightful restoration of the only art that is truly universal as far as public entertainment is concerned. In their souls the most blatantly patriotic lovers of music have long regretted the absence of at least Wagner from operatic repertoires, and the gloriously successful return of "Parsifal" to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House on the 20th could not have failed to fill them with new admiration for their favorite composer and gratitude for the wise expediency of impressario Gatti Casazza. He loves his Wagner too, Latin though he be, and he was evidently inspired by the thought that while art in universal language is not, and it was the German language and not German music whose exploitation amounted to something but little short of treason. At all events he would attempt to establish the force of his line of reasoning by producing a Wagner creation in English and selected the man of all artistic New York who is best equipped to Americanize the hated gutterals of the Hun vernacular, and at the same time lose none of its original spirit and "singable" poetry. His name is Henry Edward Krehbiel, who to my mind is the best musical critic in the big town, as well as possessing the unusual faculty of making his critiques understandable to those unfortunates who have not learned the difference between a staccato and and andante. Mr. Krehbiel's translation of "Parsifal" is excellent literature, graceful poetry, loses not a thrill of the inspired meanings of its original creator, and, to get away from attempted metaphor, it is the only translated libretto I ever read at the cost of four bits without feeling that I had been buncoed. It is a great book, and will prove to future audiences that, properly enunciated, as in the present instance it is, Wagner is even better in English than it ever was in its mother tongue. It was a great stroke of managerial sagacity which effected the cutting down of "Parsifal" to one performance instead of two, and the blue pencil is still needed, for the first scene is quite as dull as usual, principally because of the long protracted efforts of a boresome personage know as Guernemanz, but the rest was as truly fine as the most exacting musical "fan" could wish for.

* * *

Concerning Make-Up

A San Francisco correspondent,—female naturally,—asks me if New York women make up as much as those of San Francisco do, and the answer is, yes, quite as much, but very much better. The time has gone by when good taste forbids the judicious use of a little powder, rouge and cosmetiques to make comely womanhood more comely, except among that class of frigid femininity that would make the smoking of a cigarette a felony and the use of a thoughtless oath equivalent to murder in the first degree. It is now a generally accepted corollary that some artificiality of complexion is quite as necessary among smart people as the clothes they wear, but at the same time the artifice should be concealed by what might be called an applied art, great care being employed in the application of it. It appears to me that the San Francisco woman cares little whether or no her make-up escapes the casual observer, while her more secretive sister of Gotham makes every possible effort to be able to deny indignantly that she is made up. She knows what very few Native Daughters do, that the same box of powder, the same stick of mascaro, and the same tint of rouge cannot be successfully used by two sisters, one brunette and the other blonde. Make-up is never conspicuous when properly selected; for make-ups under artificial light should never be shown in the light of day, and entirely different ones should be carefully studied for each light. These distinctions of type of complexion, color of hair and eyes, and what nature designed for a complexion, are studied by the women of New York, much more carefully than those of San Fran-

cisco, which is the reason why travellers so often ask: "Why do your beautiful women make up so?"

* * *

With Milliners and Modistes

As an abominator of the large picture hat, which has never been an enticing picture to me except on women of Junoesque figure and proportion, I am glad to say that most of the hats now being displayed as being the proper thing for the nearing springtime are in the smaller models, such as toques and turbans, and the "sailor" models of which there are many fetching styles, have brims that are not out of proportion with the stature of the ostensible wearer. Nearly all of them are made of straw, and while many are in gauzy fabrics, such as organdies and nets, it seems likely that straw is going to be the favorite basis of all hats, however trimmed. Heavy lace veils on the smaller models are much in vogue, and some of them are very smart indeed, when the veil is so draped as to form the only trimming used, except a single flower, fruit or jet ornament! Fruit is much used as trimming for spring hats, but I hope that this style will be supplanted by flowers, which may be of any tint, while when fruit is used, one is too liable to wonder at black bananas, blue cherries, violet apples and pea green blackberries. There are many hats of the smaller models made of highly varnished fabric much resembling patent leather, and elaborately trimmed with flowers or fruit. But they have proven too popular, for so many of them are seen on the streets that soon the owners will be giving them away to their laundresses. The recent deplorably inclement weather, which for the past three weeks has tied up traffic, and made pedestrianism impossible, even on the great thoroughfares, made an almost complete transmogrification of opinion as to what should be the proper thing for street frocks. I had quite made up my mind that the short skirt—the shorter the better,—had come to stay at least until the first snowfall of 1920. But the slush on the sidewalks and crossings rendered French slippers and openwork stockings impossible except to those contemplating suicide from influenza, and they soon became supplanted by the longer skirts and higher shoes. But there has been a reversal during the past few days of sunshine, and it is again a matter of fifty-fifty between short skirts and long, high shoes and low, so that the chronicler of fashions must willy nilly declare that all or any of them are in the height of fashion, if there really be such a thing.

* * *

Lean and Fat Shop Separately

The very latest thing in shopping circles is a movement to segregate the fat women from the thin ones while out shopping, by providing separate departments for each class. It has been demonstrated by a recent meeting of dry goods merchants that the jealousy of a stout lady at the same counter with a thin one often prevents her from buying what she otherwise might, and there seemed to be an impression that there must of a necessity be segregation in the trying on departments for the reason that nothing so amuses a thin woman as a fat one trying to squeeze into something too small for her, and nothing so exasperates the latter as the knowledge that some 'skinny little cat" is smirking at her. So you see there are woman's wrongs to be adjusted as well as their rights, and the shopkeepers are right on the job.

Love, Friendship and Gossip

By Edward Sandford Martin

Cousin Anthony tells me that he has been taken regularly to task by two dames of his acquaintance because he does not dwell oftener in his literary deliverances upon the incident of love. Love, they told him—and he said they were both matrons who had lived long enough in the world to know—was the best thing in life, and there was nothing that people liked better to read about. They insisted that it was a professional blunder on his part not to write love-stories and not to work more of the tender passion into his business generally. Anthony said that he promised to amend, but he admitted that he had small hopes of doing so, for he never had been able to make love-literature, and it was late in life for him to begin. He insisted that the love that was of real value in the world wasn't interesting, and that the love that was interesting wasn't always admirable. Love that happened to a person like the measles or fits, and was really no particular credit to itself or its victims, was the sort that got most into books and was made much of; whereas the kind that was attained to by the endeavor of true souls, and that had wear in it, and that made things go right instead of tangling them up, was too much like duty to make satisfactory reading for people of sentiment. If he ever did write a love-story he believed he would have no women in it at all, unless, possibly, just one to make the necessary trouble. Not but that women did their full share of all the loving that was done, and did it to admiration, but because to portray a man's love for a man would give the sentiment of love, he thought, in its simplest and most lucid form, uncomplicated by the incident of sex. When a man loved a man you knew what you had; but when he was in love with a woman the diagnosis was full of perplexities, and how much of his seizure was passion, how much hysteria, and how much sincere affection, were subtleties too fine for mere laymen to struggle with.

I do not think that Anthony will ever write acceptably on love, and it is probably a wise instinct that steers him clear of that department of literature. Indeed, I do not think he fully understands the subject. And yet there is something to be said for his suggestion that the more admirable species of love and the worthiest to dwell upon, is not that which one falls into willy-nilly, but which is resolutely given out of the heart. The love into which volition enters is true love, quite as genuine as the involuntary emotion which figures in love at first sight. Faithfulness is surely about the best quality that love can possess, and the very idea of faithfulness implies volition. The popular mind recognizes the element of volition in love. It expects people to love persons whom they ought to love or whom they have undertaken to love. If a man has a lovable wife and does not love her, it does not pity him as an unfortunate; it blames him as a poor stick. It is right. If the man is in love with his wife, he is in luck to be sure, and he ought to be thankful; but if not, it is no excuse for his not loving her. He ought to be able to love her if he chooses, and if she will let him he ought to choose. That is the vox populi in the matter, but perhaps in this case it is not divine, for certainly the love-story writers are not out of breath with trying to echo it. They are almost too prone to treat the master-passion as a wind that bloweth where it listeth and nowhere else, and some of them have even been known to coddle married persons in their stories who run up against extra-parietal affinities and are wrecked in the resulting tumult. But, of course, the exigencies of story-making are imperative, and the demand for stories with love in them being urgent and steady, the people who supply it must be suffered to write them as they can, even though it may revolt some thrifty souls to see misery misbuilt out of the materials of happiness.

Platonic love seems not to be of much use to the story-makers unless it is always on the verge of some unplatonic excess. Perhaps it is due to the artificers of romance and their disparagement of it as a thing not useful to them in their business that our opinion of its instability is so decided. Of course they are not all against it. One of them, Sir Walter Besant, has been discussing platonic friendships, and whether or not they can really be made to work. He thinks they may, but not between two persons both of whom are young.

It is well that someone should take thought about platonic friendships, for Nature, who superintends most things, does not seem to care very much about them. It makes no difference to her, apparently, whether they work or not. No great natural law governs them. The principle of natural selection shirks responsibility for them, and no one dares to assume that the fittest of them will survive. They cannot be left to take care of themselves, but, if they exist at all, must be constantly under supervision, and subjects of argument and special pleas.

Consider what the essentials of a platonic friendship are! Are they not that the parties to it shall be of different sexes, and that there shall be a considerable degree of exclusiveness about their intimacy? Does anyone doubt that exclusiveness is essential? Intimacy cannot be intimacy unless it is more or less exclusive. We can only live one life at a time, and if we share a good part of that with any one person, there is so much the less for the rest. If a friendship is not intimate enough to be noticeably exclusive, does anyone ever find it necessary to explain that it is platonic?

Love between women and men was not invented for the entertainment of philosophers, but largely for domestic purposes; and if platonic love is to have anything better than a hazardous and unstable existence, the conditions of it must be such that it may prosper without conflict with Nature's more important ends. Thus we see why platonic friendships between young people who might marry do not endure. Such couples get married, and their friendship merges into a more durable sentiment, or else one of them marries someone else, and then it lapses. At least it should lapse, for if it does not, it not only militates against peace in a family, but it tends to keep the unmarried platonist from going about his business and finding himself a mate, according to Nature's design. It is true that there are women, and young women at that, who can

contrive for a time to maintain a husband and a simultaneous platonic intimate. But in such cases one of three things happens: either the wife makes her husband happy and her platonic admirer miserable, or she makes her friend happy and her husband miserable, or she makes them both miserable. If by any chance or miracle of talent she seems to make them both happy, she makes society miserable, because it cannot see how she does it. And when society is miserable it talks; until finally it breaks up the arrangement. She is bound to fail, and the reason does not lie in any defect in her, but in the fact that her purpose is contrary to the economy of Nature, which has provided barely men enough to go around, and does not permit a woman who has a man of her own to monopolize other men with impunity. Every marriageable man besides her husband that any woman absorbs involves the waste of some other woman's opportunities, and Nature abhors waste with a proverbial antipathy.

As for the platonic friendships of young married men, they are hardly worth discussing. The measure of them is simply the wife's capacity to control her feelings. It becomes clear, therefore, that the only platonic friendships that can be trusted are those that do not interfere with Nature's plans. Young lads, "hobbledehoys," if they are not too rich, may cultivate with impunity transitory friendships with women somewhat older than themselves. Such associations are instructive to the lad and amuse the lady, without interfering in any way with her more serious plans. So also there are adult men, who, by reason of special circumstances or exceptional personal qualities, gain special privileges of platonic attachment. It is part of the record of the Chevalier Bayard that he loved dearly and without concealment another gentleman's wife, but he was irreproachable and was not a marrying man, and what was even more important, he was almost always absent on warlike adventures, so that no one grudged him the occasional solace he found in the lady's society. A considerable measure of platonic affection can be tolerated in almost any case, if it is only tempered by an adequate provision of absence.

Society's weapon, as I have said, against an excess of platonic friendship is talk. It is the sort of talk known as gossip. It is rather an ugly weapon at the best, and there is always more or less doubt among kind and conscientious people as to whether its use is justifiable or is a mere indulgence of their baser dispositions. What does the present reader think about it herself? Is there a justification for it? Does it serve any purpose useful enough to warrant its existence? Does a person who refuses to take part in it show himself superior to his fellows, or does he shirk an obligation that he owes to society? When Jack Harebrain's attentions to young Mrs. McFliget become audaciously conspicuous, and the whole community sits around and discusses them, is the community engaged in a valuable work that demands to be done, or is it merely giving evidence of its malicious disposition and the emptiness of its mind?

There are offences against society which it is the duty of the district attorney, when he learns of them, to bring to the notice of the grand jury, to the end that their perpetrator may account to the law for his actions. There are also doings which society regards as offensive to itself of which the district attorney can take no notice, and which are not of sufficient turpitude to engage the grand jury's attention. But in every household there are self-constituted grand jurors who sit on malfeasances of this sort when the gossips bring the news of them. Yet the gossips, instead of being commended for their vigilance, are pretty generally execrated, and most of us, when we share their labors, do it at some cost to our own self-respect, and very likely execrate ourselves.

Now, it is possible that in the loftiness of our conceptions we condemn ourselves overmuch, and restrain a propensity that has been cultivated in us for good? Gossip that pries into hidden proceedings, that suggests worse motives than appear, that carries tales and makes defamatory suggestions, is one thing. Gossip that discusses facts that are patent is another. If we should see Jake Hardman running away with Charles McFliget's pocket book we should think ill of ourselves if we did not cry "Stop thief!" and join in the chase after the rascal. But suppose we think we see Jack Harebrain in the act of robbing McFliget of the affections of his wife. Are we really entitled tothink better of ourselves for holding our tongues and overlooking this apparent larceny, than if we expressed our sentiments freely one to another? If there is enough talk, Flora McFliget's ears will be close stopped indeed if some of it does not find its way into them. Is it a kindness to her or to Jack to let their behavior pass unnoticed? When there is a bridge down on the railroad and a train is coming, it may be disconcerting to the engineer to halloo and wave a red flag at him, but after all it is kinder to jar his nerves a little while there is still time to pull up, than out of an extreme politeness to let him go to destruction.

Besides, have we not ourselves and our own morals to consider, and how it may affect our own standards of behavior, to look on without remonstrance at such doings as Jack's and Flora's? If we ignore that sort of impropriety when it is done in plain sight, we may come presently to think there is nothing amiss in it, and even to take a turn at it ourselves.

It seems possible that because gossip is disagreeable it does not get even the moderate amount of credit that is its due. It is conceded to be lively talk, but it is felt to be unamiable, and even mean. But if it were wholly bad, decent people of strong convictions about right and wrong would not countenance it, whereas such people do at times countenance and even take part in it, and not without occasional good results.

People do not abstain from crimes for fear of being talked about, but they do oftentimes check themselves in indiscretions out of regard for us gossips, and what we may say about them. Newspapers take pretty complete charge of society nowadays, and with some slight help from the courts see that human conduct is regulated before it gets intolerable. But the newspapers cannot take cognizance of everything, and some things which they are compelled to overlook it may be our province as gossips to see to. If Jack Harebrain and Mrs. McFliget actually elope, the newspapers will attend to their case down to its remotest details; but so long as their dispositions are susceptible of cure, a worse thing may happen than for the gossip's court to take note of their case and try to laugh them back to good behavior.

The Spectator

Beauty Secrets

When Lina Cavelieri published a few weeks ago a beauty recipé which necessitated sleeping with veal steaks bound to the cheeks, the beautiful artiste provided a topic for discussion in the most unexpected places. It even came in for editorial dissection, the high cost of veal being urged as a very good reason why Beauty should eliminate it from her dressing table. But Beauty's economic theories are entirely different from the practical editor's. She figured it out in her dainty head that cosmetics cost more than veal and that to appear in her own complexion without artificial aids might cost her her entire fortune; on the other hand, a few innocent slices of veal might be the means of bringing Prince Midas to her feet. If butchers have observed an increase in family orders of veal, doubtless the young ladies who are ordering it have made secret vows to buy juicy beef steaks for hungry children with the large allowances they will receive from the wealthy husbands whom their veal nourished complexions will attract.

No matter how difficult to obtain the ingredients of beauty recipés, women will strive to procure them; no matter how ridiculous directions for beautifiers may seem, there will always be women eager to experiment. And who would have it otherwise? The woman who does not try to preserve the good looks which Nature has given her is abnormal; the one who neglects to improve upon Nature's handiwork is rare and does not receive gratitude from even her nearest associates. The quest for beauty preservers is so old that it doubtless existed in the garden of Eden. It has never been proven that Eve did not bite the apple with the idea of whitening her teeth. Having no mirror, perhaps she wanted Adam to eat it that she might study the effect upon his teeth.

Of all the beauty recipés which have ever been published those of the poet Ovid who was born at Sulmo, 43-B. C. are not only the most picturesquely expressed but there are none defined in terms more practical. Nothing that the woman of the present day seeks to know about beautifying, from enhancing her expression to removing superfluous hair or eradicating wrinkles is omitted.

The lovely Greek and Roman ladies who hung upon every word of the master who devoted his whole life to "the business of love" doubtless followed his advice more faithfully than the imitators of Lina Cavilieri. For Lina probably has never heard of her recipés until she reads them in the papers, while in Ovid's day there were no other poets to whom could be attributed his graceful lines. Lina's veal recipé is simple compared to Ovid's for a facial paste. Be not discouraged, Beauty dear, for "vetches" are humble members of the bear family while "thural seed" simply perfumes the mixture made of barley, eggs, hartshorn, gum and honey:

"Now on, my muse, and tell 'em, when they rise,
When downy sleep forsakes their tender eyes,
How they may look as fair as morning skies.
Vetches, and beaten barley, let 'em take,
And with the whites of eggs a mixture make;
Then dry the precious paste with sun and wind,
And into powder very gently grind.
Get hart's-horn next (but let it be the first
That creature sheds), and beat it well to dust.
Six pound in all; then mix and sift 'em well,
And think the while how fond Narcissus fell;
Six roots to you that pensive flower must yield
To mingle with the rest, well bruis'd and cleanly pill'd.
Two ounces next of gum, and thural seed,
That for the gracious gods does incense breed,
And let a double share of honey last succeed.
With this whatever damsel paints her face,
Will need no flattering glass to show a grace."

The States Must Save Their Rights

In its legal phases, the fight for the restoration of civil liberties nullified by the prohibition amendment has so far centered largely in the contest brought by the state of Rhode Island. The brief filed by that state in the United States Supreme Court, attacking the constitutionality of prohibition as it has been imposed upon the nation, rightly points out that the previous practice in proposing amendments was departed from to a revolutionary degree by the manipulators of blue ribbon policy. That a crucial fight will hinge on Rhode Island's action is now apparent to all and the prohibitionists are preparing for it, by securing notable counsel for the executives of dry states, to a degree that makes it clear the court struggle over the new slavery will be of heroic proportions.

A new issue has been injected into the situation, however, by the decision of Federal Judge Geiger which in effect legalizes the making of 2.5 per cent beer in Wisconsin. In granting an injunction to stop the enforcement of the Volstead act, Judge Geiger upheld the Mulberger law. The significance is in the assumption, inherent in this decision, that state prohibition laws take precedence over federal regulation.

The Mulberger law, passed by the Wisconsin legislature, permits the production of non-intoxicating liquors. The brewing interests which sought the injunction claimed that the federal government overstepped its powers in limiting alcoholic content to less than a half of one per cent. It was claimed that 2.5 per cent beer was not intoxicating.

The court not only held that legislative houses, state or federal, have no right to define as intoxicating beverages which are in fact not intoxicating, but decided that the state's police power gives it authority to fix a standard.

Thus the matter of alcoholic content is put on a basis of our common knowledge of the facts of intoxicating and at the same time the state's right is re-asserted in the first decision on these points brought forth by prohibition.

In so far as the decision goes, it is a triumph for good sense and national probity.

But were the people allowed to speak on the laws that govern their drinking, their decision would be wider in scope than any a court can make, and it would have an emphasis that would compel the most wilfully deaf to heed.

American Humor and Divorces

A Frenchman, an Englishman and an American who had met overseas were discussing American characteristics one day last week, when they met by chance in San Francisco. The Frenchman said he was trying hard to analyse the American sense of humor which he declared seemed invariably to be associated with some form of punishment. The American indignantly denied this but the Frenchman persisted that the "funny pages" of our dailies prove this trait indisputably and that Huckleberry Finn is our national hero. Though the American vowed that the cartoons are not typical of our sense of humor and are disapproved by all but low brows, the Frenchman could not be convinced in view of the overwhelming evidence he had to offer—children clamoring for the funny pages and learned parents explaining them to tots too young to understand the pictures. In nearly every picture, the climax (some unhappy adventurer meeting with ship wreck, slipping on a banana peel or other kindred misfortune; or a naughty child suffering the humiliation of a sound spanking) causes peals of mirth.

If this low form of humor is not typically American, it is no fault of our leading publishers who have for many years stimulated circulation among the rising generation by paying artists top-notch salaries for turning out "penalty pictures."

Our Floating Domestic Population

Then the Englishman naively inquired: "Have you any home life at all in America?" He had met so many detached couples, encountered so many children living in hotels, and had read of so many divorce applications that he was left wondering if the roomy mansions in our city are occupied by tenants on the commmunity family plan. To illustrate his point of view, he read from the morning paper where an esteemed resident had told a reporter that she loved her husband and admired his fine traits of character but that she had inexorably resolved to divorce him without more ado. Another woman prayed the court to dissolve her matrimonial bonds on the plea that life with her husband endangered her voice. The nerves of her throat were in open rebellion against his constant attacks of ridicule against her vocal efforts. The American argued that the woman was right in demanding liberty from a brute who begrudged her the solace of self-expression and the pursuit of an art which appealed to her. I believe that most of us agree with him that the vocalist's husband must be a very poor specimen of mankind from whom she would do well to separate.

Finally, both foreigners agreed that the American woman is altogether "too bossy," that she opposes the standards of marriages in Europe where the man is head of the family. "It is true," said the American, "we are 'bossed' by our women and we like it. We want them to have everything we can buy for them. We encourage them to rest to improve their bodies and minds. We are so busy making money for them that without their guidance we would lose much of social and intellectual development,—we rather look to our wives to lead us along certain paths. At that, American women are highly efficient in home-making and the domestic arts. If a vote of officers and dough-boys were taken in Europe, there would have been an overwhelming affirmative to the question: 'Can the average American woman cook rings around her European sister?' The American man does not look primarily for house-hold efficiency when he seeks a bride, knowing well that she will make every effort to acquire the necessary skill to a degree consistent with the preservation of her strength, the conservation of her energies necessary to her success as a wife and mother, which, in the highest sense includes participation in social activities elevating to her husband, children and their friends."

If the war did not educate the European to appreciate the standards of American domestic life, the men and women of the United States have become more appreciative of each other's characteristics. Foreign noblemen and ladies educated entirely in European capitals have lost most of their glamor for American taste. International marriages are rarely successful, speaking broadly. In this country, the happiest marriages are those of Americans whose forbears were reared in this country for three or four generations who were born with the idea of equality of the sexes and deference due to woman primarily on account of her more delicate organism.

Anita Whitney's Tolerators

When a bomb brought the Preparedness Parade to such a tragic conclusion, when the California grain crops were destroyed by fire, when District Attorney Manwell was shot in the northern hop fields, when infernal machines were sent broadcast through the mails, when the marching veterans of the Great War were fired upon and killed at Centralia we do not recall any great agitation about a broader spirit of "toleration."

These events awere the fruit of a certain agitation. Before the fruit however must come the seed. Over in Oakland, Anita Whitney has been tried before a jury and convicted of the crime of sowing the seed of syndicalism and forwith a campaign for "toleration" has been started in her defense.

Her entrance into the courtroom was marked by a standing tribute in which some of the most active civic workers in the bay region participated. And now that she has been sentenced to from one to fourteen years in the penitentiary there has been a rush of men and women high up in the life of the community to her defense.

Anita Whitney's specific offense was that she was one of the organizers of the Communist Party in Oakland. This organization has adopted the platform of the Russian Soviet and is allied with the I. W. W. The purpose of

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the party is to effect a change in the existing laws by direct action with violance and sobatage as principal weapons. Upon the witness stand Miss Whitney readily admitted her activity in the Communist Party. As an active member she necessarily stood for what the organization stood for or she would not have been so anxious to spread its propaganda. And the jurors taking her at her own word rendered the only verdict possible.

One can not help but wonder if the women who are rushing so energetcially to her defense, who pay her homage by rising to their feet when she enters the courtroom really have any conception of what the law means. We wonder if they have ever taken the trouble to study out for themselves that the only protection that they have for their lives, their individual rights, their property and their community is the protection that the law gives them.

Law is the symbol of civilization. Anarchy is a condition without law. And that is what the Communist Party and the I. W. W. stand for. They plan to take the law into their own hands.

Laws in America are made by the people. They elect their law makers and if Miss Whitney and her friends do not like the laws they have their votes and the initiative and referendum statutes at their disposal.

Simultaneously with the campaign for "toleration" it would seem that a campaign for "Americanizing America" should be started with those admirers who participated in the standing tribute to Miss Whitney as the nucelous for the first class.

The Alarm Doesn't Go Off

"I see by the papers," said the Clockwinder, "that Mayor Rolph has bowed to the inevitable, answered the clarion call to duty—his duty bein' to decline to run for the Senate.

"What I don't see by the papers," he continued, "is a lot of other things. That's one of the best things the newspapers do—say nothin'.

"The mayor is asked, and he just says casual like, 'Why, I ain't been thinkin' much about the senate and politics and things; I guess I'll just stick around a bit where I am.' Just as if it had only occured to him that minute.

"It wasn't that way the last time he was elected. Last fall the Rolph bandwagon was out runnin' up and down Market street and from the noise you'd think it was a real fight. That didn't fool anyone who'd ever been on the inside. Rolph beat Schmitz the time before, and it could be figured that the vote that went to a third candidate that first time would be split more or less between 'em in 1919. And it was. Schmitz wasn't there. Nobody thought he'd be. But Rolph made believe he did. Why? All that campaignin' to beat Schmitz? No, just to roll up the biggest vote possible so he could have a head start in the Senate race."

Then the Light Breaks

"But now he says that if he went for the Senate job they'd be callin' him not Mission Jim but Missin' Jim. He admits the city has a lot of work and the mayor was elected to do it; which nobody will deny.

"No. It ain't that.

"Look at the map. There's a place called Tehachapi. It's forty miles high, but that doesn't matter here.

"The south has the governorship now. The north has the two United States togas. If a senator comes from the south, why, tomorrow's another day, and a northerner could put in a claim for the governorship, or the nomination at any rate.

"Then Rolph isn't fightin' Hiram Johnson, by any means.

"Maybe somebody is thinkin' about a place in the cabinet. My, but some folks will take awful long chances."

And Plenty of Others

The Clockwinder folded up his map.

"Down south," he continued, "there's Wallace and Meserve out for the nomination for senator. Up here there's Kent. Rolph and Kent are from the same neck of the woods, politically, and if they both ran they'd just nullify one another. But with Sam Shortridge in the race, there'd be somethin' interestin' And think what a grand figure Sam would be, shakin' that famous forensic forefinger in the face of the grave and reverend senate! With Shortridge makin' a fight, nobody could feel as if Southern California was gettin' more chances than the bookies would give to it ordinarily. If they could get a senator from down there, of course they'd feel more kindly toward Hiram Johnson. We don't have to read the newspapers to know that. But there's one thing to be thankful for. Nobody has bothered to say much about Francis Heney."

The Baroness and the Stewardess

When a stewardess on the transport Sherman took off her insignia of service the other day, and the Baroness Nadia de Stackelberg walked down the gangplank, a grave problem had arrived in America via San Francisco. For the stewardness and the baroness were one, and the baroness was put out because, she said, the stewardness had not received the courtesy and consideration that the baroness expected.

It is all very complicated. One might think it due to the decline of nobility in the great uprising of democracy we have seen in the last five years, but it wasn't. The baroness was in Manila and she wanted to get to Paris as soon as possible to marry Willy Roget, a journalist, so she signed as stewardness when she couldn't get accommodations otherwie, because of the heavy bookings.

Maeterlinck and the Angelenos

"The Belgian Shakespeare" has turned to the moving pictures, and settled down in Southern California for the time being to develop his scenarios. But word comes to me that Southern California, much as it dotes on celebrities, has not fallen upon the neck of M. Maeterlinck as ardently as it might have. And the reason is simple. He made a remark about the weather.

Now of course, there is only one thing to be said about the weather in Los Angeles, if one values peace of mind or person. But Maeterlinck did not say it. So to the Angelenos (that, it will be remembered, is the term by which the residents of the southern city refer to themselves) look upon him askance.

It happened the very first day he arrived. Maybe he was not in the best of humor, for his eastern lectures had fallen rather flat. Alighting, M. Maeterlinck and his bride were met by the usual cohort of reporters.

"What," they chorused, with the originality and patness of the tribe, "what do you think of America?"

"I think," said Maeterlinck, "that it's beastly cold."

Furthermore, he had the effrontery to shiver as he said it and to cast a glance toward the ever-blue southern sky that at that moment reigned supreme—above a thick and dripping blanket of clouds.

Why Not the Coat of Arms?

Now what is to be done in such a case as this? One can never tell, apparently, when the person who brings the tea will divest herself of her apron and stand revealed as a Cinderella with an escutcheon fourteen generations old. Are American manners to be aspersed because Cinderella in her cinders was scolded if the tea was cold? Must American

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chivalry speak to the chambermaid always on the supposition that she is a duchess in duress or disguise? One read of duchesses scrubbing floors during the war, but that was a long time ago. Duchesses and others of that rank have not of late come forth to help overcome the dearth of charwomen and maids. The question is most troublesome. But it is easy to solve.

All that is needed is to pass rules, ordinances, statutes or constitutional amendments, as may be necessary, requiring every baroness who crosses the ocean in the guise of stewardess, and every duchess who takes to washing windows, and every princess who turns waitress, and so on up and down the ranks of lineage and precedence, requiring each of them to wear her coat of arms embroidered upon her smock or her apron—or her coveralls.

Let us have this done forthwith in the interests of democracy. Without it, who knows but that some day some apprehensive chap will speak to a groundling servitor as if she were a duchess, and the poor thing will just curl up wanly and perish? No, that would be too unkind. Bring on your coats of arms!

X-Ray Film Invention

An important development of the X-ray apparatus in conjunction with the motion picture camera, which permits the filming of internal organic movements, has been perfected by two French scientists, Doctors Lormon and Comandon.

The apparatus which is expected to be of great assistance in medical science, particularly in the faculties of medecine at the universities, has been made available after a long series of difficult experiments. The film allows the doctors or students to discover any irregularity of movement in the organs, and thus obviates the necessity in many cases of surgical operations. The slightest movements of the muscles, joints, heart, intestines and respiratory organs can be followed with ease.

Moral—Ride in a Taxi

A very prominent physician of this city is telling a humorous experience which he had one rainy morning last week. Entering a Washington street car a very wealthy lady, prominent in Jewish society, accidentally struck her own chin very forcibly when closing her umbrella. At the same time, she thrust the end of the umbrella into the fine kid shoe of a young lady who was entering in the wake of the umbrella. Both ladies involuntarily gave exclamations of pain. "Oh! my foot!" said the younger lady. "But my chin is more seriously hurt than your foot," moaned the matron; "it was a terrible blow—really I don't see how it happened. It has cut your shoe too, I see." "Yes," frigidly replied the owner of the mutilated shoe. The ladies kept up a disjointed dialogue upon the subject, but though the doctor rode several blocks with them, no offer nor demand was made for a new pair of shoes. The doctor was not called upon for first aid (nor even for his address in case of a suit) and the conductor did not send for an ambulance to take the shoe to a hospital. The lady with the umbrella is so well known that the doctor is guessing whether she will receive a bill for "one pair high fawn color laced shoes, $25," charged to her account by Miss Blank.

A Rembrandt Anniversary

Something of commemorative value is given to the Rembrandt exhibition at the Fine Arts Palace by the fact that it was in 1620 that the great Dutchman began his career as an artist. Three hundred years ago next May he entered the university of his native town, Leyden, as a student of letters. Before the end of the year, however, he had quit the classrooms and was studying painting under Jacob Isaaksz van Swanenburgh. Rembrandt was then fourteen years old.

Today a single impression of a Rembrandt etching sometimes brings thousands of dollars. The value of the 400 prints and drawings selected to be shown here is set at $2,000,000. Compare these figures with their value toward the end of the artist's tragic life. One finds that when he was declared bankrupt, everything in his studio was sold. The list has been preserved; it is a dry, official record, but valuable in more than one way, for its inventory gives one an idea of the life and surroundings and preferences of the painter Included in the things that went under the hammer were twenty-five portfolios, albums, sketch books and packets. All these, with the rest of Rembrandt's objects of art and curiosities, were sold a second time, 1658, and the whole brought no more than five thousand florins.

The event is as notable in its way as was the exhibition of Dutch painters at the Metropolitan Museum in 1909.

Bar Association's Investigation

A meeting of the governors of the Bar Association was called recently by the chairman, Judge J. F. Sullivan, to consider the local police court conditions. Several prominent lawyers besides the governors were present at the meeting and the decision was reached not to take any definite action for the present; but a committee was appointed to investigate the reported delinquency by means of the grand jury proceedings and the records of testimony in the public prints of Riccardi's confession. If the evidence justifies it, the association will disbar the lawyers found guilty and take steps to impeach dishonest judges.

Suggestions were made to purify the existing bail bond conditions. One was to form and control a bonding company by the city whereby accused persons can obtain bail bonds at reasonable rates instead of the extortionate charges of the police court ringsters.

Charles F. Hanlon proposed that a way be found to increase the police judge's salaries to eight or ten thousand a year in order to attract to the office of police judge lawyers of ability and integrity who, when paid an adequate salary, can afford to devote their energies to this very important branch of judicial service. The salary should be fixed by the city charter, so as not to interfere with the salaries of police judges of other counties.

Mr. Hanlon also suggested that no judge of the police court should be allowed to present himself for candidacy for the Superior bench until two years had expired after his vacating the police bench, thus putting an end to the practice of dismissing cases upon the pledge for votes as immunity.

Certainly our Bar Association which boasts men of unimpeachable character should jealously guard the high moral standing of their profession. It has long been a matter of wonder how police judges and court attachés seem able to have automobiles and live in a style which the superior judges can't effect.

If proof can be obtained that police judges prey upon the misfortunes of those who seek the courts for justice or vindication, it would be a becoming action for the Bar Association to lose no time in making sweeping changes.

The New British Ambassador

Sir Auckland Geddes is one of the figures brought into prominence during the latter part of the war and in the subsequent months. His selection as ambassador to the United States is of more than usual significance, as it gives emphasis to the firm attitude of the British government as it is now constituted toward the encroachments and demands of radical labor. For Sir Auckland is much less persona grata with labor than with Washington.

As president of the Board of Trade, he was one of the central figures in the successful fight made by the British government against the striking railway workers last September.

It was his duty to take a firm stand against the demands of the National Union of Railway men, one of the two big railroad workers' organizations. The engineers and firemen, with an organization of their own, had secured a revision of their wages, and the National Union pressed for similar treatment of the other workers. On September 16th, J. H. Thomas, secretary of the union and one of the outstanding figures in the triple alliance of labor forces, visited Sir Auckland and demanded immediate and definite proposals for a wage revision upward. Three days later Sir Auckland replied with proposals, outling what the government would do and declaring bluntly in his accompanying letter that the proposals were not a basis of negotiation but "the definitive offer of the government."

Sir Auckland and Sir Eric

The new ambassador must not be confused with Sir Eric Geddes, the head of the new ministry of transport, which began its work coincident with the start of the strike, taking over transportation powers from the Board of Trade and other departments.

Sir Eric is even less popular with the radicals than Sir Auckland. A storm centered on him, indeed, after a conference just preceding the walk-out. Sir Auckland was there, with Lloyd George, Bonar Law and others, including Sir

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Auckland's predecessor in the Board of Trade, Sir Alfred Stanley.

Thomas, of the union, hinted for discussion of the standardization of wages on a percentage basis, declaring this concession as offered was not just to all grades of workers.

Sir Eric leaned toward the prime minister and whispered audibly, "We must not concede that."

The incident rankled with the laborites and was a factor in the strike itself. The psychology of strikes and similar movements is peculiar and the workers professed to see something sinister in this coaching of the premier by the minister at the head of the department most vitally concerned with the situation.

His Letter Produces the Crisis

He supplied further details four days later, but firmly avoided conceding the revision upward principle. On September 24th the union served its ultimatum and on the night of the next day the big strike began.

Immediately the government began the use of motor cars and mobilized volunteer forces. It was these measures which in the end gave a virtual victory to the government against one of the three strongest labor organizations in the world.

British labor recognized the outcome of the strike as a severe defeat: in fact, in some quarters it resorted to the hackneyed charge that the government had manoeuvred to bring on the strike at a time when the public would recognize it as a menace to the welfare of the community, even though public opinion had been to some extent sympathetic with the workers' demands for higher wages.

As a result of the emergency produced, the Federation of English Industries has put into operation a plan for pooling the resources of manufacture on a sort of clearing house basis, so that in any time of stress, caused by strikes or otherwise, manufacturing can be continued with the least of inconvenience.

Ambassadors and the H. C. L.

As minister of national service, chiefly concerned with problems of reconstruction, Sir Auckland loomed large at the recent opening of the British government's conference on the rise in the cost of living. In his opening address he laid the responsibility to the rise in exchange rates, scarcity of food and profiteering. He said the remedy was production and hard work. He admitted, however, the importance of the New York exchange rate, and as ambassador doubtless he will have plenty of opportunity to offer new suggestions to his government for stabilizing exchange, which was accomplished artificially during the war and doubtless could be again, at a cost.

As ambassador, he will have a salary almost as large as that of the president of the United States, but in addition he will have a special allowance to offset high prices.

There is no reason an ambassador should not have a bonus, any more than a manual worker. He spends lavishly to entertain not for personal reasons, but professional. America could do worse than emulate Great Britain: we have come a long way from the bluff tradition of a homespun Franklin representing us in glittering courts and we might as well recognize the change.

Balm for Them in Music

There will be compensation for the southerners very soon, for Ignace Paderewski is coming out, according to tidings that have reached Los Angeles. And they can set the ex-premier of Poland against the movie Shakespeare, confident that the pianist will say nothing to reflect upon the climatic glories. It is a perfectly safe bet as Paderewski owns a ranch in Paso Robles.

Mme. Caillaux and Her Pistol

In the trial of Joseph Caillaux, ex-premier, on a charge of having had treasonable dealings with the enemy, France has of late had a notable example of that type of affair which ordinarily would thrill it to the toe-tips. The French even more than the Americans hanker after such sensationalism, if there is a woman involved, and in this instance there has been always the figure of a woman—Mme. Caillaux—predominating.

The French are apt to distinguish between the ordinary type of trial, however much attention it attracts, and one with political significance. The first is to them a cause; the political kind is an affaire. Mme. Caillaux has been the heroine of an affaire: that, indeed, has been a factor against her husband, even more than the defeat or apathy of elements that might ordinarily give him support. Just how strongly the case of the ex-premier has been affected, from first to last, by his wife's murder of Gaston Calmette, it is difficult for even those on the ground to say; but undoubtedly it has been a factor.

Calmette, as editor of Le Figaro, was armed with letters which Mme. Caillaux did not wish published when he started a campaign against Caillaux. It was not ethical work, even as ethics go with a satiric paper in Paris. So Mme. Caillaux up and shot him and the world rang.

Coming immediately before the war, the killing naturally went far in putting a cleavage line between the Caillaux forces and those of the opposite camp. It looks now as if Mme. Caillaux had done her husband a poor service in snuffing out Calmettte.

Oakland Municipal

Oakland is finding as much trouble running a theatre as the Wilson administration has found in operating the railroads.

Among its various civic assets Oakland has a magnificent $2,000,000 auditorium and municipal theatre. The Oakland administration being composed of politicians rather than expert showmen within the past two months has listened to charges that the institution was not charging enough money to its leasors and that it was charging too much.

During the past week the American Legion has registered a heated protest that it was charged for the use of the auditorium for a ball while other organizations had been granted the use of the institution free.

The fact of the matter seems to be that the auditorium has been a money loser because it has not been operated upon the percentage basis. Flat rates of from $100 to $200 a night are charged. The result has been that prize fight promoters have packed the place to its roof often taking in $5,000 a night while paying the nominal rate of but $200 for its use.

A sliding scale of percentages such as are in vogue in the theatres all over the country would seem to be the solution of the problem—with a real theatrical manager placed in control of the premises.

A "Knock-Out" by the Press

Jack Dempsey's indictment last week followed a movement that had its inception in a hundred word editorial. In this instance the printed word and the editorial writer seem to be wielding the old time influence of Horace Greeley and the famous editors of a generation ago.

The case of Dempsey was first brought to the attention of the American Legion last November through "The Home Sector," the soldier's magazine edited by the men who brought out the famous A. E. F. newspaper "The Stars and Stripes." Under the heading "Their Records" the service records of Carpentier and Dempsey were briefly summarized.

Within the week American Legion Posts had taken up the editorial and the movement against the champion was under way. The New Jersey posts immediately secured an order from the state barring Dempsey from appearing there. Later a standard resolution against Dempsey representing himself as "the championship fighter of America" was circulated for uniform endorsement. About this time Mrs. Dempsey entered the case and the investigation of the charges which she made and then withdrew followed culminating in the indictment.

Just what effect the indictment will have on Dempsey's future ring career is problematical. It may be that he and Carpentier will get together and stage their little bout before the trial. At any rate it would seem that the motion picture serial which the fighter has just completed will hardly have the drawing power that its promoters confidentially counted upon.

Tully's Showmanship

"Dick" Tully is to give his old home town of Oakland a real touch of Broadway, New York, this summer with real Broadway dramatic critics, actors and everything.

Tully is to try out his new play at the Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland and announces that he will bring with him all of the New York critics to tell him how the production strikes them.

All of which stamps Tully as a real showman. In fact among theatrical managers he is rated as a better manager than a playwright. His gift of exploitation is uncanny and time after time he has turned the trick of taking one of his offerings which had been rejected by Broadway on a fortune accumulating tour of the one night stands.

Tully entered the managerial end of the game with "The Bird of Paradise." Turned down by theatrical managers Tully induced Senator Phelan and one of the Spreckels brothers to finance him and the Hawaiian play has netted a fortune for all concerned.

Munitions in Germany

Not only is Germany turning out war material within her own borders, but is said to be building munitions factories in Sweden and Norway, according to information supplied by General Nollet, head of a military mission in the occupied area. An engineer of General Nollot's staff discovered near Cologne a factory where 70,000 verifiers for the construction of fuses were found in storage. Dynamite was being manufactured at this plant, but the managers pretended that the explosive was for agricultural purposes. While it is not difficult for the French commission to control the construction of heavy artillery, it has been found very much less easy to prevent the manufacture of smaller arms such as machine guns. The construction of aircraft is not subject to allied control, and apprehension has been expressed on this subject.

According to General Nollot's report, the Krupp interests are said to intend building a munitions factory in Holland. The reduction in the number of guns required by the peace treaty has not yet begun and at the present time the German army possesses 8,000 field guns and 2,0000 heavier pieces.

Social

By TANTALUS

It Is Much Better Not To

Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran has the commiseration of many friends, and others besides, because of the recent attack made upon her by an inebriated monkey at the Eugene Murphy home in Burlingame, where she was dining.

The wound was trifling, fortunately, and the fright but momentary.

But there are many secondary annoyances to such an incident. There is, for one thing, the attendant publicity: seeing one's picture under a large and vulgar heading which describes the monkey—it was Miss Gertrude Murphy's pet, we are informed—as having been "on a jag."

Then there is the possibility of the eastern syndicate editor's seeing the story and immediately ordering a double truck lay-out, with hand-made pictures by his staff artist, in which the monkey will grow to superhuman size and be contrasted in girth, stature, weight, reach, brain capacity and biceps with the monkey to which Harry Lehr once gave a dinner at Newport. That Newport dinner has been a favorite with the yellow editors ever since: he has come up at least once each six months for twenty years or so.

Then there is the annoyance of comparison with the comic artists. Unfortunately, one of the papers is now running a strip evolved from the use of monkeys as substitutes for servants. And it is surprising how many people read those allegedly funny pictures, even though none will admit doing so.

And there are still other annoyances. The S. P. C. A., for instance, may want to know how the monkey got drunk, if it was. The prohibition sleuths might conceivably ask the same question. The Knights and Ladies of the Blue Ribbon have demonstrated in force with less occasion. And so it goes, waves of annoyance reaching out and out to infinitude.

A Russian Tribute

In order to increase the candle power of the light which has been thrown upon Mrs. Curran, it is only necessary for someone to recall that the monkey is not the only being who would not allow the lovely lady to stay in the shade of home life—even society home life. For a number of years ago when Mrs. Curran was Mrs. Sterling Postley, a Russian nobleman—Prince Dolgoroki I believe—said that she was the most beautiful American woman he had seen on his tour of the United States. This comment from a connoisseur of beauty was repeated on so many occasions that the lady was reported to have said she wished the czar had banished the prince to the wilds of Siberia. That was when the impression prevailed among the rest of the world that banishment to Siberia meant a sort of manacling in an underground ice prison. Now, when we are on the way to believe that were it not for the Bolsheviki Siberia wouldn't be half a bad place of abode, out pops a monkey of Burlingame and bites the lady, making her take the centre of the stage for protection. Mrs. Curran does not belong to the floral genus which was born to blush unseen. Fate drags her out where all may behold her pulchritude.

Gottardo Piazzoni's much admired canvas "Song of the Marshland" which was hung in the Del Monte Gallery, was recently bought by Mr. Ansley Salz of San Francisco. This painting is a notable one, having been exhibited in 1907 in the Paris Salon and also in Rome during the same year. It was later exhibited in San Francisco on the artist's return from Europe when he gave one of the most important one-man displays ever held in San Francisco. "Song of the Marshland" was one of about six of Piazzoni's really wonderful creations.

The picture was named by Arthur Putnam, the sculptor. It describes a low marshland, stretching back miles and miles to the gray distances where it meets a sky still more gray and sullen. From a low hung, wind tossed cloud which swings over the horizon one hears the song of the marshland, a weird, minor chant, the voice of wind and rain.

The Del Monte "salon" is one of the most attractive art galleries on the Pacific Coast and is visited by connoisseurs and art lovers from all parts of the country. The splendid sketches and paintings that are exhibited are the work of California artists and excite a great deal of admiration and comment.

Among some of the well known men and women who are exhibiting there, are: Gottardo Piazzoni, William Wendt, William Ritschel, Josep Raphael, Armin Hansen, Charles Rollo Peters, William Keith, Mary Curtis Richardson, Hanson Puthoff, Clark Hobart, Henry Poor, Charlton Fortune, Eugen Newhaus, Maynard Dixon, Benjamin Chambers Brown and others.

Mills College which now enjoys the same rating as Vassar and Wellesley, has started a campaign for a portion of the millions of Rockerfeller, who recently added several millions to his fund for the assistance of educational institutions. President Aurelia Reinhardt at once left for the east to present the Mills' application for a million dollar approporation. It is announced that the trustees of the fund are to make a trip to the coast to investigate Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jones of Oakland have rented their home on Ricardo avenue and taken up their residence at the Country Club as they are both devotees of golf.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters are planning a European tour for the early summer. In the meanwhile they are entertaining Mrs. Daniel Gardner of Jacksonville, who before her marriage was Miss Lois Crosby of Oakland.

Mrs. Harry Knowles and her daughter Miss Jessie have left for New York where they will be the guests of the Mark Requas.

The Hugh Hogans are preparing for a tour of the Orient starting next month. Mrs. Peter Kyne will sail next Saturday for Manila where she will visit Mrs. John Warfield.

Mrs. Inez Keenan sailed on the Matsonia for the Hawaiian Islands for a visit of several weeks.

The Rembrandt Exhibition

J. Pierpont Morgan loan exhibition of drawings and etchings by Rembrandt which opened in the Palace of Fine Arts on Saturday, February 28th will continue for several weeks.

This collection, which comprises over 400 exhibits, is the most important exhibition of Rembrandt's etchings ever made in America; it covers the whole development of his art from his earliest years to within a few years before his death, and includes among other interesting items over 20 self portraits made during different periods of his life, besides landscapes and figure pieces, biblical subjects, portraits of the notables of his time, studies of interesting "types" such as beggars, strolling musicians, rat catchers, pancake women, and the whole range of strolling mountebanks that were part and parcel of the life of his day. The variety and extent of his subject matter is Shakespearian in character, and it may safely be said that no exhibition at all comparable

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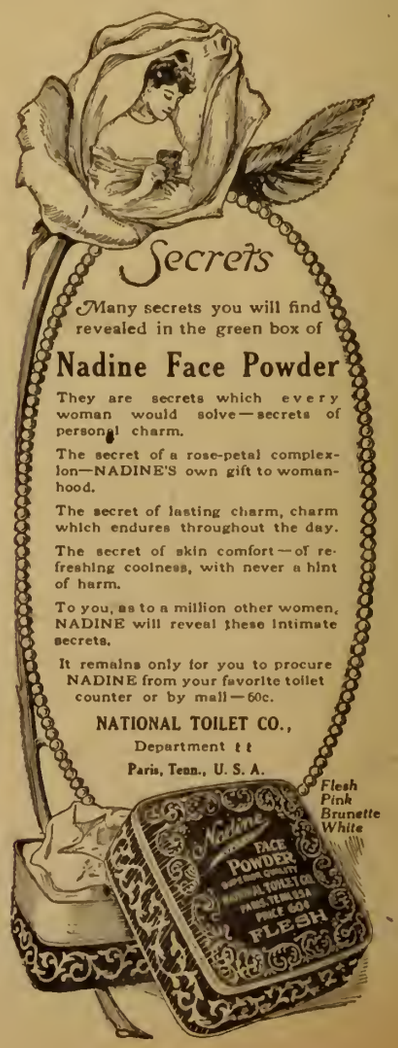

with it in artistic importance or human interest has ever before been held in San Francisco.

Messrs. M. J. Brandenstein, William H. Crocker, John S. Drum, Joseph D. Grant, R. B. Hale, I. W. Hellman Jr., the late Jesse W. Lilienthal, Charles C. Moore, Captain Fritz S. Olsen, Jacob Stern, E. J. Tobin, H. A. van Coenen Torchiana, Baron J. C. van Eck, John I. Walter and the late Mrs. Phoebe Hearst guaranteed the expenses involved in bringing the Morgan collection to San Francisco.

East vs. West Polo Match

Interest between the athlete of the east and the west continues to grow. With clashes between sectional tennis teams, football elevens and the like, the latest proposition is to settle the polo supremacy between the east and the west.

Samuel F. B. Morse has set up a beautiful cup which will be played for every year at the Del Monte field between a picked team of eastern poloists and the best that the west can offer in the line of a star four. Samuel Morse, who was famous in the athletic world and captain of the victorious Yale football team in 1906, is a polo enthusiast and in scheduling the above competition he is anxious to create rivalry and promote renewed interest in polo.

Every year crack players come out from the east and the mild weather here in the winter will enable the settlement of intersectional honors the same as is done on the gridiron and on the tennis courts.

The inaugural match between the east and the west will be staged this year at Del Monte during the course of the Del Monte tournament which starts March 27th and last until April 15th. The rest of the program, which has been announced by the Del Monte polo club is as follows:

Del Monte handicap cups between teams of four whose aggregate handicap shall not be less than 14 goals.

Felton Elkins challenge cup between two teams of four, without handicap. Players must be members of the California clubs to be eligible to play in the contesting teams.

Pebble Beach junior cups open to teams of four whose aggregate handicap shall not exceed 12 goals.

Novice cups open to teams of four whose aggregate handicap does not exceed eight goals.

Delightful roads and bridle paths and many points of interest in the vicinity have encouraged horse lovers to indulge in their favorite out of door recreation these fine spring-like days. Mrs. Geo. R. Dodson and Miss Dodson of Spokane and Mr. and Mrs. Barton T. Bean of San Francisco have been riding frequently. Alexio and Irene Albert and Miss Elizabeth Wiel of San Francisco are young people who have been exploring the romantic and quaint byways of Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois of San Francisco are spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas who have a pleasant little home at Pebble Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Gallois entertained a party of friends at a dinner party at Del Monte Lodge.

Now that the all absorbing Gold Vase Tournament at Pebble Beach is over, golfers are devoting themselves to individual matches, interesting foursomes and practice games for interest never lags in the ever popular golf. Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Margaret Madison and Mr. Marshall Madison are seen constantly on the links and are among those who are looking forward to the week-end foursomes which are schedules for Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Wm. C. Van Antwerp of Burlingame is spending a few days at Del Monte Lodge.

Prominent San Franciscans who have been very frequent visitors at Del Monte and who are again at that resort for indefinite periods are: Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Black and their son, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Stevenson and family; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cox; Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fries; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs and Miss Tubbs; Mrs. Edw. Barron and Miss Barron; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs.

Mrs. Samuel Hopkins of San Francisco has rented an attractive little house near Pebble Beach and, with her son, is a frequent visitor at Del Monte Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott are interesting San Franciscans who are to shortly join the fashionable Pebble Beach colony where they have a number of friends. Mrs. Morgan D. Belmont of New York will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. Maurice Heckscher at Del Monte Lodge this season.

One of the outstanding features of the California polo season so far this year is the sensational form being displayed by Harry Hunt, a junior player. Hunt is rated as No. 1 but has displayed so much ability in handling his fast string of ponies and has been so accurate with his mallet work, that Samuel F. B. Morse was influenced to name Hunt as No. 1 for the Del Monte senior team. Hunt played his first game in the important clash with the Eastern-British team and electrified the crowd by his playing. He scored six goals and was in the thick of the fight at all times. Hunt has only been playing the game three or four years and polo fans look for him to develop into a first chop player.

G. Maurice Heckscher of the Meadow Brook Club, Long Island, is another player who is displaying vastly improved form. Heckscher was prevented from participating in the early games of the season through illness but he is now back in the saddle and is a sure man with the stick besides driving a good long ball. The New Yorker has an excellent string of ponies which show to fine advantage.

Hugh Drury, captain of the Del Monte Four, is trying to induce Tom Driscoll, the star left hander, to play with Del Monte in the matches in Southern California. Driscoll was to have been a member of the regular Del Monte team but he injured his back in practice and has been kept on the side lines. Driscoll was away from the game for a couple of years while he served in France as a lieutenant-colonel. He trained hard, however, and was beginning to show his old form when he met with the accident.

The Eastern-British team is up against the problem of selecting a fourth man for the tournaments in the south and for the big Del Monte tournament, March 27th to April 15th. Thos. LeBoutillier, 2nd, has been ailing since his arrival from New York and he will not likely to be able to take his place as No. 1. With the two British officers, Majors Leonard Tate and Phillip Magor, and G. Maurice Heckscher, the visitors have a foundation for a strong aggregation.

To show what a vigorous and bruising game polo is, Hugh Drury has been going around with a discolored eye since the occasion of the class with the Eastern-British team. He was whacked over the eye with a mallet and while the injury was painful the veteran remained in his place.

Felton Elkins has been forced to cancel his polo play because of the illness of his wife, who presented him with a bouncing baby girl a couple of weeks ago. If Mrs. Elkins' health improves, the junior player expects to get back into the saddle.

Santa Barbara has a wonderful team in the field this year. The aggregation of players which represent the club are: Geo. Moore, Dr. Blackwell, Elmer Boeseke, Jr., William Tevis and Colonel "George" Nutting. Polo interest in Santa Barbara is very keen and they have several teams of merit down there.

R. R. Director's Reward

Thousands of the traveling public will be pleased to learn that the Santa Fe has expressed its appreciation of James B. Duffy's efforts by appointing him Assistant General Passenger Agent. Prior to 1918, he was in charge of the Santa Fe's passenger business in the Bay Cities.

When the Government took over the railroads, the Director General selected Mr. Duffy to direct the affairs of the San Francisco offices, and, as his former activities were solely in the interests of the Santa Fe, railroad men predicted that he would have a mighty task trying to satisfy the conflicting interests in the Consolidated Ticket Offices.

Besides the tangible acknowledgment of the Santa Fe, Mr. Duffy has been the recipient of a shower of congratulations from former competitors on the complete success that attended his efforts.

Mr. Duffy has devoted his entire life to the transportation business, and is considered an expert in that line of work. He has been with the Santa Fe for many years in eastern and western cities, and has a wide knowledge of the railroads and the sections they serve. He will organize his staff upon assuming the new duties and will make his headquarters in the Santa Fe Building, at Market and Second streets.

Admirers of the unique preparations manufactured by the famous house of Rigaud of New York and Paris have been greatly gratified by the distribution of these dainty gifts at Techau Tavern during the afternoon tea hours. Dainty purse bottles of sachet powder "Un air Embaume" sachet powder, and minature metal powder puff cases with puff enclosed filled with "Mary Garden Face Powder" have caused considerable favorable comment on their attractiveness and originality, while the high standard and popularity of the brands of powder and preparation have rendered them doubly welcome. Amid the cool atmosphere of the artistic dining room, the Techau Tavern dance orchestra, in its own unique manner, creates an attractiveness of dance music that is unequalled for its originality, dashing buoyancy and pleasing harmony. It is well worth a visit alone to hear this well known orchestra play.

Mrs. Arthur Lord is visiting in Santa Barbara.

Boy Scout Drive

Wednesday morning, March 10th, the Boy Scouts will start a drive for $50,000 for the expansion and upkeep of their work. Each zone will have a commander, namely: W. P. Roth, James Bacigalupi and Albert E. Schwacher. There will be 250 workers who will canvas the city for three days. So get ready to receive them and send them away with something substantial for their fine work.

The Stage

The Eleventh Symphony Concert

Notwithstanding the distinguished presence of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Berlioz on the 11th Symphony Concerts program, the lure of the two performances was a local composer —Albert Elkus—who was honored by having the orchestra play his composition, "Impressions from a Greek Tragedy." Large numbers of Mr. Elkus' friends were present, but friends at a first performance are not always a source of comfort to a composer who instinctively knows that home town people weigh one in the balance with scrupulous exactitude. But Mr. Elkus' emotions must have been decidedly stimulated; for the audience, in extending him an ovation, really expressed their pride that one who belongs to us could conceive a work of such excellence. The thought which inspired the composition is a lofty one and its tonal portrayal is consistent throughout its architectural structure.

The second movement could have been illuminated by a nicer skill in staging the musical phrases, but the composer evidently kept always in mind the tragedy of the heroic entity, and the analytical mind of the absorbed listener was, in consequence, held in ominous anticipation of the sombre destiny.

The "Midsummer Nights Dream" scherzo followed as a gay antithesis. Hertz led us through the realms of fairyland with the haunting strains from wood wind and delicate melodic tracery of the flute. "Le Carnaval Romain" from Berlioz's opera, "Benvenuto Cellini" was a brilliant piece which closed the program.

The symphony was Mozart's "C Major." The orchestra played it superbly, of course. With full realization of the chaste classicism of Mozart, I am one of the heretics who are unmoved by his simple style. I can comprehend the intense musical satisfaction which a conductor enjoys in directing Mozart compositions with such excellent artists as those who obey the Hertz baton; but when one has heard that orchestra play the magnificent, colorful music of the modern, passional composers, it is only the inspired musician who can thrill to Mozart.

—H. M. B.

An After the War Play

"The Five Million" is a bright little play with down to the minute situations of keen interest to returned soldiers. It is a reconstruction story and leaves the optimistic impression that all will be well with the returned soldier and that only a little time is needed to bring conditions back to normal. The company seem to have a good time playing the roles of live young people in their home town. It is difficult to recall a play of recent date in which such a large cast gives opportunity for individual impression. Clay Clement, as the hero returned from overseas to a law office, has a busy time operating a type-writer according to "the hunt system." Besides that, two sweet girls are in love with him and the result is that Mr. Clement looks ten years younger than in any previous play of his season. Brady Kline has a chance to show that he is "a regular fellow,"—for once "the deep dyed villain" look, the sinister manner are not in evidence, but he is gay and frank and ready to give the rest of his world a helping hand. Clifford Alexander is a joy as another dough-boy. To add to his cheerful outlook, the authors have provided him with a French wife. Henry Shumer is a good-natured inventor. I think he was talking with a brogue, but I wouldn't have suspected it if his name in the play were not Monahan; but Alcazarans love Shumer in any vernacular or accent. Of course Belle Bennett is charming as the heroine. She keeps a boarding house where I'm sure the boarders loved to live; for she looks so dainty in her cotton frock and high-heeled, white slippers when she flutteres about the dining-table. Emily Pinter, in the beginning, has something on her mind,—which turns out to be the fact that she "ran around" with a slacker and got herself engaged to him when she believed the hero dead. The audience was very sorry for Emily and also for Fred Green who in the play leads a dog's life because he was a slacker. Once the heroine advises him to sit down and rest his fallen arches! It is comforting to know that Mr. Green really went over the top in the Argonne. This is another ply which ought to have a two weeks run, but which, owing to the Alcazar's enterprise, must give way to another.

—H. M. B.

Parsifal in English

When the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company announced on November 2, 1917, that German representations would have no place in their plans for the season about to open they gave as the reason for their action that exaggerated accounts of such performances might be published which would tend to hearten the people with whom the United States were at war Such a risk, though it might seem remote, they did not wish to take. Their announcement of the projected list of operas for the season 1917-1918, they added, would not give offense to patriotic Americans. It is a fair presumption, that they also wished that their action should not hurt the feelings of citizens disposed to differentiate between music and morals, or propagandism and patriotism, many of whom loved the ideals embodied in the form of lyric-dramatic art which had been cultivated at the Metropolitan Opera House for an entire generation.

It is nothing more than an assumption on my part (but a justifiable one, I think), that it was the belief and hope of the directors that the rancors and hatreds created by the war would be dissipated with the attainment of victory and peace and a return be made to the principles of the old regime including a restoration of German opera to the repertory on the same footing as Italian, French and English. Meanwhile, to protect the products of German composers who have lived and worked in a happier day than the present from a prejudice against their language, operas have been given in translations—"Marta" in Italian (a custom established so many years ago that the memory of a German performance in America may be said to be dead) and "Saint Elizabeth" and "Oberon" in English.

The Wagnerian list was regretfully abandoned, largely, I believe, because a mistaken popular impression existed that Wagner was an eminent personification of German ideals. So he was; but the political ideals which he represented were not those of the Germany whose foundations were laid by Frederick II of Prussia, surnamed "The Great." Against them he was a revolutionary in thought and deed while living and after his death he left no preachments which can bring comfort to those who attempted to destroy the political ideals for which the United States went into battle.

The underlying moral purpose of "The Ring of the Nibelung" is to teach that selfish egoism, or the "will to power" which finds expression in brute force must give way to a dispensation of justice and love; of "Tannhauser" that salvation comes to humanity through the redeeming love of pure womanhood; of "Parsifal" that its enlightenment wrought through compassionate pity, fellow-suffering, which brings salvation. The ethics of these dramas, to go no further, ought alone to plead for their retention in the operatic list of all civilized and morally progressive peoples.

It is with "Parsifal" that Wagner is to make his re-entrance on the Metropolitan stage; but to avoid the lingering prejudice against its linguistic vehicle it is to be performed in an English translation. That translation has been made in a spirit of reverence for the drama and witha purpose to preserve as much as possible of the artistic essence which lies in the wedding of words and music. There has been no sacrifice or clouding of the fundamental thought of the poet-composer; no violence has been done to the musical text. Instead an effort has been made to make both words and music more intelligible to the general public than they have been hitherto.

If this purpose is attained there will follow an increased admiration and love for the lofty theme of the drama with its blending of ethical principles which, while found in Buddhism and Christianity, are older than either of these systems of religion—older, indeed, than all records of the human imagination.

—Henry Edward Krehbiel.

* * *

Mascagni New Light Opera

In coming before the public in his own name in the role of a writer of musical comedy, Pietro Mascagni met with an enthusiastic reception in January at the Quirinal Theatre, in Rome His three-act operetta, entitled "Sisi," was superbly staged, and the richness of the costumes designed for the occasion surpassed anything seen hitherto on the Italian gayety boards.

The earlier part of the work excited special appreciation, but the whole is conceived in a characteristically Italian vein, and its melodies are pleasurable from start to finish.

The plot of the libretto centres around a young viveur to whom a big windfall had been bequeathed on the sole condition that he should take unto himself a wife forthwith.

The youth thinks to solve the problem of securing his inheritance and at the same time of clinging to his course of living by espousing a frivolous divette from the Folies Bergeres. Her easy acquiescence in every manifestation of love on the part of her bevy of admirers had gained for her the nickname of Sisi (which in Italian means "Yes, yes").

Instead of having provided himself, as he had fondly imagined, with a speedy pretext for divorce, the youth discovers Sisi to be truly a model wife, devoted to the core. Sisi's love, however, is not reciprocated, for the youth's heart has in the meantime gone out to a modest but winsome damsel engaged at a telegraph office.

Scenes of jealousy and passionate grief follow, till, realizing the hopelessness of the case,

Sisi finally quits her husband and strives to stanch her bleeding heart by plunging once more into the garish joys of her girlhood.

Mascagni in turning from grand opera to light comedy is an Italian pioneer with a two-fold endeavor in view. The first is to lead a crusade against the productions of the Vienna operetta school, whose exports are perhaps the only thing that has survived the public distate for everything Austrian since the winning of the war. However, even Lehar's compositions have here and there been howled down by indignant frequenters of the cafes and theatres.

The second aim is to encourage national composers, some of whose achievements in operatta, Mascagni contends, are vastly superior in quality and variety, but have been withheld from the public solely through the manoeuvres of a purely commercial camorra.

* * *

At the Orepheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a great, new all star bill. There are many symbols of fun, but it is doubtful if there is a truer one than Emma Carus. She is further a theatrical paradox—a prima donna comedienne—and these facts have been the stepping stones upon which Emma Carus has gained a stellar position in musical comedy and become a headliner in vaudeville.

Florenz Ames and Adelaide Winthrop gracefully combine farce and travesty and place it in a song setting. There are few players more popular with the public than these eccentric comedians. There are many little aggravating incidents that are a source of discomfort to one's self but a cause of merriment to others. One of these Florenz Ames and Adelaide Winthrop have utilized for their little episode called, "Caught in a Jamb."

Mlle. Rhea, the dainty danseuse, will be seen in an original production of story, dance, and song in which she will have the assistance of Joseph Mach, Jr. and Jack Cook.

Jack Kennedy and his company will appear in a comedy of the Golf Links, entitled "A Golf Proposal." Mr. Kennedy is a fine comedian and his new vehicle affords him the best opportunity of his career.

Ed Morton is a singing comedian whose material is new and crisp, and his songs, most of them written by himself, are distinctive.

Van and Belle are flying missile experts, whose boomerang throwing is extraordinary; they have invented different kind of missiles, some of them representing birds. Van is a marvelous imitator of the calls and cries of birds and animals.

The Lightner Sisters and Newton Alexander will sing new songs and Henry Santrey and his Syncopated Band will change their programme.

Declassée—by Zoe Akins

Ethel Barrymore's newest great hit "Declassée" was written by Zoe Akins of St. Louis, a brilliant young woman who has written a number of sparkling plays including Papa. Miss Akins is a cousin of Mrs. Garret McEnerney. Beatrice Beckley, wife of James K. Hacket, is in the cast, but otherwise the dashing Ethel's support is entirely unworthy of her and her sparkling vehicle. The play is has a great financial success, being credited with having made more money than any play ever produced at the Empire Theatre.

Monsieur Beaucaire

In the beautiful musical play "Monsieur Beaucaire" which Gilbert Miller, son of Henry, has brought to New York after he had guided it to a big London success the leading man is Marion Green, an American singer well known in the U. S. as a concert and oratorio singer. His début on the stage was made as "Beaucaire" in London last year. The only other American in the splendid cast is Robert Parker who made a fine impression when he sang here with Melba in 1916.

A Great Belasco Success

"The Son-Daughter," a Chinese play with Lenore Ulric in the title role is captivating Broadway. Harry Mestayer, Edmond Lowe (formerly of San Jose) and Nick Long are California players well known to us who are scoring brilliantly in the play.

Final Hertz "Pop" Concert of Season

On Sunday afternoon, March 7th, in the Curran Theatre, the tenth and final "pop" concert of the season will be given by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz who has fairly outdone himself by preparing the most prodigal and unquestionably the most attractive program of the "pop" series.

That the Curran will be taxed to its capacity is a foregone conclusion. Following is the program in its entirety:

Prelude, "Lohengrin" .....Wagner
"Nutcracker" Suite .....Tschaikowsky
Miniature Overture
March
Dance of the "Fee Dragee"
Russian Dance
Arabian Dance
Chinese Dance
Dance of the Mirlitons
Dance of the Flowers
"A Night on the Bald Mountain"..Moussorgsky
Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale
.....Saint-Saens
Poem Erotique, Opus 31, No. 6....MacDowell
Scotch Poem, Opus 31, No. 6.....MacDowell
Two Hungarian Dances.....Brahms
"The Bee" .....Schubert
Loin Du Bal .....Gillet
Overture Solenelle, "The Year 1812"....
.....Tschaikowsky

The twelfth and last pair of symphonies, as well as the concluding events of the season, will be played on Friday and Sunday afternoons, March 12th and 14th, in the Curran Theatre.

The outstanding feature will be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, in C Minor, unquestionably the best known, the most generally comprehended and the most widely popular of all the nine great symphonies of Beethoven. Faultless in conception and flawless in construction this great musical edifice remains a lofty and enduring monument to Beethoven's incomparable genius.

The second number on the progrm will be Paul Dukas' whimsical scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," which has been given by Hertz in past seasons with tremendous success.

Wagner's overwhelming prelude to "The Mastersingers" will bring the program to a gorgeous climax.

At the Curran

"Maytime" that tremendously successful musical play, which has run continuously for two full years in New York to the biggest cash receipts ever earned by any musical play in the history of the New York stage, opens its first return engagement in San Francisco next Sunday night, March 7th, at the Curran Theatre.

As almost everyone knows "Maytime" is a thing of sweetness and light, of joy, of beauty, and of charms almost indescribable. It is a cycle of youth and age, of lovetime and suffering, of despair, and happiness found after many years. It is also a romance of "little old New York," calculated to stir the memories and touch the heart of every theatre patron who has lived on Manhattan or has ever visited it with understanding.

Thousands who have already sat under the spell of its quaint romance and listened to the haunting beauty of its songs and other musical numbers, will want to see and hear "Maytime" again.

The company to be seen here next week has been put together with the utmost care by the Messrs. Shubert and will embrace a ensemble of artists selected from the two Broadway casts

(Continued on Page 15)

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
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Sunday Afternoon, March 7th at 2:45 Sharp
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THIS WEEK—"THE FIVE MILLION"
Roaringly Funny Returned Soldier Comedy by the Author "High Cost of Loving"
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUN. MAT. MARCH 7
Sure Fire Melodramatic Farce
"OFFICER 666"
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Clay Clement—Belle Bennett
SUNDAY, MARCH 14—First Time Here
Comedy of Youth, Love and Laughter
"I LOVE YOU"
By Wm. Le Baron, Author "The Very Idea"
Usual Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1
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Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1
Matinee Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c
Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was an irregular market in stocks the past week and the market had much to contend with; money rates being high and liquidation at times quite general.

Several unfavorable annual statements were issued, principally by the Republic Iron & Steel Co. and the Lackawanna Steel Co., which brought about some selling in the steel issues, as it was taken to forecast a general let-up in the steel industry.

This was offset by the general favorable sentiment in the railway stocks, due to the passage of the railroad bill and now that the railroads had gone back to their owners under optimistic expressions from all sides; on the other hand, the Federal Reserve statement was a disappointment, as they have been every week for the past month.

The main point was that, while the New York Clearing House returns showed continued liquidation of Wall Street loans, it was not followed up in the Federal Reserve figures by the least evidence of any similar curtailment in commercial loans. On the contrary, this class of credits was larger than ever and the financial community was still in as much doubt as ever as to when any relief was to be expected and whether contraction of commercial credits would keep pace with the drain of gold, which the banking authorities, regardless of consequences, insist shall go on. No relief whatever for the credit situation is indicated by the weekly bank reports and the outlook in this respect is not encouraging. Tax payments this month are certain to further complicate a situation already strained and the week's gold exports will be handled with considerable difficulty.

Notwithstanding the bulk of the news was against the market, the declines did not extend very far and there were several items of news that would, no doubt, have had a very favorable effect on prices if the money situation was normal. One of these factors was the decision of the Supreme Court which held that the U. S. Steel Corporation was not a trust and therefore will not be dissolved. This case has been hanging over the market for several years and, while the decision only applied to the Steel Corporation, there are several other cases of a like nature up that probably will also receive the same treatment.

The oil stocks seem to stand out as being in the strongest position of any of the speculative issues. The passing of the Leasing Bill and the signing of it by the President has added new life to these issues in sections of the oil belt where it was a factor and, no doubt, will not only add to the production but will release a lot of impounded money which will eventually go to the stockholders in some form or other. The demand for oil is so strong throughout the country that an advance in price for the commodity is a daily occurrence—first one section of the country advances the price and it in turn is followed by an advance in another section until the price in the east is now the highest on record.

The market at present, however, is in the hands of the Federal Reserve Board and, regardless of the favorable news from time to time, we do not expect anything more than a scalping market. If money conditions become normal again, there is enough news that is constructive to put the market on a higher level. In the meantime, the market is expected to be irregular with the technical conditions more in favor of the constructive side, as the short interest is too large to permit of any decline from this level.

Cotton—The nearby futures in the cotton market seem to attract what little trading there is in cotton and the more distant futures are dull and neglected.

The strength in the nearby futures is due to the strength in the spot situation, as well as the continued advance in Liverpool. Toward the close of the week, the Liverpool market seemed to have reached the peak of the advance and quotations from there were decidedly lower, which, in turn, was reflected in our market.

There was no news of consequence other than the Peace Treaty seems to be blocked for the time being. In the dry goods district the talk now centers on demands of purchasers for protection against future declines in goods and insistence that prices are to be reduced to the purchaser in proportion, as the market may decline before delivery. Other commodities are coming down and there is a notable softening already in some lines of cotton goods.

It is safe to say that a further advance in goods is well nigh impossible. Southern spot markets continue firm, but private reports are to the effect that sales are being made at considerable recessions from going quotations. That spot holders, who carried their cotton through the break, will take advantage of any demand created by the recent advance in futures to sell is more than likely.

The pressure that the Federal Reserve Bank is exerting on southern banks to force liquidation of commodity loans is causing considerable anxiety throughout the belt and that a great deal of cotton will be released in the near future seems almost certain. This is the overshadowing factor at the moment and would apparently justify option sales for the present.

It is a little too early for the coming crop news to become a factor, but so far this season the weather has been ideal for the start of the crop and reports of large sales of fertilizer would indicate a large acreage this year.

Old wood is best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.—Alphonsus.

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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STAGE

(Continued from Page 13)

of the original New York run. Thus William Norris will be seen in his own role of Matthew Van Zandt, Melvin Stokes will appear as Richard Wayne, and Carolyn Thomson, who captivated local theatregoers last June, will be seen in the lovely leading role of Otillie with the dainty grace and the delicious voice.

Alcazar Attractions

The comic trials and tribulations of returned service men, that delight Alcazar audiences this week, will be followed next Sunday matinee, by the shrickingly absurd before-the-war happenings in "Officer 666," the recognized gilt edge success among farces that are quickened by the thrill of melodrama. "Officer 666" has moved more people to convulsive merriment than any other farcical piece of the past twenty years, and its vitality is easy to understand. When a young globe trotting millionaire comes home secretly and finds a plausible crook living in his apartments, selling off his costly paintings, and making love to a society heiress, he does his own detective work by masquerading as the policeman on the beat and bribing the real copper to personate the cook. The complications are shrickingly absurd. Belle Bennet, Clay Clement, Brady Kline, Henry Shumer, Sam Burton, Clifford Alexander, Al Cunningham, Rafael Brunetto, Thomas Fadden, Emily Pinter and Jean Oliver are in the cast.

"I Love You," bouyant comedy of youth, romance and laughter, successful at the Booth Theatre, New York, last season, has first San Francisco production March 14th. It is the work of William Le Baron, whose humorous fancy took a rather bold turn in "The Very Idea."

Elman's Opinion of American Women

Mischa Elman, the great Russian violinist, who will appear in joint-recital with Eugene Ysaye, at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday after, May 23rd, under the direction of Frank W. Healy. As usually is the luck of great virtuosi, or rather from their standpoint, the misfortune, to have their names connected with many young women who are supposed from the popular standpoint to be their romantic ideal, Elman has not escape the romanticisms of the public and every little while a rumor is spread about that he is engaged to this or that popular young musician.

The young violinist is coming to a stand, he says, "where he absolutely hates romance." "I am young, and all that," he answered an interviewer, "and I love your American women, but please do not say that I am engaged when I talk to one. You must know that it is very difficult for me to resist that great pleasure. In fact, I can resist anything but temptation. Sometimes I wish I were just one of your college boys, who spends his time between baseball and girls. Why is it because I happen to play the violin well, everybody takes an interest in my affairs of the heart? Please tell your readers that I am just as human as anybody else, and that a pretty girl appeals to me as such, but do not make me out as being engaged and having a romance every time I show an interest in one of them."

Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase.

Legion Last Sunday Honors John McCormack

In recognition of his record in war work when sent out by President Wilson as "America's Singing Soldier," the American Legion of New York presented to John McCormack a gold medal, bearing a replica of the Legion button and engraved with an expression of the Legion's gratitude to the man who has already raised $540,000 for war work. General Pershing was the guest of honor on the occasion.

Damrosch Honored

Walter Damrosch the conductor has the honor of having been invited as the official guest of three great European powers.

This tribute given by the governments of France, Italy, and Belgium, puts forward with extraordinary force the position held in the world of music by the New York Symphony Orchestra, and is at once a tribute to the orchestra itself, to its leader, and indeed to the American nation. So it is that in preparation for its European tour Mr. Damrosch has aimed to make the orchestra's concerts in New York events of a peculiar intensity of interest, both as to the compositions to be played and to their manner of performance.

The list of soloists comprise practically all the great musical virtuosi now in America. Among the names already announced are those of Jascha Heifetz, Pablo Casals, Albert Spalding, Alfred Cortot, Rosa Ponselle, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Fritz Kreisler, Sascha Jacobsen, Lucy Gates, Henri Casadesus, Reinald Warrenrath, Sophie Braslau, Mischa Levitzki, Benno Moiseivitsch, Percy Grainger, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Mischa Elman and Willem Willeke.—From "Opera News."

Walker Whiteside, the American actor, has a dresser and a handy man. As the handy man Whiteside used him for a "bit" in his recent production of the "Master of Ballantyre."

It was the evening after the opening of the engagement. Whiteside got a copy of "Oakland's Leading Daily" and then collapsed. He read that the dresser and handy man was the only real actor in the cast and that he eclipsed Whiteside.

It may also be added that the dresser and handy man got hold of the paper and Whiteside's trip east threatens to turn into a transcontinental debate as to whether the said handy man shall not only receive more money but have his name up in the lights with that of the star.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 28830. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased.

MARIE MARSILY,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Newcomb, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 6th, 1920.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Executrix,
Rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-6-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 4879

KNOW ALL MEN BY THE PRESENTS:

That I, the undersigned, ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD, do hereby certify:

That my name in full is ARNOLD EDWARD ARCHIBALD, and that my place of residence is at NUMBER 1217 JOSEPHINE STREET, BERKELEY, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA;

That I am transacting business in the State of California under the fictitious name and style of THE ARCHIBALD COMPANY, and that I am the sole owner and proprietor of said business; that the place where said business is carried on and conducted and my principal place of business under said name is NUMBER 667 HOWARD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 18th day of February, 1920.

ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Arnold E. Archibald, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

JAMISON STEEL CO.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated Jan. 28, 1920.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California, City and County of Santa Barbara.

On the 28th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me James D. Crawford, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of Santa Barbara, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

JAMES D. CRAWFORD,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of Santa Barbara, State of California.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

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Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Puritan's Unfinished Work

There is a type of Puritan who in America has come to be called a vice hound. The term is pithy, and pat, as are most Americanisms, but it is not inherently accurate. It makes a comparison with the sleuth hound; but the sleuth hound follows his quarry to the end. The vice hound starts the quarry, and leaves the drudgery of solving the resulting difficulties to the ordinary citizen and his government.

The Puritan lacks the constructive sense, —it is his characteristic. To prohibit, to ban, to drive out: that is his creed. He shuts his eyes to what may happen afterward: to the substitutes that take the place of the thing prohibited, to the undirected wandering of those who are driven out.

A judge of the San Francisco police court, Henry M. Owens, has been driven to protest by the results of this attitude on the part of San Francisco's Puritans.

According to Judge Owens, 70 per cent of the cases in the women's court center about what the newspapers call women of the night life. The calendar is cluttered with cases that can only be dismissed because no adequate provision has been made to give the women a chance to secure employment.

"The Redlight Abatement League started this thing," says Judge Owens, in demanding that the league have a representative in court each day. "The segregated district was closed. Now that the women are left to wander about the streets, I think the league should finish what it started."

A more typical example upon a small scale of the lack of constructive foresight in the average reform element would be difficult to find. But upon a large scale, we can readily turn to an example even more illuminating. When the country begins to pay the toll of prohibition, then the country too will make its demand that Puritanism come forth in court with a constructive plan for solving the riddle it has created.

Prohibition Forced As An Issue

While the host of presidential candidates has brought forth not one man with the courage to take a definite stand for the repeal of prohibition, the Democrats of New York, in their state convention, have come out flatly for such repeal. The fight is already on, with Bryan in his war paint tilting at Tammany and its up-state allies.

The issue of prohibition repeal is shaping itself without the assistance of the timorous aspirants; William G. McAdoo, for example, in wiring the California Democratic State Central Committee expressing his preference for an uninstructed California delegation—and he got his wish—said the issues of the campaign had not been defined. Correct, by the letter. But this issue of prohibition is defining itself faster than most politicians can think.

The League of Nations will undoubtedly be a campaign issue. But a League of Nations is infinitely less tangible to the average voter than the restriction of liberty in the matter of his personal habits. And the potential nominee who develops the courage to realize that truth and to offer himself as leader of the forces for the restoration of liberty will carry the field before him.

* * *

The Landlord in the Line of Fire

San Francisco is at present experiencing a typical example of mob hysteria.

Comes a period of rising prices. To this is added war, during which all building operations are stopped that war industries may work full blast. A housing shortage results. Four million demobilized men return from barracks and need civilian sleeping places. Almost prohibitive costs of materials and unsettled labor conditions restrict building even after the end of the war. There is an acute housing shortage, not only in one Pacific Coast community, but in all the nation, virtually all the world. The old law of supply and demand, on which our civilization is largely built, resumes operation after the hiatus of war time control. The landlords must pay twice as much as previously for maintenance and for repairs; their personal living expenses are twice as great; they find themselves compelled to raise rents: few among them, as among any large body of men, take advantage of the situation to exact exorbitant increases. Meanwhile the public, restive under the decline in the purchasing power of the dollar, has been coached to blame not economic conditions which have rocked the world, but individual men, to whom the opprobrious term of profiteer is applied. The public's resentment deepens; its anger centers on those who happen to be nearest. The landlord, never beloved, is put in the position of a lightning rod. A general dissatisfaction with the shrunken dollar centers on him. Somebody heaves a brick. All the crowd, being a crowd, immediately starts to heave bricks and the landlords have to hunt for storm cellars. That is the way the crowd mind works.

The public welfare committee of the supervisors has been holding public meetings at which virtually every man and woman with a kick against the landlord appeared to tell a tale of woe. The Tenants' Protective Association prepares test suits. There is a great hue and cry. Nor is the condition restricted to San Francisco. In New York a central labor body with 350,000 members faces a clamor from its own members for strike action for more pay if rents are not reduced. In Washington a commission is established to prevent rent profiteering in the District of Columbia. And there are plenty of signs elsewhere to show that the situation can easily become grave.

But if hysteria is to be allowed rampant, if we are to permit prejudice to regulate, we will witness nothing less than an economic pogrom of landlords.

The landlord deserves better than to be lynched. His part in our economic system is not that of a Jonah. He has rights no less than have tenants. He is entitled to a square deal. Given time, hysteria will wear itself out. But if it is not given time, it may do incalculable harm.

A definite financial return has been guaranteed holders of railroad securities. If it came to extremities, a similar guarantee could be given owners of property. Nobody will hold a brief for the profiteer. But let us not forget that the landlord's expenses have increased along with those of the rest of the citizenry. And furthermore, if he is not given a square deal, the result will be to undermine the foundation of the community. As a matter of self defence and self preservation, San Francisco must face the rent situation calmly and intelligently

* * *

Vanderlip Demands the Facts

Frank A. Vanderlip, former president of the National City Bank and today probably one of the half dozen foremost figures in world finance, has issued a new warning to America of dangers glossed over in the reconstruction period of Europe and of advantages unrealized practically by America.

Mr. Vanderlip, who called a spade a spade in the book in which he described his post-war journey to Europe, now demands the as-

certaining of facts upon which America, through its governmental machinery and through its trade machinery, can formulate a definite policy.

He outlines the two opposed views of the European muddle: that outlined by Secretary Glass, that the American government should not increase its loans to Europe, already aggregating $10,000,000,000; and the view that "it is impossible for Europe, left to itself, to rehabilitate itself industrially" and "that European affairs are progressing steadily toward a more and more unfavorable situation."

According to the first opinion, time will right Europe. According to the second, "time is only pushing Europe nearer to a social and financial breakdown."

From this Mr. Vanderlip goes on to demand that the United States have "positive information as to which of these views is correct."

He accuses the government of gross lack of preparedness in its lack or suppression of such information. He declares that business interests are no better informed than the general public.

He further criticises the government in declaring the action of the Federal Reserve Board in raising the re-discount rate to have been "almost fatally delayed."

Constructively, he calls for the creation of European securities of a character that will appeal to the American investing public, obviating government advances. Thrift alone, he says, will build up a capital fund that "will enable us to be of use to the world in its present extremity."

The Federal Reserve Board's annual report, made public late last month, pointed out dangers in a too rapid deflation. Mr. Vanderlip's main contention, however, is not invalidated by a difference of opinion on what is a subsidiary matter.

The truth is that not America nor apparently any other country has made an honest attempt to face the facts of the present international situation. Of opinions there has been a flood. Of fact there has been a minimum, and that little has been beclouded beyond all precedent.

Propaganda is rife as it has never been in the world's history. The destiny of nations is given over to the press agent. The appeals from all quarters of the globe are based upon what the publicity agent can "put across."

It may be possible to muddle through in war, when strong emotional forces concentrate a vast will power upon the designated policy. In such event, muddling can be carried on to a victory. But when that emotional pressure is diverted and diffused by varying interests, the world cannot muddle through the period of restoring its industrial machine and catching up on five years of destruction.

A definite policy must be formulated to meet the conditions that exist, or the conditions will continue to threaten to get out of hand, as Mr. Vanderlip says. A definite policy must be based upon ascertained facts. America is called upon to restore Europe. America must know the facts before it can act effectually. We should leave the gravest of matters no longer to opinion, however honest it may be, but should pick our goal and the road to it.

The world cannot walk till it gets its feet on the ground.

* * *

Lip Homage for Our Soldiers

The words of 1917 and 1918 ring hollow in the ears of 1920. The volunteer and the conscript of the early war days were given lavish promises. Today they must appear before a committee of the House of Representatives to urge their case in their demand for the redemption of some of those promises.

It is a sorry spectacle, after all that America has said, to finds the Ways and Means Committee of the House bickering over legislation providing aid for the former service men. The country's homage was not a lip homage, but it may be made to seem so.

Undoubtedly the committee, harassed by the unprecedented income necessities of the country, is hard put to it for a program to meet all requirements. It is true, too, that Congress has shown no remarkable wisdom in some of its economies. But skimping the due of the soldiers of last year would be the poorest economy of all.

A cash grant of an allowance for each month spent in service, or a lump sum for all who put on the uniform, is the most easily grasped solution of the problem. It is not necessarily the best, however. Far better service to the former soldiers and sailors and marines to facilitate their access to the land, for example, or to make such provision as would assure them economic safety for life. There has been ample time for the consideration of proper measures: it is a sad sight now, this eleventh hour bickering over dollars and cents. Of the many sins of omission that must be laid to Congress, none is more reprehensible than this.

Palm Beach and Lenten New York Amusements

When the New York social season ended with the gay Mardi Gras ball and Lent in sack-cloth and ashes descended upon the city, society turned and fled from the lively avenue, the limousined park, the tea-gardens and rose rooms. But did society follow the pointing finger, and enter the churches that dot the great avenue? Oh, no!! There was exodus assuredly,—but every foot and eye and bursting pocket-book—and strained one too—was pointed south to Florida to the tempting lure of summer sun, to the sandy floor of Palm Beach, and the deep green of its tropical palms. Rumors of gay times there, floating back to New York, tell of these runaways, gathering each afternoon for tea, with its jazz band and dancing, in the beautiful cocoanut grove of the "Royal Poinciana"; of the daily appearance of the strangely shy and illusive John Barleycorn,—tableaux vivantes and the famous all night parties that begin at midnight and dance themselves into the dawn. Of house-boats and yachts on Lake Worth, of the wonderful Washington's birthday ball, famous for two decades at this resort, which took place at the old historic Royal Poinciana. At this ball thousands thronged the acres of its tropical gardens. Here the witchery of nature, aided by the wizardry of man, formed the atmosphere of soft colored lights, and music, tropical palms and tinkling fountains, in which the ball was set. The ball room used for this affair was 450 feet deep. At one end, a complete replica of Washington's home at Mount Vernon was erected, while the remainder of the ball room became the formal gardens of this villa—dancing space being left in the center. The rapidity with which Palm Beach has reached its exalted position is amazing. It bids fair to out-newport Newport with the magnificence of the villas. Those built for Gurnee Munn, Charles A. Munn, and Mrs. Stotesbury, for instance. And whose is the wizard hand that designs these wonder structures that dim the glory of Newport's famed villas? To none other than our old friend Addison Mizner, tagged by New York as "Ultra Artistic." Though much that is fine and beautiful is achieved here in the workshops of New York, one cannot but notice with what frequency she reaches out to San Francisco to secure her cleverest workers.

Lent doubtless laid a restraining hand upon society, but finds no foothold on the quicksands of gaiety with which Broadway is paved. The Great White Way,—that vital artery which pulses closest to the heart of New York, still holds its shifting hurly burly crowd of revellers. Here the caberets are filled nightly with guests who tax the resources of the management for entertainment. When old John Barleycorn sat to dinner with folks in the good old days, he was so entertaining, that it didn't matter so much if the eye was vacant—but now old John's chair is the only vacant thing there,—every eye is filled by the wonderful revue, grown to the size of a production, each place competing desperately with the other to hold the patrons. The Palais Royal, on Broadway and 46th street, one of the greatest attractions, the foremost probably of these great "Restaurant Theatres," gives a revue that rivals Ziegfeld's "Frolic." Clever specialties, tuneful numbers, and gorgeous fashion parades, combine to make the "Palais Royal Revue of 1920" one of the most successful shows on Broadway. New York's smartest folks may be found nightly at the Club de Montmartre, at Broadway and 50th streets; this delightful resort being an after the theatre social center. And next door the Bal Tabarau makes the third of the most exclusive places. Then there are Churchills, the Strand Roof, the Moulin Rouge, to gather in the crowd. And farther out, Reisenwebers at Columbus Circle, and still farther Healy's "Golden Glades," with a clever revue. And the most

marvelous exhibition of indoor ice skating in the world. These clever artists recently did the Apache Dance, on the ice, in such a skillful manner as to amaze blasé New York.

However, the dry humor of prohibition is surely no joke to New York, for only this week the famous "Rector's" closed its doors, and retired into the oblivion which received the renowned "Sherry's" last spring. Charles Rector was the man who pioneered the first lobster palace on Broadway, to which he lured the Smart Set from Fifth avenue and the decorum of "Delmonico's" and "Sherry's." He first started an oyster house in Chicago on his savings as first superintendent of the Pennsylvania Dining Car Service. With keen foresight, he established a Broadway restaurant near 42nd street. This was "Rector's," a place talked of throughout the country. Some years ago when New Yorkers were ordered to stop drinking intoxicants at 1 o'clock in the morning, "Rector's"—then grown into an hotel (now the Claridge) suffered most. Bankruptcy was the result. Although about a year ago the name "Rector's" disappeared from the signs of the Great White Way, the life of the old establishment still flickered for a time under the name of the "Cafe de Paris"—but with the final passing of John Barleycorn, its chief backer, "Rector's," a name known the world over, goes into the irredeemable beyond.

* * *

Theatre Smoking Rooms for Ladies

I see that Morris Gest, of the Century Theatre, announces that a ladies' smoking room has been fitted up at the Century, and will be open to the ladies between the acts of "Aphrodite." Well, this is the first time in a theatre. In the restaurants, and hotel dining rooms, every one smokes—young and old. The other day at Delmonico's, at the lunch hour, I was amused to see a beautiful grayhaired woman, an exquisite, groomed to a nicety, enjoying her cigarette along with her grandchildren, and calmly blowing the smoke through her nose. Indeed, not to smoke abroad courts observation. So Morris Gest but panders to the public taste. What will Morosco serving coffee between his act—and wonderfully good coffee at that,—and Gest with his cigarettes, the foolish ones are asking if the plays are so dull, they need the stimulant.

* * *

Theatre Prices Soaring

March 6th John Barrymore will appear at the Plymouth Theatre in Richard III. This production will mark the establishment of a record high price, even for New York. Orchestra chairs for the first performance will be $5.00. The first ten rows of the orchestra for the remaining performance wsill be $3.50. This will set a new figure for serious plays in this city, although $3.50 has been charged in the past for a number of musical pieces.

* * *

On the second Monday in March, Flo Ziegfeld Jr. will offer to the patrons of the New Amsterdam Theatre Roof, the "New Nine O'clock Revue," the second of the series. This entertainment, staged by Ned Wayburn, with music and lyrics by Dave Stamper and Gene Buck, is by far the most pretentious of the Ziegfeld productions. Ben Ali Haggin will offer living presentations of great paintings by old masters, posed by selected Ziegfeld beauties. The second edition of the Current Midnight Frolic follows the nine o'clock revue. Under the new regime, more attention will be devoted to the restaurant than in the past—dinner will begin at 7 o'clock and supper at 11, and thereafter, and dancing will go on as usual.

* * *

On the 20th Mme. Galli-Curci and Tito Ruffo appeared in Rigoletto. One o'clock in the afternoon saw the crowds in line, extending for blocks. By the time the evening performance began, over three thousand persons had been turned away, and it took a dozen policemen, and all the employees of the theatre to clear the streets in the vicinity, after all seats and standing room had been sold—the disappointed crowds refusing to leave. It was the most exciting night of the opera season outside of the theatre with a line of policemen barricading the sidewalk doors. And possibly the most thrilling within, with the largest audience the theatre has ever held, New York hearing Ruffo as the Jester for the first time. His great natural voice caused the audience to rage with enthusiasm. The same roaring rites being performed for Mme. Galli-Curci, who sang at her lovely best, as Gilda.

* * *

Simplicity at Exalted Prices

And with such quantities of money going out, on all sides for pleasure, one wonders that any is left for the simple necessities of life—dresses for instance. In our morning papers we read the item—from Paris comes the word—"Simple gown—in Paris—cost $1000—served to us as it were, like a dainty morsel upon toast, to prick the jaded appetite—to act as a spur upon our price frozen intellects. But how can it make any impression, while these jaded appetites are being satiated at breakfast by our own morning news items of "costs of fur reduced to $2,300. What with all these inflated prices disturbing us, it is good to know that at least one man has solved the high cost of living.

"When you are hungry," says Murray Friedman, "get your menu out of the New York City Directory.

For breakfast: A. Orange, J. F. Bacon, J. J. Eggs, W. H. Holl, J. Coffey.

For lunch: J. G. Boston, M. E. Beans, H. G. Breaden, S. Butter, J. Pye, W. R. Coffee.

For dinner: E. F. Sherry, A. Porter, E. J Stake, A. C. French, B. Fry, M. B. Olive, A. Tea, A. L. Pastre, W. Segar."

—Josephine Huff.

What Ibanez Does Not Know About American Husbands

By Helen M. Bonnet

What is the psychology that explains the irresistible tendency of the visiting foreigner to analyze and give voice to his opinion regarding the most important and most sacred thing in American domestic life—the mutual estimation of the American man and woman? Blasco Ibanez and Henri Batualle, famous writers from Spain and France respectively, are the latest strangers among us to express their views, which are reported to be that our American women are weary of submissive husbands and pine for consorts who won't let them have their own way. If the distinguished authors did not say so, they are possibly convinced that American women are longing for foreign husbands. The gentlemen are entirely wrong and have been very absurd to express their opinions about a subject of which they could not have learned anything in such a short time. However, it is a habit which foreigners have when visiting America.

The American women rise in defense of their husbands, dear authors. We highly approve of the indisputable fact that as husbands they are considerate and indulgent and think of our well-being and happiness before their own. The protection and devotion that the average American mother gives to her son imbues him with a sense of responsibility to offspring which becomes to him, when he enters the state of paternity, the finest and most precious quality, making for an exceedingly high standard of race perpetuation. It is his innate realization of the needs of the future generation which is at the root of his theory of the exalted position of woman.

The war proved to the least observing eyes that the splendid American army that went over to Europe and saved the world, proved that the American army was composed of the greatest number of physically fit and morally sound men of all the armies. Yet our boys went straight from their American mothers and homes, just as they were, without having to be made over by army discipline. Didn't our boys rush in intrepidly where there was danger? Did they not amaze the armies of the older nations? Did they not inspire them? Yes! And it was universally acknowledged that these American boys had such bravery, daring, belief in their own powers, because they had always been free.

Rudyard Kipling, when he paid his high tribute to them in London called them "a woman raised nation." These youths had grown up to revere their indulgent mothers, not to be afraid of their fathers; and most of them to know that from father's stern dictum there was usually an appeal to mother's gentle influence. Those boys will be the same kind of husbands as their fathers are and will be just as delighted to boast that they always intend to regard woman as the queen of the universe American men do not care for women who do not demand from them deference and all the tribute which their love and industry can provide. American men have set a very high standard for woman to live up to and she does live up to it in America, although it would be strenuous work for her did not the American husband take his greatest delight in making it easy for his wife to realize the ideal of "pampered" womanhood.

For his attitude toward her, the American woman regards the American husband as the only possible one in the world. She admires him for his strong body, his liberal mind, his kind heart, she would consider his idea of male superiority as a weakness, a sign of degeneracy of intellect upon his part. She expects him to achieve certain triumphs in the world among his fellows—foreigners as well as his own countrymen—and, in all except rare cases, he does not disappoint her.

Dear Señor Ibanez, dear Monsieur Batualle, we don't approve of foreigners as husbands for American women and we are usually very sorry indeed for girls who marry them.

Take the cases of American born girls with foreign born fathers. Ninety-five times out of a hundred you will hear those girls say: "When I marry, I hope I shall have an American husband. I am quite sure I will never marry a

husband of my darling father's nationality." If the girl's mother is present she will add, "No, dear, I hope you will profit by my experience—your father has been so difficult; certainly I envy women with American husbands. I hope I have done my duty toward the future wife of your brother, by trying to bring him up with the American ideals of consideration for wives."

If the foreigner has a mistaken notion that American men are "Molly-coddles" or that they allow women to trample upon their rights, he has only to search for an opportunity to see what happens to a wife who tries a tyrannical course of procedure. The average American woman knows that she tumbles from her pedestal when she presumes to regard her husband as inferior because he is gentle toward her.

American women are proud of the physical strength of the men of their nation, but despise the man who exercises it in subduing his wife and children. They glory in the clear mindedness and mental accomplishments of their men but have little respect for the man who is jealous of woman's mental development. Companionship—mental and moral—physical protection and absolute equality in the division of gains and losses in the matrimonial partnership are the demands of the American wife. To the degree that her husband is able and willing to comply with these demands, the American marriage is successful. Where is love's place? The American woman couldn't love a suitor who showed desires of placing her upon a lower plane or in selfishly conserving for himself the best of his fruits of labor. American women despise effminacy in men. Knowing the impassable gulf between the present-day American true chivalry and the false ideas of the chivalry of the middle ages when woman was but a chattel, she accepts as her birth-right the homage which the strong men of her nation lay at her feet. She knows that while with her they are gentle, they can and do fight valiantly with members of their own sex in the world outside home. There are many attentions which foreigners show their wives which American women regard as effminate. For instance, a titled countryman of Señor Ibanez used to keep his wife company when she went to her manicurist's in a public shop during their residence in San Francisco; while a French visitor of distinction sat beside his spouse during the operation of arranging her coiffure, in the same place. A stalwart English cavalry officer spent hours in a smart Sutter street shop with his meek better half, advising, nay insisting upon the selection of her wardrobe. We Americans believe that the place for a husband during such feminine pursuits is out in the wide world somewhere—his club or the golf links if he hasn't a business.

Just a year ago—March 15th—I interviewed a number of representative San Francisco men upon the subject of women laboring in the heavy industries, a topic which had been discussed at length in Scribner's by a learned physician in the interest of the U. S. Public Health Service. The men whose opinions I asked were: Chief Justice Angelotti, Leon Bocqueraz, Henry Barry, Judge Crothers, Dr. W. B. Coffey, George Chase, J. M. Dupas, Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn, Herbert Fleishhacker, Judge Graham, Clay Greene, Edmond Godchaux, Wellington Gregg, Edward Greenway, Archbishop Hanna, J. P. Hart, Charles F. Hanlon, Alfred Hertz, W. F. Humphery, Justice Kerrigan, T. F. Lennon, Justice Melvin, Morris Meyerfeld, A. G. McCarthy, Rabbi Nieto, Mons. O'Ryan, Mayor Rolph, Leon Roos, Justice Richards, E. W. Wilson, A. Widenham—men in the public eye and typical as representatives of the clergy, the bench, the bar, of medicine, of finance and mercantile industry. In every single instance, not only did these men condemn hard labor for woman as unfitted to her strength and the refined environment which is her rightful place; but these fine men, not one of whom could be accused of not having valiantly performed strenuous work which has advanced the standard of civilization in his community, these strong men seemed to glory in declaring that they were proud to own that they look up to women. Indeed, nearly all used the words, "We have placed woman upon a pedestal."

His Grace, Archbishop Hanna, summarized the general sentiment of Americans by saying: "Here we have given woman a position that she has never had elsewhere in the world, and we are very proud of it. . . . Anything that would conflict with the chivalrous California spirit would be in opposition to the most cherished traditions of our country."

The Spectator

John P. Irish Excavates Historical Booze

Some new ideas of Americanism were given a mass meeting of foreigners in Oakland the other day by John P. Irish. The occasion was the meeting of the Washington Society which is doing important and successful work in instilling the American idea into alien minds.

It is doubtful however if the men back of the organization dreamed that Colonel Irish would make the talk that he did.

"Your organization is named after Washington and he is without doubt one of the real Americans," declared Irish in substance. "But Washington was not prejudiced against his liquor. As a matter of fact he operated his own still and when prices were good he was not against selling his surplus.

"Then take Abraham Lincoln. He made his first trip down the Mississippi with raft load of whisky."

It is reported that the Colonel will not be asked to make another speech before the organization. It is also reported that he was most vociferously applauded.

A Real Lion for San Francisco

The lion hunters of San Francisco are setting their snares (if one may so speak of the amenities of invitation and the finesse that underlies them) in preparation for the coming of a man whom more than one critic regards as the foremost poet writing in English today. It is six years—and what a crowded half dozen, too—since William Butler Yeats was last in America, and his fame has grown, with justice, since he was last on these shores.

It is to be expected, of course, that California, which is in a way a land of poets, should look forward with exceptional interest to entertaining the man who is one of the two most prominent figures in the Irish literary revival, and who is much more than that besides.

Yeats has a fondness for America and its poets, and doubtless therefore for Californians to whom Pegasus is bridle-wise.

London has been his home for a good part of his life, but Yeats is an Irishman always. Dublin was his birthplace, but there is no need of biographical data to tell the readers of him what his race is. In one of his first editorial tasks, the compilation of a book of Irish fairy and folk tales, he wrote in his introduction, "Every one is a visionary, if you scratch him deep enough. But the Celt is a visionary without scratching." Yeats is his own corroboration.

"Innisfree" and "The Purple Cow"

Not even the most casual reader of poetry can have failed to become acquainted with Yeats. It is doubtful if any other poem of the last quarter century has been more widely distributed in the channels of serious reading than "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." It has been reprinted time without end and no anthology can afford to overlook it. But more than that, it is unforgettable. "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree"—the lines sink to the heart of man and take their abode there.

It is more than likely, however, that Yeats is heartily tired of "Innisfree." Every young gusher who meets him must tell him, with soulful eye and tremulous voice, how she thinks it is transcendent, or beauteous, or simply swell, or whatever term accords with her idea of the personality that should be adopted for the moment of encounter with the famous. In fact, "Innisfree" and its haunting beauty are probably as stale and sore a matter to their creater as "The Purple Cow" became to Gelett Burgess. Say "I never saw a purple cow" within hearing distance of the former San Franciscan, and he'll shoot you on the spot. The Spectator would like to have someone—somebody else—

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experiment to see if Yeats re-acts the same way to his poem.

A Poet Who Can Refuse a Prize

Indeed, a few years back Yeats was awarded a prize of $250 by an American Maecenas of poetry. Yeats kept a fifth of it for a book plate with which to commemorate the honor paid him and returned the rest, saying: "I thought surely there must be some young American writer today to whom it would mean a great deal, not only in practical help, but in encouragement." There is no gainsaying that this is a decidedly practical way for a London poet to show his interest in American letters.

Stealing the Cow Country's Lethe Weed

After a lively round of the golf links with Chief White, the clockwinder was regaled with a steaming cup of tea in the cosy club house. "I've come upon a great discovery," said the genial old Scotchman. "Sure, a brand new one. Chris' Colombo ain't got nothin' on me. It's about loco weed.

"Loco weed used to be good for nothin' but cattle and wild-west fiction writers. It was the blue grass of the Great American Desert and its tributaries, includin' the Mojave. No cowboy or prospector story was complete without it. It was a regular rubber stamp for local color. The writer said 'loco weed,' and immediate and at once the reader was transported to the vast expanses of the sage-dotted sterility under the turquoise sky. I got all that by heart.

"But in them days the Great American Desert only began before you got to Salt Lake, and if you stood on any hill you could behold it rollin' on an' on like that other rollin' game they call 'fall dead.' Ever play that? It's called by that name because if you keep on at it you'll fall dead of old age before you come to the end of it."

To-day's Great American Desert.

"You could tell the Great American Desert in them days by the looks of it, or by the sage brush, an' especially by the loco weed.

But now what's the Great American Desert?

Of course. You knew right away.

Well, now that the whole country is desert the loco weed is spreading. It's a desert plant an' so it does well from Bangor, Me., to Bangem, Texas.

An' it is still the inspirer of fiction.

"It's bein' used as a substitute for hooch, for cocktails, for dago red, for beer, for anything you can't get any more. Science calls it caniva viscius. The gang calls it Maria Huena. The authorities call it illegal. (I learned that joke from a medicine ad when I was a kid.)

"It acts on the thirsty just the way it used to, and still does, I suppose, out in the country God forgot. It'll make a yearling frisk his tail and sail into a bull as big as a locomotive. And in a dry town it'll make a one-armed man sail into a bull too.

"It is, in fact, to be counted among the blessings prohibition has brought up. How much it will contribute to the death rate nobody knows yet. The State Board of Pharmacy the other day made a raid and grabbed $5,000 worth of it. It is estimated that there was enough strength in that lot to make a convention of prohibitionists smile unanimously.

Maybe the Clockwinder's Right

"Now about my discovery. Somebody, somehow, is slippin' this loco stuff over on the body politic.

"You remember how they used to say that this cigarette or that was doped with hop or hasheesh or sumpin to give it a kick? Well, you can't make me believe somebody ain't doin' the same thing with this loco. It'd cost $4.36 to get enough hop to flavor an eighteen cent pack of cigarettes, but loco ought to be cheap. Why, I'd guarantee to get enough for a banquet just by boilin' down a year's back numbers of any of the red blood magazines.

"Whether it's in cigarettes or otherwise, somebody is makin' his product palatable, and so buildin' up a large an' prosperous business, by usin' loco as a flavor, sure as you 're born. Maybe you get it in your canned tomatoes for all I know.

"But there's no other theory that'll account for what's goin' on in the world.

Indisputable Evidence

"Look at politics. Tell me, now, what with the Senate kickin' the treaty around like it was the hound in the song, and Mr. Hoover Fletcherizin' his opinions and tryin' to decide which party is worthy of handin' him a nomination on a platter, an' Hiram Hiramin' for all he's worth, an' Rolph settin' the stage to make Cincinnatus look like a college boy who's drinkin' ginger pop with raisins in it, an' the Beerless Leader heavin' brickbats at them as would rather die fightin' than die thirsty—say, tell me on the low down now, ain't somebody been slippin' around the loco?

"An' look at the things the women are gettin' ready to wear, if all the fashion pictures ain't just loco dreams themselves. An' look at the movies. An' look at the ouija trade. An' look at anything you want in this year of disgrace. Nope: I'm givin' it to you straight. Loco. That's what's doin' it."

The stalwart chief smiled his inscrutable smile, took a second cup of orange pekoe and motored back to the Hall of Justice with some new ideas to work upon.

An Aero Police Patrol

If the amount of Police Court fines imposed on evil-doers is a criterion of our moral worth, San Franciscans are shaping a course straight to heaven. It is indeed edifying to review our gradual disentanglement from the tentacles of sin and our floating upward to the heights where purity, holiness and kindred qualifications are the acceptable things.

When, in the fiscal year of 1913-14, we were fast-bound to the evil one, these fines totalled $51,635.00; 1914-15, although Exposition year and consequently a period supposedly prolific of moral turpitude, we were fined but $37,364.00; the wages of sin for 1915-16 were $23,747.00, and for 1916-17, $18,371.00. Then, apparently, virtue tired of being its own reward and we tangoed along the broad and garish way, for 1917-18 beheld us penalized in the sum of $20,187.00. Maybe prohibition, the advent of peace and the high cost of living during 1918-19 dampened sinners' enthusiasm, for, in that year, the fines dwindled to $15,478.00.

However, the present term holds promise of being the banner year and if our first eight month's average is maintained the twelve months' total will be a scant $10,000.00—indicating that presently we are guaranteed to be five times purer than we were seven years ago. So, applying the law of ratios, in a few years our iniquity should be nil.

Therefore, in view of this penchant for sprouting wings, would it be surprising if a budget of the near future contained an appropriation for aerial police squads to catch such of us evoluted angels as might slightly fracture the law? Or, may not the taxpayer be spared even this additional expense if policemen likewise are becoming adepts in moral aviation?

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Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	8,256,497.35
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,998,634.00
	$54,214,254.66

LIABILITIES

Capital	$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,940,452.16
Circulation	1,999,997.50
Federal Reserve Bank	3,209,968.88
Letters of Credit	8,303,080.97
Deposits	33,760,755.15
	$54,214,254.66

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Ponce de Leon's Fountain

According to latest report, Eugene E. Schmitz is to seek fields and pastures new. He will hie him to Vichy Springs to superintend or manage the property for a syndicate who sees a fortune ahead. By a coincidence, it was to Vichy Springs that Abraham Ruef went when he returned to the world a few years ago.

Many a Colonel Sellers, prospecting around Vichy has exclaimed, "There's millions in it!" And immediately they turn away from extracting the millions. The Schmitz plan is to bottle the water—maybe that will release the fountain of gold if properly exploited. But the proven magic of the waters of Vichy of Mendocino is not in its effects when taken internally, but in its rejuvenating qualities when applied externally, or rather, when plunged into.

The Indians knew of this spring long before the Spaniards discovered it. As long as there have been settlers near enough to it, it has been sought for its soothing, tonic effect to the nerves. It is said to have great radio activity; but whatever its virtues, its effect is plainly visible upon visitors who have sojourned at Vichy and who have "taken the waters" externally. It has a lure for those who try it but once. The Spectator once looked over the old registers and was surprised to see the same names recurring decade after decade.

Once a company of physicians planned to operate the place, but they became dubious "because doctors don't often succeed in engineering business enterprises."

If Californians lose the chance to make Vichy a great resort of world wide reputation, eastern capital will seize the opportunity to develop and exploit that which should belong to our own people.

Post-War Manners

During the war, only slackers kept their seats in street cars when women were obliged to stand. The boys in uniform jumped upon their feet whenever they saw a woman reach for a strap or pole and the slackers were ashamed to cling to their seats. But now that the dear boys are home again, it is painful to record that they make themselves thoroughly comfortable and read their papers or chat with companions while women and girls sway back and forth holding on to the anchoring pole or strap as best they can. Of course, all returned soldiers are not so boorish, by any means, but sufficient numbers are to encourage the indifferent who always follow the crowd. The working men are the worst offenders in this regard. Maybe they are tired and need a rest, but so do the women standing in a crowded car. Clerks who have been glued to a desk all day think they are entitled to a seat for their five cent fares, but what about the working girl in the same car? She has been working also and in more cases than one would think possible, she has to go home and prepare the family dinner or at least her own, while in all but the most exceptional instances, the men have dinner awaiting them at their destinations. Coming down in the California and Jackson street cars, I have seen well known millionaires sit comfortably in their places while young women stood. Yet these girls were on their way to office work, while the millionaires would doubtless in a few hours jump into their autos and whizz out to the golf links or up to a luxurious club. It can't be blamed upon the assumption by woman of man's work, for with the office labors of man to perform, she has only feminine strength and man knows it. Is it because she looks vigorous and well groomed? So does he and he didn't have to expend his energies making his clothes nor laundering his silk shirt and collar the preceding evening.

Men point to the precedent established in New York. "You never know how many miles you will have to stand up in that city of long distances," they say, "and now San Francisco is growing just as spread out." It is perfectly true; but unfortunately most working girls live way out in suburbs where the rents are low—not low, but not so high as in town.

Several times recently the Spectator has seen strong looking men remain seated while nuns sought the support of poles or straps. However, before these ladies could be jostled about, other women rose and proffered their places. The nuns had not been out shopping or sightseeing but were returning to their convent after having spent a long day in the care and instruction of children of day working mothers.

Another bit of selfish oversight upon the part of men is to retain their seats when a woman approaching motherhood is obliged to stand. In such cases it is usually either a Jewish man or another woman who tactfully gives up a seat.

It is regrettable that men are adding their quota to the selfishness of the traction companies by allowing women to be crushed and jostled in the unhealthily packed cars during the rush hours. Have a heart, boys, and remember that it is the working girl who has to suffer.

Men who at their mothers' knees learned courtesy to women seldom forget their early training unless their generous impulses become warmped by the prosaic world.

No matter what may be the standards of other cities in regard to street car etiquette, let our San Francisco men keep in mind the early day chivalry of California and the fine manners of our boys when they wore the khakhi.

Senator Phelan and the Japanese Menace

At the request of Senator Phelan the following was printed in the Congressional Record:

United States Senate,
January 17, 1920.

Mr. Yasuo Fuwa,
Care the Japanese Times,
35 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of January 15th, submitting to me six questions to which you politely request an answer.

1. Question. Do you or do you not satisfy the recent announcement by Japanese Government that the picture bride be prohibited strictly from February of this year?

Answer. I am well pleased with the decision of the Japanese Government to refuse passports to "picture brides," but that is not sufficient to meet the objections of California. Other remedies must be found.

2. Question. How far, in your opinion, Californians will continue their anti-Japanese movement?

Answer. California desires very properly to preserve her white population, which is being driven off the soil by the influx of Japanese who have bought or leased land. The law forbids them to purchase land and still they are doing it by taking the land in the name of their children or in the names of corporations, both of which practices are clear evasions of the law. California will, I believe, continue to carry on this movement until the soil is in possession of the white race.

3. Question. Is Japanese people in California or elsewhere in United States destruct American living standards and their safety than those bolshevik, communist, or some other movement?

Answer. There is no comparison between the Japanese and the Bolshevik movement. The Japanese dispossess the American people of the land and other means whereby to live, on account of destructive competition, while the Bolsheviks are corrupting their political opinions. The Government has taken action against the

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criminal Bolsheviks and is deporting them from the country. It would be a solution of California's economic troubles if the Japanese there would return to Japan or concentrate in other countries.

4. Question. Do you favor that Japan to keep Shantung or Siberia or elsewhere in Asia in order to settle her immigration problem?

Answer. I am in favor of giving Japan an outlet in Asia for her surplus population in order to protect my own country.

5. Question. Will you state me what would be a best policy for Japan to keep her good relations with America?

Answer. Japan could best keep her good international relations with America by keeping her people out of America, and changing her course toward both Korea and China, and good relations could also be improved by changing her policies in these respects.

6. Question. Do you believe war between Japan and America? If is it possible, will you state your reason?

Answer. America will never go to war with Japan or any other country unless under the greatest provocation, and I believe that no such provocation has arisen. All warfare is misunderstanding, and I trust your questions and my answers will serve a good purpose. If the Japanese would put themselves in our place, they would understand the situation. If Americans spread over Japan, and with improved and patented machinery cultivated the soil, and acquired it in large tracts, displacing the native population, what would Japan do? She would be obliged to stop it to preserve her people. Japanese travelers, students, scholars, and diplomats will always be welcome in America, but not the inexhaustible supply of laborers who can not assimilate with the white race and who destroy the character of the population. Our Government is a Republic and has to preserve the standard of its population in order to exist.

Very truly yours,

James D. Phelan.

Politics and Chivalry

If Joseph Kelley, former Alameda county supervisor, and county assessor, has not realized that there are definite advantages of being young and attractive and feminine, he is realizing it now.

Recently the east bay authorities inaugurated a much needed campaign against speeding. During the first two months of the year something like a half dozen deaths have been caused by reckless automobilists.

It was in Berkeley that the campaign opened. Lucilla Krause, a University of California student, was the first victim. She was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to three days in the county jail. Then her friends got busy and Governor Stephens opened the way to a pardon.

Kelley was the next victim. He was arrested in Oakland and taken to jail. He called upon his old political conferes for release. They ignored him and Kelley saw the iron bars close on him. It was not until the next day that he arranged his bail and he was released to appear before Police Judge Smith, one of his old time political associates, only to hear the jurist declare that speeding had to be abolished and that his friendship for the defendant would not influence him in passing judgment on the case. Kelley also had the experience of hearing other political associates in the district attorney's office declare that they would prosecute him to the limit. "There's a difference between being a girl and being a politician," declared Kelley in a bitter discussion of his experience. Where are the Kelley's ideals of chivalry that he objects?

Pavilions in Athens

Among the promises for the summer in Oakland is a grand combination of culture and Coney Island in the proposed recreational center on Lake Merrit. As the Athens of the Pacific Oakland has its quota of "intellectuals, artists, culturists and long hairs"; it also has a mayor who has been perpetually elected by the element that his defeated opponents have always referred to as "rough necks."

Now it happens that the first set have long been harboring a dream of a magnificent art gallery, a museum, an artistic memorial for Oakland's soldier dead and a Greek stadium to be located on Lake Merrit.

It also happens that Mayor Davie and his following have long dreamed of a real snappy bathing beach on Lake Merrit, the sort of an affair that would fade the southern beaches with the Mack Sennet girls into insignificance.

These two elements have at various time undertaken to put their project across with the voters but have failed. Finally some one got the bright idea of bringing the two together and launching a grand campaign for a recreational center that would carry out as far as possible the ideas of both. This campaign is under way and as but $400,000 is needed it is entirely possibly that the bond issue will be voted. And now the Oaklanders are wondering.

"I'm prepared for anything," explained one. "We'll probably have a municipal art gallery with a roller coaster running around the top and pop corn and peanut venders on the ground floor."

Another Oakland takes this view. "Mayor Davie is the most popular executive the city has had—judging by the votes cast. He has bobbed up the victor in every contest at the polls. Now I recall an emperor named Tiberius who once built a grand pavilion at Capri. He surrounded himself with bathing nymphs and the shimmy shakers of the period and then plunged into oblivion. Perhaps our perpetual mayor remembers this incident and if he does what thoughts are running around in his brain!"

Fooling the Doctor

Over in Oakland a lawyer, a doctor and an automobile man are giving one another a peculiar smile as they pass. Over there a lawyer, a doctor and an automobile man and their families are drinking tea. It seems that an uncertain sort of an individual appeared at the lawyer's office one day and held a whispered conversation. The next day the individual and the lawyer met in the hills back of Cragmont over a certain buried barrel. The lawyer smacked his lips and declared that it was great stuff. He drove back to town, returned with the doctor and the automobile man and the trio smacked their lips or whatever lawyers, doctors and automobile men do after sampling high proof whisky. Then they held a consultation and the uncertain individual walked away with $700 in bills. The next day a drayman delivered the barrel to the home of the lawyer. Again the trio gathered but this time there was no smacking of lips. The barrel was full of tea and a poor grade at that.

Taking Chances With the Buzz-Saw

An official San Francisco committee has been named to direct the local co-operation in National Safety Week, April 1st to 15th. There are to be displays and demonstrations of safety appliances, and particular attention is to be paid to inculcating the principles of Safety First into the public mind.

Good will probably result here, as it has in previous experiments along the same line elsewhere, notably St. Louis. But the truth is that it's up-hill sledding for anybody who would teach the human animal to keep out of harm's way and not to put others in the way of harm.

Safety engineers recognize that it can't be done in an industrial plant, for instance, unless the active interest of the bulk of the force is aroused. Rules and regulations and the promulgations of advice affect the ordinary human mind, under ordinary conditions, about as much as water does a duck's back.

The Jay Walker and His Safety

The agile pedestrian who blandly disregards all traffic signals and crosses a busy street with perfectly anarchic independence, is to be told to wait for the whistle and to keep his eyes open, and the motorist is to be cautioned that it is ethical to slow down if a toot on the horn isn't effective. Safety First, which has become a large industry in itself, is nothing but the technical development of common sense. In its origin, it was summed up in the saying, "Don't monkey with the buzz-saw." Now there are journals and conventions to elucidate and develop it and its name is multitude.

And withal it is a prime example of the inability of the average human to take care of himself.

According to the National Safety Council, one year produced 35,000 deaths from industrial accidents in America and the injuries were something like 2,000,000.

The truth is that the ordinary man likes to take chances. He'll risk his life to save eighteen seconds of time, or a trifle of discomfort, and this despite warning and the efforts of an employer who has no special desire to pay compensation to the widow. Put a guard on an

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emery wheel in a factory, and nine out of ten the intelligent workman will shove the guard aside and take the risk of injury. He follows habit. Safety First is science. Taking chances is human nature. There is war between them. Just the same, don't forget to stop, look and listen when you cross Market street.

When Doctors Disagree

Whatever be the merit of arguments in a controvery between medical men, the laymen nine times out of ten will take an unholy if not even revengeful delight in watching the quarrel. He looks upon such affairs with the same maliciousness with which he regards from time to time the disclosure that the eminent of other fields of activity are human after all. It is but natural: there lingers in the layman's attitude toward the medical man something of the primordial fear with which his predecessor of long ago looked upon the medicine man. And the doctors haven't done much, as a body, to change the attitude to one of greater fellowship.

During the last few days we have seen a dispute between two doctors of prominence, hinging upon the interpretation of a point of ethics, and incidentally upon the ear of a San Francisco club man.

Dr. Cohn accused Dr. Baer of having attended Lydon unethically. Dr. Cohn, maintaing that as Lydon's physician he should have been notified by Dr. Baer when the latter was called in, laid his charges before the County Medical Society, whereupon Dr. Baer retained Samuel M. Shortridge to defend him.

The Tradition and the Fact

Doubtless there was much more behind all this and the talk it fomented than reached the public ear; but the quarrel calls attention to a fact generally ignored. The Spectator has no intention of holding up the eminent disputants as illustrating the fact: far from it. These lucubrations are the result of a chain of thought leading far afield.

But the truth is that in no profession is greater stress laid upon the theory that silence in regard to the merits of competitors is obligatory; and, contrasting with the theory, in no profession will one find a more wholesome spirit of criticism.

Perhaps this too is a heritage of the days when doctoring was in the hands of the medicine man. At a stage of hocus pocus, the tribal doctor doubtless found that if he showed up his rival, his rival would retaliate by showing him up, and thus mutual forbearance became the practice. And in theory it has remained.

More Freedom Would Help

The lawyer is free to imply that his opponent is a shyster. He very often may do so, at least by implication before a jury, when he doesn't really believe it. But the more stringent ethical theory of the doctor imposes the manner of silence.

You'll find that his strictures upon a doctor's criticisms are severer than the analogous criticism of a lawyer in proportion as the ethics of the two professions vary in the supposition of unvarying silence.

Many doctors seem to have a hammer in the medical bag, along with their stethoscopes and the rest of their paraphernalia. And when they start a dispute through the ethical machinery provided for extremities, it is apt to be exceedingly bitter.

All of which is a good thing. What is needed, speaking abstractly, is less silence and more plain speaking from our medical friends. If they were freer to express their opinions—and remember, this has nothing at all to do with the entirely dissimilar dispute of the other day—the public would in the end get more benefit from medical science than it does now. If you find a doctor who can't name offhand a proportion of his fellows whom he thinks ought to be selling automobiles or driving rivets, why, you're safe to set him down himself in the roster of those to be avoided.

It is very much the same in any other profession or business. If mankind ever attempts to determine the proportion of the thoroughly competent in any walk of life, mankind's pride is going to get an awful bump.

A San Francisco Boy Makes Good

Most of the news that comes out of Russia doesn't come out of Russia at all, but is composed of various more or less (mostly less) authentic ingredients, put together in various propaganda factories of all shades of opinion, of which there is more than one congeries within a biscuit toss from the Baltic.

Few correspondents have actually got into Russia and fewer still have got their copy out, even as far as to run the first set of the long gauntlet of censors.

One of the few to really get in is a San Franciscan, Griffin Barry.

He is a brother of Richard Barry, who won his spurs as war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese struggle. Richard Barry was a San Francisco newspaperman who went to Russia no better prepared than with an overcoat and a one-way ticket, and scored a world beat. He saw Port Arthur's crisis and a good deal else.

Griffin Barry takes after him. It must be in the blood. Like his elder brother, he too worked on San Francisco newspapers, but some years ago went to New York.

A Pal of Joyce Kilmer's

There he did newspaper work and got in the literary swim. One of his closest friends was Joyce Kilmer, the poet who was then unknown either as journalist or war hero but made his living chiefly by writing definitions for a dictionary of considerable bulk and circulation. Kilmer was writing better poetry than he produced later, but he hadn't been killed in battle and so the dear American public paid little attention to him, though people who know poetry did.

Barry and Kilmer had much in common together and once they cherished the project of starting a magazine of their own. It might have been better for Kilmer had he had such an outlet: it would have saved him from writing pot-boiling book reviews and such for staid New York papers.

Barry Right on the Job

By the time the war started, however, they were past the ardent age that desires to found individual magazines. The war brought them both celebrity, however: Kilmer through the adventitious circumstances of his death, which touched the heart of a nation that held back from war heroes no meed of the praise it denies its poets, and Griffin Barry in war correspondence.

Barry became a staff correspondent for the Associated Press and was sent, among other places, to Odessa. After that he acted as special assistant to David R. Francis, then United States ambassador to Russia. With the withdrawal of Francis, he turned back to newspaper work, and since then his dispatches have attracted a good deal of attention not only in America but in England.

A New Portola Brought to Light

Don Gaspar de Portola (with the accent pretty much as you please, in the vernacular pronunciation) captured once and for all a preeminent place in the mind of Californians some ten years back, when we held the first celebration in his memory. But there is many another man of derring-do in the early history of this part of the world who has been passed over save for the attention of historians and such specialists.

One of them has just been brought to more general attention by Professor Herbert E. Bolton of the University of California. This seventeenth century explorer is Eusebio Francisco Kino, and while his labors had to do for the most part with what is now Lower California and Arizona, he has his place as a forerunner in the history of California itself, for Kino and

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none other who demonstrated that California could be reached by land. The establishment of a route independent of the hazards of the sea, in a day when ships were small and few and even a Drake could pass the Golden Gate unknowingly because the fog hid it and there were no charts but only traditions of a great land-locked harbor, was an achievement of no small importance.

He Baptized 30,000 Natives

Professor Bolton, who tells of all this in "Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta," has gone to first sources thoroughly. The book forms the third and fourth volumes of the series, "Spain in the West." Pimeria Alta comprised parts of old Mexico, Sonora, and Arizona, and it was in that jurisdiction that the Jesuit pathfinder labored from 1686 till his death in 1711.

In that period he explored thirty thousand square miles of territory and the number of his native baptisms came to one soul saved for each square mile opened up. No less than fourteen times did Kino cross what is now the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, laboring indefatigably as a missionary and doer of good to mankind.

It was he who proved beyond doubt that Lower California was a peninsula and he reached the mouth of the Colorado after having followed first the Gila and then the Colorado. And as he went in his wanderings he established a chain of missions about which the life of the natives came to center.

His Forgotten Record

In the last twelve years of his life Kino wrote the story of his career, modestly and always with the welfare of his order, as well as of his natives, in mind. "Celestial Favors," he called the book. Other writers picked up portions of it, but the book itself was forgotten till Professor Bolton located the manuscript in the Archivo General of Mexico. Material found in Seville has also been included in the present day account, which is for the most part as Kino himself gave it, and the mistakes of Bancroft and other historians have been corrected.

Kino, incidentally, was not a Spaniard, but an Austro-German. He was born in Trent, made a name as a mathematician, and set out for New Spain in 1678, when he was thirty-four years old. It took him three years to get to Mexico City and two more to reach Lower California, to which he had been assigned. Two attempts to found settlements on the east or gulf coast of the peninsula failed, and eight years after he left Spain he was assigned to the region in which the rest of his life was spent.

The High Cost of Alimony

Many was the head that rested uneasy, and still does for that matter, after the wires brought the news that the Supreme Court of Kansas had held that alimony was subject to revision upward because of the increasing cost of living.

From the standpoint of stern justice, there would seem to be something to be said for this point of view. But stern justice is not to be expected from the alimony payer who has been sitting up nights to work out his income tax, and finds that he must supply the funds for a former wife, yet has to pay a tax on them himself.

Isn't there some way the government could put this matter of taxing alimony on a more equitable basis? It hardly seems fair. Can't the grass widow be given a legal status of half a wife, or a third of a wife, or some fraction, and the income tax on that portion of a man's ,nances reduced proportionately? Even to pay two per cent on alimony paid out would be less hardship than to pay the full tax rate. How on earth can a chap call this outgo an income when he sees it only for a flickering minute as he writes out the check for his "ex"?

World's Biggest Steam Fishing Boat

The "Patrie," the world's largest steam fishing boat, has been launched at Selby, Yorkshire, for a French firm. This boat, which is 215 feet in length and has bunker accommodation for 500 tons of coal, will be used in the Newfoundland fisheries. It has a cargo capacity of 750 tons of fish.

Alfonso to Visit France

The King of Spain intends to visit Bordeaux in the near future, according to reports from Madrid. This proposed visit is considered to have great diplomatic importance, as the king will probably meet President Deschanel and confer with him on questions of vital interest to both France and Spain.

Social

By TANTALUS

School Teachers Honor Raphael Weill

The grade teachers of San Francisco dedicated their new club rooms at 333 Kearny street by a reception to Raphael Weill last Saturday afternoon. About five hundred members called, were greeted by the president, Miss Edna Cottrell, who presented them to the guest of honor. Tea and delicious refreshments were served in the pretty tea room of the National League for Women's Service quarters, on an upper floor.

The teachers' rooms which was furnished by Mr. Weill, are done in simple style by Francisco Cornejo according to a Mexican decorative scheme. Or, to be more exact, the foundation is of Maya design, the earliest form of American art, which the Aztec followed in conventionalized form. Two more adjourning rooms are in course of preparation. Mr. Weill also contributes $20 monthly toward the rent, having made the proviso that the teachers should raise their dues to 25 cents a month.

The ladies seemed very much pleased with their little club quarters. A visitor remarked the good looks of the teachers and their happy attitude. "It is our hikes and our excursions to birdland," Miss Cottrell explained. The outdoor section, which also includes swimming, is very popular.

The organization was formed not only for the social and physical improvement of the grade teachers, but with a view to broadening their views of the science of teaching and as an aid in obtaining for them individual breadth in their work. This organization was largely instrumental in obtaining the recent increase in teachers' pay.

Mr. Weill who was once a school director here, takes a keen interest in school matters. He was very animated on Saturday and contributed to the pleasure of the afternoon by his witty remarks and evident familiarity with the present day school conditions.

Misses Edna Fennell and Adele Chevalier whose engagements were recently announced to Randolph Spader and Theodore Rethers, respectively, will be the honored guests at a tea on April 17th at the Palace. These pretty girls were graduated last year from Sacred Heart Convent with the hostess, Miss Hélène Comte, a charming girl who is a student at U. C. Cards have been sent to forty guests.

Mrs. Tyler Henshaw entertained last Saturday fourteen guests in honor of Mrs. Ernest Buckleton of England who with her husband is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacey Brayton of Piedmont.

Mrs. William de Fremery has returned to her home after several weeks in New York where she visited Mrs. William G. Henshaw and Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering.

Margaret Anglin and her husband Howard Hull were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Hume in Berkeley last week. President and Mrs. David P. Barrows of the University of California were among the guests.

Miss Elizabeth Clay, daughter of I. Harrison Clay, announced her engagement this week to James N. Pulliam of Aberdeen, Tennessee. The wedding will take place on March 15th.

Thoda Stancliffe Cocroft, former Gamma Phi Beta girl at the University of California and daughter of the Louis Cocrofts of Fairmount avenue, was married in New York last week to Straban Young, a University of Columbia man and opera singer. News of the wedding came in a telegram to the bride's family.

Occultation of a Star

Oakland newspapermen put in a busy seven days last week trying to solve what they call "The Mysterious Mystery of Piedmont."

The facts upon which they are working are these. Once upon a time a prominent star decided to try the domestic life. So she left the corner of Forty-second and Broadway and settled in Piedmont with a proud and happy Oakland business man as her husband.

The little star soon became the favorite of the season in Piedmont. The couple seemed wonderfully happy. Then one day she disappeared. She was discovered in Holloywood with a contract for motion picture leads.

Now the question is "What is going to happen"? Will the little star stay in the movie world and leave her husband alone in Oakland? Did she tire of married life? Is the footlight lure something too strong to overcome? Will there be a divorce?

In as much as the reporters can find no one who will talk authoratively on the subject the mystery is still a mystery and the newspapermen seem to be in for another busy week.

Society at Del Monte

The appeal of the great out doors was never stronger and just now when California is wearing the brightest green and orchards are ready to don their delicate blossoms and the sun shines down warmly, society folk find no pleasanter spot than Del Monte where there is the greatest diversity of sports and pastimes to fill the hours of the now lengthening days. Chill winds of the northwest and snowy days of Canada are forgotten as these northern neighbors enjoy the mild seaside climate at Del Monte and Pebble Beach, among whom are: Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Firstbrook and John Firstbrook of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Pease of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. McKergow and son from Montreal and Mr. G. E. Jack of Seattle.

Another party from Seattle is that of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Hoge, who, with Mr. and Mrs. James C. Sullivan and Miss Anna R. Hoge, are spending the pleasant days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Trafford Huteson, well known Seattle people, are registered at Del Monte.

From the east are: Mrs. R. G. Hutchins, Jr. and Miss Katherine Hutchins who have arrived from New York to remain at Del Monte Lodge for several weeks. Mr. Chas. Denby, a man prominent in affairs at Washington, D. C., is also at the Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hancock of Philadelphia are spending a number of days at the Lodge enjoying the many delightful drives in the vicinity.

Miss Marion Hollins of New York is an interesting visitor at Del Monte Lodge. She is a famous sportswoman, playing an expert game of golf and possessing the ability to play polo with the best of men players. At the new Pebble Beach course Miss Hollins made the round in 90 which is an enviable score.

There is always a coterie of smart society folk at Del Monte from San Francisco, the bay cities and from the south. At the present time Mr. and Mrs. A. Ludlow Kramer of Santa Barbara, Mrs. R. P. Flint with Mrs. James Gray of Pasadena are comfortably located at the Lodge. Mrs. W. H. Kuhn and Miss Marion Kuhn paid a short visit to Pebble Beach.

Miss Constance Hart of San Francisco is at Del Monte delighting in the swimming which is afforded in the Roman Plunge. Other devotees of this pleasant pastime are: Miss Dorothy Dodson of Spokane, a remarkable swimmer who has won medals for her cleverness; Miss Oyster of San Francisco, Mrs. Parker Toms and her sister Miss Madeline Fagan of New York; Mrs. Allan McKissock and Mrs. E. G. Harley of Massachusetts.

Other people of note registered at Del Monte are: Commander Glasford, U. S. N., Colonel I. C. Johnson; Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt of San Francisco; Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Mr. Howard Spreckels; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Folger and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mack and Mrs. A. L. Bookman, all of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Greenebaum and Mr. Wm. F. Humphrey form an interesting party from San Francisco.

The Blind Bogey Handicap Tournament at Pebble Beach on Sunday attracted a number of players who were given the opportunity to select their own handicap for the competition. Among the entries were: Messrs. F. P. Wood, E. L. Pease, Wm. Humphrey, J. M. Keen, W. G. Cameron, M. C. Cameron, R. M. Craig, F. H. Greenebaum, R. F. Babcock and Raymond Armsby.

Society and sports lovers are anticipating with keen interest the coming polo tournament at Del Monte which opens March 27th and closes April 15th. The Invitational tournament held recently was a great success and large crowds will be in attendance at the coming matches in March and April.

Phil Wand, sportsman of San Francisco, is out with the declaration that it will be only the course of a few short years when the show dog will be no more or at least greatly reduced numbers. He blames the automobile for the decline of the dog business. "It is almost a daily occurence of some valuable and well bred dog being run over by an automobile," says Wand. "It is a matter of record that two of the prize winners in their class at the last San Francisco show have been killed and there are a number of lesser lights that have passed their way under the wheels of machines. It is almost impossible for a fancier to take his dogs out of doors with safety. It is necessary to train these dogs by taking them out on the roads and it is then a case of the speeding automobiles running them down. I appreciate machines have become a necessity and I cannot see any remedy to prevent the killing of dogs. I know that the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club members have suffered the loss of many of their setters and pointers and it is the same with the bench show fanciers."

MISS HELENE COMTE
Daughter of Mrs. A. Comte, Jr.

Polo has ever had an attraction for society folk who flock to the center where the exciting sport is played and where sunny skies and mild weather permit of the game under the best of auspices. Gay sport togs and modish wraps and chapeaux make a colorful scene at the Del Monte polo fields and the flashing reds and yellows, blues, greens and purples of the players on their spirited horses add to the lively aspect of this most fascinating of pastimes.

Miss Marion Hollins, a famous sportswoman of New York, has journeyed out to the sports Mecca of the west, to indulge in polo and golf, in both of which she is an adept. Since coming to Del Monte there has been plenty of opportunity to play polo with the Eastern-British team who are getting into fine trim for the Annual Spring Tournament which starts on March 27th and runs until April 15th. The two fine golf courses have proved a rival attraction for Miss Hollins and she is frequently on the links. Miss Hollins is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. Maurice Heckscher who are comfortably located at Pebble Beach for the season.

Mr. Conigsby Dawson, novelist, has come from New York, to find inspiration and "atmosphere" at Del Monte and vicinity and he is infatuated with the beauty of his surroundings. He is making arrangements to rent an attractive bungalow in connection with Del Monte Lodge for next winter and he and his family will be a pleasing addition to the social circle there.

Mr. Foxhall Keene, well known sportsman and poloist and Mr. S. F. B. Morse of San Francisco are prominent figures in all of the "sport doings" at Del Monte.

New Yorkers who have arrived at Del Monte and Del Monte Lodge to join the fashionable coterie of easterners who have been spending the season at that resort are: Messrs. and Mmes. Harry S. Nokenbaugh, C. S. Ferguson, Mrs. Winthrop McKim and Miss Harriet Winthrop McKim of Tuxedo Park, N. Y.; Mrs. Ernest R. Adee and Miss Geraldine F. Adee, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Mrs. R. G. Hutchins, Jr. and Miss Katherine Hutchins, Mr. Al. H. Rowe and Mr. B. K. Mumford, Mrs. N. B. Aldridge and Mr. J. O. Stokes.

From London are registered Mr. W. Herbert Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gold, and from Dawlish, England, Mrs. Harrison Benn and Miss E. Crowther.

Among the Oakland arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brandenburg, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bailing,

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Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Blackaller, and from San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse, Miss Josephine Grant and Mr. J. F. Morrill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. King of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. R. Ripley are making a brief visit at Del Monte.

Mr. A. M. Hess of New York has added his name to the list of members of the "Hole-In-One-Club." While playing in a match over the Del Monte course he holed the 3rd in one. Only golfers know the thrill that is experienced when this occurs.

Miss Marion Hollins of New York, who is at Pebble Beach for an indefinite stay, in a match recently turned in a card of 90 which is an excellent score for the Pebble Beach course. She plays a remarkable game. Her long shots are perfect. Mashie shots and jigger shots are straight for the pin. Miss Hollins is to play in the British championship in May and she and Mrs. W. A. Gavin and Miss Alexa Sterling expect to sail the latter part of this month to get in a little practice "over there."

Mr. Herbert Fowler of London, expert golfer and golf architect has returned to Del Monte for the purpose of making a few changes and improvements in the Pebble Beach course. Mr. Fowler says that Pebble Beach links are wonderful and with a few improvements which he suggests it will rank with the best anywhere. Del Monte is fortunate in having a man of Mr. Fowler's reputation, give his expert advice in the construction of golf courses.

The approaching marriage of Miss Florence Ackerman to Clyde Payne Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Payne is of much interest as both families have wide social connections. The groom is a grandson of the late John Sabin.

Loring Club Concert

The programme of the third concert of the Forty-third Season of the Loring Club, on the evening of Tuesday, March 16th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, includes not only representative compositions for men's voices by the American composers Horatio Parker and Arthur Foote but also characteristic works of the English school in Arthur Sullivan's "The Beleaguered" and Sir Henry Bishop's glee "The Chough and Crow" for four solo voices and chorus of men with accompaniment of strings and piano.

The programme is further varied by three works for men's voices by the Finland composer Selim Palmgren together with Edvard Grieg's famous "Landsighting."

Horatio Parker is represented by "The Lamp in the West" and Arthur Foote by "The Farewell of Hiawatha" for solo baritone and chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings and piano.

In the accompaniments the pianist will be Frederick Maurer and the concert master Hother Wismer, who together with Fermin Cardona to be also heard in Moszkowski's Suite for two violins and piano (opus 71). The concert will be under the direction of Wallace A. Sabin.

Café Colombo

Those of you who heard Poggi, Porcini, and Carra in operatic recital at the Café Colombo last week will be gratified in the announcement of an intended second observance of the Serrata Napoli on next Thursday night at this interesting Italian ristorante in the Quartier Latin. The Danse Europo Antique, more familiar by its crossroads name of the "Old Barn Dance," will be featured again. Also the new national indoor game of African Golf with the Tuscany Bar-maids. The Colombo is the first American café to introduce bar-maids. The Old Barn Dance is where the Fiddler "calls" the dance figures and the guests do the dancing —a perfect scream as the dancers observe "swing your partner," "balance all," "all promenade." The Table Vivants is where the guests contribute vocal, recitational, or instrumental numbers for the regalement of the general company. African Golf is a variety of dice throwing wherein real pretty Tuscany girls are behind the bar and debonair young swashbucklers in front of the mahogany,—sometimes the Old Dads play the game too.

E. A. Dunne Has Purchased the Platt Ranche at McKinleyville, Humboldt County. Young Dunne is from Sumter, South Carolina, and besides having millions at command is about the best dancer and smartest dressed among the Lockinvars at Café Colombo. He is going to attempt the daring thing of breeding and raising thoroughbred racehorses in the rigorous climate of north California.

David Warfield, Ray Baker, director of mints and John H. Rossiter entertained parties last week at Café Colombo.

The latter has just had a fine picture of his thoroughbred Friar Rock, son of the mighty Rock Sand, an English Derby winner. The artist McCarthy, celebrated for his equine canvasses, received a far larger fee for his splendid work than our modern painters often receive, but which they deserve.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith gave a dinner dance at their home in honor of Miss Arabella Shwerin and Richard McCrury.

Distinctive Gifts Presented at Techau Tavern

During the period of the war, many of the gentler sex were initiated into the inner confines of business through their activity in aiding the victory. This awoke in the feminine heart a desire to know not only things by name but their origin, and process of manufacture. To be adopted by milady as a close friend now means that the article must have more than a superficial merit or recommendation so in the keen interest displayed weekly at the receipt of the dainty Rigaud favors, the stamp of feminine approval is conveyed to this charming product of the Rigaud factories. Sachet powder in dainty minature bottles "Un Air Embaumo" a perfume of indescrible loveliness, together with the dainty metal boxes of Mary Garden face powder, with small powder puffs enclosed, are both eagerly sought for during the tea hour, when they are distributed gratis on the different days of the week.

The evening finds the Techau Tavern dance orchestra holding full sway with its attractive melodies and meritorious dance music, while the Big Revue sets a standard of high attainment in musical offerings in San Francisco.

Society Notes, Hotel Cecil

General and Mrs. Edward McClermand were hosts at an impromptu luncheon Wednesday. The table was bedecked with spring flowers and covers were arranged for ten. Mrs. E. W. Parker gave a luncheon and bridge Thursday. Mr. Parker and his attractive wife are recent arrivals from Washington, D. C. Mr and Mrs Vincent Cook returned yesterday from Byron Hot Springs. Mrs. William Garlick was the guest of honor at a luncheon over which Mrs. William Morris presided Monday. Roses and spring flowers adorned the table and covers were arranged for the following guests: Mesdames Edgar Malmgroon, Walter Baker, Alfred de Armaud, Frank Huddard, Walter Gabriel, H. K. Defendorf, Miss Ruth Richardson and Miss Norma Thayer. Concluding an enjoyable visit in Santa Barbara Mrs. E. B. Rogers returned this week to the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Stewart have taken up a permanent residence at the Cecil. Fred Young has been visiting his sister Mrs. Stafford Parker.

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The Stage

Emma Carus Breezes In

Emma Carus, perennially popular, bursts upon the eye at the Orepheum,—yes bursts. Everything the lady does or says seems to be projected by some powerful force. Hers is a unique personality and belongs in a category with those of May Irwin, Marie Dressler and Trixie Friganza. These ladies all make strong appeal to a large clientele and their persons, their wit and their comic action are all built sufficiently wide to embrace a popularity of generous dimensions.

"The Golf Proposal" is a jolly little act excellently done by Jack Kennedy, Helene Warde, Betty Lou Hart and Billy Link Jr.

Ed Morton amuses with a timely songologue.

Florenz Ames and Adelaide Winthrop make a lot of fun with a door and some clothes. Mr. Ames makes a good Indian and finishes the act with an excellent Indian travesty.

Mlle. Rhea, danseuse, is adorable as an old fashioned valentine and other fancies and she finds excellent support in Joseph Mach, Jr. and Jack Cook.

The Lightner Girls are back. Winnie makes ugly faces and captures laughs and the other girl and Newton Alexander lend color to the picture. Henry Santrey in an odd singing act is assisted by his very lively jazz band. Van and Belle have a simple little piece which would go well in a children's theatre, but entirely grown up people in the audience have lots of fun angling for toy flying craft.

The powers that compose Orpheum programs no doubt knew that Miss Carus would be such a whirlwind that the rest of the bill should, by contrast, be of the gentle zephyr variety.

—H. M. B.

Spring at the Curran

"Maytime" at the Curran, a dainty musical play exquisitely mounted, well acted, scintillating with bright lines, sends its audiences away with memories of wonderful pictures of real life and humming pretty tunes. An epoch play can't help fascinating any member of the human family who has reached the age of sixteen, for we have an innate desire to know how we shall look at different ages with considerable distance intervening. "Maytime" is a most delightful epoch play and should be a fruitful source of inspiration to playwrights.

Carolyn Thompson is again the charming heroine. Melvin Stokes is the hero. Teddy Webb and Amy Lester, our old and popular friends, have outstanding roles. William Norris, Patsy de Forest, Ruth Watson and others make up an excellent cast.

—H. M. B.

Elman Ploughing Deeper for His Audience

While the musical public in any large city needs no further invitation than mere announcements to hear Mischa Elman, the great Russian violinist who is to appear in joint recital with Eugene Ysaye, on Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, in the Exposition Auditorium, under the direction of Frank W. Healy, it is not only that public which the great violinist desires to reach.

"I want to plough deeper for my public," says Mischa Elman. "I want to reach those people who have never heard good playing or good music. I want to get outside the circule of concert goers in order to increase the musical appreciation in the community. I want to create music lovers, for that is as much the work of a solo artist as to interpret the great master composers. The creation of numbers of new music lovers must have an effect upon the whole spiritual life of the community in that it brings with it a greater breadth."

Tickets for the joint recital of Ysaye and Elman are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase.

Alcazar

"I Love You," one of the most novel and delightful comedies in New York last season, received rapturously when the Shuberts produced it at the Booth Theatre, will have first San Francisco disclosure next Sunday by the flexible New Alcazar company, conceded to be the highest class permanent stock organization anywhere in America. William Le Baron, whose humorous fancy snapped and sparkled in the daring eugenic satire "The Very Idea," is the author. The story of "I Love You" pivots on a sporty young millionaire's wager that, under certain conditions, any young man and young woman can be induced to fall in love with each other. There are four susceptible young couples involved in the comic complications that follow. The environment of a Long Island bungalow, at full moontime, with the witchery of a alluring magic waltz melody that runs throughout the action, make the very odd comedy as fascinating as the irresistable "Merry Widow." The happy-go-lucky young male wooers are personated by Clay Clement, Brady Kline, Clifford Alexander and Rafael Brunetto, while the bewitching beauties who enchant them are Belle Bennett, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver and Mira McKinney.

David Belasco's famous success "The Woman," set for March 21st, is W. C. DeMille's vivid exposition of lobby methods employed by grafters and ringsters at the National Capitol. It is of intensified vital interest now when the subject of railway ownership looms up big on the political horizon. As a dramatic love story it carries great emotional appeal.

Orpheum

The name of William Rock, who will head the Orpheum bill next week, is equivalent to all that is superior in character dancing. In his line Mr. Rock is pre-eminent. His line is not merely dancing, but the making of dancers and the staging of dancing. Mr. Rock is generous as well as capable and has willingly shared his success with his partners, consequently the team names of Rock and Fulton and Rock and White have become known all over the world. Following a stellar engagement in London with Miss White, the two decided to go separate ways and so Mr. Rock has turned his attention to a dancing production in which he is assisted by seven comely young women. This is announced as "William Rock with 1-2-3-4-5-girls and two more." Each of the girls is a type. Each has been selected to depict the various forms of feminine loveliness. With this assistance Mr. Rock has presented what he considers his best effort. He has apparently outdone himself.

If two aces of spades appear in the same hand at a little game of draw, a fortune teller would not be required to tell the results. However, in the little game of fun, two aces of spades in the persons of Le Maire, Hays and Company are not only quite proper, but contribute materially to the festivities of the occasion. They are blackface comedians.

Harry Rose is described as an eccentric comedian and he justifies his claim to this title by introducing in a quaint and amusing manner new songs and patter.

All the way from Bonnie Scotland comes Nan Gray, bringing with her a breath of the Lowlands. As a singer of Scotch songs she is simply peerless and in England she is one of the most popular of all the music hall entertainers.

Sonia Baraban and Chas. C. Grohs will stage a terpsichorean novelty. Each of their numbers depicts a carefully thought out story of humor, romance or adventure. They realize, however, that pantomime is not always dancing and consequently unfold their narratives not as pan-

(Continued from Page 15)

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Comedy of Youth, Love and Laughter
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Market was a dull, listless affair with the professional element inclined to take the selling side on every little rally; and, as the public had lost confidence, owing to the high money rates, the bears became aggressive, but did not succeed in getting prices down very much.

There were quite a few items of news favorable to the market that fell flat, until the Supreme Court announced its decision that stock dividends were not taxable. This came rather unexpected, and, as the market was in an oversold condition, there was a scramble by the shorts to get back their stocks, which almost became a bear panic with some of the stocks showing extreme advances of as much as $40 per share at one session.

The Supreme Court decision is a constructive factor and will mean that the majority of the Industrial Corporations will now be in a position to declare stock dividends; and, as these are not taxable, the holder of stocks will benefit by the extra dividends to such an extent that it will mean a very bullish argument on most of the big Industrial Corporations that are contemplating stock disbursements.

The best sentiment favors the view that stocks are now in a position to work considerably higher for the present at least, unless unexpected developments intervene. This view is supported by practically all of the recent developments in the news, which, but for the credit situation, would have impelled an advance before this.

The bears are calling attention to stocks, which represent corporations holding heavy inventories of highly competitive goods. There are a number of these stocks now active on the Exchange, and the fact that they were among the weakest in the early decline indicates that they are beginning to discount price recessions in some of the commodity markets. The extent of price reactions in the commodity markets will depend entirely upon the condition of the markets as wholes, with respect to supplies. Some companies carrying large inventories will stand to benefit, for the reason that supplies in their particular markets are low and no amount of pressure is likely to affect them. Others will suffer because supplies are heavy.

In most of the markets, the manufacturers have been pursuing a conservative policy, and there has been little evidence that goods in general have been backing up. Some individual companies show heavy inventories in their statements, but it is unsafe to assume that their shares will go lower merely upon that showing. In fact, some of them may benefit ultimately very greatly.

Most traders expect the companies liable to foreign competition to suffer the most. The increase in imports from England definitely indicates that this competition is increasing and that some of the American manufacturers, who have had things their own way for a long time, will now have to meet this competition. The advantage the foreign producers have are due almost wholly to the situation in exchange, and the closer exchange gets to normal the less important their competition will be. The advance in Sterling the past week shows that this influence is already being felt.

There is practically no change in the money situation, although there is more confidence everywhere, even though it is recognized that the situation at present is very unsatisfactory. However with income tax payments out of the way and curtailments in commercial paper now in process, we should have a better supply of money and the indications are favorable in this direction. With easier money rates we will get a stronger market, which will be influenced favorably from time to time by announcements of extra stock dividends, which will give us the ammunition for a big, broad bull market.

Cotton—Nearby futures of cotton continue in a strong position and holders of the March contracts seem willing and anxious to receive the cotton the short seller must deliver. Shorts are becoming uneasy and are gradually forcing the price up.

The stocks of cotton on hand, available for delivery, are not sufficient to allow deliveries on sales of contracts already made—and the consequent squeeze of the shorts is somewhat akin to the similar move in December of last year when that position sold at the highest price any option ever sold on the Exchange. The stock is not only too small to be of much benefit, but it is also held very closely and sellers either have not the cotton to deliver or are hoping for some of the holders to become tired and let go, so they can get the cotton back.

The strength in the distant futures represents technical strength more than anything else, as sentiment at present is inclined to be bearish, despite the fact that the technical position makes the facts bullish.

The squeeze in March attracted so much attention to technical conditions that the healthy aspect of the Foreign Exchange was somewhat overlooked. Despite predictions of a serious falling off in the export movement, the various foreign buyers are still receiving substantial shipments; and, while the low rates of exchange have undoubtedly had some adverse effect on demand, the foreign market is so strong and the English spinners in particular are reaping such large dividends on their operations, that there is not much chance of any abatement. The talk of a strike at Lancashire looms up now and then, but so far has not assumed any serious proportions.

Farm work in the South is very backward, due to the cold, wet weather, and not nearly all of the land has been broken, and predictions are being made of a reduction in the acreage. Southern farmers are now producing products other than cotton, which are more valuable than cotton. This will be a tremendous factor in shaping the world's supply of cotton. These products have brought the farmers better homes, better clothing and fewer hours of grinding toil than the production of cotton ever did even at much higher prices than any that have so far prevailed. There is not sufficient labor in the South to produce these other crops and to produce in addition all the cotton the world needs.

We feel friendly to cotton as investment and would advise the purchase of the October option.

Bix—"It is said that 'we shall pass away as a tale that is told'." Dix—"But tales that are told don't pass away; they are forever being told over again."

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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STAGE

(Continued from Page 13)

tomime but as dances. The feature of their act is called "The Azette Indian Love."

Millicent Mower, the charming and popular young songstress, will be heard in a vocal fantasia with Ruth Avery en-prologue.

Marino & Maley are chaarcter comedians and singers who assume the roles of Italian piano movers.

The only holdover in this delightful bill will be Emma Carus who has scored a tremendous hit and who will be heard in new songs.

Curran Theatre

"Maytime," the enchanting play with music, which has registered one of the hugest successes of recent years in San Francisco, is playing to capacity audiences at the Curran where it has but one week more to run.

William Norris, Carolyn Thomson and Melvin Stokes have all scored big personal hits and the cast throughout is well nigh perfect.

"Maytime" is an American idyl in four periods of Otillie Van Zandt's and Richard Wayne's romance of 1840, 1855, 1880 and one day of this twentieth century. This love story stretches out over forty years, because the lovers did not marry (each other) but the happy denouement comes at last—when the grandchildren of these lovers meet and mate.

The Messrs. Shubert have contributed largely to the success of the beautiful work by providing an extra-judiciously selected cast. There is naturally a charming sentimental waltz song "Will You Remember Sweetheart"; also there is everything else one may fancy in the way of light opera. It is announced that "Maytime" is one of the really delightful musical romances of the age, and it is a real joy to see an undiminished Broadway cast, for the company now presenting "Maytime" at the Curran is the identical one of the long New York run of two whole years.

Symphony

The most brilliant season in the history of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be brought to a conclusion with the concert on Sunday afternoon, March 14th, at the Curran Theatre, under the direction of Alfred Hertz.

The program will be a repetition of that performed on Friday afternoon, although the prices will be popular. With characteristic skill, Conductor Hertz has prepared a fascinating program to bring the season to a close. The outstanding feature is Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C Minor, unquestionably the best known and most generally comprehended, and without doubt the most thoroughly popular of Beethoven's nine famous symphonies.

The second number on the program, Paul Dukas' exceedingly whimsical scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," has been read by Hertz several times in past seasons, and has always met with tremendous approbation on the part of symphony-goers. Its revival at this time is sure to be met with great favor.

The program will be brought to an overwhelming conclusion by a rendition of The Prelude to Wagner's "The Mastersingers," which will be interpreted in the superlative fashion for which Hertz is noted.

The Manager—I wouldn't run the risk of producing your comedy. The trouble with it is the idea.

Playwright—Has it been done before?

Manager—No, it hasn't.—Life.

American Premiere Danseuse

Queenie Smith who next to Rosina Galli was the stellar danseuse last season at the Metropolitan plays the principal role in "Roly-Boly Eyes," one of the Cort musical comedy hits.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 28830. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased.

MARIE MARSILY,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Newcomb, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 6th, 1920.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Executrix,
Rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-6-5

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CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 4879

KNOW ALL MEN BY THE PRESENTS:

That I, the undersigned, ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD, do hereby certify:

That my name in full is ARNOLD EDWARD ARCHIBALD, and that my place of residence is at NUMBER 1217 JOSEPHINE STREET, BERKELEY, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA;

That I am transacting business in the State of California under the fictitious name and style of THE ARCHIBALD COMPANY, and that I am the sole owner and proprietor of said business; that the place where said business is carried on and conducted and my principal place of business under said name is NUMBER 667 HOWARD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 18th day of February, 1920.

ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Arnold E. Archibald, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

JAMISON STEEL CO.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated Jan. 28, 1920.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California, City and County of Santa Barbara.

On the 28th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me James D. Crawford, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of Santa Barbara, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

JAMES D. CRAWFORD,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of Santa Barbara, State of California.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Counter Revolution and the Future Peace

The facade upon which visible Germany has labored for close to a year and a half has been knocked to dust overnight, and to the world there is revealed the ugly framework upon which that nation has builded in reality.

Whatever be the effect of the counter revolution upon the peace of 1919, it is clear that if such a government as that set up by the Junkers were permitted to persist, the objects for which the peoples of the allied nations fought the war would remain unrealized. Surviving, the counter revolution of this month will put its stamp upon the history of the future.

Ebert takes his place among the men of straw, no matter what the outcome. His gesture, the appeal for a general strike—for the use of the weapon of those against whom the utmost force of his regime was directed with notable ruthlessness—marks him as one of the weakling figures upon whom events cast a sardonic shadow. Only one figure of the old government stood out in the eyes of the world: Noske. And the supineness of the first few days of the counter revolution tarnishes the lustre of this repressor and leaves him suspect of connivance.

The new revolution, toward which the people's attitude was an unknown factor except for the receptiveness of any action by a people groaning under defeat and its cost, was sprung at an opportune time. It had been a question of whether the Sparticists or the Junkers would rise first, and the Junkers took time by the forelock. They took their action at a moment prepared by the insults to allied officers, by the insolent demand for the punishment of what Berlin termed "the allies' war criminals," by the publication of criticism of the peace treaty's terms, and by such minor factors as the criticism that recently has marked the relations between America and France.

But the counter revolution that has raised its head now had its inception at the very moment of the Kaiser's retirement. The revolution that set up the republic of Ebert was but a change of names; except for the dismissal of kaiser, king and prince, it brought no alteration. The fundamentals remained as they had been, with the Junker class disguised, it is true, but exercising the power from behind its cloak.

In the first revolution, workmen's and soldiers' councils were formed. The Junkers did not oppose: they captured. Men with monocles came to dominate the councils. Hindenburg offered his services and became the military chief of the new republic. While the National Assembly ground at its routine like a Sieyes, the Junkers gathered the strings into their own hands. And then they pulled the strings

Irrespective of protestations, or of the outcome of the moment, a successful counter revolution in Germany could be recognized only as the first outward sign of the organization of a new revanche. The counter revolution wields a pick to undermine the future of the world.

* * *

The Fair Price Committee's Task

More difficult than any war work is the task assumed by the San Francisco Fair Price Committee. Organized under a plan of operation drawn up by Judges Morrow and Van Fleet, Postmaster Fay and United States District Attorney Annette Adams, the committee has behind it the authority of the Department of Justice and the government's determination as shown by more than a thousand profiteering prosecutions brought under the Lever act. If it is to accomplish any concrete results in reducing the cost of living, it will need all this prestige and authority to the very limit.

The strong emotionalism of war time was turned largely to actual service or, under the guidance of extra-legal organizations, to constructive and productive channels. There is a suggestion of emotionalism in the restiveness of the public under the growing cost of subsistence, but the task of drawing this energy toward constructive ways is immeasurably more difficult than was the task of similar direction while the nation was under arms. An instance of this public irritation is found in the hysteria generated locally over the rent situation, with the suggestion coming out of it seriously that private property, realty, of a certain prescribed sort—apartment houses—be treated as a public utility and put under the control of a state commission.

The organization of the Fair Price Committee brought the immediate suggestion that it take control of the rental problem. If the committee is to do adequate work, however, it would seem that it could find it would have bigger fish to fry, though the profiteering in rents undeniably needs curbing.

As long as the cost of living remains at the present level, the country can look for no lasting peace secured through Americanization campaigns and similar measures. These latter are effective in their own way, but the major problem to be solved is that of purchasing power. Hoarding has been uncovered by Attorney General Palmer: it is asserted, for example, that in Chicago butter and cheese stocks in storage are three times as large as at corresponding times in previous years. The natural abstentions offsetting this are of no great moment: the people will refrain from buying certain commodities to a slight extent, but the margin of possible disuse, considering human requirements, is not large on the whole. The per capita consumption of beef in America fell off almost eight pounds last year, for instance: the total meat consumption, nevertheless, was 141.98 pounds for each individual, a decrease from 1918 of about five per cent. More concretely, this means the equivalent of one meatless dinner in three weeks.

In the face of these conditions, the hoarder and the profiteer can only be regarded as factors inimical to our civilization. Upon the effectiveness of such committees as that formed here depends more than the casual lowering of prices. The work of the committee touches on the fundamentals of civilization, and by that token the committee should have the support not only of the government but of the people as a whole.

* * *

One Way to Reduce Taxes

San Francisco admittedly confronts great difficulties, chiefly because of the loss of liquor taxes, in raising the funds necessary for its government next year. One measure that would enrich the community, yet to which little attention has been paid till of late, is scientific fire prevention.

Fire is waste. It does not matter if the losses are covered by insurance or not; the public pays in the end. If the losses in a given community or type of risk are heavy, the insurance companies have no choice but to collect a larger premium. The insurance industry equalizes losses: it does not recreate

what has been destroyed. The burden in the end rests on the community.

San Francisco must raise approximately $20,000,000 a year in taxes. One measure that has been proposed is the levying of a tax of one per cent on gross receipts on certain classes of business handling combustible merchandise, the tax being ostensibly for sanitation and the elimination of the fire hazard.

The annual fire loss in the United States is about three dollars per capita, exclusive of forest fires and the cost of maintaining fire departments. Including those items, the cost is nearer seven dollars than six. In 1918 the fire loss under the narrower category was $317,000,000. Between seventy-five and eighty-five per cent of this loss is recognized as preventable.

Accurate figures for San Francisco's losses are not available. Disregarding local factors, and applying the national per capita figure of three dollars to the city, San Francisco as a whole could save something like two million dollars a year by preventing the fires that can be prevented by the use of ordinary good sense and the correction of patent physical defects.

America is the horrible example among nations in the matter of fire destruction. Against its three dollars, set the annual fire loss of the next highest nation, France: forty-nine cents. Among European countries the yearly loss runs as low as eleven cents, the figure for Holland in the last year for which statistics are available.

What those countries do, American can do. During the war fire prevention was worked out scientifically in the camps and cantonments housing troops. Flimsy as was their construction, speaking comparatively, and restricted as they were as to space, they were safeguarded so well that the per capita loss was only forty-six cents. What authority can do in a military camp, authority can do in a city, given adequate means for enforcement of regulations.

If the city can tax businesses one per cent for fire preventive inspection, it can levy a higher tax. It can make that inspection effective. It can bring about conditions under which those taxed will be in pocket by the process, in the lowering of actual losses and of the insurance rate.

For the individual or corporation, for the insurance companies, and for the city government, it would be a profitable thing were San Francisco the first of American cities to be brought to that stage of prevention which is demanded by the technicians whose concern is with the problems of fire.

* * *

The One Way Thoroughfare

The growth of San Francisco and the increase of traffic due to the development of the automobile industry give sound sense in an eminent degree to the proposal to make Post and Bush streets, between Grant avenue and Van Ness, one-way thoroughfares.

The one-way plan for the peak-load hours of traffic has been tried elsewhere and found an excellent solution of many difficulties. The arguments in favor of it are strengthened in San Francisco by the peculiar street plan of the city, with its long series of converging points at the gores.

The city has rapidly approached the point of being compelled to decide upon radical changes in its handling of traffic. As it continues to grow, the situation will become more and more pressing. The time to lay the foundation for an ultimate solution is the present. The adoption of a plan such as this would go far toward preventing the arrival of a day when San Francisco might find itself in the quandary of New York and be forced to consider seriously the creation of new streets through the heart of the city's area of greatest density.

* * *

Clearing a Muddied Stream

The return of indictments in the bail bond and police court investigation is a measure which will meet with the approval of all who have the integrity of San Francisco and of its reputation at heart.

For weeks upon end allegations have been bandied which, if unfounded, could but do immeasurable harm to the community as well as to individuals. The inquiry of the grand jury has produced evidence seemingly to warrant the fuller investigation of the judicial process. If the accused men have been wronged, trial will exculpate them. If they have not been maligned, the community will benefit by the definite uncovering of that fact.

The firm stand taken by the Bar Association is an earnest of justice in these cases. The association has adopted a judicial attitude, reserving judgment until it has heard the evidence. Its appointment of a special committee to investigate and, if the conditions warrant, to assist in the prosecution, makes it clear that the lawyers of the city are ready to restore if necessary, and maintain in any event, the integrity of the institutions in which their work lies.

In and About New York

On Tuesday evening, March 2nd, all roads led to the Waldorf-Astoria, and all the limousines in the city seemed to be upon them, on their way to the opening performance of "Musical Milestones"—the Junior League show. It was given before a brilliant assembly, that taxed the capacity of the ballroom. Society came in throngs to see their own younger set perform. There were about 150 of these young folks in the cast. The affair was an immense success. The quaint idea, which the name suggests,—of songs used as stepping stones, along the road of years, from 1895, up to the present time, being in itself a novelty. All the old timers in town went to hear the old songs—their never to be forgotten old songs,—to which they had danced, and laughed, and loved in the days gone by. A stage full of young folks sang and acted these songs and dances of the yesteryears, in the costumes of their heyday.

They sang "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-Ay,' "The Bowery," "Daisy Bell," "Dolly Gray," "After the Ball," "In the Good Old Summertime." Then followed the famous "Florodora Sextette," which brought down the house. The revival of the Cake Walk made an immense hit. Many of the old songs so stirred the fashionable audience, that they joined in the chous, and added greatly to the gaiety. "After the Ball" set the whole audience humming. As for "The Sidewalks of New York" it was at once amazing and interesting to note with what enthusiasm so many of these immaculately groomed boys and girls of yesterday entered into the spirit of the song—almost the entire audience joining in the chorus of

"Boys and girls together,—me and Mamie Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic—on the sidewalks
of New York."

The whole affair was such a success, it could have packed the Waldorf ballroom for a week.

The Junior League came into existence in this city in 1901, being organized by the débutantes of that year. On this, its 19th birthday, from being a small group of eighty ambitious débutantes, it has developed into a national force in philanthropic and civil work. Since its organization 27 other cities of America and Canada have followed its example in forming similar Leagues, and have honored it by adopting its by-laws. The New York league was incorporated in 1912, and has grown to such an extent, that it is associated with almost every agency working along these lines in the city. Settlements, public schools, clinics, and hospitals have league members serving on their board of directors, or working as volunteers. The League aims to make useful and intelligent citizens of its members—to use their ability and influence to promote the best interests of the community, and set a standard for efficient service. Its value seems to fall under three heads—training, service, example. To "make the League" has been an ambition of every débutante since 1901. From among the large number of this season's débutantes, 78 "made" the League. The high social altitude of its leaders, naturally draws upon it the eyes of the multitude. It has for president, Mrs. Willard D. Straight. For its vice-president, Miss Mary Jay Scheiffelan. While on its board of managers are the social arbiters of New York. The new members each year become provisional members and upon them devolves the work of staging the annual performance. This is the first entertainment given in three years, the League having set aside its dramatics during the war's years in order to devote all its time and energies to humane work. Miss Scheiffelan was elected head of the entertainment committee. Such famous professional producers as Charles B. Dillingham, Henry W. Savage, the Messrs. Shubert, and the composer Victor Herbert, lending their able assistance and advice,

foreshadowed its success. Donald Brian, himself, coached the dancing number from "The Merry Widow," in which Mrs. S. Hinman Bird and Emerson McMillin 3rd carried o: honors. In Blanche Ring's famous old "Yip-I-Add-I-Ay," Miss Ring rehearsed Mrs. Bird with such good effect, that it went over with a swing and pep that brought immense applause. Following the performance a dance and supper was held. In past years the entertainment has netted the League an average of $18,000. This week's effort hopes to establish a new record.

* * *

On March 4th, at Carnegie Hall, at the concert given by the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Henry Hadley received an ovation, when he conducted his second symphony in F minor, entitled "The Four Seasons." His conducting of the Philharmonic through the number so delighted his audience that they applauded to the point of half a dozen recalls after the last autumn leaf had fallen. Mr. Hadley's symphony was written in 1901,—when it took two prizes—one offered by Paderewski,—the second by the New England Conservatory of Music. Mr. Hadley has been gaining prominence in New York this season, far and away ahead of any other composer. Before this year, no great attention was paid to his music. But this season, everyone seems to be featuring him, and the criticism of the daily press reads greatly in his favor, giving him unstinted praise for his talent and his mastery of his craft. Mr. Hadley conducted his opera "Cleopatra's Night" at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 3rd. A few weeks ago he led his "Salome" with the N. Y. Symphony Orchestra, and on Tuesday, March 9th, will direct his overture "Orthello" with the Philadelphia Orchestra. It is announced that he has accepted for operatic adaptation the book "Princess Curious," the author of which is William Thompson, writer and traveler.

* * *

And now that dear old Sir Oliver Lodge has finished his rumblings and mumblings on the spirits of the other world, and taken his departure, would it be too impolite for us, to say of him and Maeterlinck, that between them both, they have destroyed what little belief the city had in Spirits? Maeterlinck, the dear dreamer, who could not put his thoughts in English words, and New York wants its lectures in English,—and Lodge, the scientist, who failed to drive home the nail of conviction. These two were all that was needed to dust off the shelf, and set back upon it the spirits which we were willing to be convinced, were roaming all around us.

Burnside Still Shepherd

There has been quite a buzzing going on in the Lamb's Club over Mr. B. H. Burnside's resignation as Shepherd, which he had placed in the hands of the executive council of that club. Mr. Burnside is general stage director of the Hippodrome, and his activities as a manager led to the report that his resignation resulted from differences growing out of the actor's strike. Mr. Burnside, of course, denied this. He has since withdrawn his resignation, following a meeting of several hundred members of the club. He explains that he tendered his resignation, because of a feeling that a majority of the members were dissatisfied with the way affairs of the club were being managed. There had been many complaints, he said, about minor matters of club policy, and it was to give the council a free rein, that he filed his resignation. Everyone is glad to know of the overwhelming vote against it. The meeting was presided over by Augustus Thomas and Wilton Lackaye. Rupert Hughes and others spoke. The meeting, as a whole, refused to accept the resignation of Mr. Burnside, and the latter then agreed to continue in office.

Clay M. Greene, who came on to New York by invitation of the Lambs to celebrate his 70th birthday with them will be honored at the club by a dinner on the 21st. The "Huckleberry Indians" will also give him a dinner on the 20th and a large group of friends have sent out cards for a luncheon in his honor on the 22nd. Mr. Greene was for twelve years Shepherd of the Lambs and the gambol in his honor is anticipated with joyfulness.

* * *

Sunday night in New York, with its dearth of theatres, drives people to many angles for entertainment. At the N. V. A. Club, on 46th street, tables are greatly in demand for the dinner hour. There is a stage at one end of the dining room in this artistic club, and it is the custom, on a Sunday night, when dinner is in full swing, for the president of the club to arise and informally call on anyone of the profession present, to get up on it, and do his little stunt—and he does, and one sees and hears many clever things. Sometimes just little speeches—impromptu—are made from beside the table where folks are dining. On last Sunday, a prominent English actor, recently arrived from London, gave quite an entertaining talk. He finished by saying that he had been told over there, that when he came to New York he would have no difficulty whatever in getting a drink, whenever he wanted one. He had even been told of a certain little room at the Lambs, where nothing was said, but much was had, in the way of liquid refreshments. Well, he came to New York, and spent several thirsty days, unsuccessfully looking for a drink. Then he bethought himself of the Lambs. "Ah," said he, "why didn't I think of this before?" But sadder than the words that tell it, there was no little room, or any spot at the Lambs that had even seen John Barleycorn in many weeks. "I see a Lamb sitting over there," he said,—"Its true, isn't it?" "Yes," came the Lamb's sad answer, when from another table piped up a voice: "I suppose the only thing over at the Lambs that would even REMIND you of a drink, would be the 'baa'!"

* * *

John Barrymore's Richard III

Showed at the Plymouth to a typical first night audience—an intelligent audience, and an expectant one,—since New York expects great things of John Barrymore. And they were not disappointed, for at a few minutes before one o'clock, when the final curtain fell, they lingered by their chairs, and cheer after cheer went up, for probably the most inspired performance this generation has ever seen. The play needs pruning, to be sure—it's undue length, the result of adding five scenes from the third part of Henry VI, a fusion, however, which helps to clarify the story and character of Richard. Barrymore, with his winged imagination, and his true genius for vital acting, creates a Richard possessed of the greatness of evil—a Titanic greatness that is superhuman. He invests him with all the magnificence of a defiant Lucifer. It was a most distinguished achievement, set within scenes of great beauty. How New York loves this clan of Drew and Barrymore, was shown, when just before the curtain rose on the 3rd act, John Drew entered an upper box, having hastened over on finishing his performance of "The Cat Bird." Following fast upon his entrance came Ethel Barrymore, from her play "Declassée." And even more breathless with haste arrived Lionel Barrymore from the Criterion where he is playing in Brieux's "The Letter of the Law." As Drew entered, a cyclone of applause greeted him—a congratulatory sort of applause, increasing in volme for the well beloved Ethel, and reaching its climax for Lionel. Every head was turned graciously to this box, with beaming faces, and friendly smiles, while their thunders of applause told plainly their loving admiration for "the clan."

—Josephine Huff.

New York, March 9, 1920.

A Soldier's Philosophy

By Lt.-Col. J. E. E. Craster

The fighting men have been shocked so thoroughly, and continuously, that they cannot be shocked any more by the naked facts of life, and they have forgotten that there are others who may still be shocked.

Before the war we were too easily shocked. Our humanity was a hysterical affair at the disposal of anyone who could shock us with lurid details. We lost our heads and our tempers over any highly-colored cause. We were too impatient to sift evidence or probe deeply. For men who have lost their tempers and heads are incapable of impartial judgment. We were more to be honored for our hearts than our nerves.

The war has not hardened our hearts, but it has braced our nerves. We are juster judges, but not less humane. We have looked into the depths of human infamy and seen the heights of human courage and self-sacrifice. We are men.

Much of our social legislation is based on the false assumption that wealth means happiness; yet it is wrong to be happy. Or, to put it more plainly, we denounce the rich for their wealth, and pity the poor for their lack of it. To be rich is a crime, to be poor is a misfortune. If a man would be happy and virtuous, he must be suspended half-way between riches and poverty—in a state of unstable equilibrium, which may be upset at any moment by a change in his bank balance. A few thousand pounds more or less will raise him to the rank of a criminal or cast him down into the crowd of unfortunates.

This stupid theory that wealth brings happiness is the cause of most of the ills that afflict society. It makes the struggle for life very hard and pitiless, because the struggle for life is mixed up with the struggle for wealth. Men who entered the fight to gain a tolerable living, fight on long after they have attained their original object, because they assume that wealth brings happiness. And all this stupidity arises because men do not think; they waste their lives for want of a little thinking.

Yet the churches tell us that the root of all misery is sin. If any intolerable misery can-

not be attributed to any known sin, they invent a new sin to account for it. I read an article in the "Times" the other day, which tried to prove that a belief in the survival of the fittest was a sin—a sin responsible for all the misery in our big cities.

Misery springs, in fact, from two main roots. One is ignorance; the other, a failure to think —honestly and clearly.

But if the churches want a new sin, here is one for them—"to doubt the efficiency of the police."

The churches could employ their time much better than in inventing sins. If they would but denounce ignorance as the root of all other sins—ignorance of life and all that it means, all that it might mean; ignorance of self; ignorance of human nature—if they would teach us that honest, rigorous self-analysis must be the foundation of all virtue, then the churches would lead the way in the reformation of the world.

When a priest places himself as an intermediary between God and man, when he sets up as a purveyor of a ready-made religion, he does infinite harm. A ready-made religion is no religion at all; it is nothing more than a convention. Each man must forge his own religion, using the hammer of his mind and the anvil of his experience. The priest can do no more than teach him to use the hammer and anvil. To every man his own religion. And so there must be innumerable religions. Some will strongly resemble others, but no two will be identical.

True religion must be a very private, personal affair. Public prayer and worship have never helped the cause of true religion. They merely serve to strengthen the shackles of convention.

In the early days, when Christianity was struggling for its existence amongst a crowd of rival religions, it won its way by adopting what was best in the creeds of its competitors. It absorbed rather than drove out the other religions. It changed constantly to suit the needs of the people.

But when its last rival had disappeared, Christianity changed no more. It ceased to adapt itself to the changing needs of the world; it demanded instead that the world should adapt its needs to the Christian teaching. The priests of the Christian church became masters rather than teachers; they grew proud and haughty. They relied on compulsion where before they had used persuasion.

The worst priest is the one who descends from the pulpit to help the police.

It is strange that many of the great financial swindlers have been noted for their religious fervour. It is easy to dismiss them as hypocrites, yet they were probably genuine, in so far as such men can be genuine at all. They were "on the make" in religion as in everything else. They were competing for the rewards which the church or chapel offered. They believed themselves to be laying up treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. There must be something wrong with a church or chapel in which such men can find their spiritual home.

Our laws and morals were designed for the protection of the average man. Some of our more recent laws are even designed to favor those who are below the average at the expense of those who are above it. I wonder whether it would not be possible to frame a code of laws and morals which would favor the best man at the expense of the worst. If we could do that, we should speed up the progress of mankind.

At present there is a whole field of meanness and uncharitableness which our laws and morals leave untouched. Yet there is no hope of change until there is a general desire for change. We must improve our ideals before we can improve our laws.

We need a race of prophets who shall do nothing but prophesy. They should be men of wide experience and knowledge combined with vivid imagination. All State secrets and private documents should be at their disposal. They should be allowed to publish their prophecies without restraint. It would be their duty to tell us whither we are going. They must be beyond the reach of the politicians; in fact, they should be as safe and incorruptible as the judges. There must be no rewards for prophesying smooth things, or punishments for publishing unpalatable truths.

The prophets must be students of change. Their fingers must always be on the pulse of the nation; ready to give us warning of the approach of disease, to reprove us for our way of living and thinking.

We have suffered much from our lack of foresight; we have lost much because it has been no one's business to foretell the future.

For a long time England's foreign policy was a gigantic bluff. She was always ready to promise what she could not perform. Lavish of words, sparing of deeds. Flourishing the sword, but fighting with the pen. Where are all the little nations which trusted England? Where are Belgium, Serbia, Rumania?

We are fighting a system in which organized hatred plays a leading part. But if we combat hate with hate, we shall sink to the level of our enemies. Our strength, our hope of ultimate victory lies in the fact that our men do not hate the Germans. They are totally indifferent to them. And it is this indifference which the German finds so galling. He would like to be admired and feared, or at least hated.

The foundation of hatred is fear. No man can honestly hate what he does not fear. And when the Germans taught their men to hate us, they inevitably taught them to fear us also.

It was fear of the Belgian civilians and women which led to the German atrocities in Belgium. The Germans have themselves acknowledged it.

This war is ultimately a conflict of ideas. In fact, the actual battles are only by-play, which helps on the main action of the drama. High explosive is no argument; it convinces nobody.

If our ideas conquer and drive the German ideas, we shall have won the war, apart from any victories on land or sea. But if we adopt the German ideas we shall have lost the war, even though we crush Germany.

We are so hard on vagabonds that we have almost exterminated the race. Yet many vagabonds get more happiness out of life than we have ever attained to. Vagabonds are pioneers, adventurous experimenters in the art of living. If we eliminate all experiments in art, the art dies. Before the war the art of living was almost dead.

We are so unimaginative, so sure of our own methods, that if we find a man who from choice lives a life different from our own, we pity him. Yet we never guess that we ourselves are to be pitied; that life might be a much bigger, finer thing than we have ever dreamt of.

Every man should be a soldier for some of his life, but no man should be a soldier all his life. In fact, no man should devote his whole life to one business or profession. For every business becomes a routine after a time, and routine is the deadly enemy of all that is best in life. It kills the interest and joy in living. It produces a stagnation of the mind. The war has snatched many men away from the routine which was deadening their lives.

Nowadays, democracy is lauded to the skies as the cure for all human ills. But a democratic government is no better, cannot be any better, than the average voter who elects it. In fact, it requires a higher general standard of honesty and intelligence than any other form of government. The democratic voter must not be merely passively honest; but he must be inspired with an active hatred of all political tricks. He must be fitted with the fanatical sort of honesty that hangs political wire-pullers from lamp-posts. And in order that he may select the right culprits he must be educated in democratic government; he must be shown the pitfalls that lie in the path of democracy, and must learn about the various diseases that afflict it. Unless he does this, he will be at the merey of the political wire-pullers.

If the electors are ignorant, dishonest, or indifferent, a democracy is the feeblest and most corruptible form of government.

If God is omnipotent, then He is responsible for all the abominations and cruelties of the war. In other words, an omnipotent God must be a callous and cruel monster. And because civilized men cannot believe in a callous, cruel God, they are beginning to look for a God who is good but not omnipotent.

Mr. H. G. Wells, who represents more accurately than any other writer the thoughts of the men of this generation, has written three books about the search for a God whom the modern man can believe in. Most of his readers probably agree with his negative statements; it is comparatively easy to say what God is not. It is when he tries to define what God is that the difficulties begin. His description of God, in fact, conjures up a picture of a hustling, bustling social reformer. Most of us want a finer, bigger God than that.

These are two gifts which we possess that are of Divine origin: the capacity for love and the sense of beauty. Both these gifts are distinguished from all others because they are of no material benefit to us. Love which leads to self-sacrifice is, from a material point of view, a disastrous gift for the recipient. And beauty—of what value is beauty in a drab, materialistic world?

But these two gifts, partly because they are of no material value to the individual, but chiefly because they fill us with a heavenly ecstasy, must be divine. We feel in our very bones that love and beauty are essential attributes of the true God.

Sometimes when we gaze at a glorious sunset we seem to be looking across the very threshold of God's abode. It seems as if God Himself might be revealed at any moment. The radiant beauty makes our hearts beat faster with anticipation. At moments such as these, who can possibly doubt that God is the God of beauty?

The secret of life will only be discovered when man has attained to his utmost perfection. It will be the last mystery which the human race will solve. Till then death will remove generation after generation of imperfect types, to make room for others which are more perfect.

A God who has everything, and needs nothing, can hardly be loved. For how can we love where we cannot give?

The God who satisfied my father is not enough for me, and the God who satisfies me will not satisfy my children. God is changing, growing.

I do not think that any man can forgive a sin, wholeheartedly and ungrudgingly, unless he also at some previous time has committed the sin himself. Only then can he realize the temptation.

The men who are most unforgiving are those who have never been tempted. There are many men who are impervious to whole classes of temptation, but they are not necessarily the finest or noblest characters. An unblemished record gives a man too good a conceit of himself. It puts him off his guard, and makes him a little careless. It leads him to assume in the end that anything is right because he does it. He ceases to critize his own conduct.

There is only one object worth pursuing: to love and to be loved. Only this can bring a man peace and happiness. Fame, wealth, worldly honors are not worth an hour of peace or happiness. They should be but accidental things that a man gathers by the way, and drops as light-heartedly as he gathers them.

Nearly every man falls in love with an ideal woman, who exists only in his imagination. When he afterwards meets a woman who fascinates him by her charm and beauty, he assumes that she is his ideal. He forces her, quite brutally, into the mould that his imagination has prepared for her. He argues thus: "I am in love with an ideal; I am also in love with this woman. Therefore this woman must correspond with my ideal." And so he makes demands on her which she cannot satisfy, and treats as frivolous things which are vital to her.

But if only he will take the trouble to understand the living woman, he will find her far more lovable in her weakness, far more glorious in her strength, than any ideal which his imagination is able to produce.

And the more he understands her, the better will he love her. Not for anything she says or does, not for any accomplishments she may have, but simply for herself. Until at last his love for her will be so great and strong that even she cannot diminish it. It will give all and ask nothing. His love will become divine. A man's love for a woman should set her free; help her to expand and develop; help her to fulfil her destiny.

It is difficult to judge impartially between the claims of the State and the claims of the Individual. Yet some of the most important issues of the future depend upon a just decision of their conflicting claims.

If we regard the State as only an agglomeration of individuals, who are held together more by outside pressure than internal ties; if we remember that the progress of the State rests ultimately upon the progress of the individuals who compose it, we shall judge fairly. But if we exalt the State above the individual, the State will grow to be a terrible Moloch, a bloodthirsty idol, to whom we must sacrifice our children.

The State exists to preserve justice between individuals, and to protect them from the aggression of other States. These are the State's legitimate duties. But when it becomes aggressive, an offensive weapon for the discomfiture of other States, it has passed beyond its legitimate role, and is but a nuisance and a danger to the world at large, and to its own nation in particular.

If all men were perfect, the State would disappear; there would be no reason or excuse for its further existence. The State, in fact, has its origin in the imperfection of mankind. It is a stick for a lame man to lean upon. But sometimes the lame man, forgetting the purpose of his stick, uses it to assault his neighbors. The progress of man is not to be attained by giving him a stouter and more formidable stick, but by curing his lameness and taking away his stick. In fact, man's progress depends upon the perfecting of the individual, not upon the perfecting of the State.

The progress of mankind is due to abnormal men and women, men and women who initiate changes. The normal, conventional units in society merely preserve its stability; they are ballast, dead-weight—nothing more. All the motive power is supplied by the abnormal men and women.

Yet we discourage by every insidious means any man who differs from the normal. We treat him as an "outcast" and a pariah. It is the normal and mediocre that we desire and applaud.

We are hampered and weighed down by a heavy burden of old traditions and conventions. The past is a millstone hung round the neck of the present. If we could but start afresh as a people without a past!

To discover the truth we must think simply. The truth is always simple. It is only false theories that require complicated mechanism to support them.

Before the war the politician had so degraded polities that a decent man could hardly take part in the game. The politician, like a dishonest innkeeper, did not hesitate to serve out poison so long as it tickled the palates of his clients.

So far the dishonest politician has gone scot free. No method has yet been devised for bringing him to the dock, the prison, and the gallows. Yet he is the most dangerous criminal at large. A murderer destroys at most one or two individuals; the political criminal works on a far grander scale; he debauches and destroys whole nations.

The Spectator

Reverend Monsignor O'Ryan

All the city's daily papers, in words of praise and highest esteem have eulogized the late Reverend Monsignor O'Ryan; public bodies and officials have passed resolutions of honor; his colleagues of the church, distinguished residents and the humblest poor have knelt beside his bier and offered their prayers for the repose of his soul; the organizations who knew him as their spiritual director have issued calls for assembly at his funeral services; every tribute of respect and honor due to him as a devoted pastor, cleric of distinction, patriotic citizen, teacher of renown, has been paid to his memory.

But there remains still something to say of him. He was the kind, unfailing friend, the helpful neighbor who radiated light and warmth for those about him; his was the beneficient, uplifting influence in the daily life of multitudes of lives.

In the big school which he established and fostered, the children loved him dearly. When he made his daily visits to their recreation grounds, the little ones ran to him, clustered about his knees,—a tribute which he found the sweetest thing in life. He taught the youngest of them to spin their tops and fly their kites; he encouraged, even led the older ones in their athletic exercises; he entered heart and soul into all their activities and pastimes; by example and precept he proved that "'Tis better to laugh than be sighing." When his school was accredited to the university, "Upward, onward!" was the watchword he strove to have the pupils adopt. By his own simple, useful life and his splendid teaching, he made religion attractive and glowing to the generations growing up about him.

To those already launched on life's way, he so gladly gave the word of encouragement, of advice, the deed or gift of service. No one ever held out a hand for guidance that his own strong one failed to grasp and help over the rough, doubtful place. His mind was broad and open, his heart generous and tender; he sought the weak, the timid, and remained with them until they could walk alone.

Out in the Richmond district where the Star of the Sea church which he built is an architectural ornament, an influence for spiritual and social uplift, not only the Catholic people of his parish, but Protestants, Jews, Christian Scientists and infidels held him in highest esteem and they feel to-day that the community has lost an ennobling influence.

The work which he accomplished in his parish for twelve years and in the performance of his religious duties since he arrived in San Francisco about twenty-five years ago, this work was living proof of what service a clergyman can be to the country. As a consequence, any enterprise to which he gave his countenance flourished,—means for upbuilding flowed toward him. His parishioners knew that what part of their means they gave to him would be wisely, generously spent for the greatest good of the greatest number.

He possessed nothing that he called his own and was proud of but one earthly possession, the love of little children, the confidence of his friends.

When he was honored by jubilee receptions and gifts in 1916, he told the people that his two treasures of the occasion were the little song the Receiving Class sang about him and the telegram sent him by the Richmond district boys then in training at Camp Lewis.

As "Father O'Ryan" he will always be remembered by those who knew and loved him, notwithstanding the higher title bestowed upon him for his achievements in spiritual work. His intellectual culture was a source of inspiration to great numbers whom he delighted to direct to the mountain peaks of learning that the treasures of wisdom might be spread before them and the wonders of Almighty God revealed. He was a valiant Christian soldier, the influence of whose magnificent deeds in the service of his Master will reap rich rewards in the lives of those who knew him and in future generations whom those lives will influence.

Origin of a Land-Mark

The big cross which surmounts Lone Mountain was erected in the '50's by Francis Buckley, an Irishman, who had lived for some years in Valparaiso, Chili, and wished to follow the Spanish custom of crowning the hill with a

cross. He chartered a sailing vessel in Valparaiso and sailed into San Francisco harbor with his family and the Fenton family (late of Santa Clara). He brought with him building materials and continued in his business of contractor and builder, erecting many of the pioneer buildings. The first cross blew down after some years and Buckley obtained permission from the archbishop to replace it. After the earth-quake of 1906, it was fortified by a concrete base.

In 1860 Buckley built a large mansion for his family on Devisadero between Turk and Eddy. There his grandson Frank McGlynn was born, —the McGlynn who has become famous recently as the portrayer in N. Y. of "Abraham Lincoln" in the play which has attained such popularity that tickets are ordered three months in advance. The old home still stands and is now occupied as an hospital.

Honors for Berkeley Poets

California has always been proud of its poets, and of late it has had more cause than ever for that pride. In the revival of interest in poetry which has been one of the most remarkable developments of the last few years, the Golden State has shown that it has golden singers now as ever.

These reflections are brought to the Spectator by praise, given less in words than in facts that do not need comment, in the current issue of "Poetry." This magazine, whose achievements include a large share of the credit for having put Chicago on the literary map, is something in the nature of a "Who's Who" for young poets, not to mention its value as a medium for those of greater experience, and in truth it has published a good deal of stuff by Californians.

The University of California is the center of "Poetry's" latest discoveries, and it has honored the members of the university's Halcyon Club by the acceptance of work from Hildegarde Flanner, Genevieve Taggard and Clarence Greenhoo. Perhaps the discovery of as many as three real poets in one university is due in part to the arrival in Berkeley of Miss Helen Hoyt, who was formerly one of the editors of the Chicago magazine. She has expressed herself as delighted with the healthy interest California is showing in poetry. One of the Californian poets most worth watching is Leslie Nelson Jennings of Sonoma county. His name is on the title pages frequently.

Of the older men, Charles Keeler is heard from again in a volume published at Berkeley, "Sequoia Sonnets," in which is work that has been in hand a long time. The sonnets are of especial interest technically in that they include inverted and split sonnets, others not with rhyme but with assonance vowel sequences, and some done in free verse. Of course to George Sterling we look aloft as our poet of international reputation. His latest work "Lilith" is receiving high praise from all the leading critics.

Berkeley offers interesting possibilities as a publishing center. Perhaps some patron of arts will take to developing them. There is the University of California Press for an example in one direction. California's men of money have shown little interest in sponsoring literature, however. One of the exceptions, in a certain measure, was the late E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe. He was among the guarantors of "Poetry" when it was started in Chicago and until the time of his death supported it generously.

Haig Patigian's Nomination

In so far as it is permitted to express an opinion upon the affairs of a club, even when that club is something of a civic institution, the Bohemian Club has done well through its nominating committee to select as the head of its ticket a sculptor of the distinction of Haig Patigian.

It is to be regreeted, however—always regarding the restriction upon the outsider's opinion—that the comment of the press has unduly stressed Mr. Patigian's vocation, framing or implying comparison between the artist, such as he, and the non-artist. The Bohemian Club has added lustre to San Francisco under the presidencies of many who knew not the ways of art. To such a degree is this true that one is forced to remember that a club, whatever its name, needs in its president other qualities than those which the careless-minded assume to mark the traditional Bohemian. It is fortunate that Mr. Patigian is a man of capabilities, amply demonstrated—that he has business acumen instead of the impracticability which is usually associated with an artistic career. Under his leadership, the club should continue happily upon its course.

Pages From a 1925 Diary

Monday. Rose this morning to a cheerful breakfast of grapefruit, hot rolls, bacon and eggs and steaming hot water. After its successful crusade against the tea and coffee evil it is rumored that the Anti-Sin society is to launch a campaign against the use of eggs. It is estimated that 876532689543678 young chickens are lost to the world each year by the barbarous demand of the nation for eggs for breakfast.

* * *

Tuesday. The Spin and Plate League played its first game in the National Series today. Cincinnati won.

Wednesday. Checker clubs are springing up like mushrooms since the abolition of the pernicious coffee houses.

* * *

Thursday. A great scandal. Two of the Aldermen were discovered back of the City Hall today smoking dried fig leaves.

* * *

Friday. The Ziegfield Follies opened its annual engagement. There was much speculation in the audience as to the identity of the ladies in the chorus. The new law requiring that the faces of all women appearing on the stage be covered is being rigidly enforced—alas!

A snappy little sketch about a poor little orphan being abused by her cruel step parents and finally rescued by Prince Charming was the hit of the performance. The song hit was a peppy ballad called "Oh! That We Two Were Maying."

* * *

Saturday. The annual quoit game between Harvard and Yale was played today. Harvard won. It is said that the game lacks the snap that used to make the vicious game of football so attractive. In the evening a glorious community sing was held at the Municipal Auditorium.

* * *

Sunday. Some how or other I have not as yet accustomed myself to the abolition of the Sunday newspapers. They say that the new law requiring six affidavits and a permit to operate an automobile on Sunday is to be appealed to the Supreme Court.

Skidding and Blimping in City Hall

City treasurer, John McDougald, is almost up in the air—in fact, he will be soon if the supervisors grant his request. Now, most people are that way before they get what they desire, but, in this case, the order is reversed.

It all came to pass because auditor Boyle is to get that automobile. On hearing of his rival's success the treasurer became envious,

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sad, ambitious, and put in a bid with the legislative body for an airplane! He did not specify the kind of machine he wants, but, judging from the air of belligerency hanging thick about the City Hall, the entente cordial 'twixt him and Boyle is utterly wrecked and a battle-plane would seem the appropriate thing. Thereafter, the balance of power could be maintained by Boyle's caterpillaring and entanking his craft for offensive and defensive purposes, or he could camouflage it as a Ford which the moneyed aviator might consider it beneath him to attack.

However, it is premature to wager on the outcome of a physical contest between the two; the combat, presently, though confined to terra firma, is principally airy and real war is conditioned on the supervisor's granting aviator McDougald an airplane or blimp.

City Employees on Skates

Just what did Supervisor Hayden mean when, recently, he suggested that city employees go on skates? The advice was given during a discussion relative to the purchase of an automobile for the use of city auditor Boyle. That official had demonstrated how much of city time is wasted by outside municipal employees in journeying to his office to receive their compensation warrants, so he conceived the idea of bringing the money to them. Then it was that supervisor Hayden suggested the matter of skates.

In the bygone good old days, getting "on a skate" was the consequence of one's imbiding too freely of nectar brewed from grapes or grain, but national prohibition and prohibitive prices now preclude the probability of mere wage earners' indulging in dizzying potions. If the supervisor meant the roller variety of skates his suggestion is likewise valueless, as some of Thomas Boyle's force are physically disqualified from availing themselves of this means of accelerated movement. The auditor himself looks young, feels youthful, and disports himself with alacrity, but it would be prudent for him, before indulging thus, to procure a physician's prescription to so do; office superintendent John Boyle would balk at the unseemliness of the thing; chief statistician Daniel Leary, though a famous athlete in his day, has embonpoint sufficient to rule him out in a speed test of affixing elusive little rollers to pedal extremities; a like condition bars the chief clerk from engaging in feats of this nature. So, after all, perhaps it was expedient that the supervisors appropriated money to buy an automobile for use in the auditor's office.

A Scenic Marvel at Our Doorstep

The Contra Costa Hills Club has set out to make Californians appreciate the hills that have given the organization its name as they should be appreciated. There is little to be found on earth more lovely than these hills, but Contra Costa in its eminences has a distinction that is really unique, without stretching that much abused word.

Doubtless the club, in which W. D. Cole, S. H. Kitto, Samuel Hubbard and other distinguished citizens are prominent, will help to bring to Contra Costa the need of fame it merits because of the peculiarity of Mount Diablo.

Diablo is as much a part of the San Francisco sky line as is Telegraph Hill, yet comparatively few San Franciscans, or residents of the east shore cities, for that matter, know or remember that Diablo is unlike any other mountain in the world in this: that it gives a wider vista from its summit than any peak of either hemisphere.

Whitney First to Point it Out

Josiah Whitney was the first of California's important geologists. In the middle sixties, before he had gone east and taken his place in the front rank of the students of his science, he made what is still the classic geological survey of California, and the state printed it as an official report in four big volumes.

Whitney was more than a scientists: he had a love for California that stayed with him till the end of his long life, and no honor could have given him greater pleasure than that which was paid him in the end, the naming of a great California peak after him. It is only incidentally noteworthy that Mt. Whitney, towering above the southern Sierras, is the highest in the United States.

It was Whitney who first announced that the Contra Costa mountain gave those who reached its summit a broader view than any other known. There have been other scientists to corroborate the statement since then, but Whitney's testimony in itself is sufficient.

From Shasta to Mount Whitney

He estimated the visible area, supposing the atmospheric conditions to be favorable, at approximately 40,000 square miles—almost the area of all New York State. The eye picks up Mount Shasta and Lassen Peak far to the north, and the great valley, with the Sierras beyond, is visible for hundreds of miles, with peaks towering, including Mount Whitney, above the horizon line to the south as to the north.

Forty thousand square miles is, roughly, a quarter of California's surface. Dilegent statisticians have figured out that it is equivalent to the combined surfaces of seven states—New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and Delaware. There are 58 counties in California, and of these, either in entirety or partially, 35 are to be seen from Diablo's tip.

So it will be seen that the bay region has some scenic points to brag about right in its front yard without the need of going to the Sierras.

The peculiarity of Diablo is due, of course, to the fact that it is an isolated peak, rising from virtually sea level and having no near neighbors to detract from its position.

Plenty of History, Too

One can't walk or ride on Diablo or through its approaches without stumbling upon places that figured in the early history of California, such as the site of the Marsh ranch, where an eccentric white settled in a cabin and, surrounded by his vast land wealth, lived the life of a hermit fourteen years before the gold discovery brought the Forty-niners.

Diablo has its place in California's literature, also. Bret Harte, for one, wrote a story perpetuating one of the various traditions that account for the oddness of the mountain's having been named for the devil.

In the last few years the Diablo country has come into its deserts more or less, and many folk prominent in social affairs have their country homes there. One of the most beautiful places in Contra Costa is the ranch of Ansel Mills Easton, where traditions of the stock ranches of the golden era still flourish in example.

Daylight Saving Again to the Fore

Daylight saving seems to be a habit that is hard to break. Before the war it was the dream of a lone British crank. Then war gave new arguments for it, and it swept the world—like a wave of salvation or like a plague, as you wish.

It is now proposed in some quarters to seek its re-establishment in San Francisco by local regulation. There is a good deal to be said for the proposal, if the lack of snowfall actually threatens the depletion of our power supply. Other cities have adopted the plan, and other countries too.

We are not living now, however, under such a necessity as prevailed in the emergency of war. Daylight saving is to many folk something in the nature of a hardship. Perhaps there are other ways of saving power than waking the entire community at what the majority groan against as an unseemly hour. As the Clockwinder might say, electric juice is the only juice we've got left, and now they want to take that away from us.

A Place for Everything

A good story of the perils of a young Berkeley couple in a San Francisco hotel came to light last week. The young couple, whose recent marriage, claimed three or four hundred words in the local dailies, gave a party in one of the San Francisco hotels.

Before the party the young husband, being a practical individual, reserved room 512 and sent his luggage up. So completely successful was the party that the young husband emerged with the conviction that he had reserved room 521. As the key to this room was still in the rack the clerk gave it to him and the young bride and groom a few minutes later found themselves in a room packed with strange luggage.

The mistake was easily remedied, the young couple got their right key and their right room and as the movie captions say "Dawn broke."

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES SAN FRANCISCO 14

Mardi Gras
THURSDAY NIGHT
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Concerto Europo Dinner Italiano
6 to 1 o'clock
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Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun
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A. S. Firpo Tom Del Bufalo D. Finocchio
NEW $80,000 CAFE
WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT
HITS IN BOHEMIA

And with it came a telephone call from a detective.

Room 521 had been looted. For the next half hour the young couple got inside information on detectives and their work. Of course it was all straightened out but after this there is one young groom who is going to be positive in the future that he gets into the right room.

Meals With Music

Probably the most unique public sessions of any organizations about the bay are being held in the Oakland City Hall by the Pioneer's Society of Oakland. Residence in the east bay district in the year '71 is the essential qualification.

At the last meeting the modern topic of "The High Cost of Eating" was up for discussion. J. H. Gilmore, the secretary of the organization, started the proceedings with an elaborate description of 25 cent meals fifty years ago.

"Twenty-five cents—why you were extravagant," interrupted Sigmund Beel, the Oakland violinist who was sent to Europe by Mrs. Pheobe Hearst and who scored a wonderful success with his foreign tours.

"I recall my first dinner with former Governor Pardee. We were in Germany. I was studying music and the governor was taking up a course in the diseases of the eye. He invited me to dinner. I accepted. We had everything from cocktails to black coffee and the price was 17 cents each."

Pennell Uses Acid Again

Joseph Pennell has many friends in San Francisco, a circumstance which, with the current display of Rembrandt etchings and drawings at the Palace of Fine Arts, gives special pertinence to his latest venture into criticism.

Pennell, when he arrived in our city not so very long ago, expressed an appreciation of its pictorial possibilities, which accorded with the opinions of even San Franciscans. He did a good many drawings and etchings of the town, and they were published in a brochure. To tell the truth, however, there is much of the spirit of the city that he missed: some of the pictures and prints are quite fine, but they would not be recognized as of San Francisco except for the casual factor of topographical resemblances. The town has been done better: by Vernon Howe Bailey, for instance. One of the last records of old San Francisco was that made by Bailey in March, 1906, in a series of drawings which, while less vigorous than Pennell's work and of a greater explicitness, still give one the feel of the place to a greater degree.

Whistler vs. Rembrandt

Pennell, who has always written with the nerve of an onslaught, has revived the old controversy over the respective merits of Rembrandt and Whistler, as etchers, in a book on the art in which Pennell himself has done such distinguished work. And he makes the Dutchman out to be a rather bad second. Part of his criticism of Rembrandt is based on the fact that the old master made big plates: in this, of course Pennell is merely echoing Whistler's own dicta.

Nevertheless, Pennell writes provocatively, whether of the expatriated American at whose feet he sat—with a Boswellian eye upturned—or of anyone else. Meryon, for instance: he will have little or nothing of Meryon, whose long plate of San Francisco as it was in the early fifties, is one of the curiosites of etching.

San Francisco Etched inthe Fifties

There is more than one copy of this Meryon print in the city it depicts. The story of it is interesting.

Meryon had been a naval cadet—in art, he is the representative of the naval world, as Pierre Loti is its representative in literature and Rimsky-Korsakov in music. It is interesting to note that the work of all three shows little trace of man-of-war training.

Because of color blindness, however, Meryon, who was the son of an English physician, had turned to etching and not to painting when he left the French naval service. He settled down as an artist amid all the penury the most rigorour tradition could require.

The etching of San Francisco was done for the firm of Lazard Frères French bankers. How Meryon was induced to attempt what was, of course, a piece of hack work, is hard to see. He had been in the South Pacific, but never within some thousands of miles of San Francisco, so the town was photographed for him and the photographs were sent to Paris. When he set them in order, like an articulated panorama, Meryon found that the different plates had been taken at different times of the day, and as a result the shadows fell in maddening diversity.

He copied the five photographs onto a plate thirty-nine inches long and nine and a half high. For this plate he was given 1200 francs—an immense sum, doubtless, for an ignored master who literally had not ten cents with which to pay the printer for proving two of his plates whose impressions now fetch a small fortune. The money did him little good, however: worry over the San Francisco etching did much to hasten his breakdown, and soon afterward the artist was sent to Charenton. He never completely recovered.

A Worthy Occasion Worthily Observed

More than usual significance attaches to Charter Day at the University of California this year. The day, March 23rd, not only looms large in the undergraduate eye, but in this instance is one of meaning to the entire educational world and all others coming in contact with that world, for it is to be marked by the inaugural ceremonies of Dr. David P. Barrows as president of the university.

It is appropriate that in the long list of events for the week of which Charter Day is the climax, a prominent place should be given to a reception to Dr. and Mrs. Barrows on the campus by the Berkeley post of the American Legion, in which organization the new president has taken such a distinguished part.

This, the fifty-second anniversary of the university, has been fittingly prepared for by the arrangement of events symbolizing the international character of the exercises, and by the issuance of invitations to the universities of the world to be represented at the inaugural.

California may count itself fortunate that the destinies of its great university have been placed in the guidance of a man of such breadth, experience and right thinking as Dr. Barrows.

The Salaries of Professors

One of the first developments of the regime of Dr. Barrows at Berkeley has been the formulation of plans for increasing the salaries of professors and instructors. Half a million dollars are wanted for this purpose. The situation caused by the reduction in the actual, as distinguished from the nominal, salaries of faculty members is said to have become serious here, as it has in the east. Other universities have met this situation; the State University has been moving to that end.

Much has been said in the last few months of the effect of inadequate salaries upon producing among college and university teachers a tendency toward political and economic radicalism. There has, it is true, been a wave of restiveness among those who teach in colleges; the formation of unions, the demand that the faculty be given a voice in the control of the university, and the clamor made over instances of the dismissal of professors whose economic views did not coincide with those controlling the destinies of universities—all these things and more have been straws in the wind. Nevertheless, to maintain that college men as a whole are susceptible of receiving subversive doctrines because of the shrinkage of their income is to disregard fundamental facts. For to a noteworthy degree among the professions, the university teacher is drawn to his work by a devotion to it and the possession of abilities which demand expression in the pursuit he makes his life task. The seeker of money follows other vocations.

It is, however, all the more necessary because of this that the faculty men be rewarded with the assurance of a decent livelihood, if only for the practical reason that under the necessity of increasing their income they are apt to divert their energies to corollary work with which

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they can eke out their living. Such a condition is bound to be a detriment to the institution to which they owe first allegiance, and which in turn owes them its protection.

Incorporating the Spirits

Now that Sir Oliver Lodge and his "fifty professors in various institutions of learning" have done the liason work with the other world nothing remains but the proper sort of exploitation. Any day now the men who have made the motion pictures what they are may be expected to step into the field and then we shall pick up our morning papers to read of the incorporation of "The Psychics Limited," a concern which has tied up the shade of Captain Kidd on a long term contract for a series of confidential seances on "How I Got Mine and How You Can Get Yours" designed for the information and instruction of profiteers and others.

And then a week later it will not be expecting too much to read that the "Psychics Incorporated" has gone bankrupt. A chatty little story on the front page will probably set forth that in an exclusive interview the late doughty Captain said: "For centuries I have enjoyed the prestige of a man who knew his business. I find that I am a victim of self delusion. My first seance taught me that. If I may I would like to sit at the feet of some of the subscribers to my course and take a few lessons from them."

Following the lead of "The Psychics" the "International Mediums Incorporated" will come into existence. This concern will build up a nice conservative business and pay regular dividends upon its stock by tying up Blackstone for a series of weekly seances for the benefit of the legal profession.

Branching out this concern will take on such conservative shades as Napoleon for an international class on "Military Tactics," Shakespeare in a course on "First Aids to Young Playwrights" and so forth.

About this time competition will become keen. We shall read that the Astral Correspondence School of Pittsburg has secured the signature of Racamier to a spirit contract for a course on "The Whys and Wherefores of Beauty" and one Soloman for a course for men only on "How to Deal With Women in Large Numbers."

And then the master of the field will appear. He will doubtless be a man of vision and determination. He will sign up the spirit of Omar to a "No Delivery, No Pay" contract to bring the ghost of John Barleycorn back to life.

And now for the big smash, and probably the end of the industry. Organized by Captain Kidd we shall probably find the spirits going on strike until some body appears with a way of getting their pay "across" the border and into their pockets.

* * *

A New Great American Industry

"I've got a plan," the Clockwinder announced. "A tariff reform plank. It ought to go big. America has got itself another big industry an' it ought to be protected adequate. I'm talkin' about the Ouija industry.

"We don't want any competition with cheap foreign spooks. It ain't right. We ought to look out for our own side first. And it's good politics, too. Just think of all the people Ouijain' in this land where the thirst for liberty is slaked with anything at all as long as it has less than one-half of one per cent in it. Just think, for one thing, of all the factories and all their millions and millions of hands that are turnin' out Ouija boards as fast as they can—and not keepin' up with the demand, at that. Just think of all the homes in which this new industry has brought new life. And while you're thinkin', think of all our asylum keepers and the fellows that testify about brain storms and such things. Come out with a demand for protectin' all them, an' you'd have tons of votes before you ever started to print election cards.

* * *

Too Much Foreign Competition

"How is it now? Why, any captain of the Ouija industry can come along and just knock the market galley west with the work of cheap foreign spooks. Look at Oliver Lodge, an' him a Sir. Look at all them other Englishmen what's been gettin' a strangle holt on Ouija these last few years. Compare 'em with our own psychical researchers. Could they keep on doin' business if they had to meet a just an' equitable tariff that would give our Ouija boys an even break? They could not. They wouldn't have the ghost of a show.

"We ought to have a law puttin' a tax of ad valorum per cent on every foreign spirit that comes buttin' into America. If you can collect a war tax on a telephone call, it ought to be easy to collect it on a thing like this.

"Suppose the Ouija fan wants to talk to Napoleon or Cannibal—was it Cannibal or Hannibal that crossed the Rubicon? I always get them fellows mixed—or say Shakespeare or Kaiser Wilhelm or any of those other European has beens. Well, if he wants to bad enough, he will ask for long distance and pay the tax without a kick. If there's any hard feelings about bein' taxed that way, let the Ouija fan ask for Bill Bryan or the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo or any of the other home-industry spirits. American spooks ought to be good enough for 'em.

* * *

How to Solve the Tax Question

"A good stiff tariff would shoo away the chance of coolie competition, too. I saw in the paper the other day where a Chinese railroad had to stop operatin' because so many Chinese used the trains for committin' suicide. Maybe those Chinks did it for spite, the way a Chinaman'll kill himself on your doorstep to prove that you wronged him. Maybe they were commuters and had a grudge against the road. There's one road runnin' out of San Francisco that'd drive even a coolie to suicide. But suppose they begin bringin' back the spirits of all those Chinamen on the Ouija boards—then where'll the American spooks have a look in?

"But the best part of it is that a tariff like this I'm talkin' of would do away with the income tax. It would even make up a good part of the taxes the country has dried up. Because the real died-in-the-wool Ouija bug would rather pay a tax and chat with a dead Cleopatra than have a heart to heart talk with a live Mary Garden.

The One Difficulty

"Well, just humor 'em. Let 'em pay for it. Tax every call. An' the money'll just roll into the treasury department and they'll have enough for naval programs and soldiers' bonuses an' everything. Why, look at that whole family they had up the other day as Ouija-crazy. Could the government have got their money with an income tax? Could it have cleaned 'em out with indirect taxes? Not on your life. But Ouija would have done the trick for Uncle Sam. This other side, and how'd you get 'em? For, everybusiness of gettin' enough money for the government is simple, if you know how. The only thing is, you'd need revenue inspectors on the body knows that government office holders never die."

They Don't Boil it Nowadays

The golfers these last few days have been giving their major attention to the Northern California open classic and the places of disputation have rung with the names of celebrities: Black, Smith, Lock, Traub, Ball, Davies and more or less a host of others.

Golf today is exhilarating enough, as the following of it indicates, but it is much simpler in some respects than it was a century ago. A golf fan showed the Spectator a hoary description of the game published in 1823, when it was still confined to Scotland. In those days they boiled the ball before they swatted it. Or at any rate, they boiled the cover of it: whether the feather stuffing was boiled too is a moot point. And coat upon coat of white paint was put on it, a tradition of color that still lingers. But the game then was just as mysterious to the outsider as it is now, and apparently just as appealing to the insider. It is pre-eminently a social game. And the question is, what effect is prohibition going to have on it? The Scotch tradition cannot be escaped: will golf wane when private stocks are exhausted?

Trade Possibilities Between Algeria and U. S. A.

The fact that the United States of America and Algeria are both chiefly producers of food stuffs and minerals does not permit of the opening of a wide avenue of trade between the United States and Algeria, the most important of French colonies. There are, nevertheless, a certain number of articles which are produced in Algeria which form the basis of an excellent import and export trade. There are: Tartars, essences, dates, figs, olive oil, vegetable fibre, alfa grass, sork, sheep skin, kid skin, phosphates.

German Seed Sown in France

Sowing of the devastated areas of France has been expedited by deliveries from Germany of oats and barley, according to orders of the Reparation Commission. The Minister of the liberated regions reports that this seed is of excellent quality. It is believed that these supplies, together with seed purchased by the ministry in France, Holland and England, will make it possible to raise crops this year on all the land which has been under oats and barley before the German invasion.

The Resourceful "Ad" Imagination

Ethics and morals are being taught the people of Los Angeles by advertising, according to a story brought up last week by H. E. Woolner, the milling magnate, who has just purchased a San Francisco flour mill and who is building another one in Oakland.

"Our trade mark in the south is a little child with the slogan 'Clean and Good'," explained Woolner. "The other day a woman walked into my office and started to thank me. Though Los Angeles has the general chemically pure reputation there are individual exceptions. This woman was one. She explained to me that every time she saw one of our four-sheet posters the sight of our little 'clean and good girl' turns her thoughts back to her childhood with such force that—well she reformed."

Now Woolner is being sought as a star speaker for advertising club luncheons.

"The San Francisco Girl"

A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton street and main book stores are showing "The San Francisco Girl and other Rhymes," a booklet just

off the press, the author of which is Eugene A. Beauce, a resident of this city for forty years, erstwhile scribe on a former morning newspaper (The Call) for ten years, and now a deputy tax collector in the city's civil service.

The book contains verses written for the new Olympic Athletic Club building and sung by the Stanford Trio of which the author was a member; "The Cruise of the Yachts" (Corinthian Yacht Club); "Stanfords on Their Wheels" (N. S. G. W.), "The Tale of a Perfect Day," other humorous verses of local appeal, besides a number of sentimental poems.

The following "wheeze" is an example of the author's sense of local color:

HANDY'S AUTO'S ON THE BLINK

(Written in 1909, when the members of Mayor Taylor's Board of Supervisors experienced some trouble in locating their chauffeur and auto.)

Where is Handy and his auto?
Payot wants him in a wink;
But it's got a 'busted' tire,
Handy's auto's on the blink.

Broderick is tired walking,
Will he ride? Well, I don't think;
The carburetor's got the palsy,
Handy's auto's on the blink.

Comte wants to reach his office
And with rage his face is pink,
For the gas'line tank is empty,
Handy's auto's on the blink.

Hocks would like to 'auto' homeward,
There to find love's missing link;
But he'll have to take a streetcar,
Handy's auto's on the blink.

McLeran says he wants the auto,
For the prize fights at the Rink;
But the crank pin is 'kerflummixed,'
Handy's auto's on the blink.

Murphy says: "I never use it,
It's a 'hoodoo' sure, I think;
So forsooth, why should I worry?
If Handy's auto's on the blink."

Booth says: "Sutro Heights is distant,
Seven miles to Ocean's brink";
"Jim, I guess you'll have to hoof it,
Handy's auto's on the blink."

"Why make all this fuss and bother?"
Bancroft says, with knowing wink;
"Own an auto and you care not
If Handy's auto's on the blink."

Jennings hears it all in silence,
Then says he: "Well, boys, I think
It costs a bunch of 'kopecks'
To have that auto on the blink."

Pollok says: "Let's sell the old thing,
Or in the ocean let it sink,
For we're mighty tired having
Handy's auto is on the blink."

"Ah, come off," says Giannini,
You must have had a drink.
I don't give a dam Hetch Hetchy
If Handy's Auto's on the Blink."

Hazardous Stock Investments

In refusing to accept oil stock advertisements aimed to get the small investor the San Francisco dailies are performing a real service. Though we may complain about the H. C. L. and prohibition it has accomplished one thing. There is more investment money available today than at any other period in the state's history.

And for a long time the Texas oil well men have been getting the bulk of it. This is due to the fact that every man has his element of greed. An illuminating instance as to just how this works out happened in an Oakland club the other day.

A professional man with a talent for making money and a reputation for shrewd business sense was telling of a wonderful investment which he had made in Texas oil leases.

"I've got a proposition where I'm going to clean up a $100 for every dollar I've put into it," he declared.

Then some one produced some of the literature of the investor's company and started an analysis. "Your company is incorporated for $1,000,000," commented the man with an analytical mind. "Know what that means?" he asked.

"It means its a big company," declared the investor.

"It means that your company has got to get a hundred million dollars out of one oil well if you are even going to get your hundred dollars back," was the reply.

And now the investor is warning his friends to beware of stock salesmen.

A Versatile Governor General

Sir William Allardyce, who has been visiting San Francisco on his way to Tasmania, is an example of the best tradition of British colonial officials.

Exceptional interest was given to his stay here by his marriage at the Hotel Stewart to Mrs. Elsie Elizabeth Goodfellow soon after his arrival, A. Carnegie Ross, the British consul general, being one of the few friends in attendance.

Sir William, who is the new governor general of Tasmania, has spent the larger part of his active life in the South Seas, and there are few men who know those isle-dotted expanses as he does. He has been not only the executive, but the student of the ways of the disappearing native, and an indication of his versatility is found in the fact that thirty years ago he edited a vernacular paper, Na Mata, in the Fiji Islands.

It is a long call from the South Seas to Scotland, and still longer from vernacular newspapers to cricket, but Sir William in his day was famous as a cricketer in his native Aberdeenshire.

His Fellowship With R. L. S.

It must have given Robert Louis Stevenson something of a warming of the heart to hear of this colonial official who hailed from his own heather country and was giving his best years to the far parts he himself loved and the natives in whom he came to find fast friends.

Sir William was something of an authority on the South Seas when Stevenson set out from San Francisco in the Casco. He was born in 1861 and began his colonial career while still at Oxford. He has held many posts connected with the administration of the Fiji group, and nineteen years ago was acting high commissioner for the western Pacific. In 1902 he was made a companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and a year or two latter became governor of the Falklands, which figured so prominently in the naval history of the war. In 1915 he was appointed governor of the Bahamas. His new post is scarcely less desirable, as far as natural conditions go, for Tasmania is a good deal like a litfle bit of California. And if Hobart palls, one can, of course, always run up to Melbourne or Sydney, which lie not far to the north, as distances go in that part of the world.

Social

By TANTALUS

Brilliant Elsa Maxwell

The return home of Miss Elsa Maxwell from New York is an event of no little importance in our local intellectual circles, not to speak of its social significance. For Miss Maxwell has "arrived" with a capital A.

When Elsa lived in Piedmont at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Maxwell, her young wings grew so strong that she longed to try them and flutter out to the big world. She was a very attractive young lady and was the centre of a miniature salon in which gathered our leading artistic and literary lights. For a while, her heart was set upon establishing "a little theatre," but Oakland wasn't ripe for the plan, deeming it a project of an amateur stage struck girl with literary proclivities.

But Miss Maxwell's ambitions were not to be quenched. She went from Piedmont to London whence came reports of her collaboration with leading lights of the stage and the literary world. Next, she was hand in glove with Mrs. Oliver Belmont and seemed to be that progressive lady's chief executive in her extensive sociological plans. Miss Maxwell has written many excellent compositions. The words of "The Great Singer" with which Frances Alda charmed her audiences were dedicated to her by the author, Elsa Maxwell.

Mrs. George Whelan whom Miss Maxwell accompanies on her home coming is a member of the ultra smart millionaire set of New York and our smartest social group attended the dinner at which the ladies were hostesses in the Italian room at the St. Francis on Tuesday. They were Messrs. and Mmes. R. Hayes Smith, Rudolph Spreckels, George Pope, R. A. Curran, Thos. Eastland, S. T. Cameron, M. Wilson, Sam. Knight, Col. and Mrs. Cloman, Lt.-Com. Nielson, Dr. and Mrs. Rothschild, Com. Glassford, Mrs. Leigh Palmer, Miss Anne Peters, Mssrs. Armsby, Folger, Judge, Stewart.

Mrs. Hunter Liggett entertained at a delightful luncheon on the 11th at her Fort Mason home in honor of Mrs. Green of N. Y., who with Mrs. Darr, her sister, is a guest at the St. Francis. Those present were: Mmes. Green, Darr, Whitelaw Reid, Henry T. Scott, George Pope, J. D. Grant, Frank P. Helm, J. LeR. Neilsen, and Richard Derby.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear entertained a house party of their daughter, Amanda's friends at their pretty home near Petaluma.

Miss Amy Dupont, an attractive heiress of Delaware, is at the St. Francis. She has recently been at Santa Barbara.

Mr. E. O. McCormick is the house guest of Capt. and Mrs. F. P. Helm.

Mrs. Lillian Donnelly of S. F. whose home has been in Washington, D. C., for over a year, spent several weeks in N. Y. enjoying the opera. At present she is in Palm Beach, the guest of Mrs. Helen Stephens of Detroit. Her brother, Dr. Maurice O'Connell, expects her to visit him this summer, when she and her sister Miss Agnes O'Connell plan a voyage to the Hawaiian Islands to visit their sister, Mrs. Hills, who has a plantation on Oahu.

Mr. Joseph Martin, our ice magnate, has been host on several occasions recently for Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hull (Margaret Anglin) and Miss Anglin, the latter's niece. Mr. Martin is one of the most ardent admirers of the distinguished actress' art and one of her dearest friends. He often says that the most delightful episodes of his theatrical memories are Iphigenia, Electra and Medea as produced by Miss Anglin at the Greek Theatre, U. C.

Marne Statue Fund

William H. Crocker is California chairman and John D. Britton director in San Francisco of the nation-wide campaign to raise by public subscription sufficient funds to erect on the scene of the first battle of the Marne a colossal statue in commemoration of the French victory there in 1914, and throughout next week every man, woman and child in the city will be afforded an opportunity to subscribe.

Unlike the usual "drive" there will be no canvassing or solicitation. At designated places, such as banks, hotels, department stores and cigar stores, receiving booths will be established, where sums ranging from one cent to any amount the donor cares to give can be deposited. Every subscriber will be privileged to sign a list which is to form a part of a mammoth memorial book to be placed in a museum at the base of the statue. Director Britton is now selecting his executive committee, and attendants for the various booths will be appointed before Monday morning, when the collection begins.

It was originally estimated that at least $250,000 would be required to design and erect a fitting statue, and that amount was voluntarily pledged by wealthy members of the committee of representative American citizens who dedicated themselves to the plan of raising the necessary funds. But the majority decided that in order to have the memorial truly expressive of American sentiment all the American people must be given opportunity to subscribe to it—just as the people of France, including school children, were allowed to contribute the million dollars or more expended in New York harbor on the Statue of Liberty.

Frederick McMonnies, the distinguished American sculptor is designing a statue worthy of the event it is to commemorate and symbolizing the feeling which all loyal Americans have for France. The greater the amount of money subscribed the more elaborate will be the monument, and it is safe to predict that the total will far exceed the original estimate.

Ice Skating for Thanksgiving

Society, or to be exact that element in it devoted to the life Bohemian, has been thrilled by "Steel" again this past week. Not the fluctuation of the 5 per cent preferred but rather the actual delivery of the fabricated structural steel supports for the new ice skating and dancing oval at Cafe Colombo in the Quatier Latin. "I'll bring pearls from the Indian Ocean, sable from the North Pole, but no one can guarantee delivery of steel from Pittsburg," declares Willis Polk, but despite the architect's adjuration the women of California who love to dance and pirouette on the ice have had their way,—the steel is here and being unloaded; all of which means the positive opening of the rink with a brilliant fanfare on the night of Thanksgiving.

It is said that the influence of Mrs. Jean St. Cyr of Burlingame, Mrs. William Graham of Montecito, and Mrs. Maurice Hechshecker of Pebble Beach with the steel barons and the U. S. Railway Board had a lot to do with the coup.

The Quartier Latin is to San Francisco what Greenwich Village means to New York,—the part of the town where the people go to play. Along upper Broadway and out on Stockton, north of Washington, amusement enterprises are going on without number; in fact the Quartier Latin is going to be our Coney Island some day.

Several San Franciscans are longing for airship locomotion since they received cards this week bidding them to the supper dance on April 10th at the Biltmore, N. Y., to be given by the Moving Picture Directors' Association of America. As the price per card is $15, the entertainment will doubtless be a sustaining substitute for the vanished champagne.

Wedding color schemes of convential white were smashed at the H. U. Maxfield home in Piedmont last week when their daughter Jeanette and Harold C. Lewis of Fresno were married. Yellow was the predominating color and the bride chose a gown of yellow with violet hues. Francis Redmond was the maid of honor.

Social Oakland will do its bit in entertaining the participants in the aerial meet to be held in San Francisco next month. Mrs. William Thornton White announced last week that thirty of the Oakland social leaders are to meet at her home for the purpose of discussing a ball and reception to be given at the Hotel Oakland in honor of the aviators.

Two of the oldest families in the east bay district are to be united in the marriage of Miss Helen Coogan, daughter of Judge and Mrs. T. C. Coogan and Robert L. Adams, son of Arthur L. Adams. Announcement of the engagement was made last week. The wedding date has not been fixed.

Miss Elizabeth Clay who last week married J. N. Puliam of Aberdeen, Miss., became by her marriage, the step mother of six children, the youngest of whom is nine years of age. Miss Clay made her social début last year. She is 20 years of age. Puliam is a wealthy widower of 42 and the owner of several plantations in the south.

The coming annual polo tournament, March 27th to April 15th, at Del Monte, means an active period of social doings and the sportsman, horse lover and fashionable folk alike anticipate the coming of the teams from the south which will strive for the polo honors and the handsome trophies which have been offered. The invitational tournament at Del Monte earlier in the season was a signal success and the coming matches promise to attract large crowds.

Foxhall Keene, the best known poloist in this country and abroad, is planning to be on hand, for this veteran player continues to show the greatest interest in the spirited sport as he does in all affairs concerning the horse. Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse of San Francisco, always prominent in sports, and very active in the promotion of polo, will be at Del Monte for the games. To create a new interest in polo between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coast players, Mr. Morse has offered a beautiful cup for a special match between all-western and all-eastern four men teams and entries are being made for this event by keenly interested contestants.

The Felton Elkins challenge cup and the Del Monte handicap cups are creating no little comment. There will be Pebble Beach junior events and novice events for which trophies are offered.

Among those who are anticipating the arrival of the teams from the south where they have been playing at Santa Barbara and Coronado, are: Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nares of Fresno, Mrs. Andrew McCarthy, San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Liebmann of San Francisco, Mrs. Harold Havens of Piedmont, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Heller, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Westbrock of San Francisco, Mrs. M. E. Schell of Berkeley.

Easterners who are polo enthusiasts and who are already comfortably located at Del Monte and Del Monte Lodge are: Mr. and Mrs. Edwin M. Friedlander, Mr. S. W. Friedlander and Miss Nathalie Shafer, Mrs. H. Sanborn Smith and Miss Ann Sanborn Smith of New York. Mrs. Smith and Miss Smith are members of the Boynton party, Mrs. Chas. T. Boynton and Miss Edith Boynton, from Highland Park, Ill. Miss Marion Hollins, woman golfer and poloist of New York, Miss Maretta Brown, sister of Mrs. James Shewan of New York, and Mrs. G. Maurice Heckscher, who, with her husband, is at Del Monte Lodge for the season.

As a diverting wind up of the polo season, there will be two days, April 17th and 18th, devoted to gymkhana events, which provide variety for the players and the spectators and Del Monte will stage a number of new features such as musical posts, conundrum race, thread-needle race, as well as high jumping and steeple chase.

Annual Wild Flower Exhibit

A coming event of much interest to the state at large will be California's Sixth Annual Wild Flower exhibit to be held at the St. Francis Hotel on April 22nd, 23rd and 24th. The display will be directed by Bertha M. Rice, head of the California Wild Flower Conservation League, assisted by the U. S. Forest Service and the Audubon Association of the Pacific.

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Stage

"The Queen of Song"

Galli-Curci's voice floats forth in brilliant or pianissimo passages in a thrilling largo or a lightning like flash of pearly scales, in a smoothness of portamento that is as lovely as the Greek line of beauty, or in dainty staccato all with the delightful simplicity of a little child singing at her play.

Her versatility is remarkable, for from the most elaborate arias to little songs like "Robin Adair," or "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," or "Love's Old Sweet Song," which her golden art burnished into a beautiful jewel, there was the honesty of interpretation and the meticulous regard for every detail that makes the real artist.

All the adjectives in the dictionary would not do her justice, so one may as well stop with the statement that she is really "The" not "A Queen of Song."

—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

Mikado Revival

To the many lovers of the good, old-fashioned, simon-pure comic opera, which for some time past has seemed to have fallen into a state of coma, so far as the American stage is concerned, the published announcement of a few days ago that The Gallo English (Comic) Opera Company, fresh from its very successful metropolitan season at the Shubert Theatre, would be seen here for two weeks at the Curran Theatre, commencing Monday evening next, presenting throughout the first week Gilbert and Sullivan's immortal masterpiece, "The Mikado," comes as a most welcome one.

For some time a growing distaste to the modern form of musical comedy has been noticed by those who make a business of purveying to the desire for musical entertainment, and with this in view, Fortune Gallo, known to fame as the owner of the favorite San Carlo Grand Opera Company, in conjunction with Bradford Mills, the well-known concert impresario, organized The Gallo English Opera Company for the purpose of giving revivals of famous comic operas in as complete and painstaking a manner as could possibly be done, at the hands of the finest artists obtainable. The season opened at the Shubert Theatre, N. Y., where a fortnight was played to tremendous business, and were it not for earlier bookings the engagement could have been continued indefinitely.

"The Mikado," which, as above stated, has been selected for the first week of the San Francisco engagement, probably ranks as the most popular comic opera of all time, written when Gilbert and Sullivan were at the height of their fame. Its witty book and glorious melodies are as fresh today as when the masterminds of England's greatest librettist and composer first conceived them. The cast of characters for "The Mikado" will be headed by Jefferson De Angelis, as Ko-Ko and Hana Shimozumi as Yum-Yum, Louis Lavelle as The Mikado, J. Humbird Duffey as Nanki-Poo, Harry A. Collingnon as Poo-Bah and Mildred Rogers as Katisha.

Alcazar

The whimsical humor and romanticism of "I Love You," this week, will be followed next Sunday, by the gripping domestic emotion and clash of political forces so vividly set forth in that luminous David Belasco success "The Woman." This absorbing play, written by William C. DeMille, is of peculiar interest in the present strenuous era of big business problems, presidential campaigning and railroad readjustments. Its love theme is eternal. It is a great American drama, one of the finest and truest ever staged, its action occuring at the national capitol. The basic theme is an attempt of lobbying grafters to put through a bill that will legalize stock jobbery and the blocking of the scheme by a fearless young insurgent congressman. A central figure is Wanda Kelly, girl operator at a Washington hotel switchboard, who refuses to betray a secret that means the making or breaking of a political leader and the preservation or ruin of a woman's good name. Belle Bennett personates the high minded, courageous Wanda, and Clay Clement the insurgent leader the Hon. Matthew Standish. In the cast also are Brady Kline, Clifford Alexander, Henry Shumer, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Frederick Green, Sam Burton, Russell Mederaft, Emily Pinter and Jean Oliver.

"The Other Wife," to follow the week of March 28th, is a melodrama by Carl Mason, new to San Francisco, but very popular in the east. It has strong emotional appeal, with abundant comedy, and exposes the living skeleton in the domestic closet of a prominent man, who is enjoying happiness with one wife when her predecessor puts in sudden appearance. This involves a murder mystery and a very impressive trial scene.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be headed by Bostock's Famous Riding School in which five celebrated circus performers star. It is the most pretentious act of its kind ever produced. Five beautiful horses are seen in the act and a circus clown who is genuinely humorous.

Sharing the headline honors will be Miss Billie Shaw, who not only invents her own dances but also composes the music for them. She designs all her stage settings and costumes and manages her act. She is supported by Dave White, Edward Holtsworth and Harry Squires.

Phil Baker, who amusingly styles himself "a bad boy from a good family," wishes it to be distinctly understood that the reference is not personal but professional. He is a piano accordeonist who declines to take his music seriously, but fills it in with fun, chiefly because he is a comedian.

Avey & O'Neil, one of the best blackface teams in vaudeville, will present fifteen minutes of delightfully humorous entertainment.

Josephine Byrnes and Robert E. Gehan will be heard in songs new and old. Miss Byrnes is both beautiful and gifted. Mr. Gehan has a baritone of fine quality. The voices of the two pleasantly blend and the act they provide is delightful throughout.

The Jack Hughes Duo consists of Hughes and his sister, who between them play a violin, piano, saxaphone, banjo and trumpet. Their program is composed of classical and popular music.

Libby and Nelson are clever trick bicycle riders and real comedians. They perform a variety of startling feats which they do not appear to take seriously and into which they inject many a laugh.

The only holdover in this superlative bill will be William Rock and his seven beautiful satellites, whose dancing act has created a furore.

Social Notes Hotel Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. William Kelly, U. S. A., are sojourning at the Cecil. Mrs. Kelly is a charming French woman who was married during the war. Sympathy is being expressed for Mrs. William Morris who met with a painful accident last week. The elevator in Sloanes dropped from one of the upper floors to the basement and Mrs. Morris' right ankle was fractured. Mrs. Morris returned from Adlers Monday and her room at the Cecil has been a veritable bower of flowers—gifts from loving friends. Mrs. J. F. B. Hillhouse who has been living at the Fairmont is now residing at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodruff and the latters mother Mrs. C. H. Hepburn have arrived from Portland. Mrs. W. D. McKilvray of Pasadena is receiving a cordial welcome. She will be at the Cecil for another month. Mrs. E. M. Crow, mother of Dr. Crow, will make her home at the Cecil.

Nelly—What's chaos, Johnny? Johnny—Chaos? Oh—er—yes—chaos is a great heap of nothing and nowhere to put it!

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A Notable Season of Light Opera
TWO WEEKS BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY
GALLO ENGLISH OPERA CO
With Hana Shimozumi and Jefferson De Angelis
In Gilbert & Sullivan's Masterpiece
THE MIKADO

2nd Week—The Chimes of Normandy; H. M. S. Pinafore; The Gondoliers.

Nights and Saturday Mat., 50c to $2.00
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Novel Comedy of Delightful Charm
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David Belasco's National Success
W. C. DeMille's Vivid Drama of Love and Politics
"THE WOMAN"
About Washington Life and Political Intrigue
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
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SUNDAY, MARCH 28—First Time Here
Carl Mason's Tremendous Emotional Drama
"THE OTHER WIFE"
Thrilling Story of a Skeleton in the Domestic Closet
Now Crowding Eastern Playhouses

Usual Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1
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Evening Prices: 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.
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Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Circumstances surrounding the trading on the Stock Exchange the past week indicated that traders are ready to take the bull by the horns and put the market up before it is safely out of the woods.

The news of late has all been favorable, such as the Supreme Court decision in the Tax Case, the decision in the U. S. Steel Corporation Case and the Railroad Valuation Case, and the only fly in the ointment is the strained credit situation. Money rates, however, were inclined to be easier for call rates, but time loans were hard to secure except at high rates.

There is no doubt that sentiment has changed greatly within the past two weeks; and, if the money stringency would ease up a little, it would soon be reflected in a higher stock market. However, everybody seems agreed now that things are ripe for an advance, and the recent action of the market would indicate it. Practically the entire list joined in the advance last week, although the Rails and the Oils were the recognized leaders.

The oversold condition of the Steel issues, resulting from the assumption that the credit situation would force industrial suspension, left them in a most favorable position, and there was nothing surprising in their quick recovery.

The fact that most of the advance may be credited to short covering by the bears does not alter the fact that a slow and sure advance would be more desirable than a spectacular advance. Some of the specialties, especially the Motor Stocks, made gains of as much as thirty points in one sesssion. The Equipment Stocks were also strong and higher; and, judging from the number of orders that have been given them from the Railroads, it would indicate that this industry will be in a most prosperous condition for some time to come.

The advance in Sterling was connected with the report that impending imports of gold to the extent of $250,000,000 from France and England in anticipation of the Anglo-French loan on October 15th. The report could not be confirmed, but, apparently, it had a sound basis for it was not denied. The importation of so large an amount of gold would place the credit position of the Federal Reserve Banks beyond question, even by those who are not satisfied with the solution of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. If the movement of gold to the extent reported is actually contemplated, it will begin very shortly, as some months will be required for the movement. Whether the movement is actually carried out or not will not affect the future outlook for needed credit, as the policy of the banks will take care of that, but the importation would materially ease money and make for more freedom in the markets in general.

Business conditions throughout the country are as good as ever, according to the Mercantile Agencies, and the demand in all lines of trade is such that producers cannot deliver the goods, which would indicate that those who have been predicting a let-up in general business will have to draw on their imagination.

We feel very friendly to the market. Stocks are not high and commodity prices do not decline, and it looks as if the trade in general had about made up their minds that there will be no decline of consequence.

With all lines of business in such a flourishing condition and with most of the corporations on the eve of cutting melons in the way of stock dividends, we see nothing to keep prices down—except tight money, which, in our opinion, looks like easing up, as it generally does at this season of the year.

Cotton—While trading in cotton was mostly by the professional element, yet new high records were made for the nearby futures with the March option selling above 40 cents.

Liverpool markets continue strong, and the prospect of large gold shipments from Great Britain and France, two of our principal creditors, will do much to help exchange on those countries and should soon show a direct influence on the purchasing movement of those two countries.

There was some talk of a corner in the March future, but the only corner is a natural one resulting from a strong demand and light supplies. The stock of cotton on hand in New York is very small—smaller than it has been at this time in years—and of the small supply only about 6,000 bales are certificated and thus available for delivery on contract.

Naturally with this situation in mind, shorts were taking a long chance when they ventured against the market, especially in view of the firm position taken by the South in the matter of holding and the more physical factor of the poor transportation facilities, which would have prohibited the shipping of a very large stock of cotton to New York, even if the planters had been disposed to sell at the concessions demanded by the future market.

All advices from the South indicate that there is no abatement of the determination of the growers to hold for their price. It is much too early to figure on the new crop, save in the most southern parts, where some work is being done, but indications so far indicate that the season will be backward at the start.

There is much talk of a reduction of acreage, because of the shortage of labor, but it is not generally believed that planters will be able to resist the temptation to plant as much as possible in order to take advantage of the record high prices now being received for cotton.

The weather from now on will be a factor, and so far this season it has been unsatisfactory; and, if it continues so, it will draw attention of the trade to the new crop futures, which are selling at an unprecedented discount.

We are inclined to regard the market as high enough for the present, but would favor the buying of the distant futures on a substantial reaction.

She—Brevity is the soul of wit. He—Yes, that is why you find so many jokes about short skirts.

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 12)

Luther Burbank, the world's foremost horticulturalist and Mrs. Burbank will be in attendance and are taking an active interest in the work. Dr. LeRoy Abrams, a leading American botanist, will have charge of the classification and nomenclature of the exhibit which will include beautiful wild flowers from all quarters of the state. Interesting and useful native plants, grasses, honey flora, medicinal herbs, mushrooms and fungi, ferns, mosses and lichens.

A rare collection of California birds will be a feature this year intended to emphasize the importance of native flora in the conservation of bird life.

Educational features of the display will be discussed by eminent authorities who will be in attendance.

The following patrons are actively interested in the work:

Drs. David Starr Jordan, Ray Lyman Wilbur, LeR. Abrams, Stanford University, Dr. David P. Barrows, President University of California, John C. Merriam, U. C. and chairman National Save the Redwoods League Committee; Dr. Barton W. Evermann, director of the California Academy of Science; Hon. William D. Kent, John McLaren, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, President of Mills College; Dr. Frederick W. D'Evlyn, Pres. Audubon Association of the Pacific; Dr. Frederick W. Bade, Pres. Sierra Club; Mr. R. F. O'Rourke, Pres. Tamalpais Conservation Club, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White, Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. T. Edward Bailly, Mrs. Homer King, Miss Ida Bourn, and Judge C. W. Davidson.

Techau Tavern Offers Varied Attractions

It is a far cry from the days when the footweary traveler came to the City Tavern and was content with a pitcher of home-brewed ale and a half loaf of bread and a seat near the fire to the present day Techau Tavern with its wonderful scientific system of ventilation, its artistic and pleasing surroundings, while the ear is charmed with the soothing symphony and musical tunes of the famous Techau Tavern dance orchestra. A ballet and artists' revue which would delight the heart of the most critical connisseur of either song or dance, and to complete the circle, an appetizing selection of the finest of epicurean dishes, served with a refinement of attention that bespeaks the highest praise.

The afternoon tea is enhanced not only by a choice of three selective menus but by the distribution of delicate favors in the form of Mary Garden face powder, and minature bottles of "Un Air Embaume" sachet powderr, both made by the famous Rigaud of Paris and New York, while in the evening the many patrons during dinner and after theatre find the lucky dances which confer upon the lucky ones, Hilson's toggery merchandise orders and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes. Techau Tavern is indeed one of the attractions for those seeking an establishment really typical of San Francisco.

Entertaining or being entertained at Cafe Colombo of recent evenings were Edward G. Borden, Hazen J. Titus, Carlton H. Wall, Leroy Linnard, and J. A. Pedrini, Dr. Morgan J. O'Brien, William D. Shields, Don Lee, Harry Brolaski, Phocion Howard and J. F. Haight. Seemingly half the "Maytime" cast with "Teddy" Webb and E. A. Bondeson as hosts. On last Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hull (Margaret Anglin) had friends for late supper and the statuesque Margaret "balanced the corners" with "Tom" del Bufalo, King of the Quartier Latin, in the roaring Barn Dance. Sir Edward Payson Graham, the British polo player, was up from Santa Barbara on Thursday night and along with Foxhall J. Keene party held possession of the Round Table in the back corner at Cafe Colombo for hour after hour. Apparently prohibition may come and prohibition may go but the Friscan Spirit prevails forever.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 28830. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased.

MARIE MARSILY,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Newcomb, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 6th, 1920.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Executrix,
Rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-6-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 8
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CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 4879

KNOW ALL MEN BY THE PRESENTS:

That I, the undersigned, ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD, do hereby certify:

That my name in full is ARNOLD EDWARD ARCHIBALD, and that my place of residence is at NUMBER 1217 JOSEPHINE STREET, BERKELEY, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA;

That I am transacting business in the State of California under the fictitious name and style of THE ARCHIBALD COMPANY, and that I am the sole owner and proprietor of said business; that the place where said business is carried on and conducted and my principal place of business under said name is NUMBER 667 HOWARD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 18th day of February, 1920.

ARNOLD E. ARCHIBALD.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Arnold E. Archibald, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Treaty Becomes the Issue

Out of the confusion of party lines and of programs surrounding the Senate's rejection of the Treaty of Versailles, there stands forth one fact: the fight for the fulfillment of America's obligation by its acceptance becomes the issue upon which the country has already entered. The treaty has not suffered a defeat; it has scored a victory, for it has swept aside the pettifoggers, the jugglers, the dealers in chicane and demagoguery, and has placed itself squarely before the people as a whole. Not by delegated power but by direct vote will the people make their demands clear.

The outcome of the long dispute in the Senate had been expected. It was foreshadowed by the defections of the president's supporters; it was all but accepted when, in the final week, Mr. Wilson sent to Senator Hitchcock the initialed memorandum that finally rejected the reservation to Article Ten.

The issue has been drawn; no man before the public as a candidate or possible candidate, however great his services to the country in other respects, can escape the test of the treaty. No step that could be taken toward such a compromising and ambiguous action as making a separate declaration of peace could change the essential fact that the treaty and the great issues it has raised are a question that cannot be begged.

In the words of Wilson: "The choice is between two ideals. On the one hand, the ideal of democracy, which represents the rights of free people everywhere to govern themselves, and on the other hand the ideal of imperialism."

It is America's opportunity to "contribute our overwhelming moral and material force to the establishment of an international regime in which our own ideals of justice and right may be made to prevail."

Upon seizing that splendid opportunity or weakly letting it slip from us the American people will vote. To all who believe in the idealism and vigor of this land, there can be no doubt of the choice that will be made.

* * *

Senator Newberry and His Peers

An American jury has accomplished overnight a change in our political parliamentary system as great as the major parliamentary reform—the elimination of the upper chamber—which in Great Britain has been the object of a struggle which has continued over decades.

U. S. Senator Truman H. Newberry, proven patriot, has been found guilty in a U. S. court of the heinous crime of having permitted, unwittingly or not, the expenditure of more than $3,750 in the campaign for the office to which he was elected.

In the face of this, if the verdict is upheld, there remains nothing for the members of the Senate to do but to throw their franks and stationery in the waste basket and go home, leaving the nation to the guidance of the lower house. If the Senate is ruled by logic, none may hold his seat who has spent $3,750.01 to secure it, in view of this conviction and the sentencing of Senator Newberry to a prison term. As politics go and always have gone in this democracy, the retirement of all who lie above this line of expenditure will leave scarcely a quorum for a sub-committee of a committee

Let us lock the door of the upper house and hang a wreath upon it. Twelve veniremen in Grand Rapids have done more than all the swords of Cassius and his colleagues.

* * *

Constructive Ideas of Service Men

The decision of the American Legion to circulate petitions in California designed to secure initiative legislation for the relief of service men shows, in its details, a laudably constructive attitude toward the problem of giving economic compensation for their hardships and services to the 4,000,000 men called to arms in 1917.

The original national demands of the legion, behind which stand the California members, provide four methods of compensation, any one of which, but not more, the individual service man may choose, according to the projected scheme.

Three of these methods deal with the veteran's economic status as such. The fourth proposal is for a bonus adjusted to length of service.

A bonus as such contains many elements that are objectionable. The most noteworthy is its failure to accord with the intent and scope of the other proposed measures. The first of these gives the ex-service man preference in the settlement of reclamation projects. The second provides for vocational training. The third would make possible a loan of approximately $4,000, at small interest, to any soldier planning to build in city, suburbs or country.

Against the farsightedness of these three suggestions the fourth, that of a bonus, appears insufficient. What is needed is not to dismiss the service man with a lump sum, even when he chooses that in preference to the other options, but to provide for his economic future.

The three precedent suggestions have his economic future as their basis. There is, however, a margin not provided for by them, which is covered only partially by the bonus idea. The veteran, for instance, who needs capital with which to start a business of his own, is not benefitted by the three suggestions. He would not be adequately cared for by a bonus. What is needed is provision for the advance of capital, with due safeguards, at an interest as nominal as that to be charged the man who is given an advance for building purposes.

The inadequacy of the bonus, strongly as it may appeal to many individual service men, is the chief argument against it, and not the incidental fact that the adoption of the bonus plan would necessitate a revision of the country's entire taxation, probably with an assessment upon large incomes, from which the cost would be passed on to the ultimate consumers, including the service men themselves.

The demand of former soldiers for not only vocational training but higher education is taxing the facilities of California, according to no less an authority than President Barrows of the State University. This is indicative of the state of mind of the returned fighters.

No less significant, however, is their opposition, in California, to the state's soldier rehabilitation measure, carrying with it the $10,000,000 Delhi land colony bond issue. On this issue the fight will probably be centered. The veterans declare the Delhi project as it stands contains a joker in that it requires the colonizer to have $1500 capital. Dr. Elwood Mead has taken a stand against the elimination of this requirement, and justifiably, for experience has shown that the farmer without a certain minimum of capital is doomed to failure. The farm laborer can secure a two acre tract at Delhi by paying

five per cent of its cost. This, however, is not an adequate provision for the veteran. The larger farms at Delhi vary in price from $75 to $300 an acre, and the settler, paying five per cent of the cost of the land and forty per cent of the cost of improvements, is given thirty-six years to pay for the land and twenty to pay for the improvements.

If the colonizer must have capital to succeed, as seems to be proven, it would be of no avail to give the service man access to this land without capital. The problem would be solved, however, were the advancement of capital arranged as a substitute for the proposed federal bonus. This would not be radically different from the suggested loan to those who wish to build. Justice to the service men who wish to take advantage of the state's rehabilitation scheme would seem to make such a provision inescapable.

* * *

What Is Wrong With the World?

A thousand follies, manifested on a scale the like of which has never been before, make this seem a mad world indeed in this year of grace 1920. And on every hand, amid the welter of new crazes and old, there are diagnosticians clamoring with their separate theories, and meanwhile folly is not stayed.

Never, save perhaps among the schismatics of the early days of Christianity, was there such preoccupation with the occult as today —not alone the occultism that evolves pseudo philosophics or furbishes up the teachings of the east from which religions have come, but the type of which the Ouija craze is but one indication of many. The world is not content with its own bounds: it must reach out to the unknown. Let Marconi talk of mysterious waves and our nearest planetary neighbor, and at once there is a furor greater than that of any silly season of the heyday of yellow journalism. There is froth, and we are regaled by the ingenuous newspapers' confusion of Mars and Alpha Centauri—the distance of billions of miles is nothing to a newspaper—but beneath this froth these is something more noteworthy, for men and women by the hundred thousand are moved to grave ponderings.

* * *

Extremes of Dress a Symptom

On the one hand we have accounts of hunger affecting not fragments of communities but entire peoples, and on the other tales of lavishness without precedent. Fortunes are offered in clusters for choice London residences and nearer home the manufacturing jewelers design their costly wares with new elaborateness especially for the demand of the skilled workman who not so long ago confined his jewelry purchases to the dollar watch that is no more. But a more common denominator than is found in such facts as these is the matter of feminine dress.

There is no class line in this extravagance, nor is nationality a boundary. From Brussels we hear Cardinal Mercier denouncing women of wealth for setting an audacious example to working women. In Rio Janeiro a bishop advises his clergy to refuse communion to women unsuitably attired. At Auteuil there is a display harkening back to barbaric days in its lack of reticence. In Paris the function of clothing begins to fall into desuetude. And so it goes.

* * *

Again the Sex War

Perhaps this is the first step in the sex war which anti-feminists, notably in France, are now predicting with the elaboration of a latter-day Malthus. It may be that woman would steal the advantage in this heralded war, and subject man at the onset.

Whatever the validity of this hoary belief, upon woman is laid the blame and the hope of salvation by more than one student of the situation.

Here is Count Ilya Tolstoi, for example, discoursing from the philosophic-anarchist standpoint, telling woman that she was responsible for the war and that she holds the salvation of the world, to be attained at the cost of sacrificing frivolity. In England celebrities arise to condemn woman for the development of a new status: the assistant husband. The term is sufficiently explanatory. In America jurists join in condemning women no less than men for the reported increase in bigamy.

The blame would seem to be equal, however, if there is strength in the analogy between restlessness in other directions and the increase of criminality. The spread of a crime wave over the world has been one of the most noticeable facts of the last year. Authorities agree on the facts even if they disagree on the causes. San Francisco, Nice, Chicago, Buenos Ayres, Paris, Geneva and London, are linked by the similarity of prevalence and methods of crime, according to these men. To many sources this phase of unrest is attributed: to war's emphasis on the arbitrament of violence, to the work of master criminals who sound strangely like the impossibilities of the movies, to the movies themselves, with their inculcation and heroizing of the criminal. But in all these explanations, woman takes no more than her traditional and customary share of responsibility. Were Tolstoi right in his analysis, or the anti-feminists either, woman before now would have been pilloried as a criminal. No, Tolstoi's argument will not do.

* * *

The Secret of It All

What the famous preacher of London says of one aspect of the entire situation is true no less of the other.

The habit of attributing anything and everything in the extremes of today to the influence of the war is an evil one and without basis in fact. The war has accentuated tendencies, but the human being remains fundamentally as he was, whether he was subjected to the strain of fighting at the front or was subjected to the scarcely less emotional strain of concentrated hating at home.

Passions were loosed for years on end; the world became a Pandora's box, but let us not submit to this sinister attribution of present day evils to the energies that were evoked by patriotic duty. What is wrong today—and there is much askew—is wrong not because of the devotion to an inescapable duty when the two worlds were embattled, but to the inherent qualities of mankind. Only in the recognition of that can the world pass safely through its present phase. Woe betide the people that make a scapegoat of their military prowess.

* * *

The Perquisites of Parenthood

None but the optimist, in these days of universal increase in the expenses of living, would turn to the task of inducing people to bring more children into the world. It is, perhaps, one of the most significant indications of France's courage after the last five years, even with victory secured, that the government is fostering a campaign to increase the birth rate and vigorously combatting the opponents who hide behind the slogan of "quality rather than quantity."

The government's attitude promises to revise the entire attitude toward parenthood. By either government advocates or leaders of corollary campaigns, many innovations are being proposed, including the recognition, with economic advantages, of motherhood irrespective of marital status. In this the extreme demands correspond with the demands in the same direction heard in other countries, even America. Maternity cards are proposed in France which would alter the status of the family, where there is a family, and give control to the mother.

A few days ago an American state, one of the Dakotas, had its first case under a new law which, when proof is furnished, legitimizes a collateral child. This is truly nothing new, however: in the middle of the 18th century Hogarth made a plate showing a young woman swearing her child to a "grave citizen," and according to the commentators of the period, the law illustrated was usually taken advantage of to foster the child upon the most unlikely and most innocent respected citizen who happened to occur to the woman's mind.

The situation in France, however, is outside such factors as this law. The illegitimate birth rate is notably high, but the tendency is, when children are wanted to make up the bones and sinews of a nation, to accept them as bone and sinew and not as the accidents of legalization. The tendency to dispense with marriage has been attributed to taxation. Once there was a tax on windows, under the old regime, and poor folk went without windows—and the tuberculosis rate rose. Marriage was taxed, with a similar result.

The economic factors which have reduced

France's birthrate are being countered, as they must be, with economic proposals, and political too. Salary bonuses are proposed, and government money grants, to the parents of more than a stipulated minimum of children. Even the plural vote has been suggested, with a ballot for each member of the family. This is not essentially different from plural voting based on property qualifications, at any rate, and would do a nation less harm. France's government is determined to replace the million and a half lives lost in the war and the equally large number that never came to birth because of it.

Next we may hear of similar schemes from England, where the women, previously in excess, now outnumber the men by a million and the birth rate is declining.

It behooves America to study these plans and their results, although they can scarcely be applied, even if successful, to American conditions. The birth rate that has declined in America is that of the native stock. The immigrant stock has had no need of Rooseveltian exhortation.

But when the immigrant peoples have all been Americanized—what then?

Flannigan's

By Annie S. Swan

It was not much of an address, "Flannigan's, East Fork, Missouri," and the girl, saying it over wistfully to herself for the hundredth time, as she sat in the tourist car of the west-bound train, wondered what kind of a place she was likely to find it. She was a slip of a thing, not more than one-and-twenty, with a pale, serious face and large, pathetic eyes, which looked as if they had recently shed a good many tears. She had come right out of the heart of New York from an uptown little apartment house, where she had lived all her motherless life, making a home for her father.

Her name was Edna Fosgill, and she was the daughter of nobody in particular, one of the failures of life, who though he had lost the confidence of his fellow-men, had retained the passionate love and faith of his only child. Whatever faults Edward Fosgill may have had, and they were many, he had atoned for some of them by his wise sheltering care of his motherless girl, whom he had managed to keep absolutely unspotted from the world.

In an evil place, she had grown up white and stainless as a flower, with an absolute belief in the goodness of the world.

Her father had dropped dead at his work in the east side warehouse where he was employed, and had not, of course, left any provision for his child. She remembered, however, how in frequent talks he had said that he would take her one day back to East Fork, in Missouri, where a wonderful friend of his boyhood still lived, one Ted Flannigan, in whom she would be certain to find a competent and generous friend. And now she was outward bound for East Fork and Ted Flannigan.

A great adventure, truly, for one so young and possessing so little knowledge of the ways of the world. The sale of the few simple effects contained in the little appartment on East 114th street, had provided her with sufficient funds to pay the expensive railway journey to the heart of Missouri.

She had very little margin, however, for the funeral expenses and the settling of her father's few debts had swallowed up all the rest.

Her face was sad, but she had no real fear of the future as the train bore her in somewhat leisurely fashion across the continent. She was intensely interested in all the scenery, and grudged the darkness which cut it off from view. She had now been two nights in the train, and her timetable assured her that she was nearing her journey's end. She was rather disappointed with the flat and somewhat uninteresting features of the rolling wheat lands of Missouri, and she hoped to arrive at East Fork to find trees and the real country of which her father had so often told her. About six o'clock in the evening of the third day she arrived at her destination.

It looked almost like the world's end, just a little shack stuck on the side of the track, in lonely desolation. But a little beyond, half a mile or so, the April sun shone warm and beautiful on the clustering roofs of a little town which they told her was East Fork. No one came to meet her, of course, since no one expected her. The few hangers-on who seem to belong to every railway station, however remote and unimportant, regarded her with a proper interest, she being the only passenger dropped. She had two modest boxes with her, containing all her earthly possessions. When these had been dumped down, she gave the negro porter on the cars a quarter, and thanked him for his kindness with a pretty smile, which caused his broad and kindly face to beam. But he firmly refused the quarter, for reasons best known to himself.

"Pleasure, Missie," was all he said, and he hung bareheaded on the step of the car until he could no longer see the station receding from view.

After looking round wistfully for a few moments, Edna stepped up to one of the loungers, an elderly man with a straggling grey beard, "Please can you tell me how to get to Flannigans?"

"Yes, miss, there it be, right across the track a matter of ten minutes walk. They'll send up the baggage arter the evenin' limited come in, twenty minutes to eight or thereabouts. The bus comes to meet thet."

"Oh, thank you very much. I suppose I can leave them; they will be quite safe here?"

"Quite, Miss. Is Joe expectin' ye at Flannigan's then?"

"Oh, no, but it will be quite all right. I've been invited," she answered, and walked off with great dignity.

Had she looked back and observed the solemn conclave sitting on the situation, she might have had some disquieting fears. But she had none. The air smelled fresh and sweet, and she was glad to stretch her young limbs in the open after being confined so long to the train. She quickly covered the distance between the station and the long straggling street of East Fork. Not having an idea what Flannigan's really was, she kept a lookout, expecting to see a store, or perhaps a hotel with that sign over its door.

But no such sign illuminated her vision, and she had to make pause in the middle of the street, and inquire where Flannigan's was. It was a woman to whom she put the question, a large comfortable-looking person busily cleaning her windows after the sun had gone off them, "Flannigan's? Why, yes, there it is, see, staring ye in the face!"

She pointed in a somewhat slanting direction towards a ramshackle old frame house standing a little back from the road, with a square of untidy grass in front, and a general air of dilapidation visible everywhere. No paint had been put on the buildings for many years, and the blisters made by the hot sun imparted a certain rakish and disreputable air. Two buggies with patient and very thin horses attached, stood inside the gramm patch before the door. A little to the left, a maple tree was beginning to show tender green shoots, and the birds were busy among the boughs.

"Thank you very much, I'm going there!" said Edna, but as she moved off, the woman got down from her chair on which she stood, and regarded her with interest, not unmixed with consternation.

"Wheer do ye come from child, you don't look more'n sixteen?"

"I'm twenty-one," Edna answered briskly. "And I come from New York. I've come to see Mr. Flannigan. He is a friend of my father."

"Joe Flannigan you mean?"

"I don't think his name is Joe. Father called him Ted."

"Ah, that was old Ted, he's dead, but the young un ain't no better. You can't live at Flannigan's, you pore child!"

"Why not?" asked Edna without betraying any apprehension, but only a kind of quiet wonder.

"Why, it ain't no place for a gel like you, nor for any gel. It's a rough place, a saloon where there's a power o' drink consumed. East Fork ud be a better place without Flannigan's, that's what I mean."

"You surprise me very much. Father told me Flannigan was a dear, and that I would be sure of a welcome and everything else from him."

"Dear or no dear, he's under the sod, and you can't live at Flannigan's," said the new friend quite decidedly.

"I must go and see," said Edna quietly, and began to turn away.

Mrs. Elmer descended from her perch and stood watching the slight graceful figure crossing the track towards the maple tree, and the faded pink walls of the old frame house. When it disappeared through the open door she returned to her polishing of the window, shaking her head ominously.

Edna unafraid, tapped lightly at the door, and then walked in boldly. Off the passage opened the bar parlor, before which a small group of men were gathered leaning on the counter, with glasses in front of them. Behind the bar a tallish man about thirty-five, in shirt sleeves, was standing at ease, listening to the talk. When he saw the vision of the girl in black in the passage, an expression of bewilderment crossed his face. He stepped back, and through the parlor behind, made his way to the passage where he carefully closed the door leading into the saloon. The men were too busy sampling their drink to take any notice of what he did.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" he asked

politely, aware that she was a stranger in East Fork, and prodigiously curious concerning her identity and business.

"Are you Mr. Flannigan?" asked Edna brightly, and confidently deciding that she liked his honest open face, his clear blue eye, even the shock of his reddish hair. His age troubled her slightly, however. Her father had been very sure that old Flannigan would befriend her, but his son might not feel inclined that way.

"They usually call me Joe in these parts," he answered, smiling back at her. "But I'm Flannigan right enough."

"I'm Edna, you know Edna Fosgill. Your father knew mine. Somewhere far back, they were boys together."

"I believe I have heard the name," said Flannigan, though honestly he could not recall it. "And how have you come here?"

"Well, you see, my father is dead. He died too suddenly for him to make any arrangement about me," she said, and the tears suddenly welled in her eyes, making them very lustrous and seriously discomfiting the soul of Joe Flannigan. "But often he told me that if ever I needed help I was to go to Flannigans at East Fork, so here I am."

"My guv'nor's dead too, worse luck," said Joe Flannigan, quite seriously. "An' it's a bit awkward, don't you think?"

"I suppose it is, but I'd like to stop here," said Edna wistfully. "I wouldn't give much trouble, and I can work. I'd help. Perhaps there is a Mrs. Flannigan."

Joe made an odd grimance.

"No, there ain't, but whether that's good luck or bad luck at the minnit I'm not prepared to say. As a matter o' course, there ain't any proper wimmin folk about the place. Miss Elmer she come across to help a bit, but me and Ikey do the chores. It's a roughish place, a man's shack, to put it plainly, and there ain't any place in it for a lady like you."

"Oh," said Edna, very quietly, and seemed to droop like a lily on the stalk. "I don't quite know what to do then. My baggage will be coming up, and I haven't much money. Couldn't you put me up for just a day or two? I'd earn my keep."

Joe Flannigan swallowed something in his throat.

"It isn't a question of your keep, kid," he said gruffly, to hide the emotion which made him feel queer all over. "It can't be done, jes'. It ain't any kind of a place for a kid like you. Miss Elmer would tell you that."

"If Mrs. Elmer is the woman at that yellow house with the green shutters, I've just been talking to her, and she did tell me," said Edna quietly.

"Well, see, kid, you come right across to Mrs. Elmer, and we'll take her mind on it."

Mrs. Elmer was in no way surprised when she beheld them crossing the street together. It was indeed no more than she had expected.

"Evenin', Miss Elmer. Can you take in this young lady who has come all the way from Noo York State to see my old guvnor?" said Joe cheerfully. "She ses you've given her my character."

"I didn't say any such thing, Mr. Flannigan," said Edna rather indignantly.

"Well, I gave ye it myself," corrected Joe. "Any ways Flannigan's ain't no place for a kid like you. You look after her, Miss Elmer, and see she has a good supper an' a long sleep. Tomorrow we'll talk things over."

He made himself scarce with surprising speed, leaving Edna not exactly aghast, but obviously disappointed.

"I can't think what he means by saying I can't stop over there," she said forlornly. "It's the very place where I ought to be. I know all about a house, and I should love to have put things straight over there."

"You can't," said Mrs. Elmer shortly. "It ain't ezzackley a house, you see, it's a saloon bar, and pretty hot stuff at that. Joe, he don't drink much himself, but he's a rum stick, and he harbors a lot of queer folks. A good wife would be the makin' of him, but there ain't a woman round these parts achin' for the job. They know too much about him."

"He's very nice, I'm sure," said Edna confidently. "Look how kindly he smiles and speaks."

"Smiles an' words air cheap enuff, my gel," said Mrs. Elmer with an air of super knowledge. "An' when men folks spread them about too much, then the wimmen 'as to look out, that's all."

Edna did not fully grasp this dark saying, but thankful enough for the measure of good luck she had had, proceeded to make herself at home under Mrs. Elmer's roof. That good lady had had rather a hard experience of men and matrimony, Elmer having departed on a gold-hunting expedition in the Sierras, and forgotten to return. She had got along well enough without him, being a capable, clever person; she was in demand wherever a helping hand was required.

She had refused all offers of permanent service, however, preferring her liberty and her home. Perhaps, who knows, she may have cherished dreams of her prodigal returning to find she had kept the home fires burning in his absence.

She had a kind heart, to which Edna's simplicity and innocence strongly appealed, and she made her most comfortable, giving her of her very best. She was aware, of course, that Joe intended to pay, for he was ever a generous soul, but even had there been no chance of payment, she would not have denied shelter to a motherless girl. She had indeed mothered many.

Edna slept far into the new day, and rose rested and refreshed, full of life and interest in her new surroundings. Directly she had breakfasted she announced her intention of going to pay a visit to Flannigans. "I belong there, really, for father always said it would be my home after he had gone," she said in answer to Mrs. Elmer's rather doubtful look.

"But then he expected Ted to be livin'. It's different goin' in where there's nothing but a youngish man, not far removed from your own age."

"Oh, but he needs somebody to help him. I'll just try whether I can persuade him to let me go in by the day, and stay here at night, if anybody thinks I ought to stay over there."

She was as good as her word. Bareheaded, with the sun glinting on her pretty hair, her skirt waist as white as the driven snow, and her slim ankles encased in a neat pair of serviceable shoes, she disturbed Joe at the bar. It was only half-past ten, an hour when Flannigan's was slack usually; she found him quite alone.

"Good morning, Mr. Flannigan."

"My name's Joe," he answered, smiling too, and glad to think that he had shaved and put on his clean shirt two days ahead of time. "You look pretty perky; guess you was comfortable at Miss Elmer's?"

"Oh, very; she's a dear. Well, I've come to see if you won't give me a trial as a daily help. I really can work; you see I did everything for father, and he loved this place so much. I'm sure I shall love it too, and I simply ache to make this house real fine."

Joe looked slightly discomfited. "It ain't a place for you, kid," he answered soberly. "It's a rough place. All kinds of blokes come here, bad and good, mostly the first named. I'm afraid it wouldn't do."

"Oh, why not? I needn't come in where they drink. Why do they drink so much, I wonder? It's such horrid stuff. Everybody is far better without it."

Joe smiled a trifle grimly.

"I don't suppose you'd ever convince the world of that, kid, but I own up that less of it would be better for most folks. But don't forget it's the only bit of sunshine some of the boys have. It helps them to forget."

"To forget what?" asked Edna.

"Why, that they've ever made fools of themselves."

"But they must feel it worse when they come to themselves, because they've just done it again," said Edna with unexpected candor.

"That's so, but it's human nature to drink, and you can't alter it. Why not stop a bit at Miss Elmer's, and have a look round afore you go back to Noo York?"

"I'm not going back. Father always wanted to see East Fork again, and I know he hoped to come back and live here. I'm nearer to him here, so I'll stop. Won't you just let me poke about the house, and fix it up a bit? I'll promise to keep away from the bar. I'd love to; do let me!"

It was very difficult even for a hard heart to resist such an appeal, especially when accompanied by the most adorably wistful smile in the world.

Nobody knew afterwards how it had been accomplished, but Edna went back to Mrs. Elmer's inside of an hour with the triumphant report that she was to be allowed to go as a day help to Flannigan's, provided she kept strictly to the house and never invaded the bar. Mrs. Elmer only shook her head.

"You may try to keep away from the boys, but they won't keep away from you, my dear. I'm surprised at Joe Flannigan. He oughta have more sense."

East Fork, of course, was prodigiously interested in what was happening at Flannigan's. There was a good deal of smiling and nudging and shaking of heads. But the few who dared to make any disparaging or flippant remark to Joe Flannigan about the new day-boarder at his place were rather astounded at its reception. When it was a woman, a few straight words put her in her place; when it happened to be a man, out went Joe's ever-ready fist and drove the slander or the innuendo back whence it came.

Edna, blissfully unconscious, went over every morning to Flannigan's attired in working garb, which included a large pinafore apron to keep her skirts clean. She speedily made friends with old Ikey, the colored man, whom she began to train in the way he should go.

In addition to keeping the living rooms tidy and making the meals, she began a thorough inspection and overhaul of the upstairs places, unearthing many quite valuable things, and making everything clean and taut. The bar she never entered, not even to see whether it was properly cleaned. Nor did she give Ikey any instructions regarding it. Not only did she put it outside her jurisdiction, but under the ban of her disapproval.

Joe never so much as mentioned it in her hearing.

The front door still stood open as aforetime to customers, but Edna herself invariably entered by the back door. The little yard behind was swept and garnished, and she began to train some creepers to relieve or to hide

the discolored patches on the pink boards. She was entirely, blissfully happy, being one of the born homemakers who seek no greater privilege than that of making any kind of desert blossom like the rose. She was herself always the picture of contentment and happy humor. Never had Joe Flannigan tasted such comfort, or eaten such meals or realized the difference between a house and a home as he did during the first six months of Edna's stay at East Fork.

The girl's pure sweet influence like the perfume of a flower began to pervade not only Joe Flannigan's heart, but the whole life of the place. Though she was invisible, it was known she was in the house and therefore the house must be conducted decently, there must be no roystering, no fighting, or unseemly brawls. Some of the livelier sort protested against the strictness of the new rules, and were frankly and promptly bidden go elsewhere, if they could not conform.

All the time Joe, knowing perfectly what Edna thought about the bar, because she never entered it, nor even admitted its existence, began to think differently about it too. The things he used to enjoy, the ribald jest, the drunken song, the doubtful story ceased to interest him. Bit by bit, so slowly that it was almost imperceptible, he began to loathe his mode of life with a loathing that could not be uttered.

Edna had never spoken a word against it since the first day when she had uttered her sentiments regarding drink, and her cheerful smile and friendly comradeship never faltered. It was because she was so good and so entirely unaffected in her goodness, so human and so lovable that her unuttered appeal went home.

Mrs. Elmer, who had been so doubtful as to the propriety of the young girl, spending her days at Flannigan's, was quite won over after a time, and began to watch the course of events with a genuine motherly interest. She was not in the least surprised one afternoon when Edna was busy across the way, to have a visit from Joe Flannigan. She decided as he sat on the porch, where she was running up a new frock for herself on the sewing machine, that he had vastly improved. He had entirely lost the somewhat reckless, dissipated air, characteristic of him before Edna's arrival. Not for the first time in the history of the world had love performed its miracle of grace.

She smiled a welcome to him, and invited him to sit down on the rocker, which belonged to Edna when she had a few moments to spare for her kind friend, and before he spoke at all she guessed what he had come to say.

"It's very fine fall weather, ain't it, Miss Elmer?" he began nervously.

"Nuthin' to complain of," she admitted, fully aware that he had not come to remark on the fall weather.

"I'm thinkin' of havin' a coat o' paint put on Flannigan's, and then I don't know whether it's be worth while."

"Oh, yes it would; it would look a sight better, Joe, besides making the old house last a bit longer."

"There are some that think it's life needn't be prolonged," said Joe, with a slightly embarrassed laugh. "You know who I mean, and I'm not sure whether after all she ain't right."

"The poor old shack needn't be pulled down. It could be put to better uses, I don't doubt," said Mrs. Elmer, threading her needle with great care, yet not permitting herself to be so much engaged that she could not observe the face opposite to her.

"See here, Mrs. Elmer—I may as well own up. That kid's got a clean hold on me. She's got me in the 'ollow of her little 'and. I don't seem to keer any more about the place now she don't like it."

"I thought she did like it—she works hard enough in it, I'm sure—"

"In her own bit of it, but she avoids my bit, as if it 'ad the plague. Now, I put it to you, can a chap go on like that?"

"Why not? Do you want her to quit then, Joe? Are you tired of the arrangement?"

"I am—and I'm not. I want to quit the saloon business. I'm thinkin' of taking on a farm. In fact, I've as good as settled about Larcher's lot other side of Petsburg."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Elmer, in a perfectly non-committal voice. "And will you sell the saloon as it stands?"

"No, I won't do thet; I'll shet it down as a saloon. I'll do it up a bit, and let it. There's a power of folk would snap at it."

"There is, houses bein' scarce at the Fork, but that seems sheer folly, Joe. After all, the business is worth something, ain't it?"

"It's a rotten business first and last—I've never liked it much, Miss Elmer—and since the kid came I can't bide it."

"Does she know you've got this in your mind, Joe?"

"No, she don't. I thought I'd tell you fust."

"Meanin' for me to tell her she'll have to git?" suggested Mrs. Elmer.

"Not exactly," said Joe, and fidgetted on his chair. Then suddenly he said—"I'd like your views on matrimony generally. How old do you think a man ought to be afore he seeks a wife?"

"That depends, o' course; there be some that didn't oughta ever seek a wife. They ain't got the horse sense to know how to treat 'er."

"I'd do my best, but it's a question of age. I'm thirty-five, Miss Elmer, and that kid's only twenty-one and a half. I suppose it's an old fool you'd be calling me, isn't it?"

"That would depend too on other things. You have it cut and dry, how you'd like it, Joe. You'd like the farm, and Edna as its mistress?"

"I would an' no mistake. Do you think it's a madman's dream?"

Mrs. Elmer wiped something from her kindly eyes.

"I think it's a mighty pretty plan, and it'll work—I do believe."

"Do you think I dare ask her then?" inquired Joe, and his face flushed painfully, while beads of perspiration stood on his brow.

"I'd not rush it if I was you," observed Mrs. Elmer cautiously. "How'd it be to tell her tonight that you're thinking of shuttin' down Flannigan's, and goin' to Larcher's; then, maybe, you'll see how the cat jumps."

Grateful for this valuable hint, Joe departed after profusely thanking her.

At supper that evening, over at Flannigan's, he was more than usually silent, and Edna, looking as bright as a bird in her cool white blouse and pretty apron, anxiously asked whether the food was not to his liking.

"It's top hole," he assured her hastily. "I was only thinking, kid. You have got used to old Flannigan's, haven't you?"

"I like our—that is my bit of it," she said simply. "If the other end could be cut off it would be perfect."

"Well, I'm gettin' to be o' your way o' thinkin'. It's a poor way of gettin' a livin', off the folly of other folks. I'm goin' to shet it down, and go on to the land at Larcher's place."

He spoke with some nervousness, watching anxiously for the effect, if any, his words might produce. Her face flushed a little, then paled, and she clasped her pretty hands together.

"Larcher's! Then you won't need me any more," she said rather piteously. "It's a long way off. I couldn't go to and from Mrs. Elmer's every day."

"No, kid, you couldn't do thet, but you could come and stop altogether, couldn't you? It's what I'm buildin' on; it's why I'm doin' it, don't you understand, kid?"

He spoke rather hoarsely, rising to his feet. Her startled eyes met his, and in a moment she understood what had lent the glow and glory to Flannigan's, and made her sing all day long at the work, which, unless love had gilded it, would have been the homeliest drurgery.

Her face flushed more deeply, her eyes faltered before the intensity of his, but her heavenly smile told Joe what he wanted, and the next minute she was in his arms.

"I ain't fit. I ain't worthy," murmured the man, whom a pure love had made very humble. "But I'm going to be, kid; I'm goin' to be, and you'll help me, won't yer?"

She put her hand over his mouth.

"Hush! Oh, I hope Daddy knows where he is today. Didn't he always say I would find a home at Flannigan's? Oh, I'm so happy, I don't know how to keep still."

That was how Flannigan's, as Flannigan's, disappeared from East Fork, and how Edna, out of the innocence and purity of her heart, won a home which she made one of the very happiest in the whole state of Missouri.

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The Spectator

Hats Off to the Naval Reserve

The selection of March 27th as a day for the paying of public respects to the Naval Reserve Force has found commendation in the heart of the public. The reserve has acquitted itself splendidly of the tasks that have fallen upon it; it has shown that the reliance put in its effectiveness for the future is not misplaced.

The presence in San Francisco Bay of some of the most splendid vessels of a splendid navy as a tribute to these men who served so valiantly during the war is a gratification to San Francisco, not only to those so honored but to all citizens.

At a moment when the Navy Department is thus stimulating interest in its activities, it is unfortunate that the nation's legislators find themselves hampered by the bogey of economy to the extent of seriously curtailing the program desired by the department, including the establishment of an immense supply and repair base at San Francisco.

Fortunately, the report that the Naval Training Station on Goat Island was to be abandoned proved without foundation. Irrespective of that, San Francisco can rejoice that California is to have another such station at San Diego.

Undoubtedly Congress is justified in eliminating all unnecessary expense, but neither that reason nor European comment upon the country's relationship to the League of Nations is a valid reason for menacing the future of the navy. Superdreadnoughts cannot be built overnight; the eye that examines the naval budget should be one that can see into the future and discern any possibility of danger.

The reserve that is being given its due in San Francisco contains the assurance of men to man the ships when they are needed. The country, this year or next, should not be niggardly in providing for the ships to be manned.

Giving the Poor Orphan a Chance

Numbers of little girls wearing flowing white veils were among the throngs which attended the funeral services of the late Senator Nealon. These children were from an orphan asylum and with their teachers attended out of gratitude to Senator Nealon whose last effort was directed in their behalf. Through his indefatigable endeavor, the state's appropriation of $11 a month was increased to $14 for each orphan in the state,—a very small apportionment in these expensive times, to be sure, but still a sum to provide some extra necessity to each little one. These poor children, if properly cared for and educated, may bloom into the state's fairest flowers.

Besides the orphan asylums, there are organizations which assume the responsibility of placing orphaned children in private homes where they are paid for in sums deemed adequate and where it is believed by the directing powers that they will receive training more nearly that of the ideal home than they could receive in an institution. It is a problem which can be solved only by the good people who have undertaken it.

The world is full of charitable souls who want to do their bit toward unfortunate children. It is a matter of great surprise that it does not more often occur to parents with means, with comfortable, luxurious homes and children of their own, that it does not occur to them to take one of these little orphans into their own happy environment. Too often the people who volunteer to care for orphans do so because they believe the board money will eke out the family income and help support their own offspring.

Why should it be believed that it would spoil a poor orphan to bring him up in a happy, luxurious home amid refining influences? He will go to school and obtain his education without being hindered by discomforts. He will be far more likely to grow strong and capable of self support in such an environment than in a sordid one. He will be like the flower,—cherished, watered, given air and sunshine,—he will bloom and diffuse fragrance about him.

The foster parents who open their home to him need saddle themselves with no adoption obligations; they can expend the money which the state and the organization responsible for his care contribute, or they can "put it by" for him when he grows up and goes out into the world to make his own way—whichever their means and inclinations dictate; but in either case they will be doing the child a splendid service.

Recently I heard a lady prominent in local society, a noble woman who has taken an orphan to rear, say: "I don't see why almost every family of means can't find room for one orphan. I have seven children of my own and the little one whom we have taken into our home has brought his share of love with him. My husband and I find him a great comfort and our own children are very fond of him and delight in his progress." Alas! these generous sentiments call to mind the pathetic little poem, "The Hen With One Chicken." The great mother heart grows with the size of the family, it seems; understanding so well the needs of the helpless infant who has often been sent to her loving care, she easily makes room beside her inglenook for just one more of God's little ones.

Jewish Surnames

The claim is made by philologists that the soldier poet Gabriele D'Annunzio's patronimic was originally Rapoport and that the last antecedant who bore it was the poet's grandfather, a Galician Jew, who Italianized the name to Rapagnetto. This is a new illustration of the Spanish adage, "A trace of Jewish blood leads back to brilliancy or directs forward to it."

The possession by so many Christians of such names as Rosenthal, Rosenberg, Lienthal, Lilencranz, etc., surnames which are usually associated in the American mind with Jewish people who bear them, gives a confused notion that all persons so called were originally of Jewish extraction. But the opposite is the truth. In Germany such names originally belonged to Christians, the Jews calling themselves merely by their biblical names, as Abraham, David, Levi, etc., and their sons, son of Abraham, or David, or Levi; hence the forms Abramson, Davidson, Levison. It is easily conceivable how confusing this system became, so the government compelled them for registration purposes to designate their families in some other way; as, either by the name of an occupation or vicinity. Many assumed the names of the cities or villages which were their homes. Phrases like Rosenthal (valley of roses), Lilienfeld (field of lilies), seemed to appeal to the Semitic sense of the picturesque, for such cognomens are legion in Jewish nomenclature. We find in Holland and Sweden that the names descend to us as Levison or Marksen indicating that the governments of Holland and Sweden imposed no such obligations in regard to change of appellation.

Two Poets' Tribute to San Francisco's Beauty

The poet Maerterlinck paid his tribute to San Francisco's atmosphere when he said upon his arrival that the city reminded him of Italy. Another visitor from the world of letters to make the comparison was poor Oscar Wilde when he included this place in his American lecture tour. "It is Italy without art," was his judgment. He objected to its being called by its detractors in those days (the early 80's) "the hoodlum city." He said: "No, it is the city of fine men and beautiful women! San Francisco has the most lovely surroundings of any city except Naples. I lectured there six times, and had the most delightful and appreciative audiences. People's appreciation of beauty depends so much on what they are accustomed to see around them. It might be thought otherwise, from those who live in beautiful places not speaking about beauty, but they have no need to talk about it. That is our object. We want to see the homes of the people beautiful, and where this is the case people will no longer talk of the beautiful at all. We are forced to do so now because there are so many ugly things in the world. In the ideal state of art, there will be no art lecturer."

Nearly forty years have elapsed since the visit of "the arch-aesthete." Were Maerter-

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link, ultra modern deseiple of the beautiful in form and color, to make a pilgrimage through the homes of our resident population, he would find comparatively little to make him exclaim against staring white walls or extensive color schemes and unrelated furniture plans to disturb his sense of the simple and joyous.

Rodin's Victor Hugo

The last unfinished work of Rodin was purchased in Paris by Raphael Weill as a gift for San Francisco and was delivered to him last Wednesday morning at the White House. It is a bust of Victor Hugo, for whose ideals the best beloved Frenchman in San Francisco has cherished a life long veneration. Those who have seen the great work say that the effect is inspiring and leaves upon the beholder the realization of the grandeur of the great writer's work with its effect upon the human race which can only be compared to that of the sense impression upon an imaginative intellect of a splendid jewel in the matrix.

"The Voices"

The Spectator opened the new book "The Voices" and began to read because of a personal admiration for the authoress, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, the brilliant woman whose philanthropic activities have so endeared her to San Francisco.

It is not a surprise to find that the novel delves into sociological problems, for Mrs. Lowenberg, in previous works, "A Nation's Crime" and "The Irresistible Current," gave proof of a deep study and wide knowledge of the causes and conditions of social unrest.

The heroine of "The Voices" is a beautiful young girl, the product of ultra American ideals, endowed with a gift of guidance by supernatural voices. She is named Joan and like the Maid of France believes in her mission,—to bring harmony between labor and capital with the best efforts of both directed toward a government whose principles would make for a panacea of unrest.

Mrs. Lowenberg says that the story came to her when she was plunged into the depths of woe after the death of her beloved husband, her cherished companion through many years. As she developed it, consolation, peace descended upon her heart.

The book deals with all the burning questions of the day,—occultism, higher education, unionism, government ownership, party platforms, strikes, presidential terms and the powers of congress.

Of course there is a romance,—indeed there are more than one. Mrs. Lowenberg has revealed also a keen sense of humor, as exemplified by her perception of up to the minute foibles of the new generation.

The Spectator closed the book with the opinion that it contains material for thought which would lead the reader into a maelstrom of problems to solve, necessitating study and sound judgment, therefore a volume from which much can be learned.

The High Cost of Vegetarianism

There is undoubtedly good intent behind the campaign, sponsored by the Department of Justice, for the "Save Money on Meat" week, which in California and other states of a selected group—the week's rotate in various parts of the country—begins March 29th. It remains to be seen, however, how effective such an application of war time abnegation can affect the cost of living.

Vegetarianism, which would be the logical conclusion of such a movement, is not of much avail as an economy. At any rate, that is what those who have tried it say—or rather, those who have tried it without making a cult of it.

The Spectator knows one of these pallid fellows who crawl lackadaisically through an unsympathetic world. He owns to eleven years of vegetarianism, and still survives. This is what he says as to its saving possibilities:

"Ten year ago a vegetarian diet cost probably ten per cent less than a meat diet. That was the proportion when I foreswore the fleshpots. Now the difference is quite likely less. I am not an expert on the cost of porterhouse.

What Are Marine Vegetables?

"It's true, for some years I continued to regard oysters as marine vegetables, but my conscience got me at last. But the vegetarian doesn't eat just boiled vegetables: he's a contriver of dishes made with cereals and nuts and as a cheese expert there's not his equal among the carnivorous. And all these things have gone up equally with meat, if not more so.

"There are vegerians and vegarians. Also, in the nomenclature of French dieticians, vegetalians, who are those who refuse milk and eggs. I, alas! still follow some of the paths of the devil, and rejoice that coffee and tobacco are of the vegetable kingdom.

"There are delights in vegetarianism the meat eater can never know. Where can the meat eater get a thrill to equal the vegetarian's when the latter goes into an oyster house and asks for an oyster cocktail without any oysters?"

Oakland's Police Imbroglio

The citizens are aroused at the orgy of slugging which has followed the strike of the shipyard workers. When the East Bay shipyards resumed operations under "The American Plan" the men who did not return to work formed bands and started open warfare against the workers. At a recent prize fight one of the strikers drew a revolver in a crowd of five thousand people and started to shoot one of the workers. A one armed man working in the shipyard was attacked by a gang of able bodied men with an ax. Since November first 68 workers in the shipyards have been openly assaulted and 50 of them have been seriously injured; 27 death threats have been received by the workers.

As a result, delegations from 33 Oakland civic fraternal and business organizations are now holding almost daily meetings and are planning to take over the policing of the city unless conditions improve.

The city officials in whose hands the administration of the law and the protection of the citizens lies are seemingly too busy with their own affairs to give the the situation more than momentary considetaion.

Commissioner Fred Morse of the Department of Public Health and Safety is wearing a troubled expression. Morse, it was given out had pledged himself to install captain of inspectors Petersen as chief of police upon Petersen's return from France. Morse at the last moment changed his mind at the instance of the women's clubs who are said to have opposed Petersen because of his public statement that all men are "polygamous animals." Instead he retained Henry J. Nedderman as chief and Petersen started an investigation that sent Nedderman into the Superior Court for trial on charges of accepting bribes from Chinese and white lottery magnates. One jury disagreed and a second acquitted Nedderman and he came back into the department as a sergeant with the determination to "get" Petersen. During the week this determination seems to have matured as Morse discharged Petersen from the department upon the charge that he had allowed Chinese gambling to flourish four years ago when he was acting chief. Now Petersen is going into court to protect his position as captain of inspectors and the row is now on.

As it stands Petersen is going to get revenge upon Morse for discharging him, Commissioner Baccus is going to get revenge upon Commissioner Sodeberg for charging him with steal-

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

ing old pipe, Commissioner Edwards is going to avenge himself upon the men who filed suit against him and Cimmissioner Soderberg is out after the men who are threatening him with a recall.

Mayor Davie seems to be the only official without a fight or a grudge on his hands. "Let the commissioners forget politics and give their time to running the city," declared Davie last week. "So say we all," was the response of the Oakland citizens.

And in the meanwhile it is not outside of the bounds of probability that the men of the American Legion will take charge of things until a new set of commissioners are elected or the present ones get down to the business they are being paid to transact.

Resourceless Ad Managers

Truly, it is amusing to encounter so frequently the evidences of lack of imagination upon the part of advertising managers of commercial enterprises, those clever persons who pass on the word that anyone can sell what the public does not want but only a brilliant salesman can make the public buy what it does not want. Too seldom they make their employers fall in with their transparent schemes which result in useless outlay and meagre income; but the ad man gets his salary, just the same.

Now, it requires but little imagination to conceive that every daughter of Eve pines for at least one new frock for spring. That thought occurred this week to the ad salesman of a certain local shop for women's apparel. Behold! the firm spent some of its money for stationery and stamps by sending broadcast cards announcing that the recipients would be privileged, by presenting one of the paste-boards at the store, to purchase a gown—just like that! All the prospective purchasers will have to do will be to come right into the store and pick out any of the dresses. Of course, they will have to bring the money too or make some arrangement for paying it. And won't that be nice? Almost as diplomatic an invitation as that of the spider to the fly with this difference: the fly had to exercise her magination as to how she could get out of the spider's parlor, but the ladies who receive cards of invitation are told plainly just how much it will cost them to escape with a gown from the hospitable store.

More Power to Jackling

The federal authorities doubtless are correct in their rigid enforcement of prohibition regulations, but when an arbitrary law clashers at a thousand points with time-honored customs, it is inevitable that its application in detail will produce an effect of meticulous absurdity. The fault is not in men but in the law.

Quills are scratching in preparation for forensic dispute as a result of the presence of sixty-six quarts of liquor in the Cyprus, private car of D. C. Jackling. The presevering San Franciscan is going to find out what's what through the courts, and has has the best wishes for his venture of all his fellow townsmen and a lot more folks.

A ship captain's cabin is his home, but the private car of an American is no better than any ordinary box car, nor more significant, in the eyes of prohibition. Col. Jackling forgot his sixty-six bottles till the law was in effect. Then he reported them to the local authorities, to get a ruling on whether or not the Cyprus was his home while he occupied it. Washington said no. So, to prevent possible seizure of the car, he surrended the liquor and prepared to sue for its recovery.

The facts have been recounted, but they have not yet received proper literary treatment. Perhaps there is not in this incident the matter for a legalistic Aristophanic comedy,—if "The Birds," why not "The Bottles"?—but there is enough and plenty for a farce. The antis should see that it is written. Once give the people the chance to laugh at prohibition, and the return of liberty is assured.

French National Bureau of Sport

France will have a national bureau of sport in the near future as a result of a proposal introduced in the Senate by M. Desnard, upon the recommendation of the Ministry of Public Health. This bill was approved by the Senate in substance but it will be modified slightly and passed on to the Chamber of Deputies.

Champagne Comes Back

The old time firm of A. Campodonico & Co. of 436 Green street, San Francisco, created quite a stir in banking and viticultural circles this past week for the firm's much talked about substitute for champagne was offered the market. Of course the new product has not the alcoholic content of champagne but keen judges marvel at the piquancy, body, and bouquet of the new product. It is called "Campo, Extra Dry." Wherever introduced "Campo, Extra Dry" has gone big. The package is made up just after the manner of "Mumm's Extra Dry," the familiar "pink top," the dark and gold neck band, and the crown topped white and gold body fianard. Here is a California product which bids fair to become of national demand and along with its success will come a new and extensive industry for California,—an unexpected new lease of life for our viticulturists. Of the beverage itself we learn that it is not a compound. Only pure juices of fruit are used,—the hardy North California cider apple and the muscatel grape of Asti. The service of "Campo, Extra Dry," the appearance of the package, and the impressive dry "pop" of the corkage constitute a life impression of the late lamented king of libations. In Techau Tavern one evening last week a waiter wheeled in a champagne stand and soon placed a cooling bucket upon it with a regulation looking bottle of champagne bobbing out from the ice. The smack of the uncorking could be heard at all nearby tables. The amber fluid looked like champagne and for the next hour A. P. Brown, maitre du service, was kept busy assuring patrons it was not the old time champagne. In the restaurants and at Hotel St. Francis, the stewards are listing "Campo, Extra Dry" at $1.50 a pint and $2.25 a quart with lots of buyers.

Germany's Social Democrats

While "the man in the street," impressed by the disciplined docility of the German people, scarcely anticipated revolution as an immediate event, historians had such a contingency in their minds. In "The History of Germany" (by W. T. Waugh and published in 1916 by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack), the following passage occurs: "After all, Bismarck's reforms did little but protect the German workman against exceptional misfortune. He still works long hours, still gets low wages, and still often has to pay a stiff rent for a wretched room in one of the barrack-like buildings which, with their imposing exteriors, often leave on hasty travelers the false impression that German towns have no slums. Thus, the Social Democrats have still much to offer to the lower classes in Germany. . . . . The Social Democrats are the strongest party in the Reichstag, and the best organized party in the country. Yet their strength is often over-estmated. . . . Many of those who vote Socialist are notoriously not Socialists at all, but persons who wish to see in the Reichstag a strong body that may be trusted to criticise the Ministry. And it cannot be denied that the Social Democrats have hitherto been mightier in words than in deeds, and have never shown much instinct for practical politics. Still, they are a formidable force; and if some great disaster were to befall the nation they might perhaps be able to lead a successful revolution." It is the Social Democrat party that has taken the lead in the present revolution in Germany.

Where the Flags Came From

A British officer tells a curious tale regarding the flags with which the people of France and Belgium celebrated their redemption. There were flags everywhere, thousands of them—Union Jacks, Stars and Stripes, Japanese, Belgian, French, and Italian. The officer, struck by the variety and number of the emblems, remarked to a native that the people seemed to have been well prepared for the victorious return of the Allies and their own soldiers, and asked where the flags had been hidden. "Hidden?" replied the Frenchman, "they were not hidden. We bought them from the Germans!" Here, indeed, was a curious manifestation of German psychology, or perhaps trading instinct. Did the Germans anticipate their own retreat, and come prepared to equip the French and Belgians with the means of celebration? It would appear that they did so, and were willing to utilize the occasion for earning an honest penny, the only honest money they had earned for many a day!

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Social

By TANTALUS

Margaret Nelson Bresse and a Noble Charity

The large number of California friends of Mrs. L. C. Heebner of N. Y. are doing what they can to console her for her bereavement in the passing of her mother, Mrs. Eugene A. Bresse. On March 9th a memorial service was held for Mrs. Bresse at the Crocker Old Peoples' Home, of which she was president. Among the eulogies delivered upon that occasion, that of Charles F. Hanlon, attorney for the Home since its foundation, is of interest in that it outlined the story of the institution so interwoven with the growth of San Francisco and recalls the noble charitable activities of some of our pioneers. Extracts from the address are:

"I knew Margaret Nelson Bresse on Rincon Hill, when she was a baby. It is a source of great satisfaction to me, that with my right hand I helped to rock the cradle of this great institution, but it is a source of still greater satisfaction that with both hands I helped to rock the cradle of Margaret Nelson Bresse when she was five months old.

At that time her parents Capt. and Mrs. Chas. Nelson lived at 26 Laurel Place, on Rincon Hill, next door to the residence of Judge and Mrs. O. C. Pratt. In the same block there dwelt those well known pioneers, James M. Donahue, E. S. Farnsworth, A. E. Forbes, Wm. F. Babcock and others.

As a daughter she was obedient and good. As a wife she was true as steel. As a mother she was watchful and indulgent; but it's not so much as a baby girl or a daughter, or a wife, or a mother, that I now will speak of her, but rather as the president for seventeen long years of the board of lady managers of this great institution. It would be impossible to speak of her without referring to the institution which she honored, and of its founder, who was her own mother, Mrs. Nelson.

On March 14, 1874, Mrs. Meta Nelson met in her Laurel Place parlor with Mrs. Annie A. Pratt and two other ladies and myself, then just opening the first pages of Blackstone,—as a law student and called to act as the scrivener. At that little meeting this institution was born. Mrs. Nelson remarked that when a man was young and strong, he was taken up and assisted and employed by corporations, firms and business houses and then if he had the right qualities he easily prospered, but when he became old and feeble and weak and wheezy, these same corporations and business houses and the world generally turned their backs upon him and left him to shift for himself. She also remarked that when a woman was young and strong and full of life, she was sought after, and courted, helped along and assisted, but when she went down on the other side of the hill of life, she was neglected, forgotten and left to shift for herself.

Her desire was to found a home to shelter the old of both sexes. She had written in her peculiar Scandinavian hand on a sheet of paper a line from the Bible, a line that is now inscribed on the walls of this institution:

"Cast me not off in the time of old age; Forsake me not when my strength fails."

That was the proverb that she followed for over quarter of a century thereafter in founding and building up this home.

We first opened in the residence of Cutler McAllister on First street. Not being versed in business methods, we took persons for life for $200 and $300 each. The expense of supporting them was so great that we ran behind and could not continue to pay the rent required, so we moved to cheaper quarters on Ridley street. Then came the disastrous year of 1879, when Capt. Nelson lost a fleet of vessels, and mob violence and financial troubles harrassed San Francisco. The members met in Caucus street and voted unanimously to dissolve and disband. With that vote to confront Mrs. Nelson, she at once rose up, and with a flashing eye said, "I will not stand for turning into the streets, our aged men and our aged women."

She inaugurated a paper ball at Platt's Hall. I was dressed in a black paper suit and led the grand march with Miss Peck, who now is Mrs. Fred Sanborn and famous for her co-work with Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

Mrs. Nelson also gave business men's lunches on Montgomery street, and raised a large fund which put the institution on a sound basis again. Mrs. A. W. Scott has given you a wonderful address today. It was so comprehensive that I do not see why they call on men like me to talk at all. Now her husband Mr. A. W. Scott was one of our trustees, and at that time was a member of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco. I appeared before the board with others, and through the kind services of Mr. Scott, we obtained a free lease of the corporation yard of Francisco street, and obtained a bill of sale of the big set of buildings then on the land.

Mrs. Nelson improved these buildings, adorned the grounds with lawns and tropical plants, and also furnished the interior of the building, so that it became at once a grand and beautiful institution.

Not satisfied with this, she told me that she wanted to help the incurables. "Everybody," said she, "shuns the incurables." She would donate the entire institution with all its furnishings to the society of King's Daughters in charge of the Home for the incurables.

At that time the Abbotsford, a huge hotel at North Beach was idle. She would buy that and build up a new home for her old people. The body of eleven trustees, of which I was a member was shocked at this daring proposition. We unanimously voted her down, and with that vote, down went the spires of the Abbotsford. But Mrs. Nelson was not discouraged; she interested Mrs. Charles Crocker in her project. Mrs. Crocker built this present new home on Pine and Pierce streets, and the old Francisco street home was then turned over to the society of the King's Daughters in charge of the Incurables.

But back of the laying of the corner stone of this new institution built by Mrs. Crocker, we must not forget the names of the pioneer founders of the Old Peoples Home. We must not forget the old pioneer trustees—Mr. Chas. Lagererantz, Mr. C. J. Janson, Dr. Lundburg, Capt. Peterson, Capt. Nelson, Mr. E. E. Kentfield, Mr. A. W. Scott, Mr. Sidney V. Smith, Mr. Joseph Knowland, Mr. D. J. Staples, Mr. Geo. H. Mastick and Mr. M. H. Myrick.

We must not forget Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Fricle, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Tyson, Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Janson, Mrs. Kate Johnson, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Martell, Mrs. Sperry, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Palache, Mrs. Goodall, and Mrs. Perkins.

Stop and remember that the state of California one of the greatest of our young states has only reached the age of seventy years. When Mrs. Nelson started this home, California was only twenty-four years in its statehood life.

This institution has survived through a period of forty-six years. The men who laid the foundations of this city and state heard the rumble of the great Civil War. They survived the weak and the irresolute and succeeded in finding the Golden Fleece, they prospered and made their mark. From their very graves this spirit of charity arose and as well spread itself, over this city and over the state.

We still remember Robinson, the founder of the Robinson Bequest Fund which is now being dispensed by the hand of our mayor. We still remember Honora Sharp, whose charity and benevolence make the children in the playgrounds of the park joyous. We still remember John Lick when we contemplate the spires of the Lick Astronomical Observatory on Mt. Hamilton. We still remember Judge Hastings

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who gave to California the Hastings Law College, than which there is no better between the Atlantic and the Pacific. We still remember Phoebe Hearst whose generosity brought into being great educational branches to our California University. We still remember Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, founders of the great university in the beautiful plains of Palo Alto; and last but not least we remember the Nelson family, the founders of this great benevolent institution, the Old Peoples Home, where hundreds of old men and old women have comfort and shelter from the blasts of winter, and the uncharitable attitudes of the outside world.

In conclusion, I regret with you that Margaret Nelson Bresse is gone, but the work of her genius survives her.

She is gone, but her spirit still hovers and clings around the corridors of this home. She is gone, but her memory will live in the hearts and the minds of the old folks who live in this home and who assemble here today.

She is gone but her enthusiasm and her counsel and advice still pervade the board of trustees of this home, who will continue to be guided by her for years to come. I hope you will all join with me in a final prayer.

May her spirit always pervade these sanctuaries of the Old Peoples' Home, and may her ashes rest in peace."

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels who have returned from Coronado entertained Messrs. Cortot and Thibaud at a beautifully appointed luncheon.

Edmond Godchaux and his sisters were dinner hosts to the gifted artists in their charming home, Buchanan and Broadway.

Building your own home has become quite the fad in the East Bay district. Miss Louise Mahoney, well known socially on either side of the bay, announces that she has arranged to building a group of Spanish apartments on Broadway in Oakland. She has designed the building and will superintend its construction. She has secured some of the windows, marble benches and Spanish grills and balconies which were used at the Exposition and will incorporate them in her building.

The late Herman Whitaker the author, started the "build your own home" movement in the East Bay district and it was taken up by Martinez, the artist, Herbert Bashford, the playwright and from literary and artistic circles it is now pursued by society.

Famous British Golf Architect

W. Herbert Fowler, the world famous British golf architect, has made a careful examination of the Pebble Beach golf course, one of the new links of California and has given an enthusiastic report of his impression. In summing up his ideas he states:

"Pebble Beach is certainly one of the beauty courses of the world and there is no reason whatever why the quality of the golf should not be of a very high order. It must be remembered that in this particular bit of ground the holes which are laid out close to the sea must, as a matter of course, have more distinctive character than those which are inland. As to the designing of the course, the general scheme is thoroughly sound and good. There is some work of alteration and for the treatment of each hole that will make this a course of standard and championship character."

The celebrated visitor, who has an international reputation as a sportsman, goes into detail to set forth a number of changes in the course which will be put into execution.

The Del Monte management is devoting much attention to bringing both of these golf courses into a high state of perfection. Under the supervision of Harold Samson, the well known professional, work has been going on at both places for the past six months. Fairways and putting greens have been gone over carefully and the recent rains have worked wonders.

Ed. Lydon of Beresford, a greens expert, has also been devoting his attention to the grasses.

Del Monte is fortunately equipped with these two courses which will enable the California Golf Association to stage the championship this year without congestion. Both courses will be used to run through the program.

Week-end competitions are staged regularly and on all of the holiday dates big tournaments are scheduled on either the No. 1 course or on the picturesque Pebble Beach links by the seaside.

At Del Monte coast players come in contact with thousands of easterners and foreign golfers who visit California throughout the year.

Another feature that comes to attention at Del Monte is the way the social and business organizations are taking up the pastime. An outstanding entertainment for conventions consists of golf tournaments. On May 1st and 2nd the Bohemian Club of S. F. is to have a tournament for its members at Del Monte; the California Wholesale Grocers May 3rd-5th; the National Supply Jobbers Convention May 12th to 15th, the California Indians May 17th to 23rd, are others that will promote golf tournaments at Del Monte.

Del Monte takes place as the golfing Mecca of the far west and it is possible that in the near future another course will be mapped out in order to meet the demand for places to play.

Del Monte Air Classic Race

An air classic with thrilling races through space has finally arrived. The Pacific Aero Club announces that on April 21st the first holding of the Del Monte Air Classic will be staged with the start from San Francisco and the contest extending to Del Monte and returning to San Francisco.

This new sporting event promises to add the necessary touch of novelty to complete the varied program of California activities in the great out doors. The race is to be for a valuable list of trophies and has the sanction and support of the Western Army Air Department, besides the Aero Club of America, and the American Flyers Club of New York.

The event, according to announcement by Fred C. Porter, chairman of the contest committee of the Pacific Aero Club, will be open to all types of machines. An effort will be made, however, to restrict the entries to only the fastest planes so that the air course will not be too crowded. This may sound a little far fetched but the course is to be so closely mapped out that there is danger of having too many machines going in the same pathway.

The aircraft will be sent away from San Francisco at ten o'clock in the morning. There will be air controls to have the machines circle to the right of the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco, thence to Oakland for a circle around the City Hall and on to San Jose and Watsonville where other air controls will be conducted.

The distance of the race will be approximately 100 miles each way. The machines are to land at the Del Monte polo fields, which makes one of the best landing places in the country. There are 1800 by 500 feet of clear and level turf space. It is expected that the grounds will be crowded to capacity with the spectators who will want to see the machines land and take off. It is estimated that the sail from San Francisco to Del Monte will require one and a half to one and three-quarters hours counting the time that will be required to follow the air course. This will place the arrival at Del Monte between 11:30 and 12:00 o'clock. At two o'clock in the afternoon the machines will be sent away in the order of their arrival for the return trip to San Francisco.

The officers of the Pacific Aero Club are counting on the entire coast being interested in this air classic. It is staged as the opening feature of the Aeronautic Show in San Francisco. The thousands of inhabitants in San Francisco and around the bay points will have an opportunity to look up into the skies and see the start of the race and then all along the course the people will be viewing the airmen in their flight to Del Monte.

The Del Monte classic is the first sanctioned race to be held in the air on the Pacific Coast. It means the establishment of air contests as

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Stage

Apostles of French Music

Not only as artists of distinction but as priests with a mission, Afred Cortot and Jaques Thibaud, famous violinist and pianist respectively, played to a big house on Sunday at the Curran. All the French colony was there and rejoiced that French propagandists of music had arrived. Cortot, at the home of some San Francisco friends recently gave expression to the view that an artist is greatest when he interprets the meaning, the message of the composer, leaving the listener to realize not "How great is Cortot!" but "How great is Schuman, or Liszt or Debussy or whatever composer he interprets!" The audience arrived in expectant, receptive mood, remained entranced and left exhilarated by the artists' rendition of a superb program.

Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill of extraordinary merit, novelty and variety.

Among theatrical families, the Four Marx are unique for theirs is the only case on record where four brothers having adopted the stage, pooled their talents and are appearing continually together. These four young men are unusually capable performers and have together built a musical comedy which supplies each of them with an excellent vehicle for the exploiting of his particular ability. The name of their offering is "N' Everything" and it tells of a newly rich family who try to break into society and their ludicrous attempts to achieve this ambition furnish great fun.

Sarah Padden, whose triumphs in "The Clod" and "The Eternal Barrier" are fresh in the public memory, is always assured of a cordial welcome in this city. She is an artist in the truest sense of the word who never fails to "hold the mirror up to nature." Her new offering is entitled "Betty Behave" and its author is Tom Barry who also wrote "The Eternal Barrier." She is supported by a specially selected company.

Ben K. Benny is versatile and amusing. He is really an excellent violinist, chiefly devoting his attention to popular music. He is also a comedian whose monologue is original and diverting.

Dan Mahoney and George Auburn will entertain with a novel specialty which consists of the rapid manipulation of Indian Clubs accompanied by bright and witty patter.

Basil Lynn and Howland indulge in a racey conversation which is highly amusing. Both men are capital comedians and agreeable contrasts.

Bostock's Riding School and Miss Billie Shaw & Co. in her Dance Drama will also be included in the new bill.

The Alexander Kids are a trio of juveniles who have won success in America and England. They are indeed prodigies whose natural talents have been carefully developed and there are probably nowhere three more capable children.

Alcazar

The vivid portrayal of Washington life and political jobbery in the David Belasco success "The Woman," at the Alcazar, will be succeeded next Sunday matinee by "The Other Wife," a domestic play of gripping theme and suspensive melodramatic interest to be acted for the first time on the Pacific Coast. Its box office appeal in eastern playhouses is a matter of record. A man big in public affairs had made a mistake in early life. Then follows his rise to fame, fortune and ideal home environment. Always when his power and position seems most secure he is haunted by the skeleton in his domestic closet. One day it emerges and he is confronted by his other wife. How he meets the situation with the courage of the unfortunate Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables" is set forth in this vitally absorbing and thrilling melodrama, in which the clouds of criminal intrigue have a silver lining of fresh, bouyant comedy of youth. There is a murder mystery, a conflict of wits with the police and a tremendous jury plea in behalf of an accused man. The cast includes Clay Cement and Belle Bennett as the second wife, with the full strength of the company.

Joyous Easter week, commencing with matinee Easter Sunday, April 4th, brings to the Alcazar for the first time the gay and glittering romance of the fashion shop, "Lombardi Ltd," radiant with shimmering colors and latest modes, and peopled with seductive manequins and many amusing characters of stage and society.

MRS. J. CARLTON VON SEIFRIED
(née Ruth Tripp).

At the Curran

The fine business being done at the Curran Theatre this week by The Gallo English Opera Company is proof beyond question that the comic operas of the past are very much alive, and that there is a demand for the works of Gilbert and Sullivan.

For the second and last week of the Gallo engagement at the Curran, the selection of operas is one which seems well-nigh perfect to Gilbert and Sullivan lovers: On Sunday, Monday and Thursday evenings, the only departure from the works of this brilliant pair occurs, the offering for these nights being Robert Planquette's fine romantic French opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," in which Miriam Elkus of San Francisco makes her appearance in the prima donna role of Germaine.

The cast will be: Edward Quinn, J. Humbird Duffey, Jefferson De Angelis, Harry A. Collignon, George Herbert, Rosamond Whiteside and Miriam Elkus.

On Tuesday evening and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees, "H. M. S. Pinafore" is to be the offering, with Jefferson De Angelis, Louis Lavelle, J. Humbird Duffey, Harry A. Collignon, Edward Quinn, Ethel Tamminga, Mildred Rogers, and Alice Booth.

On Wednesday and Friday evenings Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful Venetian opera, "The Gondoliers" will be sung by: Harry A. Collignon, Mildred Rogers, Dorothy Elton, Hugh Williams, Jefferson De Angelis, J. Humbird Duffey, Louis Lavelle, Rosamond Whiteside, and Ethel Tamminga.

The engagement will be brought to a brilliant close Saturday evening with "The Mikado," with the same cast as this week, including Hana Shimozumi.

Galli-Curci

Frank W. Healy, under whose direction Mme. Galli-Curci will appear in concert at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 2nd, is just in receipt of telegraphic advices from the office of Management Charles L. Wagner, that the date of Mme. Galli-Curi's appearance at Assembly Hall, Stanford University, has been changed from Monday night, May 3rd, to Thursday night, April 29th. The Stanford concert, therefore, antedates the San Francisco appearance of Mme. Galli-Curi. The change of date was made necessary by the burning of the Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles, and the inability to secure corresponding dates at Clune's Auditorium.

Ysaye the Invincible

The most absorbing interest will centre round and in the appearance in concert this coming month, of Eugene Ysaye, who, under the direction of Frank W. Healy, will appear in joint recital with Mischa Elman, at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, since it is the rule of his appearances, in this country, where he is an imnipotent drawing card. Few artists are so well known and so generally beloved as Ysaye. The extent in size and importance of the field he dominates is immense. He is deified by the young neophyte of the art wherein he so greatly excels. Professionals as well as amateurs of the violin, claim to find in him the supernatural inspiration. And so they clamor for him at the box offices and fall into a long serpentine line when tickets for this concerts are on sale; and refuse to be comforted when the announcement that the house has long been sold out is vouchsafed them.

Institutional Temple and Mme. Alda

Great interest centers in the two concerts to be given in aid of the new Institutional Temple, to be erected on California street, between Commonwealth avenue and Parker street, by the Jewish citizens of San Francisco and their friends. Aside from the laudable character of the enterprise, the events, which will take place at the Exposition Auditorium on Wednesday evening, April 7th, and Sunday afternoon, April 11th, will be of surpassing musical importance.

Mme. Frances Alda (Mme. Gatti-Casassa), and prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan, is going to make a special trip across the continent for the sole purpose of raising her glorious voice in aid of the building fund. She will

have as a joint artist Riccardo Martin, the dramatic tenor, who will also come direct from New York for these concerts.

These stars have prepared wonderful programs for the concerts and they will have as accompanist Miss Erin Ballard, the golden-haired girl who created such a pianistic sensation here when she accompanied Mme. Alda and Mme. Matzenauer, on their previous San Francisco appearances. There is a large demand for seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and mail orders, accompanied by check or money order payable to Frank W. Healy, who has charge of the business arrangements, will receive prompt attention.

Cal'a Missions Pageant

The costume ball and pageant, to be given in aid of the fund for the Restoration of the California Missions at the Exposition Auditorium, Saturday evening, April 17th, promises to be a gala event. An energetic committee of public spirited citizens is in charge of the event and a very colorful affair is promised. A feature of the evening will be an appropriate choral ensemble by the augmented chorus of the Municipal Music League, and there will be beautiful ballets and innumerable special attractions.

Local Theatrical Marriage

Thespians along Powell street were thrown into a high degree of exultation last Sunday when Teddy Webb of the "Maytime" company at the Curran Theatre announced the marriage of Mr. Carlton J. von Seifried and Miss Ruth R. Tripp of New Haven, Ct. "Joe" Seifried is one of the best liked and generally known personages in theatrical and motographic work on the Pacific Coast. Half an hour after "Teddy" Webb's communication to the world, the newlyweds were innundated with floral tributes and an avalanche of good wishes, culminating in an early morning breakfast, a la mode, at Cafe Colombo. Unknown to their friends, Mr. Seifried and Miss Tripp motored to the parsonage at Half Moon Bay where the rites were performed by Rev. Dr. Madson Peters, but a few years back a member of one of Frederick Warde's reportoire companies and a life long friend of the groom. The Seifried Carnival Enterprises is one of Seifried's best known interests while it was his genius and energy which made a financial and artistic success of the Clarendon Restaurant, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Cafe Madrid in New Orleans and the Cafe Colombo of this city. In fact, theatrical chroniclers will relate of "Joe" Seifried that to him must go the credit of introducing a "Greenwich Village" into San Francisco at the height of the prohibition infliction. And by the way "Joe" Seifried was the long distance champion swimmer of the world. In 1904 he swam from the Battery to the Parkway Baths at Brighton Beach and back again, 37 miles. In 1899 he was regarded as the highest priced trapeze artist in the John B. Dorris shows. Afterwards he became a theatrical promoter and has stuck to it through ups and downs of varied and romantic character.

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

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The Life of Opera

The revival at Cambridge's New Theatre of Henry Purcell's opera "The Faery Queen," whose score was found in a cupboard of British Royal Academy of Music after it had been lost since 1701, exactly two centuries before, calls attention to the short life of most operas. No form of art looks more old fashioned than the opera of yesterday, and the exceptions that retain popularity, especially in San Francisco, are few.

The Cambridge revival smacks of dilettanuteism. Nevertheless, Purcell was one of the few composers of the seventeenth century who laid the foundation for a British opera tradition. Then along came Handel and smothered it—or so aver the historians of music—and Purcell is remembered only for his church music and Byrd and Morley have even less fame.

Purcell was something of a prodigy, like so many musicians. Mozart, whose compositions were published when he was six, is the stock example, but Bizet was admitted to the Conservatoire aat the age of ten and Saint-Saens was studying the piano when three years old. Either feat is less than Purcell's, however, for at 22 he succeeded Dr. Christopher Gibbons as organist of Westminster Abbey and a year later was made organist of the Chapel Royal, of which his father, Henry too, had been made a gentleman on the restoration. Purcell was buried in Westminster Abbey. When he died at the age of thirty-seven, in 1695, Handel and Bach were but ten years old.

RANDOM RIDDLES

In what four letters can you ask a man if he is ill?—R U C D (are you seedy).

What is the first thing you do when you get into bed?—You make an impression.

Why does a woman lose time after she is twenty?—Time waits for no man, and she does.

Why don't people improve when in prison?—Because the whole thing is more or less a cell.

Why should goat's milk be used most in the dairy?—Because the goat makes the best butter.

What words may be pronounced quicker and shorter by adding syllables to them?—Quick and short.

What was it a blind man took at breakfast that restored his sight?—He took a cup and sau-cer.

What historical character does a person name when asking the servant to put coal on the fire? Phil-ip the Great.

What proves a minister to be a most affectionate man?—Because in every church you find a cat-e-chist.

"When did you first become acquainted with your husband?" "The first time I asked him for money after we were married."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market continuing its upward trend and sentiment at the close of the week was more favorable to a further advance than at any time since the advance set it.

Several important questions have been settled in a way that is satisfactory not only to the interests immediately concerned but to give confidence to those who have believed all along in the common sense of the American public. The public has not come in as quickly as was expected, but this is probably due to the prevailing high money rates.

The professional element, who have been so bearish of late, are now more optimistic and are looking forward to a period of lower money rates that should allow the formation of pools to again become operative.

Secretary Houston's statement on future taxation was inspiring and helped prices along. He said excess profit tax should be modified and his idea was that undistributed profits of corporations be made subject to heavy taxes and traders inferring from this that both large stock dividends and increased distribution of cash payments would follow, they hastened to cover their short contracts and take the long side.

Another factor that was given considerable attention was the advance in Sterling Exchange, as well as the expected large shipments of gold from Europe to this country and other evidences of the strong determination shown by our debtor nations to meet their obligations. The announcement, for instance, of the preparation being made for the payment by England of her share of the Anglo-French bonds, due very shortly, which presupposes a similar determination on the part of France, cannot prove other than helpful to the existing situation.

The effect of the recovery of the exchanges upon our own prosperity will, of course, be instantaneous. It will renew our exports, keep our factories running and will justify labor receiving high wages, thus removing the greatest shadow that has been cast on our industrial activity.

Railroads are coming into their own. The new railroad law is regarded with satisfaction in almost all quarters. The recent decision handed down by the Supreme Court overruling the Interstate Commerce Commission in its practice of arriving at the valuation of railroad property will make a tremendous difference when it comes to estimating freight rates.

Oil stocks gave a good account of themselves. The urgent demand for all kinds of petroleum products and advance in price both for the crude and the refined almost daily in some section of the oil belt has brought considerable activity in these issues. The higher priced dividend payers were the leaders—with the Mexican oils showing the most activity and strength. Prospects of better concessions by the Mexican government was the factor in the advance of the latter, but, no doubt, the next statements will show them in a very prosperous condition.

The motor stocks, under the leadership of General Motors, was the real skyrocket, advancing more than 100 points in the past three days. Shorts, who expected to deliver the new stock against sales of the old, were forced to cover their old stock, as the new stock was not available for delivery and this brought about the sudden sharp advance. The advance helped the balance of the motor group in a sympathetic way, but the same conditions did not prevail in the other issues. The motor business is still in a flourishing condition, as some of the recent reports would indicate, and prospects of stock dividends are expected to give further rise to these issues.

We feel very friendly to the market and expect higher prices, although reactions can be expected from time to time from a technical condition.

Cotton—Prices for the nearby options got into new high ground last week. Trade, however, was light and most of the business was by the local professional element.

There was nothing new in the way of news to account for the strength except, as time goes on, the shorts in the March option are becoming more anxious, as the local stock of contract in New York shows no signs of increasing and spot prices continue to command a premium over the futures. Deliveries, so far this month, have been very small and of a lower grade which was well taken and did not come back on the market.

There was a small reaction on a report that an embargo had been placed on cotton to Genoa, but no official confirmation of this was had, and the impression prevailed in the trade that should same be placed it would be with the idea of stabilizing the exchange.

One of the factors that went a long way in creating a more favorable sentiment was the continued advance in Sterling Exchange, as well as the strength in Liverpool.

Domestic demand for cotton goods is such that mills are working to full capacity and show no hesitancy in paying record prices for the raw material. Spot cotton in the South is firmly held and only comes out when prices are advanced.

Attention is beginning to center on next season's crop possibilities and, while it is yet too early to dwell on this subject with any safe degree of accuracy, it looks as though there will be an increase in acreage.

Another item of importance is the question of fertilizer. It is safe to assume that more and a better quality of fertilizer is being used than was the case during the past four or five years.

Last but not least, the labor situation all over the South has doubtless been improved. The draft had taken many of the best farm hands away and, while it is true that a great number of the discharged soldiers and sailors have thus far remained in the cities, there is considerably more help to be had now than there was last year and the year before. This condition is likely to ameliorate still further as the season progresses.

The auspices under which the new crop is going to start are much better than in any of the previous years, so that the making or marring of the crop will again exclusively depend upon the weather.

"What shall we do to remedy the high cost of living?"

"I'll see if I can't get a job to assist in investigating it. May be the salary will be enough to help tide us over."

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Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 11)

regular features. The Pacific Aero Club in announcing the event state that they are figuring on the years to come to have this air contest reach the same importance as the automobile road race.

Smart Set Dance Palace

An epochal event is calandered for this coming week at Arcadia, the really beautiful "Palace of the Dance" at Eddy and Jones streets. Society in San Francisco, the bay cities and down the peninsula is quite agog over it. I have in mind the engagement extraordinaire of perhaps the two most skilled and artistic exponents of modern American ball room dancing in the country today, bolder and bigger in their art than were the Castles, Maurice & Walton, or the Douglas Cranes. The advent of Miss Dorothy Hagar and Mr. Wyne Foster at Arcadia in a limited salon of teaching and a series of exhibitions means the elevation of what has been hitherto a dancing academy to a plane where it becomes of real educational and art service to the community. For three years we've wondered at the gorgeousness and palatial fitments of Arcadia and wondered why something smart and big wasn't put over. And now it comes to pass. Mr. Abel Ortiz, president and general manager of Arcadia, has shown financial courage in bringing Hagar and Foster to San Francisco for they are the idols of New York's exclusives at the Ritz Carlton Hotel and the Club du Montemarte. Miss Hagar is a member of the faculty of the American School of Del Sarte, Washington, D. C., and a teacher of American ball room dancing at the National School of Dancing, New York. Both Miss Hagar and Mr. Foster had been doing a studio salon for David Belasco in the movies at Los Angeles, their stay here being in the nature of a stop off en route to Gotham. But here is a chance for our society to learn the three new dances for the coming autumn season, five months in advance,—to "outsmart" the metropolitan smart set. The National Association of American Dancing Masters officially accepted the "Bryn Mawr," a slow oldtime waltz, the "Tuexedo," an eccentric number, and the "Camel's Walk," a pretty combination one step and hesitation, as the big leaders for 1920 and 1921. Miss Hagar declares the "Bryn Mawr" to be the most beautiful dance of thirty years. Mr. R. D. Whorten, the executive director at Arcadia, is personally staging Hagar and Foster during their salon at Arcadia while Edward J. Frizell, said to out-Hickman Art, will conduct his world famous Fury Band for the occasion. Lending patronage to the salon which opens on Monday night are Mesdames A. P. Welch, D. C. Jackling, J. S. A. Macdonald, Jane Selby Hayne, A. M. Newhall, C. M. Miller, M. Koshland, Dalton Mann, H. R. Crocker, F. W. Bradley, and Edson Adams.

California Club Breakfast and Play

On Thursday, the 19th, the "Cap and Bells" Club celebrated its sixteenth anniversary in the St. Francis Colonial ball room, when over two hundred members and guests participated in a most enjoyable breakfast, which was followed by music furnished by the club orchestra; also "A Masque of Fair Women," a skit most cleverly conceived and worked out by the club's president, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton and representing the Seven Ages of Woman, a modernized parody on Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

As a closing number, Mrs. W. P. Buckingham offered an original idea entitled "Grandma's Romance," a reincarnated Colonial Dame who had been permitted, by the powers that control to pay this mundane sphere a visit to congratulate the club upon its long and successful career. Mrs. J. P. Gale played a violin solo.

"What makes you think our friend knows very little about running a railroad?" "The very fact," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "that he is so willing to try it."—Washington Star.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 28830. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased.

MARIE MARSILY,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Newcomb, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 6th, 1920.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Executrix,
Rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-6-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVI | San Francisco-Oakland, April 3, 1920 | No. 1451

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Making Two Dollars Grow Where One Was

It is most disconcerting, just at the moment when the Fair Trade Commision is getting down to its work in San Francisco and the Department of Justice is on its second thousand lot of profiteer prosecutions, to have another branch of the government come along and tell us the cost of living won't go down for a long time to come, except for the season fluctuations that are due every year in March, April or May. And the authority for these statements is a man to whom a folio of statistics is as a golden signboard and the index number a bosom friend. It is, in fact, no less than Royal Meeker, federal commissioner of labor statistics, who knows as much as any man alive—or should, to qualify for his job in the Department of Labor—about living costs.

In the monthly publication of the Labor Department he says that the financing of the war made two dollars grow where but one dollar grew before—paper dollars, of course—and as a result there was twice as many dollars going round for the purchase of less goods than there were before the war, what with the destruction it caused and other factors.

* * *

A Word Against Profiteer Hysteria

That is as concise an explanation of the economic situation as the layman could hope for. Inflation of the circulating medium, decrease in production of the goods that are needed, and changes in demands: these are the factors as Meeker gives them.

The profiteer, he says,—and he declares that profiteering "of a most reprehensible sort" has existed and does exist—is the result of ever-increasing prices rather than a cause of them. Listen to this expert on the profiteer: "His influence in boosting prices is negligible. If all the profiteers in the world could be apprehended and thrown into jail or lined up and shot, it would have no appreciable influence upon prices."

Meeker says the basic causes must be remedied before the cost of living can fall. Incidentally he advocates an international congress to select some other standard of value than metal. Serves the dollar right for multiplying so fast!

* * *

A Plague of Loose Talking

It is an interesting coincidence that two men whose words have before this been thrust upon the attention of the public with undue shrillness and vehemence, have again, almost within one day, broken out from the ranks of the comparatively silent.

As for the syntax-torturing lucubrations of Mr. Lawson of Boston, there is no new thrill in them for even the element jaded by the diversions of the yellow press and its recurrent silly seasons. Given certain circumstances, it is easy to predict what Tom Lawson will say: the occasion is dropped like a nickel in the slot, and forth comes the voice with all the clarity and intelligibility of the mouthings of a railroad station phonograph. Fraud—billions—pirates: so runs the record, as it always has since the muckraking magazine days. An old tune, forsooth, yet one whose issuance in a time of alarums and excursions such as this should meet a condign punishment.

In the case of Mr. Borah, the situation is complicated by the circumstance of his official position. Lawson may be a footloose blatherskite, but the form of Mr. Borah is draped with the toga, carrying rights and privileges and cloaking many liberties.

Mr. Borah, rising in the Senate to scatter broadcast his charges of an over-liberal use of funds in the preliminary campaign fights, lets loose unrest without compunction. It is certain that his words will be seized upon by those bent on fomenting dissatisfaction with American institutions. The pity is that the privileges of his position do not leave him amenable to the action of laws which are yet in force, under which heavy penalities have been imposed upon men and women who have gone less far than he has in bringing the government of the U. S. into disrepute. To accuse the two foremost presidential possibilities of the day with spending money without let or stint is of itself little more than the expected bitterness of a factional leader alarmed for his minority. To allege that "the effect of thisexpenditure is to corrupt the electorate," is to carry that factional apprehension beyond the bounds of decorum or of decency.

The issue has been met squarely by one of the assailed candidates: Governor Lowden lost no time in inviting a comparison of his campaign funds with those of all other candidates. No less promptly did Mr. Doheny present to the senate, through his telegram to Senator Phelan, a specific denial of the newspaper report, loosely quoted by Mr. Borah, that he had contributed to Gen. Wood's campaign fund in the face of his own candidacy for the position of delegate at the Democratic convention. These are but two of the denials that came hot over the wires on the heels of Senator Borah's allegations.

The pity is that denials make so slight an impression compared with charges, however ill founded by the latter.

It is clear, however, that the group of which Mr. Borah is a ringmaster, is bent upon reducing the fight for the nominations to the level of a mud-slinging scramble. Political billingsgate is a sign of defeat and despair; to that extent, the tirade is welcome to all who look to both parties to produce worthy standard bearers. This confession is, however, supererogatory. After the wailing and gnashing of teeth producing among the Borah element by the Minnesota unofficial preferential vote, we might have been spared the bandying of unfounded accusations. It is a long time since the bitterness evoked in Minnesota has been exceeded. Of the 24 delegates selected by Minnesota's Republicans, twelve are uninstructed. The leading candidate, Gen. Wood, has ten. This, of course, is a bitter pill for the element that stands as opposite as the poles to Wood. That element has taken its medicine badly. But it is only one dose in a course of treatment that will extend from now till November.

* * *

Let Us Face the Facts—and Act

The grave problems of the reconstruction era have as yet evoked no suggestion touching the fundamentals of them. Voices are many and action is late. But the responsibility cannot be shirked. In its financial aspects, the situation will enter another phase within a few months. In October the French loan of September, '16, will fall due, to name but one factor. Some way must be found to stabilize international finances if payment is to be made; as Premier Millerand recently pointed out, France must pay two and a half times what she owes if she is obliged to meet her obligations abroad at the rate of exchange prevailing in the middle of March. She would have to pay forty-five billion francs for a loan of thirty billion. The position of France, moreover, is not an extreme example.

Secretary Houston, in his recent announcement that no further loans would be made

to the allied governments, pointed out that America has advanced $9,659,834,649.94 of the $10,000,000,000 authorized by Congress. In addition to government loans, according to Mr. Houston, America, since the armistice, has assisted Europe with $700,000,000 worth of surplus army supplies, $100,000,000 for food relief, about $400,000,000 in private loans to foreign bankers, and the accrued interest on government loans. The total of these items he puts at $4,000,000,000, aside from European securities bought in America.

This $14,000,000,000 is a considerable sum even when set against the estimated total of $29,960,000,000 for the property losses of the belligerent states in the war, to which must be added a further $6,800,000,000 for shipping and cargo losses. Yet Sir George Paish, for one authority, estimates that Europe needs loans of $20,000,000 before production can be resumed on the old scale, and we find men as conservative as Mark O. Prentiss, chairman of the U. S. Clearing House of Foreign Credits, declaring that the United States "might just as well . . . give up any hope of recovering either principal or interest," as far as its loans to Europe are concerned.

The money side of the situation is knit with the human side. Millions of people are not only in a state of bodily suffering but with even more millions are in a state of mind that precludes a return to full production. It is not long since Mr. Hoover declared that 100,000,000 Europeans are dependent on imported food. The chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Representative Fordney, in the committee's report on the $50,000,000 food relief proposal, said "literally millions of people in the stricken portion of Europe are facing starvation."

Europe can not start up business again off hand. Vast areas, once fertile, have been made waste. Milch cows have been sent to the butcher, horses eaten, machinery destroyed, transportation wrecked—the tale is familiar. France, for instance, according to her minister of agriculture, is unable to support more than half her 40,000,000 population because of the abandonment of the land. Fifty million acres that were once productive are idle and the agricultural population is less than ten per cent of the country's total. Conditions such as this cannot be compensated for by America. The 40,000 answers to the questionnaire recently distributed to farmers by the Postoffice Department gave rise to fears that unsatisfactory price and labor conditions were causing the farms' productivity to be seriously curtailed.

Such conditions are a part of the general system whose condition is shown by the exchange crisis of February. There is no assurance of a continued exchange fluctuation upward. America's 1919 trade balance against Europe was $4,435,410,566, imports being only $750,569,784. Great Britain's imports last year were of twice the value of those of 1913, but in quantity they were only four-fifths those of 1913. Less than two per cent of Britain's imports from America are articles of luxury, according to Austen Chamberlain, chancellor of the exchequer.

In Paris the exchange depression was frankly recognized as a credit crisis. Exchange is only a symptom. Since 1914 world paper currency has increased 600 per cent and the gold reserve only forty per cent. World national debts have increased in the same period from forty bllions to $260,000,000,000. Among the allies, including Russia, to October, 1917, the ratio of gold to notes has fallen from 76.6 per cent in 1914 to 17.1 per cent in December, 1919. In the same period the ratio in the United States has fallen from 99.6 per cent to 52.3.

America is expected to lend her help: such is the gist of all considerations of the subject. And all of them include the formula that everybody must get back to maximum production, while keeping consumption at the minimum. It is upon the method theories clash.

The plans for relief are innumerable. The food draft system, now in effect, is praiseworthy, but pretends to be no more than a momentary relief. Then there are such proposals as the reported willingness of England to sell the British West Indies to the United States—problematical and of little significance. Much hangs upon what Germany is able to pay, but in that direction dry land has not yet emerged from the flood. Italy's reported willingness to forgo indemnity, the authorization by the allies of a German loan in neutral countries, a $1,000,000,000 trade loan by the United States—these are but a few of many rumors caught at random.

Constructively the situation is scarcely clearer. A pooling of war debts has been seriously hinted at. America, however, does not relish being left to hold the bag. A solution of the exchange situation is said to lie in the powers of the League of Nations, but America, chief factor in exchange, is not a member of the league. The formation of an international trading company or of a money combine for financing national and private enterprise in Europe is declared to be the object of a trip abroad by a member of the Morgan house. The Treasury Department is reported, in connection with the deferment of interest on European loans for two or three years, to be planning the sale of the foreign bonds to the investing public. A San Francisco banker, John H. Arnold, advocates the internationalization of the Federal Reserve system—the suggestion was made at an international trade conference in Mexico City. Another San Franciscan, Herbert Fleishhacker, holds to the theory that the U. S. must furnish Europe with credit for food and the purchase of raw materials. It is this theory which, with many advocates, appears now to hold the ascendency. There is in part machinery for the private extension of credit in the provisions of the Edge law, passed for the benefit of corporations authorized to carry on transactions involving the financing of foreign trade. America has resources for private loans, through the absorption of foreign securities or otherwise: the national bank resources rose by $829,000,000 in 1919 to a total of nearly $22,500,000,000. The investing possibilities of untapped fields were tested during the war: there are still margins to be reached, some of them new or recreated, in an emergency as great as that of the war.

And the plight of Europe, involving with it all the rest of the world, is no less serious today from the economic standpoint than it was from the political standpoint during the war itself.

The time for dillydalling is past. A situation that threatens to get out of hand is not one that can be left to right itself. The ship is drifting and officers and crew wait placidly for the tide to turn, thankful for each small off-shore puff that makes the slack sails flap. The issue calls not for one strong man, but for a body of strong men working in unison—men who will meet and forget differences of country and minor interests that they may solve the problem as a whole, for all. No single personality can dominate this situation. But each, even the humble, can help in its solution.

Let us have an assembly of men who know what they are talking about, and are not afraid to speak their minds. Let it meet where it will, but let it meet, and let it act. A solution must be found, and the means for its attainment enforced, else the pessimist will have his day and the whole world will be forced to do homage to him as a prophet.

Virtuous Blank Verse

Even the names of intoxicants should be omitted from our literature.—Prohibition Circular.

Begin with Dickens. Oh, my dear,
  His pen was much too handy
In praise pots of bitter ———
  And tumbersful of ———.

And Bobbie Burns! We must curtail
  His lines that grew too frisky
With talks of "reaming swats" of ———
  And goblets "fu" of ———.

No tale in praise of any inn,
  Of cellar, vault, or garret,
May say a word of Holland ———
  Or even table ———.

Our writers now shall all be dumb
  On things that once were merry;
No talk shall be of steaming ———
  Nor glass of golden ———.

So, too, the Book of Books must be
  No longer quite divine;
It tells how one in Galilee
  Changed water into ———.

No heights, no depths, beneath our sky,
  But all one perfect level,
Our country shall be hot and dry
  And saintly as the ———.

—Thomas Augustine Daly.

Theophile Gautier

By Edgar Saltus

Gautier first entered the drawing-room of letters at the age of nineteen. Under his arm he carried a volume of verse. The cover was of pink paper, and its publication had been paid for in advance.

This event occurred in 1830. Romanticism was then at fever heat. Scott had been translated, and, what is more, was being read; Shakespeare had been unearthed; Byron was delighting the world; Goethe glowed in Olympian majesty. It was an era of great deeds, of sonorous adjectives, and exuberant enthusiasm: it was the coming of age of the nineteenth century. It had been found, but a little before, that French literature, if not next door to a pauper, lived practically in the same street. At once the death warrant of classicism was signed. Through the vivifying influence of Chateaubriand, and under the creative hand of Hugo, there leaped into life, as suddenly as the soldiery of Cadmus, a new generation—a race of poets that were virile in their ardor, intoxicated with their own theories, rich in ideas, opulent in fancies, and feverish in the determination to turn the indigence of their country's book shelves into the wealth of a millionaire. Among them no one was more resolute than Gautier. In aid of the cause he subscribed page after page of luxuriant prose, and line after line of impeccable verse. His ideas were born duchesses. No one could torment a fancy more delicately than he; he had the gift of adjective; he scented a new one afar like a truffle; and from the Morgue of the dictionary he dragged forgotten beauties. He dowered the language of his day with every tint of dawn and every convulsion of sunset; he invented metaphors that were worth a king's ransom, and figures of speech that deserve the Prix Montyon. Then reviewing his work, he formulated an axiom which will go down with a nimbus through time: Whomsoever a thought however complex, a vision however apocalyptic, surprises without words to convey it, is not a writer. The inexpressible does not exist.

When he first set out to charm that gracious lady whose name is Fame, he was as fabulously handsome as a Merovingian prince. He was tall and robust; his hair was a wayward flood; his eyes were blue and victorious. He was the image of Young France. His strength was proverbial; he outdid Dante; he swam from Marseilles to the Chateau d'If, and then swam back. Had it been necessary, he would have breasted the Hellespont. But of that there was no need. There were hearts nearer home that he won without effort; women fell in love with him at once; the Muse smiled, and Glory stretched her hand. His conquests were so numerous that to give an exact account of them the historian would have to write in Latin. In comparison Mardoche was a Puritan; and yet, through a charming contradiction, no one has ever been better supplied with beliefs: he had no less than three hundred and sixty-five, one for every day in the calendar; and it was only on leap year that he allowed himself for twenty-four hours the privilege of believing in nothing at all.

At a comparatively early age he was sunstruck by Victor Hugo. To him Hugo was Phoebus indeed. He has given it to the world that when he was first brought in the Presence, like Esther before Ahasuerus, he almost swooned. Envy being cheap and the negation of genius easy, the incident is worth noting; it helps to an understanding of the man, and of the poet that was in him. Throughout those riotous days he was Hugo's henchman. Of the little army that fought for him, Gautier was the most demoniac. His contempt of the humdrum, his enthusiasm for the untried, for Liberty in Art, for Hugo, was resplendent in the fantasy of its ornate charm. To talk poetry with Hugo, he said, is like talking theology with God. He did everything for the master. His pen was a scimitar; his ink Greek fire; he defended, lauded, and worshiped. And when years later, "so many that the head he bowed had turned to gray," when Hugo came back from exile, Gautier hastened with a greeting. "Yes," he said on his return, "yes, I really think he remembered me." Hugo, it may be noted, rhymes with ego, not richly, perhaps, but well.

Gautier was a satrap of song: as such his position is not difficult to define. Hugo is the voice of a century; De Musset the sob; Balzac the echo; Baudelaire the sneer; and Gautier the smile,—the smile of youth, health, and good looks, the smile of one who held aristocracy to be beauty in woman and intellect in man. He had little in common with the lyric agony of De Musset; his hand was not large enough to wield the thunderbolts which Hugo hurled; he lacked Baudelaire's appreciation of shades of leprous brown; and Balzac's stenographic talent was unpossessed by him. But his facture is irreproachable, which De Musset's is not; his effects are never unintentionally grotesque, as Hugo's often are; his notes are always natural, where Baudelaire's are sometimes forced; and, being a poet, it was easier for him to invent than transcribe.

Gautier wrote in verse before he discovered that it is more difficult to write in prose. Then abandoning one Muse, he set out to caress the peplum of another. In this commerce he produced "Mademoiselle de Maupin," and, later, "Avatar." Concerning "Avatar" little need be said; the reader is the best critic. But on the subject of the former work, a momentary disgression may perhaps be permitted.

To the average reader "Mademoiselle de Maupin" is a hymn to Love. To the student it is the account of a chase after the Ideal. Through its pages whoso listens hears a strain from Flaubert's immortal duo between Chimera and the Sphinx. That duo in which the crouching beast calls: "Ici, Chimére, arrete-toi," and the Chimera, unstayed in her flight, answers, "Non: jamais."

The Ideal, truly, is intangible, but the fact of its intangibility can hardly be said to make the pursuit other than meritorious. Yet be this as it may, there are many accomplished gentlemen who have thought differently; and in this instance, at least, have called the hunt immortal. The immortality displayed in "Mademoiselle de Maupin" is the tormented grace of adolescence, the emotion which stirs the pulse of every youth however refined, and every maiden however pure. It represents the turbulence of health, the love of beauty, and the unaffected expression of a sentiment which which perfectly natural has the misfortune to shock those who lack the ability to inspire it in another. It is a tableau of the candors and generous dreams that reside in every one who prefers the Beautiful to its opposite. As such, perhaps, it is immoral, though one may wonder in what the criterion consists; and it may not be indecorous to note that they who declaim on the subject are sometimes at a loss for a standard, or an instance of morality in nature. Besides, Gautier did not write for accomplished gentlemen, nor yet for little girls in short frocks. He wrote for poets and for men. And where is the poet who would not envy d'Albert, and where is the man who would not have kissed the fair Madeleine? For my part, were the permission accorded me, I know of nothing that could give me greater pleasure. No, not even a conversation with Schopenhauer.

But to preach liberality to the illiberal is, as we all know, as profitable as asking alms of statues. Then, too, who shall question taste? The perfume which is distressing to one is alluring to another. The concert which delights the idler is painful to the amateur. The secret of never displeasing is the art of mediocrity. And Gautier alternately charms and rebuffs His Muse has a thousand toilettes; she lives in a succession of masquerades. At times she moves in a minuet. Again he comes with the breath of brooks and sorceries of spring; now she is enveloped in the incense and hallelujahs of a cathedral, now in the fireworks and frenzy of a debauch; today a princess, yesterday a vagrant, tomorrow a wanton, last week a saint —but always the Muse.

Gautier had a taste for the exotic, and he toyed with it as with a jewel. His knowledge was something wider than encyclopaedic; he was familiar with the odds and ends of learning, the remnants and misfits of erudition; he knew the reason of things, and confused many whose business in life was to seem wise without being so. In later years no one knew when he slept. His lamp was always burning. When he rested it was with a book. One day, so runs the legend, he happened to be visiting at a country house. His fellow-guests were artists and savants. Near the house was a pond stocked with immemorial carp. Somebody suggested that one of these fish might be appetizing for breakfast. Accordingly a carp was caught and carried to the kitchen. Suddenly the head cook, his face whiter than his cap, and followed by trembling scullions, appeared among the assembled guests. In a voice broken by emotion he announced that the carp had no sooner been placed in the pot than the most heart-rending cries had come from it. The

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scullions bore witness to the truth of this statement, and declared that they would rather resign their aprons than be obliged to assist at the cooking of such an extraordinary fish.

"Extraordinary!" said Gautier, "not at all. All fish object to being boiled alive. The carp merely happened to have a stronger voice than the others."

At this remark of the poet's, the savants were vastly amused. Nothing, they said, was better established than that fish were dumb. The cook evidently had been mystified or deceived by some illusion of the acoustics. Besides, they insisted, how can fish cry out,—they have no vocal organs?

"Forgive me," said Gautier, "they have." And thereupon he gave the assembly such a lesson in ichthyology that it seemed as though all the fish of the rivers and the oceans protested with him against the ignorance of man. He dissected and anatomized the finest fibres of their their vocal organs. He made them vibrate, sing, cry, and murmur according to their joy or pain. He unveiled their mysterious lives, their loves, their wars, and touching at last on the abominable torture which is inflicted on them when they are cooked alive, he pictured it in such terms that Bergerat says even the scullions wept, and of the guests not one could be induced to touch fish for over a week.

The next day one of the erudites who had returned to Paris wrote to Gautier: "I have passed the night in verifying your assertions; every one of them is exact. It is you who are the savant and we who are poets."

It was this readiness that he brought to his work. Wit and wisdom ran off the end of his pen, and in the running assumed such perfect attitudes that Balzac, whose own phrases were laborious as childbirth, called him a magician, which he undoubtedly was. The quality of his style has been rarely questioned. Zola, it is true, has characterized it as tortured, and were it not malicious to wish that the style of that Jupiter Feuilletonant could be put on the same rack, the wish most assuredly would be expressed. But Zola to the contrary, Gautier so far from tormenting his style, did not even polish it. The secret of his grace and fluency lay, perhaps, in this. His mind was a kaleidoscope of fancies; he had but to shake it and an alluring combination was the result. Moreover, his memory was like a vise. It was never necessary for him to look up a reference; the dictionary was a relaxation to him; and when he wrote,—and he wrote everything, from an epigram to a ballet, enough, in fact, to fill a library,—the operation was absolutely painless. None of his manuscripts bear the slightest trace of revision, of erasure, or, for that matter, of punctuation. Bergerat says that after an interruption, such as a visit for instance, he would take up his work at the place he left off, often in the middle of a word, without so much as refreshing his memory by a reading of the sentence that preceded it. He wrote a sonnet as readily as an acceptance to a dinner, a story as easily as were he copying it. He wrote an acrostic sonnet, boutrimé at that—one of the most difficult things in verse—as an improvisation. He went to Russia, and four years later, without a note book to help him, wrote a description of what he had seen. The "Capitaine Fracasse," one of his chief works, a story of sixteenth century France, in which there is not an anachronism of language or of detail, was written at the end of a counter in a publisher's office, without even a lexicon at hand, amid the confusion of a large establishment, and as the manuscript fell from him it was carried to the printer. When the printer had enough for the day, Gautier took a stroll in the boulevard. Certainley he was a magician.

Beside the book of Russian travels, Gautier wrote another on Spain. It was alleged that he grazed the surface of things, and left the backgrounds unpenetrated. "Théo," said that delightful Mme. de Girardin one evening, "are there no Russians in Russia, or Spaniards in Spain?"

At this Gautier pretended to be very angry. "Fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed, or rather the Gallic equivalent. "Do you suppose I saw them? In St. Petersburg I was a Russian myself, in Madrid I was as thorough a Spaniard as the Cid or Don Ruy Gomez de Silva. I no sooner put my foot in a country than I become a native, I think, act, and see precisely like any other inhabitant. In Spain I would have had myself run through and through in defense of any one of a dozen different local opinions, no matter which, provided my sword had been tempered at Toledo, and the challenge was addressed to Don Theophilo. As to Russian customs, I adopted them at once. I adopted them as a matter of course; I forgot all others that differed. To me they seemed perfectly natural. Would you think of describing the form of a cravat in a land where every cravat is of the same form? No. Well, then, no more would I. Beside, man is everywhere the same. In every latitude he eats with his mouth and grasps with his fingers. No matter where you go you will find that the strong overcome the weak. From one pole to the other the art of love does not vary. To my thinking, descriptions of habits and customs are not worth the stroke of a pen; personally, I care as much for them as I do for the snows of yester-year. I have passed my life in a pursuit of the Beautiful, and I found it only in Nature and in Art. Everywhere and always man is ugly. He spoils creation. His sole value is in his intelligence. And as his intelligence is manifest only in his productions, I hold but to them; the secret of his destinies does not interest me in the least. The one thing that I care about in a foreign city is, therefore, the monuments, and I care for them simply because they convey the collective result of the genius of the population. If the population be brutal and the city a haunt of crime, what does it matter to me? All I ask is the permission to admire the edifices without being assassinated. As for humanity as it is improperly called, there is the 'Gazette des Tribunaux,' the 'Newgate Calendar'; all Balzac is in it, and over and above Balzac the universal history of that mischievous ape that I have met in all my travels, and who peoples the world. That is the way it is, and that is the way it always will be. It is only climates that differ, climates, thieves-slang, and the uniform of the police."

As a young man he promenaded the boulevards in wonderful trousers, transcendent waistcoats, neckclothed like Brummel, gazing about with conquering eyes. In the majestic indolence of later years he looked much as might an Asiatic potentate grown gray and grave. Victory had deserted his eyes, and in them had come a shadowy nostalgia, the regret of unsailed seas and unexpected pleasures, and therewith a reverie so feline in its abstraction that one might have thought him constantly following the changes of some unending dream.

And that dream was, of course, the Beautiful. In the first intoxication of romanticism he caught the Muse by the hair, and threw her down like a young ruffian felling his mistress; he was vigorous in his beliefs, but as illusions left him, as illusions do, he intercepted some knowledge of the intangibility of the Ideal, and it was then that he shrugged his shoulders. Enthusiasm for a chimera is indeed difficult to prolong.

THE VICTIM

By Antonio de Navarro

(Mr. Navarro and his wife Mary Anderson, both did wonderful war work in Europe.)

Midnight, 1917.

A solitary lamp upon the piano; a glow of embers on the hearth.

A soft voice, humming—almost shamefacedly—old German airs: airs of the soil, remote of origin, more attenuated now—as if shrinking to even more distant times, to hide the shame of undeserved disgrace. Honest melodies destined to perpetuate the message of early simplicity, happiness, sincere patriotism; now but memories of an irrecoverable past.

In and out the time-worn verses—the dirges of the trenches. Songs of homesickness chanted in weary unison by young voices aged by tragedy and iron law—a return home in spirit before the fateful moment of butchery, to which they were alien in desire and understanding. Messages of farewell. And from remote, derelict hearths—as if they had caught the meaning of the agonizing words—the voices of stricken mothers making answer in remembered melodies of childhood rising upon the night air, floating back to the distant fields of martyrdom.

In their graves—the innocent dead, victims of a satanic despotism, their squandered blood calling for mercy on the vampires of a depopulated country.

And beyond the grave—the voices of Bach, Heine, Dürer, Goethe, Schiller, Schubert, Franz . . . the protect of outraged Olympians who in the fields of Art alone had construeted the unimpeachable greatness of the Fatherland.

A sacrifice of national honor and distinguished achievement; then the chastisement of a world's opprobrium to follow the humiliation of defeat.

An outcast nation.

* * * * * *

The fire upon the hearth had spent itself.

A sob at the piano . . . and all was silent.

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Samuel M. Shortridge for the U. S. Senate

A representative in the senate who will work for the interests of the state which honored him by sending him there, for those interests before his own—that is the duty of a U. S. senator. Such is the type of senator Samuel M. Shortridge will be when California sends him to Washington. One instinctively says "when" instead of "if" because Mr. Shortridge's election seems a foregone conclusion. His gifts as an orator have for many years made him known throughout the west; he has lent those gifts always to further noble causes; he has been the advocate of high principles—of patriotism, of charity, of constructiveness, of brotherly helpfulness. Best of all, he has lived up to those principles, as people and communities who came to know him found out. He loves the state of California. Our people know that when he goes into the senate he will have at heart our needs and desires and his energies will not swerve until we are served.

Mr. Shortridge is a learned, cultured gentleman. In his law practice in S. F. since 1883 he has won distinction in many notable cases. He is one of the distinguished members of the bar who holds close to his heart the integrity of his profession.

He is a man of unusual appearance. Indeed, Nature cast him in the mold of a senator and then endowed him with a voice of gold to make the forum ring.

He belongs to a brilliant family whose achievements have long made their impress in California activities. Like all typical Americans, he is proud that he helped to hew the stepping-stones in his own career. When he went to school in San Jose, he lighted street lamps; he worked in the mines in Nevada county; he was principal of St. Helena high school for four years. He is not a rich man, not in gold nor houses and lands. But he can count as wealth the honor and esteem of hosts of friends who are proud that they have confidence in him.

Samuel Shortridge deserves reward at the hands of the Republican party for he has served it long and faithfully.

With two such senators as James D. Phelan and Samuel M. Shortridge the distant state of California will be in trustworthy hands, at least as far as the senate is concerned.

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

There is acute anxiety among music lovers in this city as to the outcome of the canvas for funds to continue the maintenance of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. In this city of wealth it would be humorous were it not pathetic that there should be any difficulty in raising the $100,000 from resident guarantors.

One might open the "Blue Book" and before progressing through the list of names less than midway along the alphabet, find 100 people to whose evident large incomes $1000 would be an almost invisible deletion. Can it be that the proportion of their love for music is in inverse ratio to the size of their incomes?

San Francisco, upon account of its distance from large cultural centers must be a creative centre if art education is to flourish among us. We have a superb symphony orchestra and, in Alfred Hertz, a conductor of distinguished artistry. The nucleus of it has played together for nine years, a factor which we should bear in mind as something that holds it together and has made for a very high standard. Can we, should we, let these men drop out from our musical life, go away to other cities which manifest a disposition to build up symphony orchestras for the glory of their cities, for the uplifting of their populations?

It is some weeks now since the Musical Association sent out cards setting forth the necessity of making good the deficiency for next season. The response has not come up to expectations as there are still required $15,000. Contributions in the amounts of $1, $2, $5, $10, etc., $100, $250, $1000 have been received; also two of $5,000 each.

Alas! we have no Henry Flagler in our community, from whose trust fund of 4 million dollars the New York Symphony draws its sustenence.

Through the same source, the Boston Symphony orchestra has been kept from dissolution. Economy last season made it necessary to diminish the size of the orchestra and the effect was a very apparent deterioration. It would be a catastrophe to have that happen to ours.

The Spectator holds to the theory that California is big enough geograpieally to possess at least two great cities, that it is parochial for one to try to do something noble just because the other does it. Therefore, it is not to cause a pang of jealous rivalry that we remind the San Francisco public that Los Angeles has had two symphony orchestras for a year and that they have a fund of $225,000, of which $150,000 was pledged by W. A. Clark, Jr., son of Senator Clark.

The Clock Winder and Judges

"I've got the blues," said the Clock Winder; "I can't see the sun for the Scotch mist before me eyes. I'm sorry I'm tinder-hearted, for too often misfortunes that happen to strangers take the joy out of life for me. I'm gettin' on in years and I don't salute trouble whin I see it, I can assure ye, for me experience tells me that if ye keep your eyes averted, ye miss a lot of things that'll do ye no good to see. But openin' Tuesday mornin' papers I couldn't help seein': 'Judge Oppenheim Indicted for Conspiracy' and the words were like a blow in the face to me. And mind, I don't know the man,— never laid eyes on him. But 'tis the thought that a man who sat in judgment upon other men should basely yield to timptation and profit by the woes of his fellow craytures. It isn't considered a high office, police judge, but it ought to be. The class of people who get into the police courts are usually the flotsam and jetsam of humanity and need mercy more than the higher up in the social scale. The judge who holds his office as sacred and administers justice to these is the man I take off me hat to, before to a supreme justice. The judge who falls from grace in this lowest tribunal drops, to me old-fashioned eyes, from a greater height than the supreme justice who sullies his ermine robe by a purse of gold in exchange for a decision.

'Twas a great shock to me one day out at Lakeside when I heard some of our old residents citin' the late Judge Rix and Judge Lauderback as the only police judges of S. F. that nothin' could reach. I stood with me mashee poised so long that Dan Murphy and Dave Costello stood spell bound expectin' to see me loft the ball onto the green; but whin I heard no other judges' names mentioned to keep Rix and Lauderback company, I was so disappinted that somethin' swam before me eyes and I took a full stroke and topped the ball into the rough, greatly to the glee of Herbert Fleishhacker, William F. Humphrey and Wellington Gregg who were feeling mirthful because Humphrey had just made a drive of 200 yards. But little did they know the sorrow was in my heart as I reflected on the words of our old friend Shakesphere:

"Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves."

Anyway, I'll be glad if Oppenheim can clear himself and in spite of what the old timers said, I believe we have had many more than two upright police judges, and thim dead, at that.

I hope the day will soon come when a salary of $10,000 a year will make it worth the while of lawyers of high standin' to preside in police courts."

"What's the Use of Latin?"

It is an every day occurence to hear a young student in discussing his future career avow a hatred of "dead languages" and advance all sorts of theories regarding their uselessness in achieving success in life. It is not at all uncommon for the ambitious youth to point contemptuously to a college professor and say: "He thinks he's rich with $3,000 a year—that's all Latin and Greek did for him. Mechanics receive as much as that and more—I wouldn't waste my time." The boy reluctantly admits that physicians, chemists, all sorts of scientists might need it but that he will never miss it, that if he wants to spend time on languages, he'll take up "live" ones, disregarding the fact that about 90 per cent of words in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese are those which a Latinist understands without reference. The lawyer who is not well grounded in Latin has a very hard time making his light shine in court. The intellectual pleasure which comes of a Latin proficiency is something the short-cut-to-learning advocate entirely loses sight of in his mad scramble to "get by" with a common education. The following from "America" sets forth a comprehensive view of

Latin's "Practical" Value.

"How will Latin help me in business?" the young anti-classicist may urge. The object of true education, his patient teacher would perhaps answer, is to FORM rather than INFORM the mind, to LEAD OUT and develop a person's inherent abilities rather than to fill his brains with a mass of unrelated facts and phenomena. The experience of long centuries has taught the world that the study of Latin is the best instrument for training the intellect. As the attainment of "success in life" as the phrase runs, depends chiefly on a man's mental breadth and keenness, time has proved that learning how to translate the Roman classics is an admirable training in clear and critical thinking. The boy who is now taught how to parse and construe his Caesar properly, is no doubt receiving the best of preparations for gaining honor, fame and fortune in years to come.

But is the only education that deserves to be called "practical" that which enables men to get rich? The most "practical" kind of education is that which really teaches a man how to live, which fits him not only for earning his living but also for enjoying life to the full. Ability to make money, after all, is but

one of the "practical tests," and that a low one, of "success in life." For everything that makes life really worth living: friendship, love and loyalty, sterling honesty and unstained honor, appreciation of the beautiful and reverence for holiness, indeed all that is of enduring value in this world, cannot be bought in the market place. Without question any attainment that will make its acquirer enjoy in a fuller measure such "good things of life" as the foregoing is a highly desirable one. But the history of Christian civilization proves that there exists no fitter instrument for enriching the mind, refining the taste and elevating the feeling than that wonderful old book, scorned now by so many "practical" moderns, the Latin grammar. For it is the master-key that unlocks the mysteries of countless English vocables; makes intelligible the terminology of science and philosophy, reveals thousands of hidden beauties in the world's literary masterpieces and lets God's Church speak to her children of today in the hallowed accents the martyrs heard in the catacombs.

Annie Laurie in the Movies

Annie Laurie, the brilliant pioneer woman journalist who delights a large personal following among the Hearst news-paper readers, has been lured into film-land. She won't be shown on the screen as the woman who for years has been giving heart-to-heart, common sense talks on topics close to the heart of the human American family. No,—it must suffice us to see her counterfeit presentment at the head of the "Annie Laurie" column in the "Examiner" and other dailies; but the children of her brain will move before us wherever the Ince pictures are exhibited; for "Annie Laurie" has recently signed a contract with that company to provide scenarios for them for two years. The lady herself is quoted as saying: "Then I shall be earning REAL money." Film people who claim to know say that her "real" is a synomym for $50,000,—$20,000 for the first year and $30,000 for the second—and her legion of readers hope the rumored figure is exact to begin with and that it will mount with succeeding seasons.

Confusion in Names

"What's in a name?" Romantic young Juliet thought names lent no value to objects nor changed their characteristics. But the old Montagus and Capulets believed that names in Venice at least were of much potency and their creed is adhered to in the cold business world to-day everywhere.

A brilliant man can make any name famous, but to stick to one which has already won its spurs in a race is often a short cut to a goal in a like contest. Some astute politicians had that in mind when about 1915 they suggested to Frank T. Deasy, a young graduate of the S. F. Law School, that his name on a ticket ought to be a winner, as that of Jeremiah Deasy, a well known citizen and a supervisor under the Phelan régime, had already left its favorable political impress upon the public mind. In addition, one of his large family of sons, Dan C., had been elected to the local superior bench and had a large following. Frank T. went up for election as justice of the peace and won,—a proportion of his constituents doubtless erroneously believing they were voting for a scion of the Jeremiah branch. To his credit it must be said that F. T. Deasy in the chair of justice of the peace did nothing that would dim the lustre of the escutcheon of a Deasy line of which Jeremiah or another might have been the patriarch. The young justice of the peace took unto himself a charming wife and went to reside at the Fairmont.

Now his ambitions naturally seek for a higher sphere of activity, which is praiseworthy in all normal men, so his friends announce that he will be a candidate at the fall election for the superior bench. As the Deasy (Dan C.) at present incumbent of department 13 will also be a candidate, some confusion may arise in the minds of adherents of the tribelet of Jeremiah. The latter, by the way, is a Celtic authority and possesses a rare Gaelic library.

Horrendous Vistas Opened by an Infant

A reputation for kindliness and the distinction of wealth are not the asset and delight the copy books would have us believe, in these trying days. Consider the case of Cyril Tobin. He shines in the eye of the community for the possession of those admirable qualities, and what is the result? A baby is wished on him—a wriggling, pinkish, ten day old baby girl, deposited mysteriously by a shadowy couple who alight from a trolley car at Burlingame and depart forthwith by the same route.

With fewer babies being born, and still fewer being welcome, and with the daily prints sobbing gorgeously over the plight of respectable women who are seeking homes for expected progeny, there is a possibility that this custom of leaving children promiscuously on the lawns of folk who are expected to be touched by the gift may grow to the proportions of a civic evil. Suppose these live presents that come stealthily by night are attracted in the proportion of one's wealth? One can imagine John D. Rockefeller sallying forth to his morning golf, and finding a little fuzzy head at every tee, or Morgan forced to retain a regiment of guards primed to shoot at the sight of a bootee or a perambulator. Really, it's gone far enough already.

Superdreadnaughts and Pacific Pioneers

San Franciscans have again marveled at Uncle Sam's big men-o'-war. The appearance of the superdreadnaughts here gives one an idea of the spectacle the West Coast will see—or at any rate, that part of it near the Panama Canal—when both Atlantic and Pacific fleets maneuver in the Pacific next January. Doubtless there will be excursions for San Franciscans who want to take it in.

It is natural that those to whom the forest of masts of the gold rush period is a tradition should think of San Francisco as a pioneer place in the navigation of the Pacific. Especially is it so at a period like today's, when new steamship lines are spreading out and there is a revived interest in the merchant marine.

But as a matter of fact, South America was considerably ahead of North America in developing the use of steamers in the Pacific trade, and that largely through the instrumentality of a Yankee.

Steamers Running Before '49

Nine years before the discovery of gold in California, two steamers were put on the route between South America and Europe. They were the first steamers to pass through the Straits of Magellan. Of 700 tons burden and 150 horsepower, they came out from England after William Wheelwright had spent years trying to establish a steamer route. He conceived the idea about 1835, three years before the Great Western crossed the Atlantic, and sixteen years after the first Atlantic passage on which steam was used—that of the Savannah, which used its auxiliary engines for eighty hours out of a twenty-seven day passage from Savannah to Liverpool.

Wheelwright, who before his death founded the famous scientific school in New England that bears his name, wanted to use the Panama Isthmus as a short cut from Europe to the East and incidentally to South America. It was five years after he got his steamships running before he could arrange for the utilization of the isthmus.

He did much for the progress of Chili, which

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rewarded him with a fortune and a monument in Valparaiso's plaza, and in his later years he moved to Buenos Ayres and repeated his achievements.

How different might have been the development of California if the north coast had attracted his energies!

The Statute of Limitations on Fish

"I see," said the Clockwinder, "that Dr. Jordan has caught five dozen fishes two million years old. He ought to be able to give a new wrinkle to the cold storage business.

They are miocene fishes. I guess Jordan must 'a put one over on Harris Weinstock. You don't see no quotations on miocenes in the market director's reports.

"As for me, I don't see why a man's fish story should be believed right off just because he's a ee-meritus of a university, any more than any other fellow's fish story. All fish stories is alike, to my way of thinkin', an' the proof of the fish story's the eatin'. Let me have a mess o' them miocenes, an' I'll tell you what I think about 'em.

"Two million years is a long time, even for a fish. When these fishes lived, there was a bay over Los Angeles. Now it's dry. Well, it ain't got anything on the rest of the country, has it? Them Los Angeles fellows will brag about anything.

"But I don't think it's right, this talkin' about two-million year old fishes in scientific papers. It's takin' an unfair advantage over the ordinary fisherman. When I run for office I'm goin' to put a plank in my platform callin' for a statute of limitations on fish stories, an' it'll go big. I know how to angle for votes."

An International League Resumes Business

Even at the time of year when the readers of the sporting pages are engrossed in the spring training of the professionals of the diamond, there is a regular kinetic bombardment of news items about the preparations for the Olympiad to be held in Antwerp next August. It is eight years since Stockholm saw the last, the sixth, revival of the historic games, and the contests that have been staged within those eight years have left no thought for the events of track or field.

It is interesting to know, however, that the war will show its effect in the Antwerp games. The sportsmanship will be as it should, of course, but many of the competitors will be the representatives of soldiers and sailors and of the veterans.

The Navy Department is now preparing to enter navy and marine corps athletes in many of the events and the Great Lakes Training Station has been selected as the chief training quarters. It is to be hoped that the American Legion, which promises to turn out some world-beating athletes, will, as its members plan, capture a goodly share of trial contests, so that its emblem will be conspicuous at the international meet. The legion is getting ready for a tournament of its own at San Diego this summer.

Shaw Comes to His Dotage

When Bernard Shaw still had to beat the big base drum to get a hearing—before his lightest word was worth cabling to America in precedence to news—he wrote a prohpetic page upon the attention that would still be given him, because of the momentum of fame, when he had begun to dodder and repeat himhim. Shaw, alas, (or praise be, according to one's predilection) has apparently come upon the age of repetition. He introduced the word nonage again into common use by his employment of it to describe his early efforts; perhaps there is some synonym of dotage which he will now resurrect from a forgotten corner of the race's vocabulary.

A San Francisco boy just recently wrote to Shaw asking for his autograph, and got a note from G. B. S.'s secretary reproving him for wasting his time upon such trifles as autographs.

Another Reply to a San Franciscan

The technique of the answer was identical with that used by Shaw in replying to another San Franciscan's request four years ago. Four years, and not a new trick. Doddering indeed!

The San Franciscan in that case was Herman Feldheym, who asked for the autograph for his little son's collection. "Heaven help your son," Shaw wrote back; "is he to be brought up to collect other people's signatures, instead of making his own valuable!" And so forth. Except that in that case Shaw deigned to append his name.

It is not upon this alone, however, that Shaw stands convicted of declining mentality, under the terms of the blanket indictment drawn by himself thirty years or so again.

More striking proof of the Irishman's lapse into repeating is found in the fact that once more he has explained why he will not visit America.

Prohibition Can't Attract Him

Every little while Shaw, who has found his greatest hearing in America, explains why he should not or will not come to the U. S. He formed the habit years ago, after his heyday as a playwright, and it seems to be growing worse and worse. It might be supposed that as he is a teetotaller as well as a vegetarian this country would appeal to him now if ever. But no! He will have none of it.

Wisely, too, for he admits that if he came here he would be put in jail. Being an Irishman and irrepressibe, he would doubtless speak his mind, and there are people now serving twenty year terms in American penitentiaries for saying the things he would say—the things he does say with immunity upon paper, but which are still permitted to circulate in the land whose liberties he derides.

Eighteen years ago he started in to explain why he shunned us. Five years later an American magazine, presumably offering him a stiff price for each word of wisdom he would impart, asked him for a contribution to a symposium on "What is a Good Man?", and Shaw dodged the inanity of the topic by sending the magazine a tirade against the U. S., under the title "A Nation of Villagers."

Invited by American Literary Lights

Ten years after the publication of that article, the Drama League of America sent him an invitation to come to this side of the Atlantic. The invitation was signed by, among others, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, William Dean Howells, Professor William Lyon Phelps, William Faversham, Arthur Hadley and James Huneker. He declined, saying: "I could have come when I was young and capable; I did not; now I am elderly and doddering."

Out of his own mouth.

He elucidated his refusal upon the grounds of vanity: he wished, he said, to let Americans cherish their image of him in youthfulness.

That, however, was just politeness—as Shavian politeness goes.

In another statement at the same time he listed half a dozen subjects on which he always talks, and pointed out that if he talked of them over here as he does in England, he would land in a cell.

"If Americans," he said, "knew anything about America, they would exclude all visitors until they had put their house in order." Which is now more or less the policy of America. He added: "I never yet met an American who had any notion of the institutions of his native land beyond a general and mostly erroneous idea that they are glorious."

This is ingratitude, remembering the dollars he has made from American royalties.

But we can hope that with his latest explanation, Shaw will let the matter drop. He will not come to America. Admitted. Very good. Presumably he is satisfied. And certainly America should be. There is work enough as it is for the deportation authorities.

Alas for the Gibson Girl

Charles Dana Gibson has found a new expression for his versatility by turning editor. He has tried various things other than to sticking to his very profitable last in the past, and it was one of them, his desire to win recognition as a colorist, that marked the waning of his hold on the American imagination. For there is no use denying it: Gibson is not today what he was when he first set a vogue.

America will forgive almost anything except a presumption of perfection and it was that which Gibson implied when he announced he was going to Paris to work in oils because—

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forsooth—he had learned all there was to know about black and white.

Gibson knows so much about the handling of black and white that it seems a pity his work has in the main been devoted to pot-boiling popular piffle. But, even though he may have been the victim of misquotation, he drew the laugh of the populace when he admitted the extent of his knowledge.

He Married a Langhorne Beauty

Often Nature gives a perfect technical equipment of men who have no purpose that will drive them to first rate work. Clyde Fitch is one example, and Gibson is another. Gibson has made an interesting figure in American life, especially at the side of his beautiful wife, one of the famous Langhorne sisters of Virginia. What kind of editor he will make remains to be seen. Presumably he will direct the destinies of "Life" in which he has bought a controlling interest chiefly from his studio in Carnegie Hall. At best, however, he cannot give us another Gibson girl. Perhaps it is as an editor that he will be remembered. He has been a victim of the fashions that have always aided him at the moment: Du Maurier's work is still fresh beside Gibson's, and, for contrast, so is Phil May's.

Vanity and Harding Davis

Richard Harding Davis, whom one always thinks of with Gibson, had more vanity than would be needed to announce gravely the complete mastery of a form of art, but he transmitted it into more or less Rooseveltian terms and the smiles that it drew were less withering and less national than that which lowered the standing of Gibson.

Many were the tales told of Davis' opinion of Davis. One of the favorites among those who knew him was the story of his defeat at the hands of a college youth.

It was after a football game. Davis and two friends entered a café. All seats were taken. Davis stepped to the table of three youths who were about to leave, and asked if he might have the table at once. Granted. Davis expressed thanks and said, "Perhaps you would like to know who it is that you have so favored. This," and he indicated first one companion and then the other, "this is David Graham Phillips and this is Richard Watson Gilder, and I—I am Richard Harding Davis."

"Delighted," said the college lad who was host. "Allow me in turn. This," and he indicated also his companions one by one, "this is Peter and this is Paul and I—I am the Messiah."

Humor Looks In On the Supervisors

Humor is so rare a quality in the serious business of running the affairs of a big municipality that a glimpse of it is like a candle in a naughty world, to misquote Shakespeare.

All honor, therefore, to the dignitary who will for the moment surrender to the jocund mood.

Deductively, all honor to Supervisor Wolfe.

He was acting as chairman of the supervisors the other day, and the proceedings, while average enough in the main, were of a kind to call down his gavel and his jocosity.

"Personalities like this," he said—and listen carefully—"detract from the decorum and the dignity of the board's sessions."

What gem of purer ray serene could one find? One would not think that the Hon. gent. had it in him.

K. C. Bureaus Absolutely Non-Sectarian

Anent the educational conference this week of the principals of K. C. schools, James Meehan, K. C. secretary, said the other day that the K. C.'s are desirous of correcting the impression that their educational and employment sections are for K. C.'s only. On the contrary, all ex-service men are welcome and everything the K. C.'s have to give is free.

The money raised during the war by public drive of the K. C.'s has been wisely and most generously used in the cause of patriotism. Mr. Meehan said: "There is a bunch of that money left and the K. C.'s will see that it is used in the interests of the men for whose benefit it was solicited,—the service men. We are absolutely non-sectarian. As a matter of fact, the majority of the men who avail themselves of the K. C. educational and employment bureaus are neither K. C.'s nor Catholics. The only credential a man requires is an honorable discharge from army or navy."

French Aircraft for Locating Fish

A further adaptation of aircraft to the uses of industry is contemplated in experiments which are about to be made off the French coast to ascertain whether airplanes and dirigibles may be successfully used in locating shoals of fish. It will be recalled that the French Ministry of Marine recently undertook to use bombs from seaplanes off the coast of Brittany for driving porpoises from the sardine fisheries.

France Admits Women as Professors

Women will be allowed this year for the first time to compete in the highest French examinations in philosophy and philology. M. Honnorat, Minister of Education, has issued instructions that women candidates be admitted on a par with men at these examinations which open the way to professorships in the higher educational institutions.

Ruins at Ypres

The ruins of the church of St. Martin and the Cloth Hall at Ypres will stand as a reminder of the invasion and the final defeat of the Germans, according to a decision reached at Brussels. These ruins will remain untoched and will be surrounded by grass lawns.

Honfleur a New Port

A new French port for Trans-Atlantic shipping will be created at Honfleur, at the mouth of the Seine, just opposite Havre, if plans now being drawn up materialize. A company has been formed for the creation of such a port and it is intended to widen and deepen the existing harbor which now has only a small capacity. Extension of the harbor down the estuary is contemplated and a new channel is to be dredged, which will allow the passage of larger steamers.

Rhine Troops Reinforced

Belgian troops in the occupied area have been withdrawn to the left bank of the Rhine, and the Allied Commission has been recalled from the right bank to the left, together with the troops occupying Duisburg and Ruhrorf. It is stated that stronger reinforcements are on their way to the Rhine.

Cure for Sleeping Sickness Claimed

Efficacious treatment of sleeping sickness (encephalitis lethargica) has been evolved by a doctor of the Pasteur Institute, according to the "Petit Journal." As a result of a long research to discover the virus of this disease, it is said that this problem has not only been solved but that a successful serum has been developed. A paper on the subject was presented to the Academy of Medicine March 30th.

Nations to Discuss Exchange in May

An international conference on the exchange question is likely to be held at Brussels in the month of May, according to the "Soir," which declares that M. Hymans, Belgian Foreign Minister, has indorsed a suggestion to this effect, made by A. J. Balfour, president of the Executive Council of the League of Nations.

France Creates Economy Committee

That France is making every effort to curtail national expenditures is indicated by the formation of a new committee on economics which will form a part of the Department of Finance. This committee is instructed to make investigations and recommend measures to reduce the outlay of public moneys.

The decree creating this committee gives it wide powers in carrying out its inquiries in the different government departments. The committee will be headed by the attorney general of the army, assisted by an official from the Ministry of the Liberated Regions.

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Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
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—Herbert.

Social

By TANTALUS

Clay M. Greene's Seventieth Birthday

To judge from published accounts of the event, verified in conversation with the honored guest who returned last week from New York, it must have been well worth while for Mr. Greene to have been twelve times Shepherd of the famous Lambs Club of New York and seventy years of age. The birthday of this many times re-elected Shepherd was the occasion of many merry foregatherings through the years of his several incumbencies, and on his sixtieth anniversary an invitation was proffered and accepted for an even more elaborate celebration on the seventieth. During the past winter Mr. Greene was reminded of this engagement, and informed that arrangements had already been perfected for a more than usually elaborate party, and in order that there should be no doubt of his being present, the trip to New York and return would be without any expense whatever to the honored guest. But on arrival in New York it was discovered that other organizations as well as several friends had caught the spirit of the Greene birthday idea, and after due conference it was arranged that the immediate family of the guest should be accorded the privilege of celebrating the birthday proper on March 12th, while the other events should be spread through the next nine days, ending with the grand celebration at The Lambs on the 21st. The first event took place at the residence of Mr. Greene's daughter, Mrs. F. W. Bryant at Kew Gardens, Long Island on the 12th; he appeared at a Lambs Gambol on the 14th given in honor of General Pershing; Mr. and Mrs. Greene were entertained at a dinner at the residence of her niece Mrs. J. C. Smith on the 16th; James Woods gave them a dinner at the Hotel Belmont on the 18th; Clay acted as honored guest and toastmaster at the Annual Dinner of the Huckleberry Indians at the New York Athletic Club on the 20th. The final and most important event took place at The Lambs on the 21st which was attended by more than 200 of Mr. Greene's old friends, and when the long programme was over, it was the unanimous opinion that so unique and inspiring a function had never been given even in this notable coterie so long schooled in novel entertainment. In the centre of the great banquet hall a platform was erected for the elaborate cabaret entertainment provided by the master of ceremonies, Tom Wise, assisted by Walter Lawrence and Kempton Greene, and about the walls of the room were hung colored caricatures and cartoons of the guest by Windsor McCay, George McManus, Tom Powers, Goldberg, Richard Outcault, Hy Mayer and others. The entertainment began with the first course and continued during the entire dinner, including music by the Sons of David Jazz Band from Benton's Harbor Michigan, singing by George Hamlin, Herbert Waterous and Harrison Brockbank, and ended with a dancing contest for a $100 silver cup, which, after much excitement narrowed down to a final between Donald Brian and the celebrated dwarf comedian, Little Billee, who was voted the victor. Following the dinner the post prandial ceremonies began. Wilton Lackaye outshone all of his previous similar efforts as toastmaster, and speeches were made by Augustus Thomas, Postmaster Thomas Patten, Joseph R. Grismer, Thomas Wise, Thomas B. Clarke, Charles T. Dazey and the guest of the evening. Telegrams were read from a coterie of Lambs in Los Angeles, many individual messages from absent Lambs, the Board of Directors of the Olympic Club, another from the Olympic Club's official force, and the Bohemian Club sent an elaborately decorated scroll containing drawings, letters and poems by nearly 100 well known Bohemians. Then came Low Jinks in the Grill Room below, which continued until brought to a sudden close at 3:30 a. m. by a fire in the club house, which was extinguished before the spectacular appearance of the fire department. One day later, thirty odd Lambs assembled at Grand Central Station to bid Mr. and Mrs. Greene farewell, and before the departure of the train exacted from him a promise to be at the Lambs for an even greater celebration on his eightieth birthday, which he believes, barring unforseen accidents, he will be able to fulfill.

Proll-Goeppert Nuptials

The wedding of Miss Bessie Proll and Carl Goeppert will take place on the evening of April 7th, at nine o'clock, at the home of the bride's brother, Basil Proll, as Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Proll, the bride's parents, have just sold their beautiful residence on Geary street beyond Fort Miley. Only relatives will be present, but they will number 83, including members of the Proll, Goeppert, Ringo, Tingman, Allen, Yates, Vincent Butler, Shumate, Sullivan, Lillis and Goeppert families. The ceremony will be performed by Father Morgan of St. Luke's Episcopal church. The wedding journey will be a motor trip,—somewhere in honeymoonland.

Upon their return, the newly weds will reside in one of the charming apartments of the groom's father at Green and Gough streets.

The bride's trousseau is a wilderness of dainty lovliness, chosen with the infallible taste for which the bride's mother is noted.

Miss Muriel Ulsteen will be maid of honor and Mrs. Ruth Marsh, the bride's beautiful sister, matron of honor. The other attendants will be Misses Dorothy Tingman, Mary and Florence Ringo, Mmes. Basil Proll and Louis Goeppert. Bert Flahaven will be best man.

Shortly after the wedding, Mrs. R. B. Proll and her daughter Mrs. Marsh plan a trip, possibly to Europe or Havana.

Mr. Paul Rosenberg, the brilliant young Russian who has taken up his residence in San Francisco, where he has already won many friends, has recovered from a very serious operation upon his skull, the result of wounds received in the late war, when he was an officer in the Russian army. During his confinement in the St. Francis Hospital, he amused himself by drawing cartoons, some of which were shown on the screen at the last meeting of the medical society.

Lenten Eclipse of Amusements?

Lent has not made an appreciable difference in social diversions this year, the explanation doubtless being that, owing to prohibition, functions are staged at home instead of hotels and clubs. Of course, the hotels are still the preferred scene for teas, the orchestra being the attraction. The time seems to have passed quite into oblivion when it was considered hopelessly demodé to be a lenten hostess to any sort of entertainment; so we've had home luncheons, home dinners, country-house week-ends and golf teas as usual—only big dances have been tabu; but society found solace in concentrated effort in studying the newest steps,—and of course practice at home was absolutely essential "to keep fit."

The symphony's close came too soon for music lovers. It was a keen disappointment not to have it play a superb sacred concert during Holy Week. That would have led wandering feet churchwards.

The theatres did not suffer during lent, apparently. The Orpheum as always had waiting lines twice a day outside the box-office, the faithful devotées of the beloved Alcazar, well re-inforced by outsiders, saw to it that they did not miss each new characterization by their favorites. The Curran began with Kolb and Dill, for the pleasure of seeing whom even some of their religious admirers would undergo penance afterwards. Then followed the mild and fragrant Maytime,—surely there was no harm in that pure atmosphere. And who would consider it a dissipation to turn back Time's pages to

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hear and see the old fashioned classics of Gilbert and Sullivan and of Planquette which the Gallo company produced so excellently?

Margaret Anglin, the favorite for nearly twenty-five years, played to crowded houses—ah! but then her first play "The Woman of Bronze" preached a sermon on morality and besides society solaced itself that Miss Anglin being one of our brightest dramatic lights must not, for the honor of our art reputation, shine upon vacant chairs. When she played "Lady Windemere's Fan" in Holy Week,—well didn't society have a literary duty to perform to study the Wilde epigrams in the spoken drama?

As for the movies,—if fear of the devastating flu couldn't close them, the gentle influence of Lent could scarcely frighten people into fear of the hereafter.

Mrs. E. C. Harrison entertained a few friends at tea in her apartments at Alta Casa on Tuesday. They were: Mmes. Dury Malone, C. W. Brown of Boston, Caspar Brown, George J. Knox, W. G. Holmes, Earnest Simpson, Misses Dean and Grace Morris.

Mrs. R. C. Harrison, U. S. A., son of the hostess, has arrived on a sixty day leave. He with his wife and two children have taken a house in Mill Valley for the period. During the war, the major was lieutenant-colonel and was for a while provost marshal in Boston and later in Paris.

Mrs. E. M. O'Brien was hostess at a small tea in her home at the Fairmont on Monday.

Mrs. E. W. Crellin during Mr. Crellin's fortnight's absence in New York was the house guest of the Netherland's Consul-General and Mrs. Torchiana at their country home in Santa Cruz.

At the tea recently at the Allan Pollak residence given to announce the engagement of Miss Ruth Mary Pollak and Charles Gibson, Miss Beulah Pollak, the bride's younger sister presented from a gaily decorated basket to each of the twenty guests dainty envelopes containing the soft tidings.

Horse Show Lures Society to Santa Barbara

All roads lead to Rome, so it is said, but this month society is making plans to attend the Annual Horse Show to be held in the grounds of the Hotel Ambassador at Santa Barbara, on April 8th, 9th, and 10th. These four days will witness the largest congregation of society in the south this season. Interest in the Horse Show is National in scope. Two cars left Kentucky carrying from Louisville, entrants in the Polo and Saddle Classes. They are coming by express, bearing two blue blooded specimens of horseflesh recently purchased by Mrs. Ruth Clemons of Medford, Ore., especially for entry in the Santa Barbara show. Mr. P. E. Bowles, president of the American National Bank of San Francisco, a well known horse fancier of repute has just purchased a beautiful chestnut mare, Del Rosa by El Volente from Thomas Mason of Santa Barbara which will be in the ring in addition to his other horses which have already been posted as competitors.

One of the big attractions of the show will be the Eleventh Cavalry which is considered the finest mounted corps in the U. S. Army today. These horsemen are expected to carry off premier honors as they did in the recent San Francisco Horse Show.

The paddock and turf will carry the colors of many local entrants, as the elite of equestriennes are planning to show their favorite mounts from the saddle. In former years society was content for the most part to see their mounts carry off the ribbons from the confines of the boxes surrounding the arena, but society today demands that milady don the boot and cap, and put her own favorite through its paces. With the superb riding of many of the fair entrants, it will be a picturesque sight to witness the opening of the lists when the full complement of all riders will be shown. The bridle path of Golden Gate Park and the sand dune trails of San Francisco and the lake district have developed splendid riders as also have the rolling hills of San Mateo, Burlingame, and the Bay Districts, and the junior classes will also show some interesting performances.

The box holders are as follows to date:

Mr. F. F. Peabody, Mr. C. K. G. Billings, Mr. G. A. Knapp, Mr. R. W. Hersey, C. W. Dabney, E. Q. McVitty, S. W. Strauss, E. P. Gavitt, C. B. Hale, J. P. Jefferson, A. S. Bigelow, Edward Carrington, Raymond V. Baker, F. W. Mattiesson, Mrs. Frederick Henry Elizah, J. D. Farrell, P. E. Bowles, Roy M. Pike, Ella Brooks Solano, G. W. H. Allen, Samuel A. Perkins, Ambassador Hotel System, H. S. Bothin, Mrs. Charles Wright, Arlington Hotel, Major Max Fleischmann, G. P. Becker, Mrs. Stephen Pell, Mrs. S. H. Freeman, Mrs. P. H. Murphy, Mr. H. G. Wylie, Mrs. Talbot Walker, Mrs. Ruth Clements, Mr. Clyde W. Carr, Miss Lolita Ogden Armour, Mrs. Lyons, Mr. O. Apleigh Horne.

Recent entries include as far east as Chicago as well as northern and southern California.

Mr. C. K. G. Billings will exhibit his $50,000 horse "Uhlan"; Mrs. Ruth W. Clemons of Medford will exhibit her beautiful mare "La Golondrina"; Mr. F. W. Mattiesson of Chicago will show the champion of the Kentucky Futurity "Sinbad"; Mrs. Fawn Banks will exhibit her champion "Confidence"; Mr. P. E. Bowles will show "Charmon Pevine" as well as "Del Rose." Probably no one show in recent times will witness such a scintillating group of blue ribboners as will be seen in the aggregation contained in the southern show.

Cups have been donated for the several events by: E. V. Saunders, Palace Hotel Palace Hotel, Fairmont Hotel, Roos Bros., E. F. Hutton Co., Alexandria Hotel, McDonnell Co., San Francisco; Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles; Ambassador Hotel, Santa Barbara; E. L. Patterson, Ambassador Hotel, Atlantic City; Ambassador Hotel, New York; Mullin-Bluett Company, Maison Marcell; Eaves & Co., I. Magnin Co., S. & G. Gump Co., Clift Hotel, S. W. Strauss, Chamber of Commerce; Santa Barbara, Donner Electric Co., John Diehl, Mr. J. Libby, Logan & Bryan Company.

Salvation Army

The mental picture of The Salvation Army working alone in the gutter with the derelicts of society is one which promises quickly to pass into history.

During the past few weeks The Army, which in its humble way has been responsible for so many of its accomplishments, has extended an invitation to representative men and women in every county in California to join its organization in an auxiliary capacity. How well this invitation has been received is indicated by the fact that it has been accepted by more than 700 men and women, prominent in business, professional and public life of their respective communities.

These volunteers have been formed into county advisory boards, the function of which will be to direct and supervise Salvation Army activities in their respective counties.

Over the county boards has been placed a state advisory board, headed by John L. McNab of San Francisco as chairman. Other members of this state board are: F. M. Angellotti, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, P. E. Bowles, Jesse Steinhart, John H. McCallum, Postmaster Charles Fay, Milton Esberg and Albert E. Kern, all of San Francisco; C. C. Young, Lt. Governor, and George Sheldon of Oakland.

A ten days campaign will begin on May 10th to raise a budget of $226,00 to carry on the work.

New Presbyterian Churches

Twenty-six new churches and fourteen manses in as many cities and towns will be built as a result of appropriations just made by the Board of Church Erection of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. Dr. David G. Wylie, general secretary, announced today that $161,620 will be used for church buildings and $30,200 for manses.

The new structures will be built chiefly in the west and southwest. Approximately $100,000 is granted by this board every month for new churches and manses or additions thereto. This sum just appropriated includes three buildings to be erected in connection with the Board of Home Missions. One of these is a badly needed community house at Alpine, Tenn., which project the Board of Church Erection is aiding to the extent of $6,000.

Another church in which the Board of Home Missions also has a part, is a church for Mexicans being built at Los Angeles, Cal'a. In the 1920-21 $23,000,000 New Era Budget this board calls for nearly $1,500,000 to enlarge its program of building churches where needed and

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so of carrying out its plan of securing a manse for every Presbyterian minister.

The states which will receive new buildings include Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Dakota, California, Ohio, Oregon, Illinois, Washington, Tennessee, Idaho, South Dakota, Virginia, Texas, Arizona, Montana, Maryland, Oklahoma, Kansas and North Carolina.

The following are the towns in which new Presbyterian churches and manses will be built: Pirtleville, Ariz.; Camden, Ark.; Baidstown, Brawley, Los Angeles, Oakland, Rodeo, San Francisco, San Juan, Cal'a.; Parma, Idaho.

The special exhibit of direct water colors by Wm. C. Watts, which was held at the Del Monte Art Gallery last week created considerable interest and brought forth much admiration for the unusual handling of the subjects. The rocky coast of Monterey was the inspiration for these paintings, a region which is rich in all that appeals to the artist. These pictures, vivid in color, bold in execution, represent the most attractive work that has been exhibited for some time.

Wm. C. Watts, who associated himself with California art some years ago, is a well known contributor to the Philadelphia Academy and other prominent eastern galleries. While a modernist in feeling he is not an extremist and in the interpretation of his present subject he has expressed the charm and color and the unusual character of the Monterey coast.

Restoration of Missions Ball

Great interest is taken in the costume ball and pageant, to be given at the Exposition Auditorium on Saturday evening, April 17th, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the California missions. There is a statewide movement aimed to restore these old and historic landmarks to their original condition and this ball will be the first of a series of events all over California through which it is hoped to raise the necessary money. Many appropriate features are being prepared by the large committee of citizens who have the affair in charge, including beautiful ballets and choral selections by the Municipal Music League, under the direction of Festyn Davies.

On With the Dance

For the first time since the heyday of the Douglas Cranes at the old Cliff House back in 1911 the city is really "dance mad." The first day's booking at the Arcadia for instruction in the new 1920-1921 ball room dances by Dorothy Hagar and Wayne Foster completely swamped the calendar. Seemingly everybody with discernment enough to see the main chance is intent upon learning the new dances several months before their introduction at Bar Harbor and Newport in the East.

The coming dance vogue will be towards a return to all the beautiful slow tempo and full round dances of twenty-five years ago. The "Bryn Mawr" is the season's new waltz. It is a bewitching slow dance. The "Camel's Walk" as exemplified by Hagar and Foster is a glorified fox trot with a glide and a hesitation injected with gleeful result. The Hagar-Foster Salon is set in the mornings and afternoons and again at night. The limousines lined up along Eddy street and around on Jones street recalls the famous old days when society held forth on the ice at the Arcadia. The coming of Miss Hagar and her partner is creating a genuine revival of ballroom dancing. By request, Miss Hagar has arranged to give a children's class on every Saturday morning at the Arcadia.

Techau Tavern Attracts Dancing Throngs

The Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra, with its aggregation of solo musical artists, is attracting the dance-inclined patrons by its remarkable exposition of unusual jazz renditions. The latest song and dance hits of the moment, skillfully arranged in a composition of musical attractiveness, prove allure which is of a verity irresistible.

The combination of theatre and dinner is appealing, and many patrons are finding it a pleasant manner of having their dinner, and at the same time witnessing the big revue, which is a scintillating arrangement of youthful, charming artists in a series of fluffy, gladsome, colorful acts, followed in rapid succession by the dances.

Afternoon tea is of course becoming a custom for milady, the shopper; while the regular luncheon, a noted attraction of this famous hostelry, is an event of popular approval.

The Stage

Alcazar's Easter Show

Joyous Easter week, commencing with next Sunday's matinee, brings to the Alcazar a timely and alluring attraction in Oliver Morosco's famous success "Lombardi Ltd." by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, whose snappy, society satires enjoy great popularity in San Francisco. "Lombardi Ltd." is a captivating blend of fashion show, piquant comedy and very human romance, involving Tito Lombardi a much in vogue Italian frock designer. He is a manly, captivating, likable chap, ardent, imaginative, an artistic genius, but visionary and impractical as a business man. He is so wrapped up in his "art" and so blinded by an honest infatuation for a vampiric show girl that his bubbles of illusion have to be rudely punctured before he realizes that the real girl is Norah Blake, his charming and capable assistant. The Lombardi studio is a riot of exquisite coloring peopled with seductive, richly gowned mannequins and frequented by vastly amusing characters who contribute to the general gayety. Clay Clement will be the effervescent Lombardi and Belle Bennett, the golden hearted Norah, with a long cast of Alcazar favorites, specially reinforced.

The world-famous dramatic sensation "A Fool There Was" will have first Alcazar presentation Sunday, April 11th. It was suggested by Kipling's tremendous poem. One of the big spectacular effects is the deck of an out-going Atlantic liner crowded with passengers.

Nora Bayes at the Curran

Nora Bayes, the brilliant comedian of vaudeville and musical comedy, now leads her own company in a musical farce, "Ladies First," which she brings to the Curran for a two weeks' engagement, beginning Monday, April 5th. Harry B. Smith, famous American librettist, is the author of the book, for which A. Baldwin Sloane wrote some of the music. Miss Bayes interpolated her own song numbers, which is stimulating information for those who have been delighted by her fine voice and genius for staging musical phrases.

The play, which was originally produced under the title "Look Who's Here" is founded upon the farce, "A Contented Woman" written by Charles Hoyt for his beautiful wife, Caroline Miskel, and in which she starred until her untimely death from child-birth. Hoyt's mind gave way from grief and a year later he was laid in the grave beside his young wife's.

"Ladies First" has made an agreeable starring vehicle for Nora Bayes and has been praised in other cities. Briefly, it is the story of a popular young woman portrayed by Miss Bayes who is induced by a feminine political boss to enter the political arena and finds out, too late to withdraw, that her chief opponent is her own fiancé. Her opponent is Arthur Gordoni. The feminine political boss is Florence Morrison. Others in the cast are Arthur Gordoni, Arthur Hull, Harrison Green, Almeda Fowler, Catherine Parker and Jerome Brunner. There is a chorus who perform with merit the tasks that fall to their lot.

FRANCES ALDA
In concerts at the Exposition Auditorium on Wednesday evening, April 7th, and Sunday afternoon, April 11th.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be remarkable for its merit, novelty and variety and will be chiefly composed of headline acts of distinction.

John B. Hymer who is a superfine delineator of negro characters will present the latest of his Tom Walker series entitled "The Devil and Tom Walker" the success of which is now vaudeville history. Both press and public have been unstinted in their praise of the sketch and of Mr. Hymer, not only for his performance in it which is without flaw but for his keen knowledge and foresight in realizing that a playlet having in its foreground a scene in an electric chamber could be made as screamingly funny.

Mlle. Nitta-Jo, one of France's most popular character singers, will make her first appearance in this city. In New York and the principal cities of the east she created a positive furore and was acclaimed the greatest artiste that Europe had sent us in years. She impersonates "La Gigollett Parisienne" which is a feminine Apache and her characterization is graphic. Mlle. Nitta Jo is the possessor of an unusually beautiful and melodious voice, which she uses to the best advantage. In brief she is an artist to her huger tips.

Herbert Ashley, six feet tall, is a droll of the

first water who immediately firmly established himself in popular favor. He is assisted by Ray Dietrich and they call their specialty "An Unusual Conversation."

The Shoy Ling Hee Troupe consists of Six Oriental Wonder Workers. As magicians they are foremost in their line and their native costumes are picturesque and gorgeous.

On a thread of steel The Billy Lamont Trio accomplish stunts that previously have been considered impossible. The trio consists of two women and a man. They are justly entitled to be known as wire walking wonders.

Sam Berk and Juanita Swan will present their own terpsichorean creation which is a varied volume of voguish dances affording Mr. Berk and his pretty, graceful partner every opportunity for the display of their talent and versatility.

Charles O'Donnell and Ethel Blair will appear in their skit "The Piano Tuner" which always compels the heartiest of laughter. The caricature is sure to recall to the audience many actual incidents which, though funny now, were very provoking at the time of the occurrence.

The only holdover in this remarkable bill will be the Four Marx Brothers in their successful musical comedy "N'Everything."

Mme. Alda and Riccardo Martin

The concerts to be given in aid of the fund for the Institutional Temple at the Exposition Auditorium on Wednesday evening, April 7th, and Sunday afternoon, April 11th, are attracting wide attention and there is an immense demand for seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.

The concerts will be notable in every way, introducing, as they do, Mme. Frances Alda, the famous soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Riccardo Martin, an equally famed tenor, also of the Metropolitan forces who will go direct from San Francisco to Covent Garden, London, for an operatic engagement. These artists are so well and favorably known that no enconiums are necessary. It is sufficient to say that they are crossing the Continent from New York solely for the purpose of singing at these concerts. As accompanist they bring Miss Erin Ballard.

Their programs are chosen with rare discrimination and care. At the first concert Mme. Alda will sing the Jewel Song from "Faust," "I Love You" from Henry Hadley's new opera, "Cleopatra's Night," and songs of Fourdrain, Huerter, Lieurance, Maxwell, LaForge, Sibella, Poldowski and Rachmaninoff. Mr. Martin will sing the aria from Puccini's "Tosca," the arietta from the same composer's "Manon Lescaut," "Vieni fanciulla," by Bleichmann, and songs of Pergolesi, Scudere and Chadwick. The evening will be brought to a close with the duet from "La Boheme."

Sunday afternoon Mme. Alda's numbers will include the aria from "Madame Butterfly," and songs by Secchi, Philidor, Scarlatti, Bayly, Veracini, Merikanto, Del Riego, Pierce, Lieurance, Broecks, MacFayden, Jerneveldt, Fourdrain and Massenet, and with Mr. Martin she will also sing the duet from "Madame Butterfly." Mr. Martin will also sing "Celeste Aida," by Verdi, the "Flower Song" from "Carmen," and sonbs by Debussy, Gailhard and Hue.

Riccardo Stracciari

Of the first appearance in "La Traviata," of Riccardo Stracciari, the world's greatest Italian baritone, who will appear in concert at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoon, April 18th, under the direction of Frank W. Healy, Karleton Hackett, that well-known critic of the Chicago Evening Post, writes:

"Mr. Stracciari gave a fine performance as Germont. He sang the role with a richness of tone quality and a variety of color that always carried the full meaning of the word and gave life to the old music. When a man has the voice and the art he can endow these older forms with all the vitality of the new. Mr. Stracciari has not only the tradition, but the voice, and the knowledge of how to use it, and the demand of the public for the repetition of his aria was entirely justified."

San Francisco music-lovers will have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Stracciari in the following program:

—1—

Prologue from "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Signor Stracciari

—2—

Cade La Sera (Shadows of Evening).....Mililotti
Vilanella-Vezzosett e care.....Andrea Falconieri
(Charming Eyes so Wary)

—3—

Piano Solos:
Romance .....Sibelius
Rigoletto Fantasy .....Verdi-Liszt
Mr. Longe

—4—

Two Neapolitan Songs:
Manella Mis .....Sibelius
Canto Pe' Me.....Verdi-Liszt
Signor Stracciari

—5—

Un Doun Lien.....Delbeuck
Bonjour Suzon .....Delibes
Just as My Own.....Perkins
Signor Stracciari

—6—

Aria "Largo al Factotum".....Rossini
(From "Barbiare di Diviglia")
Signor Stracciari

Galli-Curci

Mme. Galli-Curci, the gifted coloratura soprano, the sensation of the hour, in international operatic circles, who will be heard at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 2nd, under the direction of Frank W. Healy, has sung with most of the great artists of this generation in Europe and in South America.

The critics of the old world, as well as those of the new, have been unsparing in their vocabulary to depict her art. No greater tribute can be mentioned as proof of her singing than that of the hysterical Italian critic Carrugati (now dead), who said, after hearing Galli-Curci, "She is the messenger of the goddess of song."

Saint-Aubain, the Frenchman, said: "There were others, but there is only one Galli-Curci."

Prof. Joqauin Fesser of Madrid wrote: "Last night dear reader, I heard one of the greatest coloratura sopranos every heard in this country. . . . Galli-Curci, a star of stars." While, Herman Devries, of Chicago, says: "It is but a matter of time when she will be worshipped by the whole civilized world."

Elman Has Toured Six Years

Mischa Elman, "the pre-eminent Russian," who will appear in joint recital with Eugene Ysaye, at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, under the direction of Frank W. Healy, has made six tours of this country and they have been a succession of triumphs. Although the Russian master is only 29 years old, he is known in every part of the civilized world. He still is a Russian citizen. When his native land became involved in the European war, he was among the first t o volunteer, but his government forbade him to take up arms on the grounds that he was of more value to the world as a musician than as a soldier, and that his death would be an irreparable loss to this generation.

Elman has a letter written by the Czar, in which the Russian ruler told the violinist to remain out of the war zone until the end of the conflict, as "Russia does not wish any harm to befall one of her greatest geniuses."

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Benefit of the
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Wednesday Night, April 7
Sunday Matinee, April 11
ONLY CALIFORNIA APPEARANCES OF
Frances ALDA
Soprano
Riccardo MARTIN
Tenor
Both of the Metropolitan Opera Co.
ERIN BALLARD, Accompanist
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"Ladies First"
Six Months Nora Bayes Theater, N. Y.
Eve. and Sat. Mat., 50c to $2.50
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Belle Bennett— Clay Clement
SUNDAY, APRIL 11—First Time at Alcazar
Elaborate Production of the Vivid Human Drama Based Upon Kipling's Poem
"A FOOL THERE WAS"
"A fool there was, and he made his prayer,
To a rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair."
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—With an underlying tone of strength produced by a slightly better banking situation, with shipments of gold actually being received at New York from England and by an improved outlook for industrial and commercial developments during the early spring, the stock market showed some activity on the bull side that looked like an old-time bull market had begun. Traders were more bullish than for some time past and bid stocks up—first one group and then another—with most of the fireworks in the motor group. The advance, however, was of short duration and prices quickly receded when profit taking sales found the market thin, although not all of the advance was lost.

Generally speaking, traders have become more optimistic regarding the future and, while there were plenty of ups and downs, the net changes for the week were upward. The annual statement made public by the big Steel Corporation was considered favorable and was followed by rumors of either an increase in dividend or an extra disbursement. The statement would indicate that the company was in a position to do either. The steel issues were all in good demand and higher with the big corporation stock more active than for some time.

Coppers finally came to the front with talk of a large company being formed to finance the sale of copper metal abroad. There was also a slight improvement in the demand for copper metal with prices fractionally higher. The issues have been dormant for so long that traders made the most of the news by advancing prices all along the line and any further improvement in the copper metal market will be quickly reflected in the copper shares market.

Oil stocks received their share of attention and were generally higher, although when the reaction in the general list came from time to time they followed. The underlying conditions are so bullish in the oils that it seems they can only go one way and that is toward a higher level. However, the strained credit condition has the call at present and, as long as traders are compelled to pay as high as ten per cent for money, we will have a two-sided market with the trade becoming pessimistic, as they generally do, when the market has had a decline.

The large shipments of gold from Europe was expected to have a more favorable effect on the money market andthis with the strength in Sterling Exchange was perhaps the basis of the more optimistic feeling, but as yet it has had little or no effect on money rates, but the general feeling seems to be that we are in for a period of easier money rates now that Europe shows a disposition to pay some of their debts, especially the Anglo-French Bond which becomes due this Fall.

The railroad situation is improving steadily. The roads have been back in possession of their owners for only a month, but already there is a different atmosphere. It is probably due as much as anything to public sympathy and the feeling of relief that Goverment extravagance of operation has come to an end. Shippers are obtaining better service for there is already the competition among the roads for public favor. At the same time, great questions are loming up as an aftermath of Government operation. Under the new railroad law, a fund of $300,000,000 is authorized to be made available for loans to the railroads for new equipment and the Interstate Comemrce Commission has about agreed to make this distribution at once. The rehabilitation of the physical condition of the roads is of the first importance. Road-beds, bridges and rolling stock have been kept only in minimum repair, and the steel equipment companies have been holding back a considerable amount of tonnage in anticipation of this demand. Generally speaking, the roads have had their plans pretty well prepared in advance, and it is now merely a matter of carrying them out as quickly as financial and industrial conditions permit.

We still feel the market will work higher and would be inclined to look for a big, broad bull market, if it was not for the strained credit situation. Traders become too enthusiastic on the long side and, then when the money rates show signs of hardening, they become panic stricken and throw their stocks overboard only to buy back again the next day at higher levels. This gives us a whip saw market and one that the scalping element, who are generally professional, profit by.

Cotton—The principal factor in the cotton market the past week was the closing up of the March contracts. It developed that there were quite a few short contracts outstanding that remained to be filled and, when those who were short tried to get their cotton back, they found very little cotton for sale until the price got above the 43 cent level. At this advance, holders of the actual cotton came to the rescue and sold enough cotton to even up contracts.

With the March strength removed as a bullish factor, holders of the distant futures were more inclined to accept profits and, as a consequence, a fair sized reaction took place, although the undertone remained firm.

The technical position of the New York future market is attracting a world of attention. The shortage of actual on hand to make deliveries is eliminating any idea of short selling in the nearby futures.

The May option is shaping up to assume place as a spot month. There is not much chance of cotton coming to New York in sufficient volume to guarantee delivery on the May position excepting possibly around the price which was quoted for the March future, as this is about an average of the prevailing spot prices.

Domestic trade continues very good and mills continue to report a good business in all lines. The strength in Sterling Exchange has helped the market, as the feeling prevails that Europe is now in a better position to buy cotton than for some time and the higher quotation from Liverpool would justify that belief.

The exports for the past week will show that considerable cotton is leaving this country and that it is not so much the question of price as it is the ability to get good cotton. There seems to be plenty of low grade cotton in the South, but this cotton is not wanted by the mills except at a big discount and, as the holder is not willing to concede this discount, it does not move freely. Good middling cotton is selling well above 40 cents and how the short seller expects to make any money selling the far off futures at such a large discount—even under low grade spot cotton—is hard to understand.

While it is expected there will be an increase in the acreage this year, yet the world is so bare of cotton goods that it will require an unusually large crop to take care of the requirements and, until that large crop is assured, holders of actual cotton now will not care to let go at present prices and what happened in the March option can happen just as well in the May or July option.

We would advise the purchase of May or July options on all minor recessions.

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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Crabs in Fights

When there is war in the crustacean world, hermit crabs are the crack regiment, for they are determined fighters, and fight to a finish. What an amusing field for investigation is a large pool on the seashore which the tide has just left with a new supply of water and food! In one, the hermit family was present in many generations from great to greatest grandfathers, down to the latest infant. When I first looked in, every thing seemed deadly dull, shells demure and well behaved, but in a moment after the fresh food was digested, every one had developed legs, and were scrambling off in every direction, and feats of strength in deadly fights were making things lively. Lifting aside the seaweed, I came upon lovely little anemones, and limpets and periwinkles browsing quietly on the weed-grown rock, utterly oblivious of the fierce battles going on around them. How these hermit crabs have grown so military, is a wonder; for they all entered life in a very helpless condition. When hatched in the sea, they each possessed a long tail, two great flat eyes, and a spine sticking out of their backs, and were about the size of a pin's head. For a week or ten days they swim about like that, casting off the baby skin several times as they grow, till lastly they fling away the spine, being now left with the little body, head, and claws which have gradually grown into shape, as well as the old long tail, which is quite soft and defenceless, so they immediately look about for an empty shell in which to hide it from enemies. Many a one is tried by the would-be tenant, but not till he finds one to suit does the hermit crab enter his house. To see a hermit changing his shell is most amusing, for all the wisdom of the Ancients seems wrapped up in the cautious way he seizes hold of the new one, poking his long claws into every nook and cranny till he is satisfied, and the awful moment arrives when he must expose his precious tail for an instant to the enemy, till he has time to whisk in, and hook it into the new abode. He can defend his house, too, as one of his front claws is much bigger than the other, and it fills up the doorway. But how do the hermit crabs grow? you may ask. About four times in the year they are extravagant enough to get new coats of armour, and at these critical times they are much afraid of enemies, so they retire into the darkest corner they can find, where they slowly burst their old coats, which have covered their heads, body, and claws, and pulling that old skin right over their heads, lo! there is a new suit all ready grown below, and of a much prettier color than the old one. And though he is dying to show his new suit to his enemies, still he feels so weak after the operation that he must remain in seclusion for a while, till it is hardened and ready for battle again, and he is much bigger.

ON THE WRONG HAND

"Remember not to forget" is an injunction familiar to every age and walk in life. The following is a specimen of what even the most cautious may come to:

"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?" asked Mr. Church.

"My wife put it there to remind me to post her letter," answered Mr. Chappell.

"And did you post it?"

"No; she forgot to give it to me."

Client—Can I bring proceedings in court to set aside my wife's will?

Lawyer—Why, your wife isn't dead, is she?

Client—No, that's just the trouble.—Boston Transcript.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29098, Dept. No. ——.

Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 28830. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased.

MARIE MARSILY,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Newcomb, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 6th, 1920.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Executrix,
Rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-6-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

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Residence 2560 California Street, Apt. 5
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29111, Dept. No. 11

Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29124, Dept. No. 10

Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Who If Not Wilson?

This newspaper feels justified in declaring that its confidence in the wisdom, integrity, patriotism and efficiency of the President, as evidenced for many months on its last page, has not been in any degree vitiated or disturbed by any written or spoken word of his since it has been there re-iterated. To judge from the opinions of those best qualified to predict what the result of the coming presidential election is going to be, there would seem to be a cabalistic writing upon the political wall to the effect that without the strongest possible candidate the Democratic party cannot win. Certainly such a candidate has not yet been prominently exploited or even mentioned among the sixteen or twenty favorite sons or aspirants at large whose qualifications have been moulded into so called presidential timber. The examples of timber thus far thrust into the political vision are not strong enough to bear up under the stress of such a vigorous campaign as this one is certain to be. Each of them seems likely to develop certain knots or other indications of weakness that would seem sure to cause them to bend or break when loaded with the inevitable burdens of criticism and questioning, doubtings and speculations of Public Opinion. Neither McAdoo nor Palmer, the two most prominently mentioned candidates, is strong enough to stand the strain, and the uninspiring platoon of "also rans" or "runners in" has scarcely anyone in it worthy of mention unless it be some dark horse or other not yet placed in the crucible of analysis. The state of Georgia has been the only one whose party adherents have mentioned a candidate with the slightest chance of winning, and yet President Wilson refused to permit his name to be presented to the primaries as being the almost unanimous choice of that state. This is sincerely to be regretted by those Democrats who really believe that the good of the country is paramount to all other issues, and many independents whose political convictions lead them into voting for the best man irrespective of party. That man is palpably Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, in whose case that venerable and never very stable precedent with reference to a third term would have to be temporarily suspended. But circumstances alter cases and here is one where the existing circumstances demand alteration if the all too apparent consternation and uncertainty of the Democrate is to be mollified, for it cannot now be altogether removed without another three cornered fight.

* * *

Mr. Spreckels' Prediction

Another presidential triangle is by no means improbable. Some four or five months ago, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, whose insight into matters political have often been received with more or less serious consideration, returned from a visit to New York after a careful review of the field of presidential possibilities, and expressed the positive conviction that in the campaign of 1920 there would be a third party with Herbert Hoover as its candidate. Two or three months ago scarcely anyone aside from a few intimates and admirers of the San Francisco banker would have regarded his prediction that in these circumstances Hoover could be elected as being anything short of a huge joke. Now, however, the figure of Stanford's first light who shone to any great extent, looms upon the political horizon with amazing distinctness and luminous with premonition that the unexpected is going to happen again. This visitation is not shot from nowhere into a clear sky, but has been growing steadily ever since the day when the New York World—from time immemorial stolidly Democratic—published a full page editorial declaring for Herbert Hoover for president on any ticket, whether Republican, Democratic or Independent. The reasons given for this sudden flop were potential enough to cause people of all parties to sit up and take notice, with the result that the Hoover boom has assumed proportions which are so distinctly consequential that it must be seriously reckoned with in figuring out the possible results of the forthcoming contest. Following the startling pronunciamento of the World, independent newspapers, newpapers that had not yet chosen candidates, and the "best man" adherents of both major parties, began to "holler Hoover." It was evident at the beginning that he courted no nomination by any party, but the call to the presidential chair is an honor which no patriot can feel justified in declining, so he became a complacent candidate, flirted with both great parties for awhile and then telegraphed that he was willing to accept a nomination at the hands of the Republicans. Nevertheless a very considerable independent wing of the Democratic party still continues to support its Hoover for President clubs, evidently in anticipation of a possible bolt of the Hoover Republicans in the event that he should fail of nomination by the Chicago convention. It has been published that the Lochinvar from Palo Alto would consent to lead such a bolt, and its result would be certainly deplorable from a Republican point of view, for they should remember that a similar defection by the followers of Theodore Roosevelt made Woodrow Wilson president eight years ago. Truly an interesting political posture, and one which it is not by any means too early to write into the betting books.

* * *

Other Candidates

But there are other candidates who are strong enough to call into question the wisdom of laying any betting odds on Herbert Hoover, and each of them has admirers who refuse to concede that anyone other than their favorite has any chance whatever of capturing the nominative bun at Chicago. The first of these is Leonard Wood, who up to the present time is far ahead of all others in possible conjecture, and Californians who read only California papers would be surprised to be made conscious that ten days ago New York Republicans did not regard Mr. Hoover as being at all a menace to the chances of the General, while in the Republican clubs and among the bettors of Wall Street Hiram Johnson was not considered as standing higher than a somewhat limping fourth in the race. This statement, based upon personal inquiry with party leaders, will of course be doubted by Republican voters in the far west, for they are grandly loyal to their favorite sons, they believe in them and their better than fifty-fifty chances, while the local press, commendably ambitious to secure for California the first presidential nominee since Fremont in 1856, decline to consider any candidates other than the two Californians and most of them appear to favor Johnson. A prominent San Francisco attorney who claims to have named the candidates on both sides for several presidential elections, declares unhesitatingly, and has posted a bet to back his opinion, that the next President will be Hoover, Johnson or McAdoo, the success of either of them being dependent upon what action will be taken by the friends of Hoover should he fail of

nomination by the Republican convention, as Roosevelt failed in 1912 and his defection from the G. O. P. resulting in a third candidacy for the presidency, elected Woodrom Wilson, as in a triangular fight this year, he or any other Democratic candidate would be almost certain of success. In some states Hoover is named as a candidate in certain wings of both parties, and the outcome is at present entirely problematical unless another third party is to be formed resulting in another unforeseen Democratic victory.

* * *

Knotty Plank Problems

It was decidedly unfortunate for both of the major parties that the Congress failed to pass the League of Nations peace pact, or to so amend its many platitudinous sections as to meet the decidedly pertinaceous views of President Wilson, its creator, who was convinced that it was correct in its original form and declined to accept any very material alterations. It now seems likely that its failure of ratification will be distorted into widely variant points of view to be wrought into planks for both major parties, the form of which it will be difficult to outline at this stage of the game. This because neither of the great parties can with justice be accused of direct responsibility for its failure to pass, because the final vote developed an attitude with reference to it that was decidedly nonpartisan. It is to be regretted that the commendable effort of William Jennings Bryan at the eleventh hour to secure it passage, that it might not be distorted into a distinctly creaky party platform, failed of success, for as a matter of fact it should have no place in either platform, having failed of passage by a distinctly nonpartisan vote, which returned it to the presidential pigeon-hole for the next president to pass upon it. It is equally to be regretted that the decidedly drastic and unjust Dry Amendment is most likely to be made an issue in both party platforms, for both of the great parties were equally responsible for its passage and it is difficult to conceive which of them will acknowledge the main responsibility for it, or duck from under the rapidly increasing public sentiment against the continuance of its decidedly imperialistic provisions. The voters of the country will await with keen interest the publication of the platforms of the two great parties, since the subject matter of two of its main planks will of a necessity be identical, and it will be interesting to note which of them will acknowledge responsibility or duck from under with reference to the failure of the League of Nations to be ratified, or making the country bone dry when so many millions of the voters are in favor of an abrogation of the wet amendment or a half dry revision of it.

* * *

Concerning Samuel Gompers

Recent events in labor circles, several divisions of which have shown an indication that the unions are going to direct and control their own political destinies in their own way, would appear to suggest the query, is the Power of Samuel Gompers, truly the ablest figure in the army of labor for two generations, on the wane? If this question be answered in the affirmative, as recent actions of many labor unions more or less indicated when they disregarded the advice of Mr. Gompers with reference to the presidential candidates in the coming campaign, they are truly enough biting the hand that has fed them ably and persistently for many many years. Mr. Gompers has ably set forth that the rights of labor would be in safe hands under a president elected by either of the great political parties and that the time is not yet ripe for Labor to set up a candidate of its own who could not possibly be elected, and might elect a candidate from one of the dominant parties who would not be the disinterested friend that labor is looking for and so greatly needs. But deafened ears seem to have been turned against the only consistent friend that labor ever had, and not only is Eugene V. Debs notified in his prison cell that he is again to be the candidate of the revolutionary branch of labor, but many hundreds of thousands of labor union members are threatening to run a candidate of their own, despite the advice of the one disinterested leader that has devoted a lifetime to the securement for labor of its just rights. This candidate has not yet been secured, fortunately enough for labor, for it would not benefit its cause to manacle the hand that has led it ably for so many years.

* * *

Is a Pan-Russian Government Possible?

Does a public, popular opinion exist, on which to form the foundation of a pan-Russian power? Certainly no, and for the simple reason that old Russia was divided into completely independent parties, one from the other, and frequently having no intercourse with each other; no attachment can be observed, for example, in the case of the Bolshevist and anti-bolshevist groups of territories and peoples. And still better, there is no relationship between certain anti-bolshevist groups, for example between the state formations of Caucasia, of Ukraine, of the South and the West, on the one hand, and that of Siberia, Arkhangel, on the other. Under these conditions, and owing to the moral dispersion which is now to be observed among the various peoples of old Russia, and which is an indisputable fact, it is unreasonable to try to bring up to the same level, and reduce to the same denominator, the public opinion of the immense Russia. Each party, each state, actually exists and will last for a long time to come with its own proper tendancies, it will follow its own destinies, pursue its own goals as it pleases and conceives, and it will choose the means which appear to it to be the most efficacious. One can say, it is true, that that opinion can be despensed with by relying on military power. But where is that force to be obtained?

* * *

The Fighting Objective

The fighting men who, at the present time, are making war against the Bolshevists, know that they are defending their families, and their homes, their goods and chattels, their countrymen and their country, they will defend their right to be their own masters at home, they are fighting for the rights of their people. They come from the popular classes who have understood their regional interest and have chosen their own destiny. With or without arms, they rise against the violence of the Bolshevists and fight to the death in the defence of their land, their country which they know so well, and whose very frontiers they feel. Every region that is waging war against the Bolshevists has its own army. These armies have their own clearly defined goals. They aid each other and will continue to aid each other and will also go to the assistance of those who rise against the Bolshevists. But they will not set out to conquer Russia with its immense territory, which is nearly equivalent to a sixth part of the entire world, for the benefit of any state, still less if the objects of the conqueror are obscure, with greater reason if they are tied to reactionary plans and restoration. It is easy to say that these national armies form the Russian army. These local armies have confidence only in their governments chosen by the representatives of the people and responsible to them for their acts.

A central power, artificially created and above all, a dictatorial power cannot rely on such an armed force, because these armies are not and will not be blind. Each one of them wants to know what are the objects that are proposed to them, it wants to know why it is fighting, it wants to have its own independent government, expression of the people's will and guardian of its interests. Take that away from them, would be depriving it of its soul, deprive it of the stimulant which pushes men to accept the most terrible of hardships, death itself.

Thus we must recognize that there no longer exists an armed force susceptible of acting as a foundation for an effective Pan-Russian power.

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Tommy Atkins---As Foreigners Saw Him in 1915

By a Lady Who Lives in France

Great was the excitement and high were the expectations in fair France when the news of the arrival of the British Expeditionary Corps went round. So the English had really come, and the Entente Cordiale was to be materialized by shoulder-to-shoulder fighting! What might these sons of Britain be like and how were they to understand their lingo? Would they all drink tea at five o'clock and refuse to fight on Sunday? Doubts and queries were satisfied however in the first few weeks of comradeship. A fine understanding was reached and a firm friendship sealed between the Piou-piou and Tommy. What, however, were the popular ideas in France upon our Army before the war came to make the matter clear? And what even now is the accepted view on such things as our penchant for sport, our Saturdays and week-ends, our liberty of thought and action?

Caricatures

One has only to examine some such publication as "Le Rire," and the jocular observations it has made since August, 1914, to come to the following conclusions. Every British soldier is prodigiously lanky, muscular, bony, long-footed, and clean-shaven in the popular French imagination. He smokes constantly (even in action!) a big reeking pipe. If he is a Scotsman, his bare knees are conspicuous from afar, and his spats and stockings dwindle down to somewhere about his ankles. He is a jolly, ranting fellow—thanks to Tipperary—whose connection with the war by the way is still the subject of heated conversation in cafés and elsewhere. In Paris, it is true, the sense of the song has been fairly grasped, for a translation of sorts has been made. It is not sung so much by the French soldiers as by the music-hall artists, who make it a culminating point for demonstrations on the part of the audience of their interest in and sympathy for the Allies. In the provinces, however, it is looked on as an unusually artistic production, although its patriotic sentiment be not clear!

If you ask a Frenchman what strikes him most about our soldiers, he almost infallibly answers, "The way they carry footballs about with them and have matches in the intervals of fighting." This demands, I always think, a particularly strong and convincing defense, for, from a certain point of view, reproach is intended and an unfavorable interpretation of our troops' action underlies the reply.

The Spirit that Animates the Allies

The fact is that in Britain we have our own and not a Frenchman's feeling for this war. Our country has happily not yet been invaded, and our men are not out, as are the French and Belgian soldiers, to wrest their Fatherland from the German clutch. Our homes have not been ruined, our relatives have not been slain. In short, we are not as an army seeking the individual revenge that is hoped for today by our Allies.

This is far from meaning that our soldiers are indifferent—perish the thought! But what must be made clear to the average French and Belgian citizen is that Britain came into the war to uphold the principle of liberty for all. The personal is sunk in the universal. As of yore, we are a nation of theorists, idealists, and humanitarians. But the indulgence, if not gentle scorn, that was formerly meted out to us in recognition of these national inclinations has become rather a sentiment of warmest admiration and of heartiest approval.

Our idealism is now a matter for profound thankfulness and praise. But it does not follow, for all that, that the gay light-heartedness of Tommy Atkins has always been understood. We must reiterate for yet a long while the fact that he and his pals are, in the overwhelming majority of cases, voluntary combatants and avengers not in the first place of their own flesh and blood, but of that of innocent victims to Germany's lust for power. In this they differ from the Russians, French, and Belgians.

Contrary to the general idea abroad, Tommy does not in reality "look on the war as the finest sport he has enjoyed," if by sport mere recreation, physical exercise, competition, and exciting risk are implied. His cheeriness and disregard of danger come mainly from the entire absence of vindictive personal antipathy to his foe. He knows that his motive is a lofty one and his cause sublime. The football on his back is a symbol of fearlessness of action and the purity of his attitude.

A very material cause for wonder, admiration, and—I may say it, since it is true—envy among French, Belgian, and Italian soldiers, is the equipment and rations of our men. It is not that the former lack the necessities of life in time of campaign. But by common consent the British are considered to have stores, arms, and military uniform that could not easily be improved upon! As for the way they are fed, e.g., the allowances of jam, fresh vegetables, and butter, our French cousins say it is lordly in comparison with the more monotonous and frugal rations of their own soldiers. The scale of payment, as is widely known, admits of no comparison.

This calls for a double comment. On the one hand, the so-called over-generous food supplies of the British lend color to the prevalent Continental idea that we are an extravagant race. The inhabitants of the villages behind the front held by our troops are genuinely profiting by the suprplus of food, for Tommy does not hesitate to give away the "bully" or other articles of diet for which he has no immediate use. True to our national reputation for largesse, he does not haggle or insist upon an exchange.

I, for one, am glad we are like that, although I have heard it made the subject of adverse criticism. Personally, I prefer to think of Britain sinning on the side of prodigality rather than on the side of parsimony and meanness.

The second comment is this. We happen to be genuinely rich as a nation. How rich, how happy, and how free one does not realize until one lives for a lengthened period on the Continent. We can afford that certain wastefulness that is betrayed by the standard of comfort uniformly maintained among our expeditionary corps. We may talk glibly of the luxury-loving French, but it is a fable with considerable stupidity as its source. Parisians are spendthrift if you like, but the nation—most emphatically no! Once more it must be repeated that the French are a hard working, frugal living people. It is we who are well off and generously inclined. It is we who can afford to cease the labor of making our living at midday on Saturday and recommence on Monday. On the Continent one works on through Sunday forenoon!

The Cause of a Smile

Mr. Atkins, therefore, reflects nothing but credit on his nation from the points of view so far considered. What, one may ask, is his contribution to the gaiety of trench life, and what are the foibles and peculiarities that cause a smile among onlookers in other lands? "Punch" is not alone in his appreciation of the humorous in warfare. "Le Rire" and "Nos Poilus" (Paris), "Simplicimus" and "Die Lustige Blatter" (Germany), the "Nueve Satiricon" (Petrograd), and the New York "Star" are some of the papers that note from time to time in a well-executed caricature Britain's share in what little amusement may be visible during the present world crisis.

It began with the embarrassment of our soldiers at the welcome they met with in Belgium and France. There was the plight of a young private (duly chronicled in the French press) whose last button had been cut off by a fair admirer. It had been the mainstay of his nether garments for some time, and now he was robbed of his only hope and stay! There are the chivalrous Highlander, too, who tried to reconcile his desire to oblige with his natural modesty. But as the scene was the Bois de Boulogne, and his questioner a vivacious Parisienne, keenly interested in the mode of wearing a kilt, he had to make a holt for it to prevent his blushes from being seen.

Little traits supposed to be typical of Anglo-Saxon physique, like a long and scraggy neck appearing about an angular body, are made much of, and faithfully imitated from paper to paper. Our hard heads, almost uncrackable by projectiles, form a frequent source of jest. As for the Scotsman and his whisky bottle——!"

A Subject of Ridicule

A favorite subject for ridicule in German and Austrian papers is the heterogeneous nature of the British Army. We are said to be opposing their high human culture by means of ferocious and uncivilized fighters. In one group are shown, as representatives of British anti-culture, a Japanese with a pistol, a Red Indian with a tomahawk, a Hindu with his knife, a Maori with a boomerang, and a Zulu with his axe! Surely our foes cannot think they alarm anyone but themselves by such a drawing.

Such attentions as these paid us by our critics appear not only in the illustrated papers. A glance into the shop windows of a neutral country like Spain, such as I had in early spring, reveals the existence of a multitude of picture post-cards (many hailing from Germany) that show the conquests made by our officers in Parisian haunts. For example, little shop girls and ballet dancers are depicted as embracing the most distinguished of our official and military personages. Young Englishmen are drawn either as haggard, anaemic youths or as pampered, bloated individuals of suspiciously German contour being offered material inducements to recruit and "have a game of war."

But a complete enumeration would be impossible. Enough perhaps has been said to show the spirit of our critics and to give an impression of the most unfavorable portrait of Tommy Atkins that is popularly accepted abroad.—E. H. I.

Maxims of the Stage

I do not think that twelve hundred persons assembled to listen to a play form a council inspired by eternal wisdom; but it seems to me that the public ordinarily brings to the playhouse a sincerity of mind which gives value to the sentiment that it feels. Many people who could not form an idea of the things that they have read can give an exact account of the things that they have seen played. When one reads a book, one reads it as one wishes. A book lets the imagination have its way. Rough and ordinary minds take only pale and cold pleasure in books. Plays show everything and dispense with the imagination. That is why they please the greatest number. That is also why they do not please dreamy and meditative minds. These love ideas only for the melodious echo which they awaken in themselves. They have no pleasure in a playhouse. They prefer the active joy of reading rather than the passive pleasure of shows. What is a book? A series of signs. Nothing more. The reader himself must draw from it the forms, the colors, and the sentiments which these signs represent. Every word of a book is a mysterious finger which touches a fiber of our brain like the string of a harp. In vain the hand of the artist is inspired and learned. The sound which it will give will depend on the quality of our intimate chords. It is not the same at a theatre. There the little black signs are replaced by living images. To the fine types of printing which leave so much to be divined are substituted men and women in whom there is nothing vague or mysterious. Everything there is exactly determined. The result is that impressions received by spectators are as similar as possible. In every representation that literary or political quarrels do not trouble, a real sympathy is established among all the persons present. If one considers that the drama is the art which is least distant from life, it will be acknowledged that it is the easiest to understand and to feel, and it will be accorded that it is the art about which the public is less likely to be mistaken.

—Anatole France.

* * *

The Stage Young Girl

With women who play the part of a stage young girl, gifted by all authors for the stage with infantile graces, people think that the comedy ends when the curtain falls. Alsa! It is then that the comedy begins. You have taken for three hours girlish little inflections and pouts, you have run after butterflies and threatened to fly yourself with your invisible wings, you have hid your heart and your neck under a white muslin dress and worn a ridiculous silk apron which is, in all the plays of the school of Scribe, the symbol of youth. But this is not all!

You earn three thousand a year, and the critics proclaim that you are the only juvenile actor since—since a person whose name is forgotten. What does it cost you?

You have to be seventeen years old, not in love, unmarried, talk babyish, have undarkened hair, arms, shoulders and the rest not yet developed, and nobody must ever meet you walking in the street with your father's best friend.

For other comedians when the play is finished all is finished. The comedian is no longer forced to be a clown, the tragedian to be terrible; but the stage young girl cannot quit her mask.

She is seventeen years old and has to be seventeen. For how long? Forever. But suppose people should remember that she was seventeen last year? They must not remember. If her heart beats? It must not beat. Lilian, Clara, and Fanny have no heart. They may reply with lowered eyes to madrigals murmured by a young man to whom they are engaged and who was born with gloves and copies his coats, his cravats, his smile, and even his absent moustache from a matinée idol.

Her name is Mary, a beautiful name, but she has had to take from a novel by Brander Matthews the ridiculous name of Winifred. She has had to retain in her hair that infantile shade of pale blonde with reflections of gold lights which no infant ever retained after its fourth year. Her hair, if it were well kept, might last forty years; now you should see her head. She wears false hair. She is twenty-four. Under her false infancy, which endures by force of wonderful intrigues, there are wrinkles. To everything that you say she lowers here eyes and blushes, and it is not very difficult for her to do this because her blood stifles her. Is it not horrible?

* * *

Every comedy which analyzes sentiments and discusses cases of conscience cannot fail to reach a conclusion the bearing of which is general.

* * *

The dramatist must be preoccupied by the public and seek for success.

* * *

The writer who works for the stage is in a special situation. He has not only the right, he has the duty to try to be successful.

—René Dounic.

* * *

The soul of a work for the stage is that which is breathed into it by moved or charmed spectators.

* * *

A play which is not a success is nothing, and less than nothing: the purest symbol of nothingness.

* * *

One may not in our day hope to attain success on the stage if one cannot excite an audience's curiosity.

* * *

In life there is no beginning nor end, but a series of facts linked to one another and continued infinitely.

—David de la Gamme.

* * *

Men of action have always liked the stage.

Ferdinand Brunetiére.

* * *

Suffering comes of a disproportion between what one wishes and what one has. The day comes when one ceases to wish and becomes desperate. That day one suffers more than before. But this is the only form under which men may know happiness.

* * *

There is a voyage which one makes every day without thinking of it: a voyage through a lost country, through a closed paradise, in an oasis always green—it is a voyage through youth, when one's youth is going.

* * *

Whoever was not born with a grain of folly is a being disinherited by God. He will not be a poet, nor an artist, nor a conqueror, nor a lover.

* * *

The mind's bread is love or science. Science serves only bitter bread, because it throws over it the dust of books. Love's bread is pure bread, made with the white hands of youth.

* * *

To love one who does not love you is love; to love one who loves you would be paradise, but it never happens.

* * *

Love is an absolute king. It reigns and governs without opposition. It strikes down the strongest, it picks up the weakest, as its fantasy directs; it makes some men magnificent, it puts out the divine fire in others.

* * *

There are women whom one loves because one loved them in another century. The moment you see them you see them again.

* * *

You imagine that there is only one heart for one heart. Alas! When there is a heart for one heart there is a heart for two and sometimes for three: the one who is, the one who was, the one who will be. A heart is a house with five or six stories.

—Ferdinand Bruntiére.

* * *

It is not at all necessary, I think, that an actress should make in real life a trial of the sentiments which she interprets on the stage. It is not always the great painter of passion who has the most felt passion. The artist should have a vivid and delicate susceptibility. That is all. There is nothing to prevent a great artist from being a virtuous woman.

—Julia Bartet.

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The Spectator

H. C. L. Needs Censorship

Town Talk is willing at all times to contribute its mite toward reducing the present abnormal high cost of living, which, the more one makes it the subject for serious investigation, the more apparent becomes the fact that downright profiteering and not business necessity has been the cause of it. Practically the same condition existed immediately following the close of the American Civil War, and memory persists in declaring that the inflation in prices practically remained at the high mark permanently, and the present high prices will remain to all intents and purposes where they now are, unless consumers rebel or restrictive laws are passed permitting stated percentage of profit. One day this week the writer casually interviewed three merchants in entirely different lines of business, in order to satisfy himself, if possible, that the present inflation in prices is justifiable and fairly representative of the necessities of the times. A merchant tailor, whose charge for an ordinary sack suit a year ago ranged between $75 and $90 dollars according to material, now charges from $125 to $160 for precisely the same suit of clothes. He regretted the necessity for such high prices and went through the varying stages of cloth manufacture, tailoring and finishing, declaring that as they had risen in price so must that of the finished product. At the same time he declared that his business had advanced at tremendous strides, and his profits had reached a figure he would not have believed possible three years ago. The same reports of abnormally great profits were made by a grocer and a dry goods merchant. In each case the inflation of prices was declared to be necessary in order to produce a fair profit, and yet in each case the profits were acknowledged to be far in excess of any time in the proprietor's business career, and it was hard to say where the inflation was going to stop. These three incidents ought to be quite sufficient to establish the fact that the merchandizing of today is little short of downright profiteering in almost every branch of trade, and useless there should be instituted a consumer's rebellion of some kind or other those prices will remain where they are, as most of them did at the close of the American Civil War.

The Heritage of Hiram

Twice in half a month has California had the spectacle of dissension and verbal fireworks from men identified with important commissions among the innumerable state boards through which Hiram Johnson "reformed" the political complexion of the state.

On top of the voluminous writings of ex-Secretary Ellis of the Highway Commission, with his charges of maladministration, comes a Johnson appointee, Commissioner Bosqui of the Fish and Game Commission, appealing to high heaven and the beloved public with column-long broadsides giving his opinion of how the commission ought to be run—an opinion, which, it seems, differs in administrative details from those of the ranking members of the board.

Bosqui thinks the board's powers ought to be concentrated at headquarters, which happen to be in his own home town, to wit, San Francisco. The representatives on the board of other parts of the state think a form of zone jurisdiction is proper, with the respective zones comprising their own hailiwicks.

The Crop of Dragon's Teeth

It is all doubtless very exciting to the gentlemen immediately concerned, but to the eye that looks from without it appears very much like a great deal of smoke fogging a blaze whose nature and seriousness it is impossible to discern at a casual glance.

California is now reaping the crop of dragon's teeth the sowing of which was part of the procces of producing "a champeen of the peepul." These tribulations can be traced to the policy ruling not more than a few years back.

The state has a plague of commissions. Efficiency was their excuse, and behold the muddle revealed by these two instances. Economy was their slogan, and the cost of state government has mounted unendingly. Board has been piled on board within the last few years: commissions to regulate this and that, and commissions in turn to regulate them, with super-commissions looming in the background. It is very like the famous couplet that ends: "Thus flea bites flea, ad infinitum." And meanwhile how can the tail of the dog on which the fleas ride he expected to wag joyfully?

The Assembly and National Politics

The vote of the assembly in turning out the five men elected by Socialist constituencies is not a matter whose effects are confined to N. Y. The outcome of the contest at Albany will have its effect on the national political situation, for it will intensify the differences between the more conservative elements and those represented by Charles Evans Hughes, who led a delegation from the N. Y. Bar Ass'n. to intercede for the Socialists, only to be turned down. In these ranks are such diverse figures as ex-President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. The latter did not show his father's decisiveness in his attitude on the matter, first sanctioning the expulsion but subsequently criticising it. The fact, however, is that when the conventions meet, this question of attitude toward the Socialists will have its bearing on the alignment, for it is a crucial issue. It is to be expected that Socialists will raise a hue and cry, attempting to give the incident at Albany the color of a refusal of democratic rights; it is to be expected also that the assembly's action will swell the ranks of those radicals who, like a comparatively large proportion of the radicals of Europe, decry political action and concentrate on economic action; but be these things as they may, American legislative bodies will never truckle to a party whose program is subversive of America as it exists today.

Young Roosevelt spoke perhaps better than he knew, even in opposing the expulsion of the Socialists, when he said: "We must in all logic set about expelling all Socialists from every office they hold and to bring the expulsion to its logical conclusion we must disfranchise every dues-paying member of the Socialist party."

What of Lotta's Fountain

When a committee of the supervisors asked the city engineer the other day to figure out how much it would cost to remove the monuments and statues from the gores of streets emptying into Market street from the north side, the hon. members of the committee took their lives in their hands—or else San Franciscans are sadly not what they used to be. Time was when the merest suspicion of a design to move Lotta's Fountain by one jot or tittle would have caused the suspected designer to be strung up to one of the projections on the landmark.

The suggestion came as part of the plans for relieving traffic congestion. San Francisco has now reached the last stage of the state prisoner in Mark Twain's anecdote. After having languished in a dungeon for many years, according to the tale, one day the prisoner opened the door and walked out. After having worried over the traffic question for many years, San Francisco now discovers that there are streets south of Market, nad with the interest of novelty sets out to find how to make use of them.

The Statues and Their Fate

On the north side of Market, however, the situation is different. Undoubtedly clearing away the statues would benefit traffic. Their removal from their present situations would be a mixed blessing. Still, other sites could be found for them. There is one that might be put on top of a hill out Bernal Heights way, and most likely the residents of that outland would be immensely pleased. There is another that would make an excellent substitute for a bell buoy in the bay, and future generations of tourists could inspect it from glass-sided rubberneck submarine boats. There are others, however, deserving of a better fate: squares are numerous and Golden Gate Park has lots of room. If it hasn't, some of the statues out there might be moved elsewhere to make room for those taken from Market street.

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But all the traffic in the world isn't worth budging Lotta's Fountain. Why, what would San Francisco be without it? Even under the stimulus of patriotism, we missed it when it was encased as a financial clock tower during the war. And if it were shifted now, it would break Lotta's heart. No, by all means, let us dig subways, build elevated thoroughfares, put wings on flivvers or go round the long way, but let the fountain persist, in the name of civic honor and for the integrity of the municipal soul.

Scrambling the Clock

"Ain't it awful," said the Clockwinder. "This daylight saving again? Just think what it's goin' to do the travellin' people if it proves catchin'. You leave Podunk at 8 a. m. an' arrive at Weehawken at 7:13, an' by the time you get to Milpitas it's 6:38, because the folks at Milpitas is independent guys an' turned their clocks the other way, believin' in the inalienable right of takin' a last comfortable snooze in the mornin'. An' you go from Milpitas to Alviso in fourteen minutes' runnin' time, and it's 8:52, an' you begin all over again. Say, they'll be makin' clocks with four faces before these time-jugglers get through.

"When they had it up before the supervisors the other day some was for an' some was forninst. Mulvihill, bless his soul, spoke up like a little man for 'God's time'; but there was no one to use a battle ax for standard time, which ought to be good enough for this side of heaven, with all respects to Mulvihille. But anyhow, his intentions are good.

"They tell us Wall Street is gettin' up early an' so we ought to too, or the rate of exchange will get obfuscated an' the stock brokers will feel lonely gettin' down to work in time to see what the openin' quotations was. Say, what's the matter with them dog-in-the-manger fellows, anyway? Just because they're uncomfortable, do they have to make everybody else do without sleep too? Why don't they buy an alarm clock?"

Are Spooks Too Garrulous?

When Ouija has a bigger following than Caruso, and Sir Oliver is demonstrating that whatever reservations the Lodge family may have are the sole property of the Hon. Henry Cabot of that name, one is tempted to ask if spirits talk too much.

There's one man who says they do,—a New York publisher. One cannot be a publisher nowadays without having a few spirit or psychic books on one's list: it's a matter of competition and the trade is profitable. Well, this publisher picked out a good psychic book—a book with sequels, in fact—and published it. He had to get his share of the business, being a business man. But that was only the start. He began to get manuscripts describing conversations with the departed, and letters from them, and many other mysterious sighs; other manuscripts written by the spirits themselves, and still others written by such folk as William Shakespeare and Dante Alighieri in colloaboration.

The Pleasures of Not Being Alive

They came from cross-corners, from big cities and from all places in between, and they continued to come, in such quantities that he was fairly driven to wishing that he could pass to that bourne from which no traveler returns but from which many send letters and MSS. In fact, he reached the stage where he dreamed at night of opening a publishing house on the other side and collecting the profits in manna or asbestos or whatever may pass for currency there. In the proportion of the living to the remembered dead, he says it looked as if the dead lusted after authorship at the ratio of four to one.

One of the latest writers on these subjects is Mrs. Reginald de Koven. It would be interesting if she could vary the usual by securing for mundane ears some of the celestial music. If written messages, why not that? Perhaps we shall yet have the sound of Gabriel's trump for player-pianos and phonographs.

A Representative of Wilsonism

Apparently the Wood and the Lowden forces are not going to make much of a pre-primary fight in California. The time is already short and neither has made a move commensurate with the political activity in the east. So far the Hooverites have shown the most aggression here, with the Johnson forces, of course, making the most of the fences built in the past.

Not a great deal has been heard in the west of the candidacy of Attorney General Palmer. His entrance into the Georgia race was unexpected: only two days after he had told a college audience that he was not in the running his name was entered in Georgia. His entrance there was admittedly as a candidate who would represent the Wilson policies. The mystery over the submittal of the president's name as a candidate was tardily cleared by its withdrawal.

As the representative of the most conservative element of his party, Palmer will necessarily be a center of interest, in any event until the political situation becomes more definite. His propaganda against radicals, including the supplying of boiler-plate matter, ready to use, on a wholesale scale to small papers, has proven an innovation in campaign methods, and while it has drawn criticism to the attorney general's office, the criticism has come only from liberals and radicals. The attack made on him in congress because of the sugar situation is politics, of course. Palmer is a man to be considered, which westerners would do well not to forget, even though they may know comparatively little about him.

A Russian Echo from Old San Francisco

No real San Franciscan can help feeling a pang at the possibility of the Greek Church being forced to close its doors, by debt or otherwise. The appeal of the Rev. V. Vakovich for help in paying off a debt of $1500 touched many who have no direct interest of faith in the church—many, indeed, who have never attended a service there. But the Russian Church has been a part of the city for about half a century and when one casts the eye of memory over the town that went from us fourteen years ago one cannot help recalling the church building as it used to be on North Beach. Frank Norris put it into one of his stories, and the mention of it is as much a memento of the beloved city that was as is his description of Polk street in "McTeague." He's talking about the little square over on North Beach: "The Russian Church, with its minarets (that look for all the world like inverted balloons) overlook it on one side and at the end of certain seaward streets you may see the masts and spars of wheat ships and the Asiatic steamers." A lot is brought back by that sentence, especially pertinent at this anniversary period.

The Russian Church is the Eastern Orthodox Church now, and its difficulties are said to have been due in part to the disestablishment policy of the Soviet government. The church moved from the old site long ago, but it is still a part of the outward San Francisco, it still has charm to it and quaintness, and one can hope that it will continue.

Branding a Prime Minister's Wife

The celebrated rule anent caution in preparing one's memoirs still holds good: "If you tell the truth about those of whom you write, they will tell the truth about you." Whenever an autobiographical volume is announced, London waits somewhat apprehensively, because the rule

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has been proven valid more than once of late.

The announcement that Mrs. Asquith, second wife of Robert Asquith, is to publish her memoirs, for a remuneration said to be $50,000, has aroused no end of interest, for she has a most vivacious and decided personality and has known everybody worth while for a good many years past. The re-election of her husband to Parliament and the revival of interest in his relationship to the Liberal party, have added to the expectancy.

One of the things on which some folks profess to expect light from the memoirs is the real story of the attack that made London fidget or suppress delight, according to personal predilection, some years ago. The incident is generally accepted as having decided who should be poet laureate. The post went to Robert Bridges. (Parenthetically, what would America give a laureate in lieu of the traditional yearly cask of wine?)

The Serpent's Tongue to Speak?

The attack was made by William Watson in the poem, which drew as much attention as such a scandalous piece ever did, entitled "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue." It named no names, obviously, but it was generally construed as being directed at Margot Asquith, one of the daughters of the then premier. Some few people know what was behind it, and a great many others, of course, profess glibly to have the inner history of the incident at their finger tips. It would hardly be expected that Mrs. Asquith would mention it in her book. But if she did it would be just like her, for she is a sprightly person with a keen sense of the effectiveness of the unexpected.

Who Archibald Stevenson Is

The expulsion of the Socialist delegation from the New York Assembly again brings into national prominence a man who probably more than any other individual has been active in crusading against radicals of all shades of redness. He is Archibald Ewing Stevenson, assistant counsel and driving force of the Lusk Committee created by the N. Y. legislature for the investigation of radical activities.

Stevenson figured in every newspaper in the land a little more than a year ago, when he was a witness before the Overman committee, which, a sub-committee of the U. S. Senate Committee of the Judiciary, conducted an inquiry into bolshevism. Previous to that Stevenson was virtually unknown; since then he has been an active figure, and it has been generally recognized that the action against the Socialist legislators was due to him and to the Lusk Committee.

His Youth

Stevenson, the son of a college professor, is a native of Pennsylvania and thirty-six years old. He was a graduate of N. Y. University of 1904 and a low student. He did uplift work on the East Side and in 1915 he was chairman of the N. Y. committee of the National Vacation Bible Ass'n. With our entrance into the war he was made chairman of the sub-committee on aliens in N. Y. City's committee on national defence. He also became a volunteer worker in the Dep't. of Justice, and it was while working in the Military Intelligence Dep't. that he compiled the card index of 62 names, including those of Jane Addams, David Starr Jordan, Bishop Jones, Frederic C. Howe, which he introduced before the Overman committee.

Baker Disavowed Him

Secretary Baker, in the face of adverse comment on Stevenson's action, formally declared that Stevenson was not an employee of his department nor an officer. In justice to Senator Overman, it must be said that Stevenson was selected as a witness on the suggestion of Captain Trevor, with whom Stevenson had been working.

The practical effect of the testimony, however, was the recognition that it had been impolitic, and Stevenson returned to N. Y. There he became active in crystallizing interest in the fight against radicalism, and secured support from members of the Union League Club, of which he himself was a member. He is, by the way, also a member of the University Club, the Society of Colonial Wars and the Sons of the Revolution.

One Use for Wedding Presents

The Mint is a drab enough looking building, but it is not uncommon to see smart automobiles standing in front of it nowadays, and the reason is the state of the silver market.

The occupants of the autos go there not, in the classic words of the comedian, to take out, but to put in.

Silver has gone way up in value, and when one has more silver than one wants, and is bothered at the clutter of the boxes and barrels of it, it is, after all, not unwise to take advantage of the market. That, at any rate, serves as an incentive for doing what otherwise would probably remain undone.

Every smart wedding brings forth more silverware than even an ordinarily large household can use in a good many years, and the bride as a rule is bothered for storage place for undesired silver, much of it in duplicate, which can't be exchanged because it's monogramed, and can't be given to the Salvation Army, and can't be used.

So some of the brides of yesteryear, and some that have progressed to the dignity of divorcees, are solving the problem by taking what is in reality just valuable junk—the present age is unsentimental about such things—taking it to the mint to be melted down. At $1.20 an ounce it seems quite sensible. Especially when one doesn't want to buy another house to absorb the surplus from storage. Wedding presents from the barrels in the attic have furnished more than one country house.

A San Francisco Poet Now Famous

It is not generally known that one of the most striking personalities among the newer ranks of those who have arrived beyond cavil, is that of a native of San Francisco. Robert Frost has identified himself with New England by his work, but there are qualities in it which some persons of discernment attribute to the influence of the city of his birth, where he spent the first few years of his life. He has just resigned a professorship at Amherst to devote himself entirely to poetry.

Singularly enough for a Down East farmer, he found his first publisher in England, and there won the first appreciation. When his initial volume appeared, "North of Boston," many who did not go beyond the title dismissed it as the work of a provincial Englishman, confusing the Boston of America with the quiet little town of the same name in Lincolnshire. Time, however, has amply revenged Frost for the carelessness of these folk and his name is now more closely identified with the region in which he has found his inspiration than are the names of many others who devote themselves to a locality.

Frost, after spending his first ten years in San Francisco, was taken back to Massachusetts by his parents. At twenty-one he was working a New Hampshire farm He went to England in 1913 and his first volumes, comprising in the main poems rejected by American magazines, was published there not long afterward. In a short time the San Francisco lad, the familiar of New England's deserted farms, was a literary light in London.

A Poet Who Believes in the Movies

Vachel Lindsay—he some time back dropped the Nicholas from his name—is on his way to San Francisco, a circumstance of especial interest in view of the fact that his latest book of verses is stamped with the influence of California. It has the name in the title, in fact "The Golden Whales of California."

Doubtless while in the state which stands at the head of the list in the manufacture of mov-

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ing pictures he will give some of his time to a study of producing details. For Lindsay is that most unexpected of beings, a poet who takes the movies seriously. He thinks they have a mission for civilization, if one may put it that way: that they are, in fact, a form of art, and he wrote a book to express this sentiment and a few others. Take your average poet (if you can find him, for he's as scarce as the long heralded "man on the street," who in turn is as hard to find as the man who hit Billy Patterson), take him, however, and impinge upon his sensitive mind the idea of the moving pictures, with all their tawdriness and absurdities and the too-too occasional appeals to the tolerance of even the semi-critical, and your hypothetical poet will exude scorn and contumely. But not so Lindsay; he is all enthusiasm—for the films' possibilities, of course.

Lindsay As An Exchange to England

But then he was always a romanticist. A sort of troubadour, adapted to the days of the motor car. He set out in the first place to carry the message of something better than the culture of American commerce to his native town, which happens also to have been the home town of Abraham Lincoln. Lindsay, ten years or more ago, started a little magazine in Springfield, illustrating it himself, in the valiant endeavor to give the rural middle west an artist's breadth of vision. Then he set out afoot, swapping his own poems, by word of mouth, for grub and a night's lodging, as he might find them day by day tramping through Kansas. Not being a poet out of fiction, he wasn't averse to pitching hay when he had to. It was a rare and fantastic venture, and how surprised would be the humble (and amazed) farmer folk of Topeka's hinterland could they knew now that the dusty lad they harbored, and who sang to them, so long ago, is now being suggested as a sort of literary envoy—an exchange poet on an informal basis—to England. Such is the fact, however: the suggestion has been made and it is likely Lindsay will cross the Atlantic before long as a complement to the British authors who have been touring America of late and lecturing upon many things under the sun. He will be sure of a welcome, too, for the English have been reading his poetry and profess to find in it a reflection of a charming aspect of America heretofore unfamiliar to them.

The Passing of Ambrose Bierce

The return of Mr. James H. Wilkins from Mexico whither he had gone to fathom if possible the fate of Ambrose Bierce if dead, or his whereabouts if living, has resulted in the deplorable tidings that he was executed long ago by Mexican bandits. The circumstances surrounding the untimely fate of this in most respect remarkable but much misunderstood man, will be ably written by the friend and admirer who proceeded to Mexico for the sole and only purpose, it is understood, of solving a mystery that had become baffling indeed, for no person has known for months whether Ambrose Bierce was dead or alive. Perhaps no man ever connected with the press of San Francisco was more praised or contemned, flattered or cursed, sought after or shunned than was this same Bierce. Unfortunately for his possible future as a great litterateur,—for he certainly possessed all of the requisite attainments,—an incisive wit, connected with an amazing adaptability for biting sarcasm and personal villification, made him the shining mark for the editors of journals where the personal element was paramount to news, and as a consequene he became the object of dread and fear to political malefactors, social parasites and all others whose records were unclean. Bierce was born with the instincts and attainments of a true poet, and yet these inspired gifts soon became prostituted to the thirsts and demands of personal journalism and he wrote in gracefully measured metre some of the most amazing examples of vituperation that have ever been printed in San Francisco or any other city. Naturally a kindly man, the demand for what became known as "Bierceisms" inspired him with an inclination to vent his studied sarcasm and biting wit on all occasions and he was merciless in the exploitation of his quips. Asked on one occasion if he did not consider the editor of a well known weekly as an exceedingly brilliant journalist, he replied: "Yes, he spells exceedingly well." A similar question was asked with reference to another rapidly rising journalist, when he replied: "He might eventually become a person of taste if he did not persist in wearing such shocking cravats, but he couldn't parse 'In God We Trust' to save his life."

After many years in San Francisco the Hearst interests placed him in an editorial position in New York, but there was no field there for his peculiar ideas of what journalism should be, and after a brief sojourn in Gotham he returned to California and retired to his farm in Napa county, where he lived in comparative comfort and succes as a free lance writer. The tragic suicide of his son seemed to cast a cloud over his entire existence, and although still in the height of his literary ability, literature and journalism knew but little of him, and he became almost forgotten until the rumors of his death in Mexico revived memories of him, many of which brought forth no word of regret, but most of them were tributes to his remarkable diction, his gall-steeped pen, his loyal friendship and his relentless enmity. It is said that Mr. Wilkins has in preparation a history of this truly gifted journalist of the old days, with more intimate data as to his life and the motives controlling it than can be gleaned from the more or less biased flights of common rumor.

A Hill Portrait Resuscitated

Not long ago Town Talk called attention to the delapidated condition of Thomas Hill's fine portrait of the late distinguished jurist, Ogden Hoffman, which hangs in Judge Van Fleet's court-room. A few days ago, the critical eyes of Harry Babcock, local capitalist, observed this deplorable condition while listening to evidence in his capacity of federal juror in Judge Van Fleet's court-room. Thereupon, Mr. Babcock sought permission to have an artist restore the painting, which was immediately granted.

John Burroughs Has a Party

When Thomas A. Edison and a few other friends dropped in on John Burroughs the other day, at his little place on the Hudson, they were but a few whose hearts went out to the naturalist on his eighty-third birthday. Among the messages the veteran writer received there was more than one from San Francisco.

Burroughs' visit to this city a couple of weeks before his birthday showed that his heart was as young as ever, and furthermore that with all his knowledge of wild places and wild ways throughout the continent, he esteems California and its beauty as highly as do Californians themselves. While he was here Burroughs paid his respects to the memory of our own John Muir, visiting his grave in Contra Costa county in company with Charles Keeler, the poet. Keeler was with Burroughs on the Harriman expedition to Alaska more than twenty years ago, and Muir was another of the party.

It cannot be hoped that Burroughs will be with us many years more, and who is there to take his place?

Social Notes Hotel Cecil

Mrs. Walter Wright who has been visiting her husband Colonel Wright in Southern California returned this week to the Cecil Hotel. Judge and Mrs. William Hunt and Miss Hunt who has been sojourning at the hotel for the past six months left by motor for Southern California Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Batchelder and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Wheeler of Peoria, Ill., are guests. Mrs. N. A. Gardner of Louisville, Ky., has decided to remain for another month. Among the prominent Easterners are Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Curtin of Haverhill, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Wyche were hosts at dinner Sunday. Mr. Fred Young who has been visiting his sister Mrs. Parker was host at a luncheon Tuesday.

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Reception to Miss Anglin

Miss Margaret Anglin, our brilliant dramatic star, was the guest of honor at a reception on Tuesday of the San Francisco Council of Catholic Women in their pretty club rooms. There was an enthusiastic attendance of the members and their friends who were presented to the guest of honor by Mrs. Vincent Butler. Mrs. D. C. Heger, the club's president, was hostess, assisted by Mrs. A. Comte and Misses Mary Phelan, N. Fogarty and M. Mullen. Mrs. Clarence Musto poured tea and a delicious repast was served.

Mrs. John Rossiter, looking very fetching in a red dovetyn with Roman sash, sang three numbers. She has a beautiful voice which she uses with artistic discretion.

Miss Anglin wore a black satin frock with wide cape and a large black hat. The ladies of the club were charmed with her graceful manner and declared they thought her even more attractive than upon the stage.

Many of the guests had attended the Carrigan-Meija wedding in the forenoon and at the Anglin reception discussed the beautiful costumes of the bridal party, and the decorative-color scheme, carried out in honor the archbishop's color in compliment to that beloved prelate who performed the ceremony a few hours before his departure for Europe.

Miss Anglin's performance on Wednesday of "Lady Windemere's Fan" for the shoe fund of the Little Children's Aid netted a large sum for this great charity and the brilliant performance was attended by members of our most prominent society people.

Mr. and Mrs. James King Steel and Miss Peggy O'Neil are enjoying Del Monte.

Mrs. Alvina Huer Willson gave a tea on March 27th at her studio "The Villa," 1048 Union street, in honor of Myrtle Donnelly, the young cantatrice who is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donnelly, after a successful concert season in N. Y. and other Eastern cities.

Distinguished artists have predicted for Miss Donnelly a brilliant future as a coloratura prima donna. She will, in the near future, pursue her studies at the Paris Conservatoire.

Edmond Godchaux, Miss Rebecca Godcheaux and their brilliant sisters entertained Raphael Weill at their home Sunday afternoon, previous to his departure for Europe. Miss Donnelly was a guest on the occasion and charmed the friends assembled with several vocal numbers. In addition to a lovely voice, Miss Donnelly has the gifts of youth, beauty, grace and charm.

Miss Margaret Tynan will receive at a large tea on the 25th at her home on Lyon street. Receiving with her and her mother will be Mmes. Harry S. Irwin, Paul Regan, Misses Mildred Bulger, Margaret Dunne, Hélene Comte, Pauline Regan, Margaret and Lillian McLean, Marion Neitzel, Winifred McGuerren, Lillian Newbauer and Josephine Tynan.

Miss Edna Fennell entertains on the tenth also at a tea at the Palace. Mrs. C. T. Spader, mother of Miss Fennell's fiancé has sent out cards to a reception in honor of Miss Fennell.

Mrs. John Fennell, the bride-elect's mother will give a reception in honor of her daughters in her Dolores street home on the 25th.

Miss Florence Olsen will be a tea hostess on May 8th at the Palace.

Noel Sullivan has left for Paris where he plans to spend some months.

Miss Emelie Chapuis is receiving one hundred friends at a tea in her home, Vallejo and Broderick on the 10th.

The same evening Miss Dorothy Queen will be hostess at a dance using the quaint kindergarten school in Presidio Terrace for the affair.

Mrs. Theodore Rethers has sent out cards for a tea at her home on Scott street on the 14th, in honor of the lovely Adéle Chevalier, fiancée of Theodore Rethers, Jr., eldest son of the charming hostess.

The Annual Spring tournament at Del Monte is at its height. Enthusiasts have been flocking to the fields to enjoy the fascination of the racing ponies, the flash of the gay colors worn by the riders and the thrill of the exciting sport.

Two of the prominent figures among the participants at Del Monte in a number of the matches are Majors Leonard Tate and Phillip Magor of England.

Major Tate was host on Saturday evening at a dinner party in the Palm Grill at hte Hotel Del Monte. He had for his guests Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Heckscher of New York, Mrs. S. W. Spencer of Coronado, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne of Burlingame and Mr. Harry Hunt of San Mateo.

Major Phillip Magor gave a dinner to Mrs. L. Kennett and Miss Ysabel Chase of San Francisco, Miss M. Landreth and Mrs. Eric Pedley.

Sir Frank and Lady Bernard of British Columbia entertained Mr. and Mrs. G. Felton Elkins of San Francisco, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Miss Mara and Mr. C. Frederick Kohl of San Francisco at another table.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Pope of San Francisco were hosts at a dinner party in the Palm Grill at Del Monte, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Judge and Mrs. Walker Salsbury of San Francisco.

Another group at dinner in the Palm Grill was the party entertained by Mr. Carleton Burke, well known poloist from Santa Barbara, Major W. A. Robertson, Mr. T. B. Jenkinson, Hugh Drury, veteran poloist. Mr. Drury was injured in one of the early matches of the series and has been unable to participate in the polo games.

Mr. Harry Scott is at Del Monte and was a guest at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas.

Mr. Wm. H. Crocker, Mr. W. W. Crocker and Count and Countess de Limur spent the week-end at Del Monte, playing golf every day.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker of San Francisco are among those who are golf enthusiasts. Mr. Fleishhacker is frequently on the Del Monte links in matches with Mr. W. F. Humphrey and Mr. Wellington Gregg.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dougherty of New York are visiting at Del Monte with Mr. Dougherty's sister. Mr. Dougherty is one of the governors of the Friars Club of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery occupied box seats at the polo match. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Johnson of San Francisco arrived at Del Monte for an indefinite period.

Mr. Augustus Nulle, prominent in the managership of the Waldrof Astoria, New York, is visiting the Pacific Coast andh as expressed himself as being delighted with Del Monte and the Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Myrtle entertained at dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene.

A San Franciscan Tours N. Y. Theatres

Mrs. Lillian Donnelly of Washington, D. C., has been enjoying the theatres of New York. Of some of them she recently wrote to her brother Dr. Maurice O'Connell of S. F.:

"Lincoln is the greatest success imaginable, financially and artistically. Frank McGlynn is the rage. Actors are in a frenzy to have patriotic plays written as starring vehicles. James K. Hackett wants to be Benjamin Franklin right away. Percy Mackaye's "George Washington" with Walter Hampton as the father of his country lasted two weeks.

Resident Californians are very proud of McGlynn. He is socially charming, a cultured man and a deep thinker. His wife is very attractive and his six children are lovely and very good looking. The McGlynns are frequently entertained by stage and society lights.

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Henry Miller's Theatre has the best play in New York, which he and his company do wonderfully well. Blanche Bates in the title role, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," has the part of her career as a brilliant war worker whose beautiful daughter left to her own devices barely escapes contretemps.

Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni are playing to packed houses at the Central in "As You Were." Sam as usual is a scream and Irene is a peach. You remember her at the Orpheum with Melville Ellis?

George Broadhurst at the Playhouse presents a good play which is well done, Jeanne Eagles especially distinguishing herself.

Leo Ditrichstein in "The Purple Mask" is drawing well in an adaptation from the French of the period during Napoleon's First Consulate..

Rupert Hughes' beautifully written and witty play "The Cat-Bird" is a success of course as John Drew is the star. Alas! John looks too old for the part but his support is excellent. JanetBeecher is his leading woman.

I heard "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan with De Lucca and Maria Barrientos. Nothwithstanding the splendid settings here, the performances of old Italian operas seem flat to me when I recall our Tivoli seasons with Tetrazzini or the splendid company there with Montesanto, Botta and Melis. Rosina Galli whom we adored as the ballerina then is as lovely now as the premiere danseuse of the Metropolitan. I saw her in "Le Coq D'Or," a unique performance, grotesque, but beautifully presented.

Farrar is wonderful as "Zaza" but does not begin to sing it as well as Melis. Amato is overshadowed by my memory of Montesanto as Cascart.

I was delighted with Puccini's three one act operas "It Tabarro," "Guor Angelica" and "Schicchi,."

I loved Hadley's "Cleopatra's Night." Mme. Alda sang it beautifully and was very handsome as Cleopatra.

I heard Caruso in "Le Prophete." His voice is more glorious than ever,—no wonder he named his baby daughter Gloria.

How is the opera house project in S. F. getting on? One hears it discussed freely in musical circles here. The opera people are keenly interested as it means extension of their territory. Really San Francisco suffers theatrically in all directions, does it not? Tout passe!

I am so glad to hear you've had a Margaret Anglin season. Do you remember her splendid Greek drama performances in Berkeley; and twenty years ago when we all adored her with the marvelous Henry Miller all star companies?

Do you recall Ralph Dunbar at the Tivoli? He has a comic opera company touring the country in "Robin Hood." Stella Deshou is Allan-a-Dale and I heard from friends who saw her in Denver that she is superb—Jessie Bartlett Davis in her youth resurrected.

Mr. John D. Spreckels plans to attend the coming America's Cup Races. He expects to take a group of his men friends on his yacht the Venetia. He has asked Clay M. Greene to be official log keeper for the cruise.

Mrs. Salvardore A. Pacheco gave a luncheon on Tuesday at the Fairmont to ten friends.

Mrs George J. Lambley is a hostess to-day (Saturday) at tea at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Myrtle celebrated Mrs. Myrtle's birthday with a few intimate friends at a beautifully appointed dinner on Tuesday evening at their residence on Greene street.

Stop! Look! Listen!

The Associated Students of Sacred Heart College have selected "Stop! Look! Listen" for their annual play. They will give performances of it on the evening of April 15th and afternoon and evening of April 16th at their College theatre, Ellis and Franklin. Tickets, 50 cents; reserved seats, 25 cents extra.

The proceeds will be used in equipment for the science laboratories and for the library.

Sacred Heart College, conducted under the same auspices as St. Mary's College, is one of the finest educational institutions in the country and has among its alumni many distinguished men who have made their mark in the world of affairs. The Christian Brothers maintain it along lines of progress and the highest educational standards and have, at sacrifice to themselves, consistently refused to raise their tuition rates, notwithstanding the increased expense budget of the past five years.

St. Mary's College Alumni, among whom are many of our most brilliant professional men, are planning a ball to be given in the near future at the St. Francis Hotel, a concession to the desires of the younger members, who would not be of the present era did they not love the dance, to which, indeed, many of the "old boys" are devoted.

Wild Flower Festival

Many parties have been arranged for the sixth annual wild flower pageant and tea dance on Saturday afternoon, April 24th, and will be held in the ball room and Italian rooms of the St. Francis under the auspices of the Sixth Annual State Wild Flower and U. S. Forestry Exhibit. This affair is a unique institution in the west and has been held annually ever since the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, at which time Governor Johnson proclaimed April 24th, Wild Flower Day. Both Senator Johnson and Herbert Hoover are patrons of the state exhibit, as are also the leading scientists and naturalists of the Pacific coast. The work is directed by Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, founder of Wild Flower Day. Each year an amazing collection of native flowers, useful plants, etc., are assembled. The leading women of the peninsula sponsor the work. Among those who will entertain at the affair are Mesdames Joseph D. Grant, William Hinkley Taylor, Frank W. Griffin, T. Edward Bailey, George McNear, George Whittell, Vincent Whitney, Eleanor Martin, Henry T. Scott, Charles C. Moore, Charles Stetson Wheeler, Charles Rossier, R. B. Splivalo, Frederick Bradley, W. H. O'Bear, I. N. Walter, George Roos, A. B. C. Dohrmann, Paul A. Becker, F. W. Zeile, James Shea, James King Steele, A. W. Scott, Milton Esberg, William Gwin, Hugo Mansfeldt, J. J. Tynan, W. L. Woodrow, Edgar Peixoto, E. L. Heuter, Louis Mullgardt, Miss Mary Phelan, and Mr. Leland Stanford Ramsdell.

Techau Tavern Features Easter Revue

Easter week is a time of color and sunshine,—a period of joy. The Easter Revue, the present showing at the Techau Tavern, with its lovely arrangement of beautiful artists (gowned in creations that cause extasy in the hearts of feminine admirers), in a display of songs, dances and up-to-the-minute hits, is a worthy contribution to the amusement attractions in San Francisco.

The Techau Tavern dance orchestra, with its buoyancy of rhythm and captivating charm of individuality that has gained for it a reputation which is being contantly enhanced, continues to draw the dance-loving public with its spellbinding charms; with the added attraction of Hilson's Ladies Toggery Orders and Melachrino cigarettes for the men as prizes in lucky dances, it makes the Techau Tavern a rendezvous for after-theatre goers.

The refinement of service and distinctive courtesy which are so apparent, combined with the above attractions, enable it to rank as one of the foremost sightseeing points of the West.

A Realistic Substitute

At a meeting of the subcommittee on arrangements for the Democratic Convention receptions on last Monday, the new California beverage, Campo, Extra Dry, was selected as the official drink in which the numerous toasts at all the Bourbon dinners will be quaffed. Since the placing of Campo, Extra Dry, upon the market, the old firm of A. Campodonico & Co. has enjoyed a most encouraging response from the public purveyors and consumers. Carl Stanley, manager of Hotel del Monte, was one of the first to place Campo, Extra Dry, upon his beverage list while one of Charles Badd's last official acts at the Hotel St. Francis was to contract for a supply of California's newest viticultural product. Certainly a befitting substitute, considering the restriction of prohibition, has been found for champagne for Campo, Extra Dry. At the Greeters Dansant at the Palace Hotel on April 7th, "Al" Coney, master of ceremonies, formally introduced Campo, Extra Dry. If New York and Chicago take kindly to Campo, Extra Dry, this coming season, a new industry of potential destiny is in the making for the grape growers and bottlers of California.

Arcadia

For the first time in San Francisco the "Camel's Walk" and the "Bryn Mawr," the new American ball room dances, are being danced at the Arcadia this week. The "Camel's Walk" is the reigning Eastertide sensation at Atlantic City and is bound to have a bigger vogue than either the Tango or the Maxixe of six years ago. Dorothy Hagar and Wayne Foster, said to be superior to either the Vernon Castles or the Douglas Cranes, are teaching the new 1920-1921 dances to throngs at the Arcadia.

A pleasing departure has been inaugurated at the Arcadia this week,—the Varieties Theatre. It will be a permanent feature. R. D. Wharton will direct the adjunct for Abel Ortis while David Ortiz is the stage manager. This week Mlle. Eva Friend heads the bill along with Porcini, the operatic baritone, Edmond L. Frizell, cornettist, Wilbur Hall, trombonist, the Spotlight Trio, the Arcadia Concert Band. If one does not care to dance, a vaudeville show is an alternative. Seats free. The Cafe Arcadia under the direction of a Georgia chef is introducing to San Francisco for the first time genuine Dixie land corn fritters fried in creamery butter with Canada maple syrup.

Manager Ortiz announces a Fete Extraordinaire for Thursday night, April 15th. There will be competition prizes galore and a masked ball and carnival. On each Wednesday and Thursday nights Hagar and Foster will give dance exhibitions. For the first time in this city, Frizell's Arcadian Orchestra is playing the big hits from the operette, "Oh, Dear Me."

The Stage

Brilliant Orpeum

The program composers made joyfulness the key note of their selection for Easter week. The Choy Ling Hee Troupe, a group of Chinese who are highly specialized acrobats and jugglers, perform dazzling feats in a setting of Cathay brilliance. One young athlete with a back as upstanding as a young pine tree, bright black eyes keen as an eagle's, turns out to be a contortionist of amazing and fascinating sinuousness. He does daring circus acts and manipulates a lariat, as well as a straight rope, with such dexterity as would make any Caucasian cow-boy, in real or stage life, fade into insignificance. Later on, he and his comrades hang by their queues while they curl and gyrate bewilderingly, the while showing no more visible signs of facial alteration or of chrysalis consciousness than those beauty seeking white ladies who have undergone the expensive torture of "face lifting" which leaves their pretty skins so delicately drawn yet stamps a smileless immobility around the region of the eyes. There is a fire eater, too, with an insatiable appetite for materials never intended for human consumption, and who, with a few deft passes, constructs complex objects out of seemingly inadequate and impossible material. It is a sensational, interest compelling act, far ahead of anything similar I have ever seen.

Whoever wrote the "Piano Tuner" must have received his inspiration from the slang expression, "rough house," for Charles O'Donnell leaves nothing stationery in a furnished apartment while he portrays his skill as an equilibrist, using a high step ladder as a means of demolition. When he hears his partner, Ethel Blair, sing, he is impelled to a frenzy of action, resulting in the instantaneous and violently accomplished total evanishment of the lady.

Sam Berk and Juanita Swan dance delightfully. Miss Swan, a pretty young girl with extremely pretty legs and an original arrangement of her bright brown hair, wears interesting costumes, sings a bit and aids her clever partner in dance stories.

Herbert Ashley and Ray Dietrich have a novel act in plot and repartee. Ashley, a good looking young man with Douglas Fairbanks teeth, has a musical baritone voice which he uses with such evident knowledge of tone placement, enunciation and phrasing as to suggest to the observant listener that there is a fortune waiting for him in making phonograph records.

"The Devil and Tom Walker," a negro delerium sketch, is a clever delineation of negro imaginativeness artistically done by J. D. Hymer and his company, including a devil whose appearance would be a joy in a "Faust" production.

The Four Marx Brothers repeat their really remarkable act. One possesses pantomimic discernment and technique to such a degree that it really is deplorable when he descends to vulgarity. The lines of the sketch are funny, but again one is sorry to hear them spoiled by an occasional vulgarism. A judicious producer could rebuild their bright playlet into one of the gems of vaudeville comedy.

The Billy Lamont Trio perform on a wire. There is Billy who is clever and daring,—wire walkers always are. There is a lovely young girl—perhaps his daughter—who is more clever and, in addition, a feast for the eyes. Then there is another lady—perhaps his wife, who necessarily manipulates umbrellas and once runs across the wire as well. In addition, she deems it illuminating to the act to sing. Now, the sketch has no mirth provoking appeal (intentionally) but it indirectly suggestionizes memories of the comically supressing tactics pursued by Charles O'Donnell in the Piano Turner.

Mlle. Nitta-Jo, a French chanteuse who resembles youthful portraits of Maude Adams and reveals a technique of the Yvette Guilbert school, is a vaudeville sensation. She has a highly sensitized perception of dramatic relations, and poise which comes only of a polished technique. She excells her distinguished prototype in that her voice is of beautiful timbre and freshness; but, like her brilliant country woman, she seems, as Beerbohm said of Guilbert, to be but an accident in the music halls, and not to be du Café Chantant, even at this period when vaudeville has risen to a height of refinement undreamed of when Guilbert electrified it.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Nora Bayes, a First Lady

There is a smart show on at the Curran—"Ladies First." It abounds in tumultuous action and insinuatingly sends out vital messages regarding the present day trend in the feminist movement. These signals may or may not be heeded; if they are, nothing will come of it, for the ladies have happily arrived at a stage of emancipation merely dreamed of when Charles Hoyt twenty-five years ago wrote "The Contented Woman" the basis of "Ladies First." Then the plot probably seemed a travesty; but to-day the situations are entirely logical. There is also delicious satire in the attitude of the politically active wife toward her husband whom she has chained to domesticity and with whom she has exchanged "spheres." In this down trodden man's rebellion and escape, the tyrannically inclined members of the male sex can analyse the cause and effect of the revolt in the breasts of the female sex. For centuries, man thought he ruled the world quite alone. This little play shows the gentleman how deluded he was all along and that from now on it behooves him to adjust himself to changed conditions. Of course, the purpose of comedy would not be served, did not the playwright create a scene for the ambitious heroine to exhibit herself in a frantic endeavor to participate in work in which it was never intended by Nature or civilization that she should have a part. This is the scene where Miss Bayes impedes the progress of the stage hands with her futile efforts to do her share in "striking the scene." Whether this was originally the happy thought of the brilliant librettist, Harry B. Smith, or is a bit of business created by the accomplished star herself may be a question, but it is very effective and offers food for thought, long after the laughter it provokes has ceased.

Nora Bayes in the leading role is magnetic, exhilarating and delightful. Her technique is an education and her bubbling spontaneity a refreshing relaxation. She wins laughs without effort and entertains winsomely.

Who does not know the Nora Bayes ability in song portraiture? Even in the highest branches of the art of song, she has no superior in her sense of dramatic values, and she is expert in conveying the composer's intention by skillful use of nuance and gesture. She employs also a commendable restraint in painting her vocal pictures and her high lights never obscure but bring out the vistas that lie behind them.

There is a nice young man, Arthur Gordoni, who plays opposite to her. He sings pleasingly, looks well and Miss Bayes, as his fiancée "makes a fuss" over him, as all fiancées are supposed to do.

Al Roberts as the down trodden uncle is very amusing. Florence Morrison acts his wife. She is the largest lady I ever saw, has the loudest voice and most dominating personality. It would rejoice the heart of Senor Ibanez could he see how quickly she is subdued when her meek little husband takes the senor's advice to "treat her rough."

All the others in the cast are good, including an attractive group of smartly dressed young girls.

When you leave the theatre there are no little boys announcing: "Photographs, photographs of Miss Bayes in all her stunning costumes!" Nor yet "Musical score of the comedy and all the hits of the show." But there is an ante-room in the lobby whence are wafted phonographic echoes of all Nora Bayes' song hits. Which shows, I think, that Miss Bayes is that unusual combination, an artiste and a business woman.

—H. M. B.

"Lombardi, Ltd."—Alcazar

"Lombardi, Ltd." is sparkling at the Alcazar this week and incidentally furnishing proof positive that that theatre has a stock company of talent and versatility to challenge comparison with that of the best stock companies anywhere. San Francisco knows 'Lombardi" intimately, having been captivated by it through the medium of Leo Carillo's life-like portrayal of the principal character; yet the large audiences who have gone to the Alcazar to renew acquaintance with the big hearted Italian found pleasure in the repitition of the story of the artist and his friends.

The Alcazar put on in a week a production which was analysed and built during months of preparation by Morosco; even without the arduousness and inspiration necessary to original creation, the copy is a matter of congratulation.

Clay Clement is an excellent Tito and has a better chance to realize the love making ardor expected of a leading man than in any previous role in which he has played here. Belle Bennett is a beautiful and appealing Nora. Emily Pinter is very good as Phyllis, the cold-hearted and sordid, but her clothes, which should be in the dashing style to heighten her attractive personality, are chosen with a view which has an unexpected tendency to cast her into shadow, notwithstanding the high relief of her role in Lombardi. Lida is played by Gladys Emmons in a key more restrained than the emotional role demands, but it is done with a sense of sureness deserving of praise as it is said that Miss Emmons is making her stage début in the part. Jean Oliver as Daisy Mahoney, the virtuous vamp, is a delicious hit of mancquin femininity. She utters the tenets of her philosophy of life with the sang froid born of conviction. Blanche Bruce as Elaine "the perfect 36 model" realizes the pulchritudinous exactions of her role and gets all the laughs her funny lines deserve. Anna MacNaughton as the vulgar Mrs. Warrington Brown, Stella Warfield as the faithful Molly are realistic. Clifford Alexander is an excellent Ricki; Rafael Brunnetto, the bloodless, cut and dried book-keeper who

worked so hard for his temperamental employer; and Brady Kline, sartorially and histrionically lives up to the reputation the author gave him as the indefatigable hunter in the garden of Broadway beauty.

Mr. Shumer, the producer, deserves to be complimented upon his mounting of the scenes, even though the color blending of the fabrics in Tito's studio seem to have been attained along futuristic lines.

Orpheum

Wilbur Mack whose clever, refined and original acting has established him firmly in the good graces of Orpheum audiences and who has been very successful as author of witty, original playlets and musical comediettas will appear in his latest success "Two Is Company," a musical comedy with music, in which he will have the support of an excellent company including Miss Loule Holly, a beautiful and talented Oakland girl who has met with great success in the East. Mr. Mack plays golf upon the stage and introduces a golf singing and dancing number.

Rita Mario's celebrated orchestra which consists of nine magnetic girls and Mr. Eliot Best is said to be one of the most unusual combinations of melody and beauty on the stage.

Billy Montgomery and Minnie Allen announce themselves as "that clever, crazy, classy couple singing their own compositions with an abundance of tom-foolery." They certainly live up to their description to the delight of the audiences wherever they go.

"And Son" is the somewhat odd title of a one-act comedy by Edwin Burke. It is appropriate, however, for it has to do with the ambition of a father to see the words "And Son" added to the sign over the door of his place of business. The father believes in starting his boy at the bottom of the ladder and his first job is as porter. The youngster however succeeds in putting over one of the biggest deals in the history of the firm. The bright dialogue is done full justice to by Howard Smith, comedian, and a sterling little company.

Sandy Shaw is a clever Scotch comedian who is warmly endorsed by Harry Lauder, who, in appreciation of his merit, gave him permission to use any of the Lauder songs.

The Mirano Brothers, known as "The Flying Torpedoes," are an extraordinary team of acrobats who perform unprecedented feats of daring. Their apparatus resembles the famous Eifel Tower and their perch is its apex.

Charles Howard and his company consisting of Donald Roberts and Victoria Gale in "A Happy Combination" will be a special feature of the coming bill. Mlle. Nitta-Jo, "La Gigolette Parisienne," will be the only holdover in a bill that bids fair to rival any hitherto presented in vaudeville.

Alcazar

Following Easter week's brilliant and fascinating comedy of the fashion shop, "Lombardi, Ltd.", the versatile New Alcazar Company will enact next Sunday, for the first time at this theatre, Porter Emerson Browne's tremendous drama, "A Fool There Was." It is based upon Kipling's bitterly cynical poem which had inspiration in a vivid painting "The Vampire" by Sir John Millais. As a searching psychological study of sex impulse it is a dramatic document, far removed from purely sensational and vulgarized picturization; a terrific arraignment of all that is false in moral conduct. It is tense, gripping, with adroit contrasts of light and shadow and alternations of comedy and tragedy. Clay Clement personates the man dragged down from position and power to drunkenness and degredation. Belle Bennett as the wife portrays that which is tenderest and finest in womanhood. Emily Pinter depicts a sirenic creature who, despite hypnotic allurements, is only "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." The long cast includes all the Alcazar favorites, largely reinforced for the big spectacular scene disclosing the crowded deck of an out-going Atlantic liner at the sailing hour.

"Sis Hopkins," eccentric comedy of Hoosier life, has its first Alcazar presentation April 18th.

Mme. Alda and Riccardo Martin

Town Talk will have gone to press too late to report the Alda-Martin concert in aid of the Institutional Temple, but there can be no doubt that the concert will rank among the artistic events of our musical history. Mme. Frances Alda, now in the full glory of her powers, has for several years been acclaimed one of the great divas of the operatic world. In concert she is superb, and one of her recitals is a rare jewel in the exquisite mosaic of memory. Riccardo Martin also is a star of Metropolitan fame. Beautiful Erin Ballard, celebrated accompanist, will play for them. The programs are composed with a view to giving the artists wide scope and variety in selection from their extensive repertoires, which include the finest compositions of the elect of the song world, of the classic past and living present. The selections are interpreted in English, Italian, French, Swedish, Norwegian and Finnish and include numbers written for and dedicated to them.

As to the design for which these great artists sing, it is one of high purpose,—the establishment of an Institutional Temple, which has for its object, reaching those who do not affiliate themselves with church activities; reaching them, not only upon the Sabbath but every day in the week. The means to this end must be through educational and amusement channels. Spiritual uplift must be attained through every point of contact.

Although this great work is taken up by Jewish influence and aims to put forth its efforts with the plan of extending religious training to the Jewish people, all sects will have a share in its activities,—any teacher or minister of any sect, anyone, in short, with a message, will be welcome to go to this temple and give it there.

Rabbi Rosenwasser, the projector, whose synogogue is on Bush street now in the midst of the Japanese quarter, desires to have his field of activity in a residence section. For this reason, a site in the Jordan tract has been chosen. Abraham Rue, is one of those giving the enterprise support and encouragement, and the declaration of his faith in social endeavor as a powerful means of reaching the souls of people.

Curran Theatre

Nora Bayes begins her second and final week starting Sunday night at the Curran Theatre, in the joyous musical farce "Ladies First." The irresistable Nora is not the entire show either, despite the fact that she is both the star and owner.

She has judiciously surrounded herself with capable players. Each chorus girl has something to do. They sing and dance well, too, and act altogether as if each were a vital part of the show. The many song numbers go with a dash that is not always present in musical comedy and the entire performance is kept at top notch by the energetic Miss Bayes who has instilled much of her boundless enthusiasm and good nature into the spirits of her associates who, in turn, act with vim.

"Look here, Snip," said Slowpay, indignantly, to his tailor. "You haven't put any pockets in these trousers." "No, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor, with a sigh, "I judged from your account here that you never had anything to put in them."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Outside of a few spectacular exhibitions in the Motor Stocks, the stock market was rather quiet, although prices remained firm and generally fractionally higher.

The money situation has again come to the front as the controlling factor with call loans around 12 per cent. The high rates for money for speculative purposes checked any bullish demonstration in the general list and served to keep the market within a comparatively narrow range.

It had been expected by many that, as soon as the income tax payments were out of the way, there would be a very considerable relaxation of the pressure and tension which had heretofore existed and that, in consequence of this relaxation, money rates would go down to a much lower level and remain there. After the income tax payments were out of the way, events seemed to justify this expectation, for money rates almost immediately softened and eventually went to 6 per cent. This was only temporary, however, for almost immediately demand began to increase and there was quick absorption of all offered funds with rates again going above 10 per cent. With money rates hardening on every little spurt in the stock market, traders are beginning to ask if we will ever get a period of low money rates now that most of the explanations in favor of lower rates have been exploded.

The foreign exchange situation on the whole shows an improvement, particularly in reference to Great Britain. Sterling has steadily advanced and, so far as there are any signs visible, should continue to do so. Great expectations have been entertained as to the shipment of gold to this side from England and France. There has been some liberal arrivals within the past week with reports of more to come.

What is far more important is the report from London official sources that British exports are now very close to the normal of prewar days. French and Italian exchange have not shown corresponding strength, because neither of these countries have shown the quick recovery of Great Britain. The pessimistic predictions of a few months ago are not being verified and Europe is making much more rapid recovery than any one expected.

General business conditions in this country continue highly satisfactory in all lines, judging from the weekly reports issued by the mercantile agencies and the demand exceeds the supply. Statements issued by the leading industries show they are all in a prosperous condition with large surplus on hand which is expected to be capitalized by stock dividends; in fact, several announcements to this effect have already been received.

The railroad situation is favorable if for no other reason that that the roads are back under private ownership. Already there have been signs of greater efficiency in management, due to the fact that the managers have power of initiative and no longer regard themselves as subordinates under political domination. Labor, however, is making new demands which, if granted, would enormously increase the cost of transportation of all kinds. There is not much chance of these demands being granted as a whole, although the probability is that equalizations will be made where injustice now exists.

On the whole general conditions from a market standpoint continue extremely favorable for an advance in the market with possibly one exception and that is—the money situation. It is confidently expected that there will be a change to the better soon. At any rate, conditions will not become worse, and the stock market in the meantime is marking time.

Cotton—Cotton continues its upward climb and new high records are being made with only minor reactions which are of short duration.

The small stocks of cotton in New York and the strength in the spot market are the dominant influences on the nearby futures.

Shorts are becoming alarmed at the high prices being paid for the actual cotton and are covering their contracts. This ordinarily would leave the market technically in a weak position were it not for the small supply of cotton on hand available for delivery.

The advance in Sterling Exchange to above the $4.00 and the strength in the Liverpool market was also factors that could not be ignored. Speculative trade, however, is light, as the outside public are not inclined to take hold of the market at this level.

There was some buying on the new crop options that looked as if traders were more favorable to these options, owing to the large discount at which they are selling at compared with old crop futures. Then again, the attention of the trade is now beginning to turn more to the new crop situation, as it is realized that weather and crop conditions must soon become a predominating factor.

While it is yet too early to form any decided opinion as to the outlook, two features stand out sharply. In the first place, crop preparations are from three to six weeks late—in many instances, the latest on record, and the present spell of cold, wet weather will retard them still further. The more serious feature, however, is scarcity and inefficiency of farm labor and the very high wages demanded. Complaints are so general and widespeard on this account that it is feared this situation will result in a serious menace to the production of the large yield which might otherwise be expected.

As far as the old crop futures are concerned, we believe there is sufficient demand to take care of all the cotton that will be tendered on contract and that futures will gradually work up to the spot price. The new crop options look so attractive when compared with spot prices that we believe that traders should take advantage of any setback to accumulate a line of October and December options—and, when present conditions are realized by the trade, an advance in futures will take place which will bring about a big bull market.

Curate—Ah! Good morning, Mrs. Simple. How did you like my sermon on Sunday?

Parishoner—Splendid! It was so educative. We never knew what sin was until you came to the parish!

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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Hubby came home from a club dinner with his white waistcoat badly spotted. "How careless you are!" said his wife. "Not at all," he replied. "You see, they didn't have any menu cards, and I knew you'd want to know what we had to eat."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for April 1, 1920.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Helen M. Bonnet, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Managing Editor of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN M. BONNET,
Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1920.
(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN.
(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1919, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Mortgages and collateral loans	$147,460.00
Bonds and stocks	10,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks	11,940.67
Premiums in course of collection	6,874.00
Bills receivable	2,937.50
Other ledger assets	129,476.76
Total gross assets	$308,738.93
Deduct assets not admitted	15,056.69
Total admitted assets	$293,682.24

Liabilities

All other liabilities	$ 16,016.84
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus)	$ 16,016.84
Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	27,665.40
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	$293,682.24

H. W. DIMOND, President.
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.
4-10-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 105658
In the Matter of the Application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a Corporation, TO DISSOLVE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 13 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that before said hearing, any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH D. REDDING,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, California. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29098, Dept. No. ——.

Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 28830. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNA NEWCOMB, deceased.

MARIE MARSILY,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Newcomb, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 6th, 1920.
CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Executrix,
Rooms 501 to 505, Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-6-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29111, Dept. No. 11

Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29124, Dept. No. 10

Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

In peace time as in war time we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Fair Play, Mr. Johnson!

Senator Hiram Johnson, in his energetic, spectacular, possibly successful and generally meritorious campaign to secure the Republican nomination at Chicago, has, in the minds of many thousands of the conservative members of his party, apparently forgottten one feature that should be a dominant one in an honest, open fiight. This is fair play. To be President of the United States is a commendable ambition, and there are not, after all, so very many unbiased men who will not concede that he is possessed of all the qualities and attainments to fit him for an able and patriotic administration of the highest office in the gift of the American people. But that he should descend to personal abuse of equally capable Americans who happen to be inspired by similar ambitions, and indulge in vituperative flings at them, which he must know very well are not borne out by the facts, is highly reprehensible, and his managers should at once attempt to curb them. He has been making of himself a somewhat garrulous pot which insists on calling his opponent kettles black. It is here charged that in exploiting his own poverty and utter lack of campaign funds, while at the same time assailing his equally commendable opponents for the nomination, he is neither fair, sincere, dignified nor just. He attacks General Wood with indignant reproach because he is permitting himself to be backed and groomed as the probable tool of Wall Street, when he knows perfectly well that all great popular subscriptions, charitable, patriotic or financial, are started there; while Mr. Hoover is similarly assailed because he uses his "vast private fortune"—which is not at all vast—to pay the necessary expenses of his campaign, while he (Johnson) has no money to spend. This is an implied declaration that his managers pay nothing for printing, stenographers, traveling expenses and rent for offices—such as the sumptuous headquarters under the Palace Hotel, for instance—when he knows as well as everyone else knows who has ever been interested in the machinery of politics that there never yet was a campaign made without the expenditure of some money. It is not fair for him to make extravagant charges to the effect that the friends of General Wood have been actually buying signed signatures to the certificates of endorsement, which is probably utterly false, and which he also should know that General Wood himself would not permit even to make his nomination certain. All good California Republicans will feel a just pride in securing a President from among her native sons, and they might in the event of his nomination vote for him almost to a man. But they should also insist upon that nomination being secured on the manly principle of "A fair, open fight, and may the best man win."

* * *

Still Any Man's Fight

If the Pacific Coast Press is to be believed, something little short of a veritable landslide may be expected for the California Senator. His clean sweep in the Michigan primaries last week is no doubt the attributable factor in these claims, and certainly it was as emphatic as it was unexpected by all who were dyed-in-the-wool Johnson rooters and managers. At the same time this amazing result may with some justice be ascribed to the aftermaths of the recent Newberry trial in that State, when an elected United States Senator was given a penitentiary sentence and a $10,000 fine for alleged wanton briberies in the management of his campaign. Hiram Johnson, at least by implication, made this the basis of his tour of the State, and his claim that he is making his fight unassisted by any money at all was one that must have excited the sympathies of all voters not servile followers of the party machine. While there is no doubt that this result has caused the managers and followers of all other candidates to sit up and take notice, it does not appear to have altered the complexion of party probabilities in the States further east. There General Wood is still first in the betting and forecasting, and seems to have the best chance of winning the convention palm. The conservative element in the party, however, seems to be wavering to a great extent in their faith in the General's certain success, for they argue that if at the present stage of the contest he does not seem likely to poll more than the 300 votes claimed for him on the first ballot, he will have shot his bolt at the very outset, and will lose votes instead of gaining them in successive ballots. If this week's primaries in other States follow the example of Michigan, Johnson may come into the convention with sufficient votes either to force a deadlock or precipitate a stampede to some dark horse, either Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts, Hoover or some other good man, not yet considered as being in the running. Governor Lowden is no longer considered by the forecasters, principally for the reason that he would appear to be gradually losing rather than gaining strength, since Johnson now seems likely to absorb large bunches of the western votes hitherto counted in advance as likely to be his. It begins to look as though the fate of the machine-made candidate is in the balance, and that the voice of him who rails loudest against boss control will have much the better chance. The registration returns from seventeen California counties develop a most unexpected alignment of voters under the Republican banner, the reasons for which may easily be ascribed to openly expressed intentions to flock to the support of either Johnson or Hoover, and no others need apply. The figures so far are as follows: Republicans. 204,676; Democrats, 72,175; Socialists, Prohibitionists and Progresives, 5,347. Wood does not enter into the calculations with reference to this State, nor does anyone else for that matter, and the contest lies between Johnson and Hoover, with the chances largely in favor of the Senator. On the Democratic side all is still chaos. McAdoo, Palmer and the self-nominated Edwards of New Jersey being the only ones prominently mentioned, so again this paper repeats its query of last week, "Why not Wilson?" This for no other reason than to register an enthusiastic vote of confidence in him, for that is probably all that a Democratic nomination could possibly amount to. Failing in this there would be a grave possibility of a stampede to Bryan, and the adjective is employed with malice aforethought.

* * *

A Lively Spectre

The wraith of the fallen genius of alcoholic independence is only one of poetical license, for the said genius has apparently life enough in it still to disturb the serene consciousness of victory on the part of the cohorts of prohibition under the fanatical control of one Anderson. This so-called wraith has much more that is material in its still defiant figure than its enemies would seem to be willing to concede for it, and the aforesaid one Anderson has actually breathed new life into it by his impertinent attempt to precipitate a religious war, in assailing the Catholic Church by accusing it of active support of alcoholism. This rabid bigot evidently seems to forget—or perhaps he never knew—that the greatest apostle of temperance—the word prohibition was not then in use in its present sense—was Father Matthew, a priest of the

Catholic Church. However this may be, Anderson's recent ravings have resulted in what is believed to be a reversal of the public sentiment with reference to what percentage of alcohol should be permitted in beverages and what not. Moved by this continued aggressiveness in the direction of the further throttling of personal liberty, the anti-prohibitionists have taken on new life, and a revolution of no mean significance is in process of breaking out. In Governor Edwards of New Jersey the cause has a champion who evidently means business, for he has announced himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, on a platform whose only plank makes for freedom, at least in the use of non-intoxicant beverages such as light wines and beer, which he refuses to believe, and proposes to establish, are not intoxicating within the meaning of any just significance of the word. That this flinging of his cap into the prohibiton ring will meet with more than mere passing notice has been emphasized in such States as have already voted to express their presidential preferences in primaries, for in more than one State he ran almost neck and neck with the two strongest Democratic candidates. His State has already passed a law, which awaits the decision of the Supreme Court to become effective, permitting the manufacture and sale of 3½ per cent beer and specifying the percentage of alcohol to be permitted in wines. It is unfortunate for the personal liberty cause and the vast interests that have been throttled by the octopus of prohibition, that so many States have failed to endorse the action of Rhode Island in declaring against the constitutionality of the eighteenth amendment — California among them!—but the fight will still continue against the ludicrously narrow Volstead law, which practically declares any beverage containing one-half of one percent of alcohol to be intoxicating. The saloon is gone, no doubt forever, and King Alcohol is sure to follow. But as expressed by an almost unanimous New York press, there is a strong, evident and growing revolt against the Volstead prohibition enforcement law.

* * *

Why Traffic Regulations?

San Francisco is probably the only important city in the Union where motorists persistently refuse to obey the regulations in respect to motor traffic, and where the police apparently have no intention of enforcing them or else have not taken the trouble to inform themselves as to what they are. A few days ago there was more or less of a mild effort made by the Safety First organizations to bring them to the public notice, by causing the arrest of some of the offenders and subjecting them to summary trial before a court convened on board of a "rubberneck" wagon. But this undignified and by no means effective method of enforcing the safety if not the traffic laws, was regarded as being a huge joke,—which in point of fact it was—and the infractions continued in other parts of Market and other congested streets apparently with no effort made toward effective interference. For instance, it was noticed that three cars had been parked between "No Parking Here" notices; the speed limit was excelled by several miles per hour many times during the busiest hours, and rapid turns almost grazing the curbs on corners were glaringly frequent, endangering the lives of pedestrians about to use the crossings. The authorities of this fair city are apparently the only ones in the country who do not care to make and enforce ordinances for the protection of the lives and limbs of its pedestrian citizens. Los Angeles has learned its lesson in this regard; so has Sacramento, Oakland, and even little San Jose. But San Francisco is really the only one where reckless drivers are either given free rein by the traffic officers, or are not molested because there are not enough policemen to enforce such regulations as may exist, and a member of the traffic squad in very few cases finds it expedient to make an arrest, for the reason that he cannot leave his post as there is no one anywhere within whistle call to rush to his assistance. The traffic regulations of New York are as perfect as official care can make them, and they are rigidly enforced. When the whistle blows to halt traffic in one direction so that the pressure in another may be relieved, every driver knows the penalty for disobedience; and what is better still, pedestrians must halt as well as the cars, and are not permitted to cross the street except on signal from the officer guarding that station. San Francisco never did have an adequate police force, in spite of its efficient personnel. Whose fault is it?

* * *

Sob-Sistering in Politics

A whole company of Juniuses could find matter enough to write about in the establishment, growth, development and appetite of the state commissions of California, and perhaps there is some element of good for the community in the course adopted by William R. Ellis, late secretary of the State Highway Commission. This modicum of good, however, would be more than counterbalanced were it to become a custom for retiring secretaries to air their opinions in the manner he has chosen.

For Mr. Ellis has set out to write a serial, in the form of letters, to be published weekly or semi-weekly, telling Governor Stephens all about his thoughts anent the board with which he was till recently connected.

Now if every man departing the official life were to do likewise, a new tribulation would be loosed upon mankind. Mr. Ellis has chosen an epistolary style which shows traces of the Shakespeare-quoting authors of rural regions and other traces, even more marked, of the technique of the ladies known to the newspaper trade as sob-sisters.

Eighty million dollars has been spent or pledged for state roads in nine years, and with federal aid California will soon have $70,000,000 available for highway work. Obviously it is a wide field for any ambitious ex-secretary of a literary turn in which to gallivant.

But imagine his gallivantings spread out letter by letter, week by week, in the fashion of a continued story! Fortunately Mr. Ellis, who has arranged to spend his spare time stump speaking for a presidential candidate, announced after sending two letters to the helpless governor that he would hold up further publication till after the primaries of May 4th. But he has outlined the next four letters, just as an appetizer, and the outlook is dark. "What I think of Fletcher is no concern of yours or the public's," he writes, discussing one of the various blanket denials evoked by his first shot, and then forthwith he announces that letter No. 3 will deal with A. B. Fletcher as politician; No. 4 with Fletcher as executive, and No. 5 with Fletcher as engineer—the belabored Fletcher being the chief engineer of the commission. Reticence is no virtue to Mr. Ellis.

There is one consolation for the tax payer, however: Mr. Ellis resigned before he took his pen in hand, and the state is thereby saved the expense of printing his many, many columns in a report.

What an opportunity for a commission secretary to miss!

Terre Promise

By Ernest Dowson

Even now the fragrant darkness of her hair
Had brushed my cheek; and once, in passing by,
Her hand upon my hand lay tranquilly:
What things unspoken trembled in the air!

Always I know, how little severs me
From mine heart's country, that is yet so far;
And must I lean and long across a bar,
That half a word would shatter utterly?

Ah might it be, that just by touch of hand,
Or speaking silence, shall the barrier fall;
And she shall pass, with no vain words at all,
But droop into mine arms, and understand!

The Cry of a Century

By Richard Middleton and Edgar Jepson

The Infant Phenomenon stood outside the Brixton Theater of Varieties waiting, with his hands in his pockets, for his mother who did not come. It was ten o'clock, and he had finished his turn and left the theatre at half-past nine; but he still stood there, unregarded by the passers-by who laughed, or scowled, or blundered past him. For, off the stage, he was only a rather pinched and very tired little boy of eleven, in no way catching the eye like the amazing cherub in purple velveteen knickerbockers who smiled fatuously upon the world from the hoardings.

The night was very cold, and it was the first time his mother had failed to meet him after his performance was over, so that it is quite likely that he would have wept if he had not been so wise. As it was, he kicked the pavement with the toes of his boots, which were protected or armoured with discs of metal, and wished that he had two-pence for his tram fare home. He knew that he could borrow it from the manager, but he did not like to ask because it might impair that dignity of the artist which he had been taught to consider the final virtue of boys of talent. So he continued to wait for the mother who did not come, and felt very cold and very sleepy and very nearly what an ordinary boy would have felt in the same plight.

It was too far to walk, and he was beginning to think that perhaps after all he would have to borrow the two-pence; and his tired eyes strayed up and down the reach of pavement on either hand, seeking an alternative. It presented itself sooner than he might have expected: a large motor-car drew up to the curb in front of him, and a man dressed regaly in furs climbed in:

"Right away through Streatham," he said to the chaueffur.

Here surely was a chance for a boy of spirit. There was a bright flicker of the dying boyishness in the Infant Phenomenon; he took one final glance along the pavement for his mother, and then scrambled up behind as the car started off.

It was one of those sensible cars with a broad ledge at the back for little boys to rest on. If it had a fault, it was that it was too comfortable, and he felt very much inclined to sleep. He stretched himself out luxuriously, and for three or four minutes lay admiring the swift progress of the car and watching the chain of lights unwind between his nids. Once when the car slowed down in the traffic he recognised, with a shiver, a little boy smiling fatuously down from a hoarding, a little boy in ridiculous knickerbockers of purple velveteen. And then he fell asleep.

When he woke up, cramped and stiff with cold, the motor-car had stopped before a brightly-lit porch ,and windows gleamed to right and left. Round about were great black trees which the boy knew to be cedars, and overhead was that wonderful width of stars which means the country.

Near at hand the man in the fur cloak was regarding his sparkling eyes, bright with the dews of sleep, with amazement.

"Hello," said the boy, "have we passed Streatham?"

"Thirty-seven miles back; and we did it under the hour, if you know what that means?"

"Gracious!" said the boy, faintly.

"Come indoors, and we'll talk it over," said the man.

The boy tried to climb down, but he was too stiff; and the man took hold of him and lifted him lightly on to his feet in the porch.

"Goodness, but you're cold!" he said; and peering at down at him he added, "But I seem to know your face."

"I'm the Marvel of the Twentieth Century," the boy said dully.

"Oh!" The man whistled. "I know. The Queen of Bohemia patted you on the head and said—"

"She didn't really," the boy interrupted, pettishly. "They made that up. What she said was: 'Run away and play, you poor little devil!' It was silly; I'm too old for play."

"Do you know, I'm inclined to agree with her. But come in, and we'll talk about that, too," said the man.

He took the boy's hand and led him into the house. A great fire of cedar logs was blazing in the hall, and in front of it a girl was waiting with expectant, welcoming eyes.

"George!" she cried. "And—" She looked at the boy in speechless amazement.

"I culled this on the way," said George. "Let me introduce you. The Marvel of the Twentieth Century—Mistress Dorothy of Cedar Hill."

The girl's eyes shone with kindliness, and, holding out both hands to the boy, she said laughing: "I can't call you all that—I shall call you Marvel."

The boy was staring at her intently; and the people whose duty it was to teach him all his terrible knowledge would have discerned that he was learning her by heart.

"I have seen you in a picture," he said reflectively. "That dress is eighteenth century—1710 to 1750."

"Is he English?" said Mistress Dorothy, suspiciously.

George nooded.

"They do this sort of thing in England nowadays," he said.

"Poor little mortal!" she said softly.

"What does it mean?" cried the boy. "This dress—it's too old—it isn't right—"

"There are some things you don't know yet, sonny," said George. "It's a sort of birthday—a night for keeping memories—a night for old ghosts."

"Psychic phenomena only credited by the superstitious, originating with the Fox family," said the boy, in a tone of challenge.

"I say supper," said George, inconsequently. "Supper and hot punch for both of us."

"Supper's ready, and the things for the punch!" said Dorothy, clapping her hands. "Come along, Marvel, and tell us how to brew it."

At supper the boy gave Dorothy three recipes for making punch, and told her which Charles James Fox had liked best.

"The green tea should not stand too long," he said.

She looked at him earnestly, wondering.

"Won't your mother be worried about you'?' she said.

"I should think seh would be!" he answered with quick conviction. "I'm worth four pounds ten a week."

They asked him no more questions.

The warmth and food loosened his tongue, and for the rest of the meal he told them many things, including one which he did not know himself: how very much of a little boy's life four pounds ten a week costs.

"Of course, I'm too old for sweets; but I think it's very kind of the people who come to ask questions to send me so many."

Supper was finished and the punch was brewed, and George said, gravely: "I suppose we'd better go right to Rupert's room and drink it there."

Dorothy nodded. "There's a good fire," she said.

"Why is it called Rupert's room?" said the boy. "Is it after Prince Rupert?"

"No," said Dorothy. "'Rupert was a little boy."

"I don't think I like little boys," he said with his sage, reflective air. "They're so silly. Why did they call the room after him?"

"It's rather a long story," said Dorothy, quietly. "It's his birthday today; and this is the day he died, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago."

"And that's why you're wearing that dress tonight?"

"Yes; it was his mother's. He thought it very pretty, so she used to wear it on his birthday."

"It IS very pretty," said the boy. "I like it very much, though, of course, it's rather faded."

They walked up the broad stairs to the first landing and along to the end of a corridor, where a door stood open into a long, low room, with panels dark with age, and a wide window opening on to a balcony. Through it gleamed strange shapes of cedars touched by the moon. Over the great fireplace many-branched candlesticks lighted up the portrait of a handsome boy dressed in black velvet; but for the rest the room was given up to gently confused shadows and reflections.

On the threshold the boy paused, frowning.

"What's the matter?" said George, gently.

"I don't know," he said. "I feel a little queer—there's something about this room—in my head, you know."

George glanced at Dorothy over his head and muttered with a whimsical smile: "Pyschic phenomena."

"I'm not afraid," sad the boy, walking into the room. "It's the supper. I don't often eat so much supper as that."

Neither took up his challenge; and they all sat down before the fire, the boy in the middle. Huddled in the great armchair, now and again in the deceiving firelight he looked an old, old man shrivelled and withered almost to a dwarf. A heavy drop of water was falling on to the leaden-floored balcony with the sound of a muffled slow footfall.

"It's a pity you're too old to sit in my lap," said Dorothy, gently.

"I'm not a baby," he said, surprised.

"I'm afraid you're not," she sighed.

He turned away impatiently, sipped his punch, and his eyes rested on the picture over the fireplace.

"So that's Rupert," he said. "He was handsome. Why, he's like you!" And he turned his eyes again on Dorothy's face.

"It seems strange—a little boy like that," she said. "But he was my great, great—I don't know how many greats—grand-uncle. He died when he was eleven years old."

"How did he die?"

Dorothy looked across to George, and he shook his head.

"It doesn't seem fair to tell you," she said.

"Why not," he asked quickly.

Dorothy bent her head so that the firelight touched her cheek with crimson; and the sound of the dull footfall on the balcony quickened to a patter and slowed again.

"You see, he was only an ordinary little boy, Marvel, not at all like you, and—I'm afraid you wouldn't understand."

The boy seemed to sink back into the shadow of the great armchair, and was quiet for a minute or two; and the footfall on the balcony came very slow. Then, with a certain steadiness of speech that seemed to show him still thinking as he spoke, he said to Dorothy:

"It's rather funny my being here at all, and there's something about this room—I feel uncomfortable, I don't know why. And then there's that dress with the flowers on it. It doesn't really matter, of course. I've seen things like it before. But it seems somehow as if I could see it more plainly than anything else. And I want to hear about Rupert too. I think it is because he has such a handsome face. If you tell me, I think I shall understand."

The footfall on the balcony stopped, and there was a sudden rustle among the branches of the cedars stirred by some gust.

Dorothy gazed at the strained face, surely a little wizened in the firelight, and then he looked down at the flowers of silk trailing across the old dress.

"It's only a little story because he was only a little boy," she said. "But somehow it seems important to us who are in his family, you know. We call this Rupert's room; but we might very well call it Rupert's house. It's all his—all."

"But he's dead," said the boy in incredulous protest.

She did not heed it, but went on: "He lived here all alone with his mother. His father lived in London. He was not a good man; and Rupert had hardly ever seen him. So he lived here with his mother; and he was very happy except for one thing: he sometimes felt lonely because he had no one to play with."

She paused, but the boy's face was set; there was no room for play in his scheme of life. And a drop fell on the balcony with the sound of a hasty step.

"Do you ever say your prayers?"

The boy shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I don't know," he said with a frown.

Dorothy wrung her hands among the silk flowers.

"Well, the night before he was eleven years old Rupert prayed that a friend might come to play with him—What is it?"

She broke off suddenly, for the boy had twisted sharply in his chair and was looking with wide-open eyes towards the window.

"I thought I heard a footstep in the room," he said in a hushed voice. "It must have been the boards contracting with the heat."

Dorothy looked across at George with shining eyes, and George smiled back.

"If you say Psychic Phenomena I shall hate you!" the boy cried to him with sudden, quite unlooked-for violence.

There was a queer pause, and when a blazing brand fell on the hearth they all started.

"Well, his birthday came, and all day he kept leaving the toys his mother had given him and running down to the big door to see if his play-friend were coming. And when the night came and he had not arrived, he made up his mind that he would come with the carol-singers. He was only a little boy, Marvel, and not clever like you."

She paused; the boy said nothing; and they all listened for a moment to hear—if the boards were contracting.

"In the evening his mother wore her pretty dress, because he thought it pretty and it was his birthday."

"That dress?" the boy interrupted.

"Yes; this dress. And they sat here in front of the fire waiting for the carol-singers, who always came on Rupert's birthday, because it was a treat for Rupert to sit up and hear them. We have them still on his birthday; you'll hear them presently. You know what carol-singers are?"

"Yes; old English custom—generally known as Waits—go on!" said the boy impatiently.

"It is only a little story. When the carol-singers came Rupert ran out on the balcony to look for his play-friend. And the carol-singers singing below saw him hold out his hands as if to welcome someone and heard him cry out joyfully. And then he slipped and pitched forward over the low parapet on the stones below."

"And so he died," said the boy softly.

"He died in his mother's arms in this room half-an-hour afterwards. And while he lay there dying he told her that he had seen a little boy with a beautiful face standing under the cedars smiling up at him. But the carol-singers said that no boy was there. And so—"

"I don't believe it!" cried the boy hotly. "It's all a stupid story! How could he have seen him if he wasn't there?"

"We believe it," said Dorothy, looking up at the picture. "And the old people about Cedar Hill say—"

"What's that?" cried the boy with a start.

For a minute they were silent.

"I think," said George gravely, "the boards must be con—"

But the carol-singers interrupted him. Their voices, a man's and a woman's, rose clear in the old Derbyshire carol:—

"As it fell out one May morning,
One bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of His dear mother
If He might go to play.
'To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go,
And to play now get you gone,
And let me hear of no complaint
At night when you come home.'"

"I told them to come," said Dorothy.

George nodded: "Let's go and look at them," he said.

They all went to the window; and George opened it so that the sound of the carol swelled suddenly.

They stood looking down at the singers, and George, nodding towards the corner of the balcony, sad: "That's where he fell."

The boy leaned out eagerly; and they heard him catch his breath. And then with a shrill scream he ran back into the room.

"I've forgotten!" he cried. "I've forgotten how to play!"

"What is it?" said George hoarsely.

But the boy was on his knees with his face in his hands, sobbing helplessly.

"I've forgotten! Oh, I've forgotten!"

Dorothy bent down and lifted him gently in her arms and sat down in the armchair before the fire, hushing and soothing him. But the tears of several years of dry-eyed childhood are not wept in a minute; and the boy was still sobbing when he fell asleep.

And he stood wondering till the carol-singers had gone and the fire had lost its flames and was a dull glow on the hearth over which Rupert stood smiling proudly on his new black velvet suit. But George was thinking of that other little boy whose purple velveteen knickerbockers troubled half London from the hoardings.

At length Dorothy came back, the old dress rustling softly about her as she walked.

"He's fast asleep," she said. "Poor little Marvel."

"Poor little Twentieth Century," said George.

And while they stood there with compassionate faces it seemed as if the boards were contracting once more.

Municipal Discord in the Auditorium

It is really extraordinary that Supervisor Hayden, after three years as chairman of the Auditorium Committee, has not yet learned not to interfere with the artistic temperament of the city organist, Edwin H. Lemare. Mr. Lemare likes to be let alone,—that is, he demands that his artistic instincts be not endangered by mere business, such as contracts, discussions about salary reductions, or reminders of deficits in concert receipts. If the city loses about $150 every time he plays, he can't help it; for he renders a long program in his very best style, with an improvisation thrown in for good measure. But numbers of taxpayers are so unappreciative that they go to movie houses and listen to organists that play twice a day yet do not receive $8750 a year, as Lemare does for a weekly concert. Some of these taxpayers are so inconsiderate as to declare quite boldly that a less expensive organist than Mr. Lemare would satisfy their average musical tastes, could they feel assured of a generous portion of it being spent for children's playgrounds. They voice their opinion that when the city was in a dilemma recently about closing the Emergency Hospital on account of lack of funds, it was odd that the Supervisors did not bethink them of the organ recital luxury as one that could be dispensed with in order to help provide a necessity.

But we forget,—the city is bound by the existence of a Lemare contract, whereby the organist must play at such times as the music committee designates. For two years Mr. Lemare was paid $10,000 a year for doing so, and then he considerately yielded to the niggardly demands of the Supervisors to accept a mere $8750 yearly for his artistic endeavors. He explained that distant art centers were clamoring for him at larger figures, but so unmercenary is he that he stayed with us!

An organ firm in New York thinks so well of him that they recently negotiated with him for some records at a figure which rumor places at $3500. Mr. Lemare cares not for money, but he hastened to accept the offer. First, he neglected to notify the Auditorium committee, but he did take the precaution to tell Mr. Rainey, the Mayor's brilliant secretary, that he was off on a record excursion. Of course Mr. Rainey said that would be "all right," because Mr. Rainey must know how highly Mayor Rolph regards the Lemare artistry, and how our chief executive always exerts all the powers of his office to make Supervisors, newspapers and other annoying factors stop criticizing Mr. Lemare. The Mayor believes that it would be a calamity were Mr. Lemare to carry out his threat to leave us. Moreover, the absent Mayor would

probably scold the Supervisors for daring to permit another organist to play on the organ when Lemare is in New York, working hard to earn $3500 for himself. Of course, the organist in question happens to be Pietro Yon of the Sistine Chapel; he has a high reputation, and maybe some San Franciscans would enjoy hearing him for a change. Besides, Signor Yon will pay rent for the Auditorium. But what matters all that? Let the people wait until Lemare returns, —it will be a good punishment for them for not patronizing the Lemare concerts.

Lemare himself indignantly wrote to the organ tuner, forbidding him to allow any "alterations" to be made on the organ. In other words, Mr. Lemare refuses to permit the pedal crescendo to be connected. Consequently "the Italian organist," as Lemare names him in the letter, might be somewhat embarassed in achieving effects thereby which can be obtained otherwise by the stops through an intimacy of long association with the instrument's mechanism, but which could not be known so well by a stranger. Or, perhaps, being Italian, Signor Yon is temperamental and likes to employ ultra shades of expression, as I know that Joseph Bonnet, the great French organist who played one recital on Mr. Lemare's organ, did. Strange to say, even those of us who are not French or Italian revelled in his playing and thought the big organ revealed hitherto unsuspected beauties. But Mr. Lemare was quite angry about it,—not because the audience raved over Bonnet's playing, of course, nor yet because of anything done to the manuals, but on account of Bonnet's legs. Although a Frenchman, his nether limbs are longer than Mr. Lemare's British legs, so the tuner, or the music committee, or some person desirous of extending courtesy to the guest player, made bold to add pieces on to the base of the organ bench! Is it any wonder that Lemare was indignant? Maybe the base was later restored to its original dimensions, but evidently it did not seem like the same old bench to Lemare after Mr. Bonnet had occupied it. Who knows what the Italian organist will do to that bench, or to the organ, even making that instrument send forth strains quite unusual from those created by the Lemare technique? Maybe afterwards the audiences might expect Mr. Lemare to do things with the pedal crescendo,—even just for an experiment? This paper will have gone to press before Signor Yon plays, so at this writing we are in suspense regarding the outcome. But we have delightful memories of Joseph Bonnet's performance. If the pedal crescendo was the responsible entity, by all means let us have it connected once in a while, just for variety's sake.

So active are Lemare's supporters in his interests that it is said they wrought upon Mayor Rolph's sympathies to such an extent that he called a meeting some time before his departure for Honolulu and told the Supervisors and others attending that if Lemare continued to be harried, the city itself would suffer, because the exposition officials might reconsider their intention to give an $80,000 fund for improving the acoustics of the auditorium. Such is the fraternal spirit which animates the breasts of the allies of Lemare, a man who has lived here but three years, that it is claimed they would withhold a contemplated gift for the city's permanent progress if our Supervisors interfere with his autocratic rules about the city's organ. To his credit be it said, the Lemare music, personality or some unseen influence seems to have hypnotized a group of powerful local officials. Supervisor Hayden seems to be the leader of the opposition, and incredible as it seems to the admirers of Mr. Lemare, an astonishing number of adherents rally to Hayden's colors in approval of the stand he has taken.

The Spectator

Hoover and Johnson Campaign Funds

The difference, thus far, between the two Republican candidates is that the Hoover men have all the money they want, while the Johnson men are pleading for it. The Johnsonites claim that they are making expenses but the ex-Food Administrator has so little trouble in the way of financial backing that his opponents wonder where it all comes from. General Wood, just a plain soldier (even as you and I), seems well equipped with, campaign hearquarters that must play the dickens with a dozen check-books. There is nothing in political ethics which says that twelve check-books are more reprehensible then ten or eleven. If Johnson is not spending as much as Hoover, it is because he can't get as much. It would be interesting to learn from him just how much he thinks a Bull Moose should squander in an attempt to capture the presidency. We have not yet observed that Hiram's adherents have refused any contribution; and he has not stated that he would refuse any if it should appear to be a larger sum than the common people should wish to see involved in Progressive politics.

The Heavily-Clad Partheneia Chorus

The most talked-of topic in regard to this year's efforts of the Berkeley co-eds is that a veil of modesty predominated over the enthusiasm for lovely limbs among the dancers. This is unfair criticism, for the U. C. girls take their Partheneia with deadly seriousness, and went to all sorts of expense for their costumes. In spots, too, the performance was well lifted out of the amateur class. There is already talk about the next year's decree concerning the amount of drapery that will cover those lovely limbs aforesaid. Great mystery envelopes the source of authority that made "The Poet's Answer" the impenetrable and unleggy exhibition that it was. Some say that the order came from higher up; others looked lower down for the explanation, and boldly declared that many a Mary's ankle was frankly and amatcurishly fat. More than a few of the entrants were obviously never cast by Fate for a Dancer's life .This was immediately noticed by those young women whose calves were above fear and above reproach; and so not to cause any ill feeling by making discriminiations, the better-favored ones decided that it should be drapery for all. Of course, this is only a rumor, as the truth is never guaranteed in matters of such nature. However, there are those who avow that this is "the poet's answer" to the riddle of the legs; which is a pity, for many of the co-eds are famed for a terpsichorean equipment that would make Mme. Spinelli look like a pretender.

State of Nevada vs. Mary Pickford

When the press agents told us that the movies were in their infancy, we believed it; even went so far as to believe that they always would be infantile. They had the same opinion of the public. But the State of Nevada is eager to disprove the insinuation that it is a child. We sympathize with the rural judge who let the little golden fluff into his court room without making her identity known, so as to make a celebrated case of it. Disregarding the present nervous prostration of both Pickford and Nevada, what strikes the world as important is that when both married parties want a divorce, they can't have it. The other must always pretend that the marriage was a success, in so far as he was concerned. If his pretense is found out, it is called collusion. Only one of the parties must feel incompatible. When both come into court and say, "We've made a mess of married life; let's get divorced," the law says "No." Mary Pickford is an ingenue; and perhaps always will be, like the movies, in her infancy. So the Nevada judge should forgive her for having taken the law off its guard. We haven't heard that Douglas Fairbanks is worried about it.

Aerial Transportation

An ad from the London Times reads:

"Airco Express.—To Paris daily in two and a half hours. Hounslow, 12:30; Le Bourget, 2:45. Motor car connections for passengers. Express collections and deliveries, mails and parcels."

About Licenses

"I see the Supervisors have decided on a lot of licenses," said the Clockwinder. "All kinds. F'r instance, they're goin' to make the vegetarians take out licenses. It's a good thing, too."

The Spectator expressed mild surprise.

"Sure," said the Clockwinder. "Look at that." He passed over a folded newspaper, with his finger upon a story of the Supervisors' doings.

The Spectator read and protested. "Why, not vegetarians. Veterinarians."

"Oh, is it?" said the Clockwinder, unabashed. "Well, my eyesight ain't so good. It thought it was the other.

"Well, it doesn't matter. Anyone what's a vegetarian ought to pay a license, I say. I know one. I met him on the street with a bale of alfalfa. 'Looky,' says he, mad clear through—which wasn't far. 'Looky; that cost me a dime.' He had enough to feed a horse, but he was mad. He said it used to cost him a nickel. I dunno what it was. Watercress, maybe.

The Clockwinder's Solution

"But that ain't got nothing to do with the Supervisors. They're all wrong tackin' taxes on this and on that by way of license fees. Wait till next election time, an' see what'll happen to them, what with one license or another makin' everybody in town chip in, from the little kiddies with their school children's license to grandpa with his quarterly permit for a beard, class C-27 an' trimmed according to the plans an' specifications permissible under extra duty as provided in section 924 of the ordinances and regulations duly provided for the government of them as go to barbers and them as don't.

"Now all this is bunk. They don't need 'em. They could ha' put on just one license tax that would ha' done for the whole batch of 'em, an' nobody would have kicked, and the city'd get just as much money, an' been a good deal better off besides.

"All they need of done would ha' been to put a taximeter or a gasometer or whatever you call

it in the supervisors' chamber an' taxed each supervisor half a cent a word for his orations. For, you see, nobody was ever elected supervisor who could help talkin' when he got in office. It's true they ain't none of 'em ever said anything worth half a cent a word to the city, but it's time they did. Why make us suffer when it could all be worked out automatic like that way? I'm goin' to try an' get the plan before the voters in the next campaign. Mark my words, it'll go like wildfire—especially when we all think of the license fees we'll have paid by then.

"They's only one thing to be thankful for. They ain't put a license tax on eatin' yet. They don't have to."

A Problem for the Feminists

A wide field of speculation has been opened by the announcement of Mrs. Maud Ella Decker upon her entrance into the political arena of Burlingame. Not in the mere incident of her candidacy for town trustee. There is little novelty nowadays in the idea of women in office; but her assault upon the smoking habits of male office-holders gives rise to philosophic wonder. The hardest public service of those to whose rank she aspires, says Mrs. Decker, is filling the official meeting room of the peninsula town with tobacco smoke twice a month.

Now taken as a criticism of the procedure habitual to the guiding destinies of towns commensurate in size with Burlingame, Mrs. Decker's has at least the semblance of validity—speaking always abstractly and without aspersion to the specific incumbents in Burlingame The atmosphere of council chambers seems inevitably murky, both in the figurative and the literal meaning.

But when she comes to take a larger place, when she comes to take a larger place in the affairs of government, will woman bring about a change? Will the rankness of hoi polloi tobacco be driven hence? Shall we, in short, see the smoking habits of the successful politicians elevated to the plane of indubitable Turkish cigarettes by the example of woman, or will it be (and the thought comes from memories of more than one boudoir) that fair woman will take unto herself a pipe and puff with the best of them, perhaps defensively at first but eventually with the gusto of a man in a tobacco advertisement?

Who can tell? Strange are the ways of progress.

Procustes Come to Life Again

Wonderful is the prohibition amendment. More wonderful still is the prohibition enforcement legislation.

Behold: a druggist may sell liquor under the proper regulations. This is allowed. The departmental mountain groans and brings forth another mouse—a ruling that each druggist is limited to a hundred gallons for each quarter of the year.

Does the mountain ask if the druggist be large or small, or what his legitimate requirements have been, or what is his location or the peculiarities of his trade if any? It does not. One hundred and no more, it says, and that's an end of it, unless the unfortunate druggist is a gill over the allowance. A shop is a shop in the eyes set sublimely to watch upon the doings of freemen: it would matter not if it were a department store or the little notion and candy stall by the primary school. So much to each or off with his head.

By the way, has anyone taken to establishing co-operative drug stores?

Americanizing England

Can it be that certain forms of ingenuousness which have been rife in America are advancing upon England, upon Parliament, in fact? Here we find a gallant military M. P. arising to ask the Premier for a commission to study the profits, methods and control of what he called "the great newspaper trust."

Lloyd George, being an old hand, replied that the subject of trusts was under careful consideration.

It was a state of mind similar to that of the Commons questioner that brought about the periodical law now on the federal books, of which the general public is oblivious except at the recurring periods when the magazines print perfectly immaterial details of their internal economy, such as the address of their secretary and the name of their business manager, and the dailies give as much and also, with boasting, the figures on their circulation. All this is not gratuitous, but inescapable under penalty of fine, all because some members of Congress scented a deep-laid plot to poison the fount of public information. They got a law passed requiring these intimate details of periodicals, and also the names of holders of bonds. Thus were malefactors of great wealth to be thwarted of their control of the press. The names that are given are, of course, those that might be expected; the names of the actual holders, or in the few cases in which control is held for ulterior purposes, the names of dummies.

Sir Oliver Lodge Descends Upon Us

Wherever one goes nowadays, somebody is sure to bob up with the question of spiritualism. Sir Oliver Lodge has been meeting big audiences; yet he has left the spook situation very much as it was before. The best that can be said after his visit is that he has dignified the subject. He and Lady Mary, his wife, are absolutely convinced in their own minds. But they have brought no ghosts with them, it may be said with all due reverence to the lecturer. Perfectly assured spiritualists were numerous before the advent of Lodge. He merely tells about the other world in a more refined vocabulary. At one time, in this city and others, at a far less price than the visitor charges for his lecture, one could hear plausible accounts of the same spiritual goings-on, and what is more, a few of the spirits themselves would approach and say a few words to you. But now it is against the law for inhabitants of the Other World to join in conversation with San Franciscans; or, rather, illegal to call them here for commercial purposes, which amounts to the same thing practically. Either our Supervisors don't believe in spirits or don't approve of commercializing their visits. Otherwise, Sir Oliver might have turned mere words into a thrilling performance.

Attitude of the Church on Spiritualism

There has been some misapprehension as to what the Catholic Church has said on the subject. The Church has never disavowed the existence of spirits. How could it, when the very basis of religion is the soul of man? Nor has the Church ever asserted that the soul is incommunicable until Judgment Day. There once was a peculiar philosophy, known as psychopannychism, which was a belief that the soul slumbers from the time of death to the Resurrection; and this idea may have been confused with some theological assertion. On one point, though, there should be no mistake, declares the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J., librarian of Santa Clara University, in writing for The Monitor: "To call up the souls of the dead is a deception absolutely unlawful, heretical and scandalous. This decree of the Holy Office was approved by Pius IX in 1858." It is the summoning of the spirits that is forbidden. Last Sunday, in the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, the Rev. Frank M. Silsley preached on the subject, "Sir Oliver Lodge's Spirit World or Christ's—Which?" Said he: "Can we talk with the spirits of the departed? Christ did not authorize such communication. That he talked with Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration was not to confirm spiritism, but to prove His diety. . . . The universal practice of spiritism would tend to disorganize life in this world and breed the wildest kind of fanaticism."

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Poor, Provincial New York

Prohibition has given us, in all conscience, examples enough of the workings of the Puritan mind. Yet it remains for censorship when applied to matter of art to reduce Puritanism to absurdity.

New York, with all its assumptions of world centership, comes forth again in the guise of a rural center of the era, say, of the forties of the last century.

New York, to come to the issue, has a police department, which in turn has a vice squad, which in turn has an exemplary member named Pooler. And Patrolman Pooler read a book. The virtue that was within him was made to blush, he being a sensitive being as well as a patrolman, so off he went crusading, filled with the fervor that once upon a time made the arm of Carrie Nation feared in the land, and he arrested the book.

How He Might Be Stopped

Now, unfortunately this is not a new thing in America. It would sell no paper. No reputable copyreader would consider it news of importance for the fudge box, which is that little red receptacle in the evening papers for the storing of thrills of horror or novelty. Books have been raided before and arrested and clubbed and burnt in oil, and the outcry has been as weak as kickless hooch. The opposition has come from a few publishers and fewer authors; American men of letters have taken these censorings off Comstockery lying down, they have on the whole shown all the moral fervor that the other little boys manifest when one little boy is hailed before the principal

But the way to shut up these Puritans who have come to be known as smut hounds is quite clear. Only too often do we find foreigners citing this inquisition of art and letters as the most typical phase of Americanism. The smut-hound frame of mind has the sanction of the federal government; was not Comstock and is not his successor armed with the rights of a postoffice inspector? Well, then, for the answer: all this tribe serves to bring the American government into disrepute. No more is needed. There are laws on the books providing heavy penalties. Let us apply them. Incidentally, it might be possible to find a condign punishment for the Prohibitionists in the same manner.

New York's Very Own

In this instance, however, New York cannot pass the onus and the shame to the federal government. This arrest was the work of New York's own police with their little hatchet.

Where can one find an organized body of men like unto the New York police for purity of conduct, virginity of thought, appreciation of literature, and the nice balance of esthetic values?

The book that has drawn the pure prohibitive thunder of Patrolman Pooler and his superiors has, as a matter of fact, been adjudged a work of serious intent and deep feeling, by competent critics In the Spectator's opinion, this judgment is justified, insofar as achievement of an ideal of execution is not involved. No adult mind familiar with books or with life could find a common level with the mind of Patrolman Pooler without a deliberate effort at distortion.

Yet on the accusation of the admirable Pooler, the police seize all copies of the book found in the office of the publisher.

How Long, Oh Lord?

This sort of thing has been going on for many years. There was Comstock. He passed to the happy regions where he could find ample work, if the traditions are right, in campaigning for dress reform among the cherubs, perhaps reinforced with the sanction and office of inspector granted by the celestial postoffice.

The situation may seem of slight import to those to whom books and pictures of whatever plane are of small import Yet it is because of the neglect of such things, the supineness of America as a whole to the impudent encroachments of professional Puritans of the Comstock type, that the nation today suffers under a prohibition law that touches the bulk of the people as a flat denial of constitutionally guaranteed liberties.

If the public, or a fraction of it, had shown enough interest in the beginning to limit Comstock to his legitimate collection of undeniable obscenities, if it had taken the power of censorship from unintelligent policemen (if the tautology may be pardoned), then the country would not have come upon these dry times and personal liberty would not be a by-word.

Yet tomorrow another honest expression in one of the arts may offend another Patrolman Pooler, and American art will again be clubbed down to the level of the unspeakable, and the victim be without redress.

If art doesn't matter to America, beer and cocktails do, and to no small degree it goes without the latter because it has not the interest to stand behind the first.

A Neglected Chance for Our Yarners

The appearance of another tale based on the case of Marie Celeste, most famous of sea mysteries, calls to mind a story that one may hear on San Francisco's waterfront, if one looks in the right quarter, which has all the materials for a best seller, and even for a work like "The Wrecker." Yet it has been overlooked by our writers. San Francisco's front has inspired the romantics for many decades. Stevenson and Norris and no end of others, including the picaresques of twenty years ago, have done the front honor, and in later years Peter Kyne has made it something of a province of his own, yet so far as the Spectator knows no one has fallen on the case of the brig Helen of Troy as material, while the Marie Celeste has had writers swarming round her like a belle at a ball. It isn't fair.

Morley Roberts, Barry Pain, Conan Doyle, Arthur Morrison, Horace Vachell and still others have tried to solve the riddle of the Marie Celeste; it has been a temptation to every mystery writer for nearly forty years, and the lates tale in which the case is recognizable, "A Secret of the Sea," by a new writer, William Allison, is but the latest of a long line

A Parallel from Two Oceans

The Marie Celeste was, like the Helen of Troy, a brig. She was built in Nova Scotia, in 1869, and got a bad name at the start by sticking on the ways at her launching. She ran ashore near Jamaica in '71, and her captain, ruined, blew out his brains. She was sold and refitted and then seized for debt. At auction shortly afterward she brought $7,500, and it cost $11,500 to replace her rotting timbers. Then she was seized for sailing under a fraudulent register, and on top of that her innocent owners lost $8,000 net through her in three years.

But all that is just background The mystery came in 1872. She sailed from New York for Genoa with a cargo of alcohol. Captain Briggs took with him his wife and little girl There were twelve souls aboard in all. On December 4th, '72, the Marie Celeste was sighted 300 miles west of Gibraltar by a German tramp and the British brigantine Dei Gratia. The latter stood by when it was seen that the brig, with sails set and yards squared, was acting queerly. The Dei Gratia put off a boat and the Mare was found with the fore hatch bottom up, the gangway unshipped, the longboat and the jollyboat gone and the chronometer and ship's paper missing. The entries in the log, which was aboard, ended eight days before. On the cabin floor was a naked cutlass, with stains that proved to be rust. On a table was a bottle of medicine, with needle and scissors and pieces of cloth beside it. The cargo was intact and the ship was not leaking nor had been. There was not a soul on board, and of those who sailed on her from New York not a word was ever heard.

San Francisco Does much Better

Such is the situation that the tale makers have tackled and failed to improve with a plausible solution. Wide is the fame of the Marie Celeste in consequence.

But the advocates of home industry can do better without leaving San Francisco.

Consider the case of the Helen of Troy She was a New Bedford vessel and in 1871 docked here alongside the ship Thoroughbred. (The Helen sailed two days before the Thoroughbred, and the latter, a week after leaving San Francisco, sighted her. When they were three miles apart the brig came into the wind and lay motionless. James Harding, who had signed in San Francisco as second mate of the Thoroughbred, was sent to board the brig. He found her deserted, but with everything in order. Breakfast, not yet entirely cold, was on the table in the cabin; the chairs were pushed backed, and a napkin had been dropped on the floor, and the log also, entered up to noon of the day before.

And there the matter stands. It is as complete a mystery as that of the Marie Celeste,

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with more details to pique the imagination.

Harding, the Thoroughbred's second mate, brought the Helen back to San Francisco and set up in business with his salvage money. He declined to take the Helen out again as skipper. She went with another commander and never returned to port.

Now, solvers of mysteries, what can you do with such material as that?

The Profits of Newspapers

Newspapers the world over are pretty much the same. Their profit is small, their investment comparatively large, and the margin precarious. A drop in circulation for a very short period will wipe that margin out. Hence the sensitiveness of publishers to public likes, not to say their hysteria, is easily comprehensible. By and large, the papers that could weather adversity of even a few months' duration are few.

As for the British questioner, perhaps there were other reasons than ingenuousness to his inquiry. It may have been due to deep-laid political plans. British politics have been more fluid since the return of Asquith to Parliament, and Lloyd George has apparently decided to leave the Liberal and Labor field to Asquith and his followers and definitely align himself with the conservatives. Whatever his course, the attitude of the Northcliff press will be a factor. Perhaps Lord Northcliff would feel kindlier toward George and perhaps not. The Times has been thundering and the Daily Mail maligning the Premier a long tme past—since the notable break between the Premier and the former Harmsworth. Not much is expected by anyone, apparently, of the Premier's recent move to combine coalition elements into a new party. Northcliff is undoubtedly chuckling because of that; in fact, he rather knocked the plan on the head.

A Glimpse of a Silver Lining

Truly, the cheerful-minded folk are right and there is sanction for the glad stuff, even if it wearies the soul. Take the railroad strike, for instance. To most of us it came with irritation enough, and to many with more than that. Yet no evil is entirely an evil. For look you, the first effect, aside from threatening some cities here and there with a shortage of food, was to compel the papers to shrink to a welcome thinness. The strike had hardly begun before New York papers began dropping pages, for the newsprint shortage which had been bad enough before with no receipts by mail became serious. Some of the evening papers limited their first editions to four pages. (The first editions of evening papers, by the way, are wrinted about 6 a. m., and in one case in New York, the night before.) But nobody sorrowed. The lost pages were not missed. In San Francisco there was at the same time a suspicion of shrinking. We were spared several pages by the turn of the week.

Now the moral is obvious. There were fewer trivialities published. The papers did not suffer. The public benefitted. Why can not this be brought about as a permanent consummation, without burning down the house to roast the pig?

It would help if the papers would print the accidents and stuff of that sort in a supplement, conveniently separate so that it might be thrown away or given to the people who read such things and nothing else. Think of the busy time that would save the majority.

Or they might be suppressed altogether, leaving as much room as ever for such news as must be read. The only obpection to that would probably be the publishers' complaints of extra expense, for more men, and more competent men, would be needed to get out a daily that that rigidly condensed all its news and eliminated the trifling, than to let the words trickle on to the paper as they come. As Moliere said—was it Moliere?—"I have not the time to be brief."

Are Potatoes Profiteered?

Evidently following the demand for a statement from Governor Stephens, State Director of Agriculture Hecks makes a somewhat optimistic report with reference to the palpable potato shortage. This is not at all in harmony with common rumor and the knowledge that can be easily gained through inquiry from those who seem to know that an actual corner in potatoes actually exists, and the names of the men who are seeking to profit through locking up this most necessary product of the soil seem to be under intimate discussion and criticism by nearly everyone except the public press. Mr. Hecks tells us that there are 63,558 sacks of now almost priceless tubers in San Francisco, 63,766 in Stockton, 3,600 in Sacramento, and 60,645 in Los Angeles. All well and good as far as it goes, but Mr Hecks does not go far enough. Having traced these 189,00 odd sacks, and having wisely enumerated in his report the number of sacks that must be naturally expected to rot, he ventures no opinion as to why this necessity of life to many thousands of people is more and more every day approaching the prohibitive price; where the tens of thousands of sacks that should be in the Sairamento storehouses have gone to; who has tied up the other tens of thousands of sacks that should be in San Francisco, and what has become of the potatoes raised in other parts of the State. This the people of the State would like to know, for they have a right to know what is going to be done to prevent a further increase to a figure which only a few of them could afford to pay, and every one of them must have potatoes. They would like to know how true it is that a certain millionaire Japanese has doubled his fortune by locking up countless sacks of them in the Sacramento district, and whether admirers of a certain clubman of San Francisco have not erred in the statements that his operations have made the Japanese profiteer "look like a piker." They would furthermore like to know if the authorities consider operations of this nature just and proper in the regular line of business.

French Gratitude to England

M. Paul Bignon, under-secretary of staff of the Mercantile Marine in France, declares that Great Britain in abandoning her claim to the 200,000 tons of shipping which the French government urgently requested for France, showed great consideration and that France should be grateful to England in view of the fact that Great Britain's interests were severely affected by the various arrangements which reduced the total amount of tonnage available for distribution.

"England has her needs as well as France," M. Bignon concluded. "She also has her traditions and must consider the ship owner who is on the lookout for compensation and the man in the street who watches the sea just as the French peasant watches the land. The negotiations have been just as cordial as at any time during the war, and I am quite convinced that an agreement fair to France will be reached, although the financial side of the question still remains to be settled."

Modern Journalism

In the University of London there has recently been established a new diploma course in journalism. Robert Donald, in a lecture on "Modern Journalism" to students there last month, said that newspapers used chiefly to belong to men who had been born into or brought up in journalism, and rose to be proprietors. Individual control strengthened the independence of the press and gave it authority. Now individual ownership had become the exception, and the old press dynasties were rapidly disappearing. We had reached the stage of big combinations. In a material sense the big combinations had benefitted the journalist, but although he had better pay he had less security. Newspapers were now bought, in some cases at fancy prices, for propaganda purposes, or to serve a business interest,—a system good for neither journalists nor journalism. Newspaper trusts tended to suppress personality, but there were notable exceptions. There never was a better chance than now for capable young journalists.

In these days of universality, journalistic opportunities in England, France and America bear striking relationship, except that the monetary reward for the paid writer are greater in America than in other countries.

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Social

By TANTALUS

THE BROAD FAIR-WAY
From the London "Times"

To hit a golf ball straight is, whatever the circumstances, admittedly a difficult thing to do, but the difficulty becomes far more acute than usual when there is nothing but straightness to be thought of; when there is nothing to carry, no one particular and insidious little bunker to avoid; nothing to do, in short, save to beat the ball straight down a reasonably wide space.

Two holes come into my mind as illustrations. The first is the fifteenth at Woking. Once this hole was worthy of its name of Harley Street. A perfectly straight bare road ran for some 500 yards or so between two lines of heather, and a man could top, so long as he topped straight, to his heart's content. In the result the second shots at that hole were more outrageously crooked than at any other on the course, or perhaps in the world. The various bunkers were put in, the plainness and dulness of the view were broken up, and the player had a number of possible incidents to occupy his mind. Today it is the rarest thing in the world to see people knee deep and wallowing in the heather, and the hole has lost its terors. Another hole of the same type—and when I last saw it it still retained its old characteristics—was the seventeenth at Formby. Here was an out-of-bounds fence on the right, a small ditch and rough grass on the left, plenty of room between tho two, and nothing to get over. Yet a more terrifying and destructive hole it would be hard to imagine. If so much as a flight of hurdles had been put up straight across the course, and 150 yards from the tee, I believe more than half the hole's difficulty, as indeed all its character, would have been gone.

* * *

An Undeniable Futility

Precisely why we become so futile is a question that must be left to the psycho-analysts, who may be able to discover the reason from our dreams. The futility itself is undeniable. Its first symptoms consist of an uneasy shifting and wrggling of the feet upon the teeing ground, as the player wonders whether to try the shot with a little hook or a little slice. The one thing that feels to him at the moment utterly impossible is to go straight down the middle of the course.

And indeed this simple art of aiming straight, though the difficulty is brought to an acute point by the particular circumstances, is always one of the most baffling things in golf. Not only is the man who hits a perfectly straight undeviating ball extremely rare, but there are very, very few who even try to do so. Nearly every one plays for just a little bit of turn from left to right or from right to left. Sometimes the player is, to some extent at any rate, the master of this slight swerve, and in that case we speak of it respectfully as a drift or a swing in the air, and of him as an artist. More often the player is something of a slave, and then we talk of his little habit in blunder language. We call it a cut or a hook. In either case he feels more comfortable, his feet fall more naturally into position because he is making that allowance, even so tiny though it may be If you could force him to do without it he would feel like a trussed fowl and miss the globe.

Of course, the ideal player should be able to make the ball come from left to right or from right to left with equal facility, according as circumstances demand. Such persons are exceedingly rare, and, moreover, I am not talking of cases where the wind or the ground call for a particular shot, but only of the player's everyday, straightforward stroke. Here we find, I think, a very distinct difference, not so much in practice as in aspiration, between the best players and the ruck. The ball of the ordinary, average golfer turns in the air from left to right; very often it turns a great deal too much and becomes an atrocious slice. On his red-letter days, however, when he is driving what he calls "decently" and his friends call "forty yards farther than he ever did before in his life and ever will again," he is generally hitting with a slight draw or hook; and that delightful little lengthening hook is the one gift of Heaven that he yearns for. No matter that some of the greatest of teachers have spoken of the "cloven hook" and warned him solemnly against it; he is quite sure that that is what he wants.

* * *

Massy's Pig's-Tail

The point of view of the professional is different. Sufficient length comes, as a rule, easily and naturally to him. What he wants is unfailing accuracy—to hit time after time a ball that will keep out of trouble. And so today I think that most of the very best players turn the ball a little from left to right. There are, of course, some tremendous exceptions. Braid, though, of course, he can play the stroke the other way, is an unquestioned hooker. So is Massy; his famous "pig's-tail" flourish at the top of the swing is, I think, his way, bestowed on him by nature, of getting the hook. Vardon and Duncan, on the other hand, are clearly of the other school. Abe Mitchell very seldom hits any stroke with a quick pull on it, and when he does err it is nearly always towards a slice. Taylor is so ridiculously straight that it is hard to allot him to any school. He himself, however, is all in favor of the turn from left to right, and will tell you that he has an almost morbid fear of the draw. Of other fine players that come to mind, Robson used to be a hooker, but I have lately read that he has changed his method and now turns the ball the other way. In any list of illustrious hookers, professional or amateur, Mr. Hilton must be mentioned, but then he can make the ball behave like a domesticated boomerang.

Shwerin-McCreery Wedding

The most important social event of last week was the wedding of Miss Arabella Shwerin and Lawrence McCreery at the lovely Shwerin country home.

Upon the return of the bride and groom from Del Monte, they will leave for a long visit to England. They have been the most entertained engaged couple in society for years, as the families of both enjoy unusual popularity and prominence. Mr. McCreery's mother married a younger son of Lord Coventry and resides in England.

The bride is a brunette, young and very chic, somewhat of the Greek type of beauty. She is an accomplished girl of grace and charm, and has qualities of leadership characteristic of her brilliant father, Rennie P. Shwerin.

The wedding presents included everything dear to a lovely young bride's heart. Her devoted godmother, Mrs. Huntington, gave her a magnificent necklace of jewels, and her adoring father presented her with a $60,000 check. The bridal party was distinguished for the beauty of its members. All the attendants were members of the families of California's exclusive social circles, The bride's brother, Richard Shwerin, an officer in the U. S. N., came home on leave to attend his sister's wedding.

Verdier Soiréée

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier's soirée at their home on Russian Hill was a very delightful affair. Mrs. Verdier came as a bride from France not long since; she charms all who are so fortunate as to meet her, and is rapidly becoming a favorite in this city, of which her husband has long been a leading citizen.

A welcome note of novelty was introduced at the Verdier reception. Massenet's operatta, "Le Portrait de Manon" was sung by Mr. and Mme. Ferrier and Miss Anna Young for the entertainment of the guests. Afterwards there was a sumptuous supper dance.

Mrs. Selby Hayne assisted the hostess in receiving.

Francisca's House-Warming

The openig of the Francisca Club was a brilliant affair of the week. The members arrived in full force, and each one availed herself of the privilege of two guest cards. About a score of men were prevailed upon to attend the affair, which apparently they enjoyed immensely.

The artistically designed and furnished quarters were admired and praised ad lib. It is an open secret that to Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels the lion's share of the credit for the esthetically executed plan belongs.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, founder of the Francisca, was not present. She is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Cooper, in New York.

Several of the men's clubs sent beautiful flowers with original cards of congratulations.

Bishop Brent, the most famous American bishop of the Episcopal Church, is enjoying a visit at the Whitelaw Reid home, in Millbrae.

Miss Helen Taft

American girls are remarkble, there can be no doubt. One of the most remarkable is Miss Helen Taft, college president and daughter of an ex-President of the United States.

Miss Taft made a delightful impression in San Francisco. She has an attractive appearance, but would never be called handsome. Her style of dress is in good taste, but along severe lines. Her flow of language is quite wonderful, even considering her unusual educational advantages. Though she looks twenty-eight, her intimate friends claim she is only twenty-four; they say also that though when she speaks in public she has all the characteristics of the stereotyped college professor, she is at heart just a lovable American young girl.

Miss Elsie Pond Sherman and Julian Alco will be married next Tuesday, April 20th, at noon, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Sherman, 2160 Green Street. Rev. William C. Pond, for whom Miss Sherman was named, will be officiating minister. There will be no attendants, and the ceremony will be witnessed only by the parents of the couple. After a three weeks' motor trip through northern California the bride and groom will reside at 2151 Union Street.

Last Friday Mrs. Earl Shipp gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club. Her guests were Mesdames C. Weller (her mother), Eleanor Martin, Frank P. Helm and Miss Mary Phelan. Mrs. Shipp leaves soon for the Orient to join her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Shipp, who recently started with the new destroyers across the Pacific. The Shipps will be stationed in Manila, but Mrs. Shipp plans a tour of China and Japan. She is a charming woman who will be greatly missed in San Francisco society.

A Magic Chariot

The good sisters of charity who conduct the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum are for the first time in ten years asking the public for something. They want a second-hand automobile. What for, gentle reader? To take the orphans out in the country and let them revel in God's air and sunshine. Sometimes these little ones are sick, and when in the convalescent stage an automobile ride along a country road has been known to have marvelous revivifying effects, even upon children with loving parents. So the Sister Superior told that warm-hearted Southern lady, Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm, who is always doing something kind for somebody less fortunate than herself. Mrs. Helm started a drive for the money beginning with a $100 contribution from Mrs. Eleanor Martin. The fund is growing, and soon the good sisters will be rejoiced with an automobile. Imagine the joy of the little ones!

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark are occupying their new home in Pebble Beach, where Mrs. Clark is seeking rest after the shock resulting from the recent death of her brother, Clement Tobin.

Del Monte Air Classic

The Del Monte Air Classic, under the auspices of the Pacific Aero Club, gives promise of something really sensational in the line of record time when the field is sent away from San Francisco at 10 o'clock on the morning of April 21st. The course of the race, as mapped out by the Aero Club, will have the machines circle around the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco, thence to Oakland, and on to San Jose and Hollister, where air controls will be established. It is estimated that machines will start arriving on the polo fields at Del Monte within an hour from the time they leave San Francisco. The distance traveled will be approximately one hundred miles. After being checked in by the officials of the Pacific Aero Club the mchines will be dispatched for the return race to San Francisco.

The conditions are that the first sanctioned air contest on the Pacific Coast will be viewed by thousands of people. The inhabitants along the course of the race will naturally be interested in looking into the skies to see the birdmen dash on to Del Monte and for the return trip to San Francisco.

Ryer-Bolst Marriage

The recent marriage in England of Captain Bolst, of the British army, and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, formerly of San Francisco, came as a surprise to the bride's many friends here, for the reason that she seemed to be perfectly content with single blessedness, notwithstanding the importunities of a succession of eligible suitors for her heart and hand. Her first husband died many years ago, and after a period of mourning, the young widow took a far more active part in social life than during his lifetime.

The bride, now an attractive woman in the neighborhood of the very late forties, was a San Francisco girl and attended the Girls' High School and some private schools of this city. She was born Blanche Maguire, and her parents were socially prominent. After the marriage of her brilliant and widowed mother to Van Dyke Hubbard, a local stock broker, the little girl was known as Blanche Hubbard, her two older brothers retaining the Maguire patronymic.

As Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, she accomplished the difficult feat of winning entrance to Newport society in the first season of her endeavor, a feat accomplished by an "outsider" but once similarly, in the case of Mrs. George Widener of Philadelphia, to whom the exclusive summer colony did not capitulate for four seasons.

Mrs. Ryer had a considerable fortune, an attractive appearance, a most amiable manner, and an adorable disposition, the last being the real secret of her social success everywhere.

Her pretty daughter, Doris Ryer, it is still fresh in society's mind, married young Nixon of the millionaire New York set. Since then we have had two or three visits from Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, notably one when she entertained elaborately in the St. Francis in honor of James Van Alen of the exclusive Gotham set. The visiting New Yorker while here was host to the charming widow and her California friends, who would not have been surprised if she had become Mrs. Van Alen.

Of late, word has reached San Francisco from various sources of the attentions of Captain Bolst, who will receive a cordial welcome in his bride's circle of friends when he accompanies her on a visit here.

Princess Miguel de Braganza, wife of the pretender to a throne and who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. St. Cyr, in her newly acquired Burlingame residence, announces that she will live for some time in America, where her girlhood was spent. As Anita Stewart, daughter of the William Rhinelander Stewarts, she was a greatly sought-after belle, and there was much disappointment when she chose a foreign nobleman for a husband and went to live in Europe. Word reached America that the proud American girl was wretched in her European surroundings, and after the war it was believed that her fortune had been confiscated. It will not be a matter of surprise if she elects to remain permanently in America, and if other American girls who married titled foreigners follow her example.

Even if her personal fortune were exhausted, it would be a matter of trifling moment to her, as her devoted mother's second husband was "Silent" Smith, New York multimillionaire, who bequeathed her an enormous fortune.

The Y. M. H. A. Dramatic Society, under the direction of Russell Stimmell, will entertain the men of Letterman Hospital of the Red Cross House, Saturday night, presenting "The Man from Mexico," Du Souchet's comedy.

Wild Flower Tea Dance and Pageant

The big Wild Flower Pageant and Tea Dance at the St. Francis Hotel, Saturday week, April 24th, promises the smartest affair of the season. It is a delightful social feature of the sixth annual State Wild Flower and U. S. Forestry Exhibit, which opens at the St. Francis on Thursday, April 22d, closing Saturday evening, after the tea dansant.

It is said that the marvelous exhibit of the wild flowers, birds and butterflies will greatly exceed anything before attempted in this line. Mrs. Bertha M. Rice is directing the exhibit, assisted by the leading scientists of the coast. The classification will be directed by Dr. Leroy Abrams of Stanford. On Saturday afternoon this marvelous exhibit will be thrown open exclusively to the patronesses and table-holders, whose sympathy and assistance have made this splendid work possible. A dainty Wild Flower Pageant by twelve pretty co-eds from a Berkeleye sorority will feature the occasion. Mrs. T. Edward Bailly is chairman of arrangements for the dansant. Among other hostesses will be Mesdames: Joseph D. Grant, James Jordan, Henry T. Scott, George McNear, George A. Pope, Hugo Mansfeldt, Charles Rossier, William Tevis, James King Steele, James Shea, Timothy Healy, Milton Esberg, J. J. Tynan, William Gwin, Eleanor Martin, Frederick Bradley, A. B. C. Dohrmann, W. P. Hammon, W. H. O'Bear, Vincent Whitney, George Whittell, W. Fries, Frank W. Griffin, Frank Drew, W. L. Woodrow, R. B. Splivalo, Louis C. Mullgardt, F. W. Zeile, William Hinckley Taylor, Charles Stetson Wheeler, Milton B. Lennon, A. W. Scott, Miss Ida Bourn and Leland Stanford Ramsdell.

(Continued from Page 15)

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and a series of Exhibitions.—classic, interpretative, modern ball room,—dancing. Here is offered Society a very fine opportunity, months in advance of the Coming Season, in which a knowledge may be acquired of the beautiful

New Dances of 1920-1921

ARCADIA, INC.
America's Palace Supreme of the Danse Exquisite
MR. ABEL ORTIZ, President & Manager
MR R D WHARTON
Executive Director

The Stage

A Fool There Was,

And he was not the courteous and gifted selector of plays for the Alcazar Theater who chose Porter Emerson Browne's famous play of that title for last week's offering to large audiences of delighted patrons. That these were indeed delighted was evidenced by their steady increase as the week advanced, and the continuance of this play for another week must centainly have been a further evidence of the notably good judgment of the management. During the three or four months of absence from the nearly always excellent presentations at this thereater, there have been some changes in the company which have not in the least weakened it in an artistic sense, and without making any invidious comparisons, it may truthfully be said that some of them appear to have been for the betterment of its already effective ensemble. To begin with, there has been a no more satisfactory piece of acting given here than that of Clay Clement as the "Fool." Reasonably good acting during the first two acts was naturally to be expected from an actor of Mr. Clement's varied experience, but in the thrilling third act he truthfully lifted the usually cold Sunday night audience off its feet as the sodden, doddering victim of the Vampire. Having seen Robert Hilliard make his tremendous hit in the same part on its first production, I am free to confess that, barring a certain "smart" bearing and faultlessness of attire, I like Mr. Clement's performance better. As the "Vampire," Emily Pinter was almost equal in comparison when remembering two excellent actresses in the same part and far excelled any of the hitherto stunning performances she has given here. As a whole-souled "Man Friend," Brady Kline successfully contradicted the claim that this an "an actor-proof part," for there were some touches in it which the originals have missed. Belle Bennett was more than admirable as the "Wife." She has continued to improve since I saw her last, and I am glad to say that all of the good things I have said of her "go double this time." The balance of the cast was quite up to the customary Alcazar standard, and the mounting of the play certainly caused no little wonderment that such lavishness is possible for a run of a single week. Well done, good and faithful servants of the Alcazar! CLAY M. GREENE.

Gerald, Dillon, Benedict

No event in the social side of local stage life has caused more surprise than the marriage of Gerald Dillon, press agent of the Orpheum and one of the most popular men connected with San Francisco theatrical activities; for Jerry, as he is called by a legion of friends, seemed to belong to the invulnerable society of confirmed bachelors. Not that he has characteristics of person or temperament which would cause the members of the fair sex to regard him with disfavor; far from it, for countless ladies of the stage who meet Mr. Dillon in his official capacity pronounce him "a dear." Merely, he seemed perfectly contented in single blessedness. But all the time, he was doubtless cherishing an ambition to be a Benedict. His bride, who was Mrs. Stella Shirpser, is a charming lady, and their friends predict a life of happiness for both.

Mr. Dillon came to San Francisco from Australia, where his family is prominent. Mrs. Dillon is a native of San Francisco, but her parents were Australian.

Mr. Dillon is an enthusiastic member of the Press Club and a prominent Mason; he is a wonderful press agent; not only because he knows theatrical work thoroughly, has an intimate acquaintance with American and British stage people, is on the best of terms with all the newspaper editors and reporters, but he has literary skill, a fine courtesy and a beautiful regard for descriptive fidelity.

He is a home-loving person, notwithstanding his long residence in the theatrical world, and his philosophy of life includes high ideals of domestic life.

Town Talk is glad to add our best wishes to those of his other friends, for a long and happy life with his bride.

Frank W. Healy Presents Stracciari

Frank W. Healy, who has presented to the music-loving public of San Francisco all, or nearly all the world-renowned artists, particularly McCormack and Galli-Curci, will introduce to San Francisco, at the Columbia Theater, next Sunday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, another world-renowned artist in the person of Riccardo Stracciari, the Italian baritone, who, with the exception of Titta Ruffo, has no peer. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Healy that we are to have an opportunity of hearing the great Stracciari, with whom Mr. Healy has been in communication for the past three years.

Stracciari was born in Bologna, Italy, his father being a famous sculptor, Antonio Stracciari. After having passed through the preparatory institute of the University of Bologna, Stracciari entered the Institute Aldini Valeriani for Arts and Trades, and graduated with success as an electro-technical engineer. Then, instead of taking up the career of an engineer, he entered the famous old Bologna Conservatory of Music, the Licea Musicale.

Mr. Stracciari has a son, Luigi, who distinguished himself as a lieutenant in the Italan Royal Flying Corps.

Mr. Stracciari made his debut at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence, singing in Don Perosi's oratorio, "The Resurrection of Lazarus." Shortly after, at the Teatro Duse of Bologna, he made his operatice debut as Marcel in "La Boheme." During his career, Mr. Stracciari has had triumph after triumph in the world's greatest opera houses, particularly those in Milan, Rome, Madrid, Beunos Ayres, Moscow, Petrograd, Chicago and New York, and he has to his credit the original creation of various roles.

Many honors have been showered upon Stracciari. He is a Knight-Comamnder of the Italian Order of the Crown of Savoy, a Knight-Commander of the Spanish Order of Isabella Cattalica, a Chevalier of the Portugue Order "Croce de Christo," and the French Republic has bestowed upon him the highly cherished Academie Palm-Leaf.

Orpheum

Mme. Petrova, who is playing a limited engagement in vaudeville, will appear next week at the Orpheum. She states that her return to vaudeville does not mean that she has retired from moving pictures. Mme. Petrova came to America from the Follies Bergere, a theatrical experiment which resulted disastrously. Certain amusement promoters decided to duplicate the Paris Follies Bergere in New York, but New York would not accept the French idea of amusement. In the collapse the only thing that remained was Mme. Petrova. This remarkable woman, heretofore unheard of in the United States, rose sphinx-like from the ruins of the Follies Bergere to vaudeville headliner, dramatic work and screen star. Petrova is one of the most versatile women on the stage. She plays comedy and tragedy, she sings and she imitates. The program that she will offer has been framed to present her many-sided art in the interpretation of a wide range of characters.

Gene Greene, character delineator and one of the best story tellers in vaudeville may be briefly summed up as a monogolist par excellence and a singing comedian of the first water, will, with the assistance of Miss Beth Mayo, contribute diverting entertainment.

Ethel Clifton, playwright and actress, will present an original crook play called, "Diamond Cut Diamond." She will be assisted by Joan Storm and a capable little company.

Brent Hayes, who is a positive revelation to those who have always considered the banjo an instrument of simple melodies, will present a program which includes compositions of the great masters, as well as a number of simple plantation airs.

Samsted and Marion will introduce an act called "The Bachelor's Vision," which is a novel blending of story, song, classical art and physical accomplishments.

The Three Stewart Sisters, dainty and delightful dancers, will be seen in a dance repertoire.

The only holdovers in this remarkable and novel bill will be Wilbur Mack and Company, in "Two is Company," and Billy Montgomery and Minnie Allen, who wil sing new compositions.

Galli-Curci

Frank W. Healy, under whose local direction Mme. Galli-Curci will make her appearance at Assembly Hall, Stanford, on Thursday night, April 29th, and at the Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco, Sunday afternoon, May 2nd, is just in receipt of a communication from Homer Samuels, Mme. Galli-Curci's gifted accompanist, to the effect that Mme. Galli-Curci wishes to make some changes in the San Francisco program.

Below are the programs, as edited by Mme. Galli-Curci:

1—"My Lovely Celia" (old English).....Monro
"Daffodils a' Blowing".....Edward German
2—"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" (with flute) .....Bishop
3—"Caro nome" (from "Rigoletto").....Verdi
4—"Ah, mon credea" (from "Sonnambula") .....Bellini
"Clavelitos" (in Spanish).....Valverde
"Breathe Gently, My Song".....Liszt
"Sempre libera" (from "Traviata").....Verdi
5—Concerto .....Duvernoy
Mr. Berenguer
6—"The Little Damozel".....Novello
"Like the Rosebud".....La Forge
"The Little Bells of Sevilla".....Samuels
7—"Qui la voce" (from "Puritana".....Bellini

Program for Assembly Hall, Stanford, April 29th, 1920:

1—"Caro mio ben" (old Italian).....Giordani
"The Lass with the Delicate Air".....Arne
2—"Come per me sereno" (from "Sonnambula") .....Bellini
3—"La Capinera" (The Wren), (with flute) .....Benedict
4—"Sylvelin" .....Sinding
"Clavelitos" (in Spanish).....Valverde
"Crepuscule" .....Massenet
"Bolero" .....Delibes
5—Concerto in D.....Chaminade
Mr. Berenguer
6—"Down in the Forest".....Ronald
"Little Birdies".....Buzzi-Peccia
"When Chloris Sleeps".....Samuels
7—Made scene from "Lucia" (with flute)..... .....Donizetti

Alcazar

From the tragic zone of tremendous morality drama, "A Fool There Was," enacted this week with impressive power, the pliant New Alcazar Company cheerily cuts around the corner next Sunday into the merry domain of eccentric comedy. "Sis Hopkins" will be hilariously welcomed and will draw crowds, for, curiously enough, it has never been staged at the Alcazar, although it established many a box-office record when Rose Melville achieved nationwide renown through some five thousands performances of the Hoosier romance. It will be staged and acted in the spirit of its picturesque period, with Belle Bennett as the gawky, coy and heart-yearning little country girl who grows into charming, cultivated young womanhood. "Sis Hopkins" is distinctive of the soil and her prototypes exist today in the Middle West just as they did a quarter century ago. Clay Clement personates the gallant Ridy Scarboro, with Henry Shumer as the grotesque Obadiah; Clifford Alexander, Brady Kline, Rafael Brunetto, Emily Pinter, Stella Warfield, Jean Oliver, Zita Williams, Al Cunning and Anna MacNaughton are in the cast.

Jack Lait's red-blooded slice-of-life drama "Help Wanted," the week of April 25, shows what a gauntlet girl stenographers have to run —that is to say some stenographers, who are beautiful and unsophisticated.

At the Curran

When "The Passing Show," the big Shubert production, arrives at the Curran on Sunday night, the San Francisco theater-going public expects to receive a thrill. The fine cast is headed by the always popular Howards—Willie and Eugene, two irresistible mirth provokers, who have a large following in San Francisco. Their support will be: Roy Cummings, Will Philbrick, John Burke, Edward Basse, Helen Carrington, Emily Miles, Leeter Corter, Alexandre Dagnar, Dorsha, Jack Hall, Edward Cutler, Peggy Brown, Mary Booth, Billie Shaw, Dolores Suarez and a Winter Garden chorus of 125.

The Shubert spectacles are always brilliantly mounted, full of life, color and the latest fashions. The one we are to see at the Curran promises to sustain the Shubert reputation for excellence.

Hother Wismer's Concert

Hother Wismer, the well-known violinist, will give a concert on May 4th. An excellent program has been prepared, and the event is anticipated with pleasure. Nathan Firestone and Fred Maurer will be Mr. Wismer's assisting artsts, and the three will play the great C Minor Trio by J. S. Bachs. Mr. Wismer's principal number will be Goldmark's beautiful but rarely heard violin concerto in A Minor, and two groups of violin soli from the works of Schumann, Paganini, Kreisler, Tartini and Debussy will also be played by Mr. Wismer.

"Want a job as a night watchman, eh? Have you any references?" "No, but I've got a doctor's certificate showing that I've been a sufferer from insomnia for the last five years, and am really incurable."

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LUNCHEON DAILY—12:00 to 2:00 P. M.
AFTER THE THEATRE
APPETIZING SUPPERS
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Techau Tavern Has Distinctive Revue

For color, vivacity and originality of entertainment, the new Artists' Revue at the Techau Tavern is holding a high place, with its continued successes of musical offerings. The latest songs and up-to-the-minute dances are displayed with a zest and dainty grace that stamps it as an out-of-the-ordinary performance.

Dancing is, of course, the vogue of the moment, and with the celebrated Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra playing its symphonic rhythms it is difficult to withstand the lure of the dance floor. Hilson's Ladies' Toggery orders and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes are given away nightly in lucky dances, and provide an interesting feature for the many patrons who throng the Techau Tavern.

Psychology in Egypt

Ignorance, excitability, and an almost boundless capacity for submitting to intimidation by their own countrymen were the three outstanding characteristics of the natives mentioned in discussing the Egyptian situation by a friend who knows the country and its feelings as well as any white man can, says an "Evening Standard" writer.

"Our chief difficulty in dealing with Egypt," he declared, "is the total inability of the average Egyptian (even among the 3 per cent of the the population which is not wholly illiterate) to reason logically. In getting from point to point, his mind always travels round two sides of the triangle, and this, combined with his extraordinary susceptibility to sonorous rhetoric, even when he does not understand a word of it, makes him a very difficult problem for a westerner to handle. When you consider that though the Arabic of orators and that of ordinary speech are almost two different languages, and that a crowd can be worked up to a sort of drunken frenzy merely by the cadences of the former without having the slighest idea of the sense, while, on the other hand, they are inaccessible to any written statement or contradiction, you will have some notion of what governing Egypt involves."

Everything was going swimmingly at the Red Cross bazaar, when Percy swaggered past the young thing's stall, evidently with no intention of making a purchase. "Won't you buy a cigarette holder?" said she, detaining him. "No, thanks! I don't smoke!" "Or a pen wiper, embroidered by me?" "I don't write." "Then we have this nice box of chocolates?" "I don't eat sweets." Her patience was exhausted. Holding out a cake of soap she cried —"Won't you buy this?" I don't—." But this time Percy made the purchase.

He Was an Artillery Man

A gentleman took a soldier friend to the opera. The music, grand as it was, sounded a little noisy, more especially when the bang of drums and the crash of cymbals occurred at intervals. But the friend's face remained unmoved. "Doesn't this glorious volume of sound affect you?" the gentleman asked. "Oh, not in the least," was the calm reply. "You forget I am in the R. F. A."

"You silly boy! Of course I won't marry you. Why, I'm ten years older than you are." "I know, but ten years from now you'll be five years younger."

Wife—You don't love me any more! If you did you'd eat those biscuits I made.

Hubby—That's just it, dearie. I love you too much to want you to be a widow.

Son was reading the financial page, and turned to inquire, "What is the difference between a call loan and a time loan?" Generally speaking," said dad, "there is no difference at all. Before you can get a fellow to repay a call loan, you have to call and call again, and if it's a time loan, you have to call time and time again."

The private tutor had just departed, and the broker's young son ran to his father with the question, "How do you explain water finding its level?" "Well, my son," said the father, "when a stock has been watered until it is like the bathroom sponge when in use, the stock goes down, and when it reaches bottom the water has found its level."

"See that man across the street? He landed in this town ten years ago without a penny in his pocket." "And now?" "Now he owes me $1500."

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PRICES: Nights—$1.00 to $3.00. Wednesday at Thursday Matinees—50c to $2.00. Saturday Matinee—50c to $2.50.

STRACCIARI

Celebrated Italian Baritone
Sunday Next---April 18
COLUMBIA THEATER
TICKETS—$1.00, $1.50, $2.00; first six rows, $2.50
Management Frank W. Healy

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Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
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(EXCEPT SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS)

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.
THIS WEEK—"A FOOL THERE WAS"
Based on Kipling's Poem, "The Vampire"
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, APRIL 18
First Alcazar Presentation of the Hoosier Comedy of Uproarious Fun and Quaint Philosophy
"SIS HOPKINS"
As Played 5000 Times by Rose Melville
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett Clay Clement
Sunday, April 25—Jack Lait's Great Play
"HELP WANTED"
"Life's Just One Stenographer After Another"
Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Matinees, Sunday, Thursday, Saturday—25c, 50c, 75c.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Fear of widespread labor troubles that started with the strike of the railroad switchmen at Chicago and the probability of a shutdown in a number of industries were the incentives for heavy selling throughout the list.

The market has been more or less dominated by pools, and their activity on the buying side of some of the industrials has been so persistent that new high records in a number of issues were scored.

The Equipment Stocks were well bought and advanced quickly on rumors of extra stock dividends. These corporations are having a very prosperous season, with orders enough on hand to insure them capacity business for the balance of the year.

The rapid advance of raw sugar to unheard-of prices was the signal for an advance in the sugar stocks ,all issues scoring fair advances, with every prospect of higher prices in the near future. At this season of the year the deliveries of Cuban sugar, as well as other island crops, are at their maximum, and we generally see the lowest prices for the raw product followed by an advance later on in the season, when the bulk of the deliveries has been completed. If prices at this season, which are the lowest, are followed by still higher prices during the summer months, as many in the trade predict they will, it will mean considerable more in the way of extra dividends that are now being contemplated by all the sugar companies. Present prices for the sugar stocks look very attractive to the speculator.

Generally speaking, the industrial situation shows no change in its activity and it is still a question of production. In the textile trade, there is a tendency among buyers for fall and winter goods to move with a little more caution, fearing there may be some revolt against high prices, yet this fear has been held straight through the advancing prices hitherto, but the public has continued to pay and the demand has not diminished to any appreciable extent.

In the iron and steel industry, there are expectations of some recession in prices, possibly for the last quarter of the calendar year and the first part of the next year. The tonnage report, issued by the big steel corporation, showed another increase, and what is true with the big corporation is undoubtedly true with the minor steel companies, namely, that the steel business is in a very prosperous condition. Present prices for the finished product continue at very high levels, with the automobile companies paying premiums for the steel. Deliveries, particularly of pleasure cars, are far in arrears, due in part to the inability of the companies to supply the demand and also being hampered by the car shortage.

With the industry humming as it is, and with the demand still in excess of production, and with the shelves of merchants almost bare of stock, it seems impossible to forecast anything in the nature of a let-down for some time to come.

There are, however, conditions at work which may force a curtailment, namely, the contraeaion of credit; commercial loans are not so easily procurable as they were a few months ago, largely as a result of the efforts of the Federal Reserve Board to induce a more conservative policy on the part of the public. Demand for luxuries is still inactive and credit requirements to supply them must of necessity operate in competition with the efforts to supply necessities

The railroad situation may still be regarded as satisfactory. The dispositon on the part of the public is to give the roads a fair chance, on the theory that private manegement could never be as unsatisfactory as government operation. Financial problems are still unsettled, and for that reason the physical rehabilitation of the roads has not yet been undertaken in earnest.

The market seems to be working toward a higher level, although there have been frequent reactions, due principally to the fear of tight money. Money rates showed some signs of easiness, with rates around six per cent for call money; but, when stocks advanced and showed signs of becoming a broad market, money rates immediately advanced to ten per cent. This condition will probably continue for some time, or until the public becomes more certain that we are to have a period of easy rates. In the meantime, the market offers exceptional opportunities whenever stocks are thrown on the market by timid holders.

Cotton—Continued cold, wet weather in the south Central States, with a possibility of the Mississippi River getting out of bounds, were factors that brought about a sharp upturn in prices and also gave the market more activity than has been witnessed in months.

Alarming reports of delayed farm work, with predictions of a cut in the acreage, proved too much for the short interest to withstand, and prices for the new crop months came to the front with a burst of activity that would indicate that the cotton market is far from being a dead issue speculatively. Trading was on a large scale, although no doubt the bulk of it was in the way of covering short comimtments.

The next few weeks will constitute a critical period for the cotton grower, as much of the planting should soon be under way; and, while it is not likely that the last half of April will see a continuation of the weather conditions which have prevailed to date, the cotton trade as a whole is keeping one eye on the weather map.

As yet there has not been a great deal of work done in the cotton belt, as there is a real shortage of cotton field workers, and this, with the unseasonable weather, means further delay. the better-paid industrial activities in the cities and in the large towns are attracting all of the field help, who prefer the larger places for the social features in addition to the higher monetary attraction.

The shortage of labor will not affect the crop so much, as the beginning of the lahor requirements in planting the crop are not so large as later, when the crop needs cultivation and picking. Therefore, the labor situation merely looms as a possible menace for the future, and at the present time the cotton planter is confronted with the unsettled weather as his greatest handicap.

Reports regarding the fertilizer situation would indicate that there will be plenty used, as the high prices at which cotton is selling will mean that the farmer will be anxious to raise as much cotton per acre as possible, and will probably cultivate less acreage but attempt to raise more cotton by more generous fertilization.

With spot cotton selling at 43c, and with all the better grades of cotton in demand, and with Liverpool in the market for an unlimited amount of cotton, we can see nothing bearish in the situation, and, while raetions from time to time will take place, we feel advan0tage should be taken of the opportunity to buy the new crop during the months in which they are yet selling at what we consider an attractively low price based on the world's requirements and the uncertainty of the coming crop.

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64.107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000.000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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Social

(Continued on Page 11)

The University of California Extension has announced new classes in news writing, feature story writing, and magazine fiction story writing, to begin the last week of April. These classes will be conducted by Gilbert G. Weigle, special writer on the staff of "the Examiner," and will be repetitions of similar coursees conducted by him for the past year and a half for U. C. Extension.

The instructor is a working newspaperman, gratuate of both the University of California and Stanford, and he brings to his classes the happy combination of academic and practical experience. Many of his former students are now newspaper and magazine editors, writers of Sunday Supplement and feature articles, and contributors of fiction to the leading magazines.

Registrations are being received at U. C. Extension headquarters, 140 Kearny Street, San Francisco, and 301 California Hall, Berkeley. The classes will meet Monday and Tuesday evenings for fifteen weeks, at the San Francisco Public Library, beginning April 26th and 27th. All three courses offer university credit.

A STAR DREAM

There was a night when you and I
Looked up from where we lay,
When we were children, and the sky
Was not so far away,

We looked toward the deep dark blue
Beyond our window bars,
And into all our dreaming drew
The spirit of the stars.

We did not see the world asleep—
We were already there!
We did not find the way so steep
To climb that starry stair.

And faint at first and fitfully,
Then sweet and shrill and near,
We heard the eternal harmony
That only angels hear;

And many a hue of many a gem
We found for you to wear,
And many a shining diadem
To bind about your hair.

We saw beneath us faint and far
The little cloudlets strewn,
And I became a wandering star
And you became the moon.

Ah! have you found our starry skies?
Where are you all the years?
Oh, moon of many memories!
Oh! star of many tears!

—Rennell Rodd.

"Do they take children in this apartment house?" "They must. Some of the rooms aren't large enough to accommodate anybody but a child."—Washington Star.

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Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29098, Dept. No. ——.

Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1919, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Mortgages and collateral loans	$147,460.00
Bonds and stocks	10,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks	11,940.67
Premiums in course of collection	6,874.00
Bills receivable	2,937.50
Other ledger assets	129,476.76
Total gross assets	$308,738.93
Deduct assets not admitted	15,056.69
Total admitted assets	$293,682.24

Liabilities

All other liabilities	$ 16,016.84
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus)	$ 16,016.84
Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	27,665.40
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	$293,682.24

H. W. DIMOND, President.
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.
4-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 105658

In the Matter of the Application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a Corporation, TO DISSOLVE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 13 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that before said hearing, any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH D. REDDING,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Building
San Francisco, California. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29111, Dept. No. 11

Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29124, Dept. No. 10

Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

In peace time as in war time we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Writing on the Wall

The recent excusing of several of our most prominent citizens from serving on a United States Grand Jury because of their declaration that they would refuse to convict violators of the Eighteenth Amendment, and the acquittal of several such violators brought to trial, is surely enough a "*mene, mene, tekel eupharsin*" for the anti-saloon and prohibition people, as well as to the trial judges whose duty it is to try their cases. On Friday last, Federal Judge Detrich made an earnest appeal to a new panel of jurors, after the previous one had almost unanimously declared that it was uncompromisingly "wet," pleading with them to enforce and uphold the laws as patriots and law-abiding citizens, and convict all offenders after free and impartial trial. But little betterment of conditions as the law regards them was secured, and United States District Attorney Annette A. Adams is now reviewing several cases in which acquittals were returned, to determine whether the entire panel should be excused from further service, as up to the present time but a single conviction has been secured. It is safe to predict that similar disappointment will result from other panels, for the reason that while an unbelievable majority of the people would be in favor of temperance —the use of wine and beer, for instance— almost as large a majority would vote against such a choking off of personal independence as has been the kind of prohibition embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment. The percentage of convictions secured in all parts of the country has been so small as to make the hope of successful enforcement altogether negative and the amendment itself farcicial, because so far it has seemed impossible to make "the punishment fit the crime." The American people are going to refuse to be made "bone dry," and when the cohorts of the 'drys," under the command of that rabid person known as anderson, attempt to prevent them from making their own beverages with gentle kicks in them, there is sure to be an upheaval—revolution, if he pleases to call it so—for the lovers of personal independence will not permit the invasion of their homes by virtue of any law that will stamp them as criminals; because, under any fair construction of their inalienable law of privilege, they would be nothing of the kind. The end is not yet—as a matter of fact, the battle has just begun.

* * *

Concerning Presidential Candidates

All tangents, spurs, angles and directions of the contests for presidential honors in the coming conventions being reconsidered, it might as well be confessed, despite the positive convictions of political prophets, that, after all, it is any man's fight on either side, with the Democrats a little further at sea than the Republicans appear to be. The past week has developed but little change, except that the showing made by Hiram Johnson in Michigan and Wisconsin has strengthened him in other States near by, but it does not seem to have created any material excitement further east. The Johnson men are making a feeble attempt to create capital out of General Wood's abandonment of his campaign and a return to his command at Chicago, when the move was merely nothing but a "duty first" decision made necessary by the strike situation within the limits of his military department. This is, of course, the opinion of a dyed-in-the-wool Wood man, but at the same time it is but fair to concede that Johnson would appear to have made the most gains during the past week. Another dominant feature of these primary contests is the fact that most of the States in which primaries have been held have sent uninstructed delegates. This naturally confuses the many self-appointed political prophets, so the dark horse begins to loom; and he will not be Hoover, but either Harding, Lowden, or any good Republican, in the event of failure to nominate one of the favorites. The Democrats are either holding their hands close to their chests, or, like bre'r Rabbit, lying low; or else none of them has the slightest notion who has a chance of nomination or who has not. Champ Clark has loomed up with some prominence during the past ten days, and there are many who regard him as a growing possibility, if for no other reason than that he is entitled to a consolation prize at this convention because of the cruel slap administered to him by the every-man's foe (Bryan) at the convention which first nominated Wilson. Speaking of Wilson, it has been several times announced of late that only the poor state of his health at the present time is preventing him coming forward as a candidate, and this paper takes pleasure in again voicing its opinion that he is immeasurably the best candidate yet named by his party.

* * *

Water Power Famine Impends

The news last week that thirty inches of snow had fallen in the high Sierras must have indeed evoked prayers of thanks from the great California power companies, who have for some time been at their wits' ends to devise some plan, or evolve a set of rules for their customers, which would secure for them a certainty of not going out of business altogether. This is the third year during which an insufficient quantity of snow has fallen to provide anything like the kilowatt power demanded. It has been shown that again a shortage of at least ten per cent of electric power is threatened, owing to the three years of diminished rainfall, and something must be done by the authorities to secure an adequate irrigation supply for the farmers and at the same time avoid such tapping of water supply for the electric light and power companies as might seriously cripple them. The vast rice fields in the Sacramento district have been largely responsible for this shortage, for they require to be practically under water most of the time, requiring in the neighborhood of 50,000,000 kilowatt-hours to pump the supply from the rivers. It is vastly to be regretted that this industry, which within a very few years has grown to gigantic proportions, should have necessitated the use of so much electricity required for other purposes, which, although not of such great commercial importance, must be subserved and protected. According to the San Francisco News Bureau, some months ago the rice growers were warned that they must reduce their acreage or put in auxiliary plants, and the latter policy was followed; with the result that in one district alone these have been installed to the extent of 8,000 horsepower produced by gas and steam. It is regretable that our rice fields must be irrigated by expensive pumping instead of being located on ground already overflowed, as in many places in India or Japan. But in the absence of such lands, the California growers should be compelled to provide their own power with which to operate their pumping plants at such times as the electric power companies may happen to be suffering from lack of enough water power to generate their electricity. It was necessary to amend the game laws in order that the rice growers might prevent wild ducks from eating up their crops, and to alter the irrigation laws so that sufficient power may be secured for other worthy industries needing it would only be going back to the old principle of "turn and turn about's fair play."

Secession in Mexico

Such an action as has been taken by the State of Sonora, in withdrawing from the Mexican Republic and declaring its independence, has been—if the statements of Americans who ought to know wherof they speak may be believed—impending for many months, as the result of American propaganda in addition to the natural volcanic expression of hatred of Carranza, which had to break out sooner or later. It is said that this eruption only needed an apparently strong and well-backed assistance from over the border, and that at last this has come, and is of much greater magnitude than can very well be demonstrated so early in the game, for game it certainly is. The players have been composed of Mexican malcontents, tired of the ludicrously inefficient and powerless Carranza government, and the thousands of Americans who have invested large fortunes in Sonora mining and cattle districts are quite willing to assist in the overthrow of any government that will not guarantee them clear titles and protection against robbery and confiscation. Prominent among these investors, and in fact the most potential factor in the support of a long threatened revolution, have been the vast Hearst interests, which the present movement, if successful, will make richer than ever. Of course the form of this assistance and the sources of it have not yet gone further than well-based conjecture, but they will have been discovered and announced in good time. General Abregon—apparently uninvited, by the way—has offered his support of this movement, even to the extent of naively expressing his willingness to command the rebel forces. It is not likely that the Sonorans could possibly secure a better man, in view of the claims of American intrigue, than this same Obregon. He is a good soldier, vastly wealthy, determined upon the overthrow of Carranza or any other impediment to peace in Mexico, and is an avowed candidate for the presidency. Best of all, he is friendly to the Americans, which is an attribute not possessed by many men of his race; but it is a matter of serious debate whether he would so continue in the event of an attempt to annex the seceded Sonora to the United States, which hundreds of people resident within or near its borders hope for and may actually expect. Of course, this would stand in the way of those who support "the consent of the governed" theory, but what is that when compared with the demands of the mining adventurers and speculators to be provided with a government that will protect and enrich them?

* * *

The Overalls Movement

Some strange things have come out of Kansas—as may easily be demonstrated by critical contemplation of the floating population of Los Angeles, for instance—but she has recently outdone herself by inaugurating a system of what are known as "overalls clubs," by way of organized protest against the high cost of wearing apparel. This means that men and women in sympathy with this movement bind themselves to wear nothing, in public or private, in church or at the theatre, but gowns, coats, trousers or wraps that are not constructed either out of such material as laborers' work-a-day raiment is made of or else the equally economical but vastly more ornamental cotton fabrics, such as ginghams and calico prints. As always happens when anything revolutionary occurs, the newspapers have been giving this movement no little publicity, with the result that many people in other States—with that singular willingness to take up anything that is new, no matter how drastic its possible results—have also fallen into line, and seem to be taking very seriously a movement which every man and woman who is disposed to shrink from conspicuous publicity must regard as a huge joke. It is not at all probable that this movement will spread itself to an extent that will precipitate a panic among the tailors and dressmakers, for those who believe in preserving a respectable appearance will wear the kind of clothes they have been accustomed to, no matter what they may cost. The overalls clubs, assisted by many who will appear to be in sympathy with them for the mere fun of the thing, will soon discover that the tailors and dressmakers are too well entrenched in their profiteering careers to be scared into cutting prices, and the silly and surely ephemeral movement will relapse into as inocuous desuetude as did the publicity-loving women rowdies, who actually delayed the granting of woman suffrage by impertinently picketing the White House. The movement, however, opens a new line of thought for future society events, for an overalls party would be an amusing, novel and cheap way of securing something new in the line of evening entertainments.

Education

By Sir Henry Newholt

There are, for various reasons, comparatively few observers who are both well informed and unprejudiced in the matter of the true service of education. Over hardly any other subject is there seething and swirling such a welter of stormy feeling and confused thought. The tumult is set in motion from the scientific side, but not by a single current, or even by two. The appeal of the leaders of scientific thought is accompanied by the outcry of those who are merely impressed by the practical results of science, and desire no education that is not concerned with material things. A still lower class measure education by its bearing upon commercial success; and to these must be added those who have suffered from a lifelong feeling of inferiority, and would, they imagine, be in some way bettered by a turn of the tables. From the opposite direction come equally strong appeals: first, that of the true Humanists, to whom we should do well to listen. But these labor under a special difficulty. The separation between the classics and science has been so complete that the competent scholar rarely has any familiarity with scientific ideas. He knows how much he owes to the classics, and he does not believe that he could have got the same or any equivalent advantage from science. The value of his opinion is diminished then by his onesidedness; and it is too often still further diminished by the fact that he is in many cases a tradesman and his scholarship his only stock in trade. He cannot see that it may be an undesirable stock in trade, and is certainly one for which at present there is only a forced demand. Many a scholar at our universities may be not unjustly described as one who is buying the classics in order to sell them compulsorily to the next generation, that they may do the same in turn; yet he does not like to hear this system described as a vicious circle. If again we look at those who have done well in the classics and yet do not make their living by them, we shall find that they have either neglected their Latin and Greek in later life, or kept them up as an amusement, or a kind of freemasonry. The amusement is a pleasant one; the sense of privilege is also agreeable to many who seek no other distinction; but such considerations are out of date in a discussion on education. The scholar, then, does not make a very impressive witness, but he has two really good points: the value of literature as mental experienced, and the value of language as mental gymnastics; and though he may make too sure of his system being the only trustworthy one, he has, at any rate, the advantage of being able to point to a long and not wholly disastrous past, while the alternative method must, he urges, be an experiment.

We need not stay to complete this list of the various points of view from which the subject is being debated; we have gone perhaps far enough to establish the fact that there is something like a chaos of opinions. Moreover, even those who have good evidence to give use it as an argument and not as evidence, disputatiously and not scientifically. The argument from the past is a striking example of this; the classicists point to all that is satisfactory in our public services, the scientists to all that is unsatisfactory; both assert that this state of things, good or bad, is due to our system of education. Both are here guilty of a comomn falacy; they forget that a result may have more causes than one. Training is not the only force which affects development. But let us grant that in the development of character and ability education is the most important of the forces at work; we may still be the victims of another fallacy—that is, another failure in scientific thought.

Education is a word which is capable of being used in two meanings, and is, in fact, so used unconsciously in this debate. Broadly, it means the process by which man's powers are "brought out" or developed, and includes, or should include ,all the influences which life brings to bear

Alms-Giving

By George Moore

sary for me to withhold my charity to give him ease. He would hardly be able to live without my charity, and if one of his other patrons were to do likewise the world would be freed from a life that I could not feel to be of any value.

So do we judge the world if we rely on our reason, but instinct clings like a child and begs like a child, and my instinct begged me to succour this poor man, to give him a penny every day, to find out what his condition was, and to stop for a chat every time I gave him my penny. I had obeyed my instinct all the summer, and now reason had intervened, reason was in rebellion, and for a long time I avoided, or seemed to avoid, the passage where the blind man sat for eight or nine hours, glad to receive, but never asking for alms.

I think I forgot the blind man for several months. I only remembered him when I was sitting at home, or when I was at the other side of the town, and sometimes I thought I made myself little excuses not to pass through the passage. Our motives are vague, complex and many, and one is never quite sure why one does a thing, and if I were to say that I did not give the blind man pennies that winter because I believed it better to deprive him of his means of livelihood and force him out of life than to help him to remain in life and suffer, I should be saying what was certainly untrue, yet the idea was in my mind, and I experienced more than one twinge of conscience when I passed through the passage. I experienced remorse when I hurried past him, too selfish to unbutton my coat, for every time I happened to pass him it was raining or blowing very hard, and every time I hurried away trying to find reasons why he bore his miserable life. I hurried to my business, my head full of chatter about St. Simon's Stylites, telling myself that he saw God far away at the end of the sky, His immortal hands filled with immortal recompenses; reason chattered about the compensation of celestial choirs, but instinct told me that the blind man standing in the stone passage knew of no such miraculous consolations.

As the winter advanced, as the winds grew harsher, my avoidance of the passage grew more remarked, and one day I stopped to think, and ask myself why I avoided it.

There was a faint warmth in the sky, and I heard my heart speaking quite distinctly, and it said:—

"Go to the blind man—what matter about your ten minutes' delay; you have been unhappy since you refrained from alms-giving, and the blind beggar can feel the new year beginning."

"You see, sir, I have added some shirt buttons and studs to the pencils. I don't know how they will go, but one never knows till one tries."

Then he told me it was small pox that destroyed his eyes, and he was only eighteen at the time.

"You must have suffered very much when they told you your sight was going?"

"Yes, sir. I had the hump for six weeks."

"It doubled me up, that it did. I sat with my head in my hands for six weeks."

"And after that?"

"I didn't think any more about it—what was the good?"

"Yes, but it must be difficult not to think, sitting here all alone."

"One mustn't allow oneself to give way. One would break down altogether if one did. I've some friends, and in the evening I get plenty of exercise."

"What do you do in the evenings?"

"I turn a hay-cutting machine in a stable."

"And you're quite contented?"

"I don't think, sir, a happier man than I passes through this gate-way once a month."

He told me his little boy came to fetch him in the evening.

"You're married?"

"Yes, sir, and I've got four children. They're going away for their holidays next week."

"Where are they going?"

"To the sea. It will do them good; a blow on the beach will do them a power of good."

"And when they come back they will tell you about it?"

"Yes."

"And do you ever go away for a holiday?"

"Last year I went with a policeman. A gentleman who passes this way, one of my friends, paid four shillings for me. We had a nice dinner in a public house for a shilling, and then we went for a walk."

"And this year are you going with the policeman?"

"I hope so, a friend of mine gave me half-a-crown towards it."

"I'll give you the rest."

"Thankee, sir."

A soft south wind was blowing, and an instinct as soft and as gentle filled my heart, and I went towards some trees. The new leaves were beginning in the high branches. I was sitting where sparrows were building their nests, and very soon I seemed to see further into life than I had ever seen before. "We're here," I said, "for the purpose of learning what life is, and the blind beggar has taught me a great deal, something that I could not have learnt out of a book, a deeper truth than any book contains." . . . And then I ceased to think, for thinking is a folly when a soft south wind is blowing and an instinct as soft and as gentle fills the heart.

The Spectator

Another Freak Vote Impending?

California has, almost from time immemorial, been notable for its changes of political complexion, and San Francisco's record in that respect has been ahead of the state's. Who, for instance, could possibly have foreseen that what is known as the Dennis Kearney ticket would win in both city and state? Would anyone have believed in advance that Eugene Schmitz could have been elected and re-eleted Mayor of this city? Who, in the wildest flights of imagination, could have figured that while Hiram Johnson would be elected a Republican Senator of the United States by approximately 300,000, the electoral vote of the state would go to Wilson by a substantial plurality? Now there would appear to exist a strong probability that another landslide of some kind or other is impending, for contemplation of the official returns in the recent primaries develops another condition that is both anomalous and confusing. Republican registration exceeds the Democratic by considerably more than two to one, while the registration for the other parties are utterly negligible; 622,021 being enrolled as Republicans, 246,451 as Democrats, with all the others as feeble trailers. There were 125,070 who declined to specify any party preference, but this is not far from the usual percentage of secretive registrants. The interest centers mainly upon the figures of the real political parties. Nobody, even the most dyed-in-the-wool Republican, believes that his party is stronger than the Democratic by two to one; so why this landslide to the former? No doubt it is because California has two candidates for the Republican nomination, and the registrants were proceeding under the old battle cry, "Favored Sons First!" Republicans have one candidate in Herbert Hoover, who figures on both tickets; while Johnson is now nothing but Republican, first, last and all the time. The friends of Hoover seem to believe that he will elect his delegates, while Johnson's are confident to a betting-on-odds point that he is going to have a walk-over. Nobody knows, of course, how the 125,070 noncommittal ones are going to switch, and it is quite likely that they are waiting to hand us another California election surprise. But then, we've long been used to that sort of thing, and no surprise with a shock in it is possible.

Is Hydraulic Mining Coming Back?

Who shall say yea or nay to this query and be certain that his answer is even approximately correct? Stranger things have happened. Who supposed in the old days of hydraulic mining that in a few years great gold dredgers would be operating in the mud of the lowlands, washed from the mountains and carried down by the rivers to play such havoc by flooding farms and choking the channels of rivers that the continuance of such mining was prohibted by law? Who shall say now that when the dredges in the lowlands shall have exhausted their supply of pay dirt their owners will not go back to the mountains for the gold that is still hiding there in the great gravel beds. The law would intervent to prohibit a return to hydraulic mining, but why not secure a liberal amendment to that law when it can be shown that the damaging wash from the gravel beds can be impounded and the resultant mass of imprisoned mud worked over again, like that long ago washed into the lowlands about Marysville and Oroville? A recent conversation with an engineer, who gave no warning that his information was imparted in confidence, declared that the answers to all of these questions were even now under discussion so far as to almost phophesy the early solutions of the problems involved and the beginning of work. This engineer declared that there was nearly as much gravel gold left in those mountains as had been taken out of them, and that this could only be reached by hydraulic mining, which could be made legal by the building of dams across mountain valleys and gorges to imprison the gold-bearing mud, while the clear water would filter over the runways to swell the now shallow rivers with "unslickened" streams. It was pointed out that the cost of these dams would be inconsiderable in comparison with the possible returns for the investments, and that many financial minds were in sympathy with the project and willing to begin operations at an early date. In spite of the alluring possibilities outlined, however, the writer resisted a temptation to be let in on the ground floor, for the reason that he had more than once encountered

more than one deep cellar under that alleged ground floor.

He Scorned Orthography

A good story is going the rounds of the clubs which is well worth giving further publicity, because very often good jokes do not travel fast enough. It is told that a short time ago a horse was killed by one of the usually recklessly driven motor trucks at the intersection of Clay Street and the Embarcadero. The officer on post at the time—say his name was Finnerty—hurried at once to his station to report the incident and at the same time to record it in his pocket blotter of the daily official happenings.

"Anythin' doin', Finnerty?" asked the sergeant as Finnerty approached the desk, at the same time making an entry in his book.

"Yes," replied Finnerty; "there's been a horse killed be a truck at the corner of Clay and East Streets."

"Corner of Clay and what?" asked the sergeant.

"East Street—the street next the water."

"You don't know where you're at yet," the sergeant retorted wisely. "That was wanst Aist Street, but now it's called the Embarcadero."

Finnerty looked at the sergeant helplessly. "How do ye spell that?"

The sergeant's chest swelled with dignity as he replied: "See here, Finnerty, I'm here to attend to the duties of this praycinct and not to taich spellin'."

Finnerty scratched his head for a moment, and then made a sudden dash for the door, with the written record of the incident not yet completed.

"Where are yez goin' now?" asked the sergeant.

"I'm goin' to move that horse into Clay Street. I can spell that.'

An Actor's Faith

In the May number of The American Magazine appears the best interview with Frank McGlynn of the scores which have been printed in all the leading New York papers during the few months since his meteoric success in Drinkwater's "Lincoln."

To the general public, the man who is the subject of it is revealed as the splendid gentleman whom his San Francisco friends know him to be. The story of his life is given in full, from his happy childhood days, when he played on San Francisco's sand hills and revelled in vacation on the O'Toole ranch, through his school days and early law practice experience, and the long story of his stage career, when he cheerfully accepted all sorts of engagements to support his family of six children.

At fifty-three, after twenty-five years of hard work, his present great success came like a thunderbolt from the sky. And to what do you suppose this actor attributes his good fortune? To God's help!

"I think it's up to me now," he said, "to say that I believe my prayers for success were heard and answered. Most of us are quick enough to acknowledge a good turn which any human friend does us. I don't want you to thing I'm talking cant, but it seems to me that it isn't quite the square thing to confine the acknowledgement of our gratitude to our human friends."

It is refreshing to find a human being with simplicity and faith surviving after a long struggle with stubborn circumstance. When you continue the interview, the palpable reason is revealed in the influence of his mother.

"When you have had a mother like mine," said McGlynn, "no success can be perfect unless she is here to see it. Every one of us is still a child at heart when it comes to our mothers. We want to show her our treasures, whether they are only the trinkets dear to childhood or the triumph which crowns our career. We want her to know it when we have done her credit. The man who cannot take his achievement to his mother, as a tribute to her, misses a satisfaction which nothing else can bring him."

Farm for Penniless Authors

There is one thing wrong with Arthur Street's St. Helena paradise for indigent writers: $150 is required for an entrance fee. Now, it may sound plausible to an ordinary business man that one with merely that amount of money should invest it in a year's rental for a site on which to pitch a tent. But you could not convince any writing man that he is poverty-stricken with $150 about him. He does not feel so stricken or smitten until Fate has struck, or is about to smite, away his last dime. Then, and not till then, will the poor fellow turn to life on a cheaper plan. This farm, however, is the idea of some Berkeley people calling themselves the Tamalcraft Club. Don't know whether the name came from Tamalpias or tomales. It may be that Berkeley Bohemians are so far in advance of their age that they are broke with $150; but in other parts roundabout, writers and newspaper men with any sort of greenback in hand are above such pessimism.

A National Divorce Law

Mrs. J. Lowenberg, the brilliant California writer, whose most recent book, "Voices," is attracting wide interest, is among the many who are watching the outcome of the Pickford divorce inquiry But Mrs. Lowenberg, being a woman of large heart, speaks most gently of "little Mary," and regards her as another victim of our perplexing divorce system, or rather of lack of system. "Miss Pickford," said Mrs. Lowenberg, "no doubt thought she was obeying the laws of Nevada, and in doing that her marital rights would be safeguarded everywhere." Mrs. Lowenberg, when she wrote "A Nation's Crime," a few years ago, went deeply into the subject of divorce in the United States. Her researches gave her a knowledge of the subject possessed by but few lawyers. Her mother heart prompted her to write a book that would awaken the nation to the need of marriage and divorce laws for the protection of the Children's Rights, and she is concerned over the legal status of the future Fairbanks-Pickford children, should there be any.

As the law stands now, Mrs. Lowenberg says, according to a decision handed down by the Maryland Court of Appeal in 1915, all marriages based upon decrees of Nevada or other states obtained without a bona fide residence in the state where the decree was obtained are invalid; that children of a subsequent marriage are therefore illegitimate in the eyes of the law, and the first wife still has her dower rights in the husband's estate.

In the campaign for a national federal marriage and divorce law, the committe sent out literature to the public urging the reading of Mrs. Lowenberg's book, "A Nation's Crime," and crediting her with being the first who dared to show that murder, suicide, long-lived sorrow and lasting disgrace in many forms are heaped up among us on account of the lack of justice in our marriage and divorce laws.

Last Saturday, Rev. Francis Miner Moody, field secretary of the International Committee on Marriage and Divorce, was in San Francisco, and called upon Mrs. Lowenberg to send a telegram to the Senate committee, which meets in Washington on the 23rd, urging them to adopt the resolution to be offered by Rev. Miner. Archbishop Hanna is expected to be present, with prominent ecclesiastics of all denominations.

At this time, when there are so many vital questions up for national consideration, perhaps a topic which concerns the domestic life of the people would be laid on the table were it not for the Fairbanks-Pickford incident. So, while it may be hard upon the two popular movie stars, they may be the means used in effecting a great reform and in bringing order out of chaos in the lives of many children whose parents divorced and remarried without real knowledge of the constitutionality of their acts.

In this event, "Doug" and "little Mary" may find consolation in the thought that the children's idolatry of them is justifiable.

The Clergy Denouncing Women's Attire

It is unfortunate that at a time when the Interchurch World Movement is making its $100,000,000 drive that many of its clergymen are calling women all sorts of harsh names apropos of wearing apparel. Apparently after their strenuous deeds in the course of war work, the fair sex has taken to garments that indicate what might be termed a cooling-off process. The Rev. John Roach Stratton, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, claims that some of this season's attire is more than an ordinary man should be called upon to bear. This casts all the blame on the women. The Rev. Stratton goes on to say that an octegenarian or an icy mollycoddle might hold one of these warm, pulsating creatures in his arms and entertain no unseemly notions, but that a red-blooded young man could not easily acquit himself with self-respect. Reference is, of course, to customs of the dance. The clergyman has been kind enough also to mention that "almost half her body is exposed, and that the rest of her attire is insignificant." The intimation is that in the attitude of the dance, only the exposed region meets the male eye, and thus the whole pretense of raiment is a fizzle. It is a woeful state of affairs, indeed, and we are very, very glad that culpability for the world's difficulties has been found at last where it belongs. There is a world-wide fear that woman has not yet ceased in her march toward unadornment So, in behalf of

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all concerned, we must quote the old vaudeville toast: "Here's to low necks and short skirts; may they never meet."

Twenty-Five Wives

The case of the Los Angeles Bluebeard is attracting a lot of attention, because every one wonders how a man can acquire twenty-five wives while many an eligible bachelor has a hard time securing one. It appears that this man, Huirt, went wife-hunting in a business-like way. He interviewed all sorts of women on the question; he advertised, consulted agencies, and kept a card index of prospects. The fault with his index system was that it lacked perfection in keeping him just one town ahead of his pursuing helpmates. With two dozen spouses, a man is bound to run against one of them now and then. It was that likelihood, perhaps, that gave rise to the proverb, "This is a small world, after all." There is also a police rumor of Huirt's working principle that dead wives tell no tales. When confronted with some of the facts, he tried to commit suicide, proving that he is not the fool that some persons think he is.

Three Cute Little Divorces

Evelyn Nesbit has been served with papers. In the State of New York this means divorce. Jack Clifford, the husband in the case, names an actor. I do not know what this means. Anyway, Evelyn states that she is guiltless, and so, the meaning of the complaint cannot amount to much. She will fight the case to a finish, and, while the Thaw millions will not be behind or before her this time, the court proceedings will no doubt be of some interest.

Another disillusionment in baseball-theatrical circles is that involving Blossom Seeley, wife of Rube Marquard, the famous Brooklyn southpaw. The Marquards were married right off the Orpheum stage in San Francisco. That was in 1913, when the fame of the left-handed pitcher was at its height. For about two years, the couple have not been getting along as well as they might; in fact, there was a sort of mutual desertion. The papers were filed in Chicago during the week. Blossom was at one time Mrs. Joseph Kane, and acted under her husband's management. A few business dissensions arose, whereupon Marquard arrived opportunely and captured the heart of the stage beauty, who, though diminutive in size, is credited with being, in the matter of spectacular costume, Valeska Suratt's only rival.

This brings us down to the third, and most interesting, celebrated case of the week—the granting of the interloctuory decree to Alice Gentle, grand opera singer. Her husband just removed is Dr. Robert Gentle, a dentist, of New York. Non-support was the cause of war between the Gentles. The final ceremonies of separation were performed at Santa Cruz . Alice Gentle is equipped with all the gifts and arts that go to make up a great diva—voice, beauty, grace, dramatic ability, vocal dexterity and linguistic accomplishments. To this list, few have been the divas who have not added divorce. And now the lovely Gentle has acquired it there seems nothing to deter her from reaching her rightful place as a fixed star in the operatic firmament.

Divorce and the causes leading to it cause deepest sorrow and disappointment to an intelligent woman, and all great singers have high intelligence. Perhaps, being an ordeal which sears the heart, it may account for the power of the great songbirds to depict sorrow in vocal nuance. A serene domestic career never seems to accompany a brilliant operatic or dramatic career. The stage is, at least, the friend of marriage; for the good ladies who refuse to depart from a state of single blessedness never seem to arrive at the portal of success.

On the Other Side of the Counter

The two young women who have forsaken the diversions of social affairs to study life at first hand behind the counter of one of our large department stores were fortunate in the choice of their parents.

"They like the work, and the length of their employment will rest entirely with them," says Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee, whose daughter, Miss Anne Dibblee, made the experiment with Miss Margaret Madison.

"She wanted to see what it was like, and she's enjoying herself immensely," says Frank D. Madison, the attorney, father of Miss Madison.

It may seem quixotic, but why on earth shouldn't two girls do such a thing if they want to? Others have dallied with sociology and welfare work before this by taking jobs even less agreeable than that of saleswoman, and if Miss Dibblee and Miss Madison have no such curiosity to satisfy but only a healthy feeling that they'd like to see how the world does its business, the validity of their action is not impaired a jot.

* * *

Another Kind of University

If they had given up dances and such for a post-graduate course at a university, nobody would have thought the matter worth explaining at length in the newspapers. But what they have done is even better—with the added advantage that no period of time is stipulated for the completion of the course.

It is safe to say that when the ambitious young pair emerge from their tutelege of price codes and sales tags, they will be better fitted for whatever may attract them, even the aforementioned dancing and such.

Woman's place is so much larger in the world these days that truly a girl can scarcely be fitted for her life, no matter if it be confined to the home and places of social gathering, if she has not a stronger grip on the whole machinery of society than her mother had before her.

More power to Miss Dibblee and Miss Madison!

"The Most Famous Private"

The announcement from New York of the selection of Harold W. Ross as editor of the American Legion Weekly is an assurance that the weekly will be worth while watching by even those whom circumstances restrained from getting into a uniform.

Ross, who has been called "the most famous private" in the American army, is a San Franciscan, having worked on the local papers for several years before he enlisted with the Eighth (late the Eighteenth) Engineers when America entered the war. With Roy J. Kirk, another San Francisco newspaper man, he ran the morale regimental paper of the engineers, The Spiker. When the Stars and Stripes was started at Paris he was requisitioned from his Bordeaux editorial desk, and soon showed himself one of the most brilliant members of the staff that included such clever chaps as Franklin P. Adams, the celebrated "colyumist." And through it all Ross refused to take a commission, though his superiors once fairly kidnaped him in an attempt to put him through an officers' training course.

Ross has been, till lately, editor of the Home Sector, which was started in New York a year ago as the sequel to the Stars and Stripes. A few days ago he was married at the Little Church Around the Corner to Jeannette Grant, a New York newspaper woman.

Adding Lustre to Berkeley

One of the important publishing institutions of the country has grown up in the bay region, and for the most part San Franciscans and residents of the east bay are unaware of it. I refer to the University of California Press. The publications issued by this press are of high rank in their respective fields, and references to them are frequent in Eastern periodicals, but California has more or less taken them as a matter of course. The East furnishes a market of such importance to the university, however, that

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A vast amount of scholarly work has been drawn upon in the publications issued, which in some cases go back in date to the early years of the university, before the publishing department had been co-ordinated into a unit, and a great deal of matter of international interest, embodying the result of research work done under the direction of the university, is represented in the last of publications.

* * *

University Presses and Their Importance

As yet the Berkeley institution has not branched out into general publishing, in the manner of the Oxford University Press, but within the more restricted field of technical works or works of specialized, if broader, interest, it is entitled to a high rank in comparison with the presses of Eastern universities, such as Chicago and Yale. The press of a university may be regarded as an indication of its utility to the community, and by that measure California ranks high.

Many of the names that have added renown to Berkeley are on the index of editors and authors, includes Jacques Loeb, Professor Plehn, Dr. Kofoid, Professor Merriam and others, and in subject the range extends from studies of the effectiveness of street car advertisements to fascsimile reproductions of papyri and valuable studies in the history of Spanish power in the Americas.

If other parts of the country have awakened to the importance of the press of our university, we Californians might at least give it cursory attention.

Overalls Clubs

Will overalls in high society be a passing fad or the forerunner of startling styles for eligible bachelors? When Congressman Upshaw of Georgia strode overalled in the House of Representatives, he was cheered from pit to dome, and no doubt was elated to the same superlative degree. His admirers immediately saw the H. C. L. going down, down, down, and masculine independence up, up, up. Clubmen and politicians donning the denim are patriots, to say the least. If one should say more, it would be still more complimentary to the pioneers of this reform. The innovator is always worthy of his hire. He receives a lot of ridicule, and may or may not succeed in his enterprise. Still, if men wish to reduce expenses, the best course would be to wear what they have instead of buying something else. I trust those overalls clubs are not the clever scheme of some New Jersey manufacturer. Sacramento statesmen have already joined the march of thrift; and perhaps before this issue of Town Talk is off the press, our local coteries will be making San Francisco look like a mining camp. Even if the overalls are an added expense, they act as a flag of defiance to the clothing houses, and will be, in that way, much more effective than a frayed trouser or a lop-sided hat. If women war-workers could wear cant-bust-'ems in time of danger, surely the men folk can do their turn in the same garb to win the war against profiteering. Now is the time for mother-hubbards to appear on the streets in the same noble cause.

N. S. G. W. Will Visit Mexico

A feature of the N. S. G. W. convention at San Diego will be a little jaunt across the border into the sporting glades of Tia Juana. Needless to say, this will not be a formal part of the proceedings. Tia Juana's reputation rests upon informality. No league of nations has thus far been necessary to maintain the entente cordiale of this Mexican village. Americans may go there and are permitted to spend their money freely, without fear of Carranza's troops, Villa's bandits or U. S. prohibition laws. Revolutions come and go, diplomacy gets another jolt in the roundabout regions, but Tia Juana continues, peacefully in honor of the roulette wheel, the dance hall and the glass that cheers all hearts without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude. The pursuit of happiness goes on there unabated. Pure and simple sportsmanship is the tie that binds in Tia Juana. As a tribute to the Native Sons of the Golden West, some special features have already been arranged—on what authority or intimation we cannot say. Part of the program will be a Native Son Handicap at the race course, the purse being $1,000 to the winner, and betting will be limited by the bettor's enthusiasm. In fact, enthusiasm is the controlling force of whatever takes place at this interesting resort; and we doubt not that, after the Native Sons' sojourn, they will return in high spirits, illuminated and refreshed, and with a new ardor for the good of California.

The Lost Art of Housekeeping

The attempt to revive housekeeping in the esteem of the modern housewife is accountable for strange theories from time to time. Among some of our women's clubs new methods are continually advanced in behalf of cooking, sweeping, dusting, etc., especially for the apartment fellow-member, who apparently is the great problem in modern economics. In a number of the clubs, a certain mysterious yet popular bit of information has it that brooms and egg-beaters can be plied more successfully to the strains of jazz music on the phonograph. Milady dons her sweeping costume of georgette crepe, sets the phonograph to jazz a Little Vamp, takes a broom firmly in two hands, and before you know it, the day's work is done; or it looks done, which is about the same thing. If neighbors, male or female, attracted by the joyous melody, should knock at the door and insinuate that jazz is more appropriate to dancing than broom-handing, why, of course, the dainty housewife would be in a dilemma. Dilemmas are bad for biscuits or what not. Still, the discussions at the club could no doubt solve such problems as readily as any. Ragtime housework and jazzy cookery were not hitherto unknown to man; but this is the first time that the jazz element moves to actual music. Iit's a big idea, and even if it should not improve the cooking, it will be an aid to temperment; and at that a distinct gain.

Congress, the Kill-Joy

A few weeks ago the Supreme Court rendered its decision on the constitutionality of the law which taxed stock dividends as income. The decision of the court was that stock dividends were not income, and could not be considered as income, and therefore they could not be taxed. In the decision the reasons for this were very carefully given, and it was shown that stock dividends are not income in any sense of the word. They should not really be called dividends because the word "dividend" implies a certain distribution of profits, and a stock dividend is not a distribution of profits. It is a re-capitalization of the company. It means the increase in the number of shares of stock without any increase in the total value of those shares. When a stock dividend of 100 per cent is paid, while there are twice as many shares as there were formerly the increased number of shares, if estimated at its market value, would amount to just the same value as the shares were worth prior to the declaration of the stock dividend. There were certain members of the Supreme Court who voted in favor of taxing stock dividends. These are the members of the court who have always voted on the wrong side of every question which has come up in the Supreme Court since they were appointed. This law taxing stock dividends as income has been a great handicap to business. Many companies during the war have grown very rapidly, and there has been a necessity for them to increase the number of their shares. In other words, to capitalize some of their profits, and the stock-dividend method was the easiest and the least expensive way of bringing about this change in capitalization. When a company acquires a surplus in the legitimate management of its business, and when it seems advisable to reinvest this surplus for the benefit of the company, it is perfectly legitimate and correct business to issue shares of a par value equal to the amount of cash so expended. The law which has prevented this being done has been a thorn in the side of many of our largest industries for the past two or three years. Now that this question has been settled hardly a day has passed when some member of Congress has not introduced a bill to circumvent this decision of the Supreme Court and to place some restrictive tax upon corporations if they make any attempt to distribute a stock dividend.

* * *

Congress Checks Prosperity

Whenever Congress assembles in Washington a period of gloom settles down upon the whole country. Business activity is suddenly checked. Business initiative is stifled, and the leaders of American industry wait to see what new method of destruction will be proposed and passed by Congress. It is a menace to business which has to be contended with periodically, and greatly to the detriment of our commercial activities. It is an unfortunate thing that a country like America, which is recognized as the richest and most powerful nation in the world, should have for its law-makers a set of men who are seemingly determined to wreck our industries and confiscate the property of the saving and industrious portion of our population. This appears in so many different ways that it is almost unnecessary to enumerate them. We know what

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has happened to the railroads, and there is no need to go into that matter again.

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The Inequality of Taxation

Another thing for which Congress is responsible is the unjust method of taxation which is now in vogue. This taxation is too large a subject to go into in this article, but everyone knows that it absolutely kills business initiative. I have talked with many important business men recently, and they said that they should make no effort whatever to run their business on a paying basis while the present income and excess profits taxes were in force. What incentive is there for a business man to work hard and overtax his brain in an effort to increase his business when he knows that one-half, and in many cases three-fourths, of his profits will be taken by the government in taxation? The business man naturally comes to the conclusion that it will be much wiser for him to rest and not make so much money, but simply keep his business organization together making an income sufficient for him to pay his overhead charges and his own living expenses. This is the wise conclusion for a business man to come to. We are taxed for almost everything we do and everything we buy, and in addition to this, we are taxed by the federal government on our income and excess profits, if we have any. We are taxed on our income by the State of New York, and other States will probably impose income taxes upon their population. In addition to this, if we happen to hold title to real estate or have any personal property, we are taxed on that, and the result is that people have no income on which to live. They are compelled by the present system of taxation to live on their savings, and to spend their capital. We know that the country ought to be taxed heavily to pay for the expenses of the war, but we also know that the expenses of the war were greatly in excess of what they should have been.

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Congress the Kill-Joy of Business

Owing to the destructive activities of German submarines in sinking ships on the high seas, it became necessary for the allied nations to build ships in large quantities to take the places of those which had been destroyed. America entered upon a great program of shipbuilding, and the idea gradually took form that at last America was to have an important merchant marine. In the years prior to the war America practically had no merchant marine because Congress had passed so many unfavorable laws regulating this branch of industry that it was useless to endeavor to compete with other nations for the shipping trade of the world. It is quite interesting to consider that these detrimental laws, which make a profitable mercantile marine an impossibility for the United States, are still in full force, and we can thoroughly depend upon it that Congress will not repeal them. I cannot remember a time when Congress has repealed any law which was detrimental to any of our industries. We have laws on our books now which make the prosecution of the dye industry in this country very difficult and unprofitable when foreign competition is in force. It was this condition of our laws which forced us out of the dye industry years ago, and which turned it over to other countries. During the war it became necessary for us to start up the manufacturing of dyes again, and we have built up this industry, and now it is depending for its existence upon the enactment of certain laws by Congress. Do you suppose that Congress will pass any such laws? I have not the least hope that an American Congress will do any such thing.

Express Companies Ruined

Our express industry has been ruined by government management. They have a very important function, and the parcel post, which was established by the government some years ago and which injured the express companies tremendously, did not actually drive them out of business because there is a function which the express companies have which the parcel post cannot perform. However, the government took control of the express companies during the war, and has run them at a frightful loss, so that they are now practically disorganized, and almost of them which are still in existence are figuring on the advisability of liquidating their assets and going out of business. This is another great industry which, owing to Congressional apathy and the unintelligent manner in which they do things, is being slowly forced to the wall.

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"Regulation"

Bills have been passed without number appointing commissions for one purpose or another to interfere with the legitimate operation of our national industries. They call it "regulation," but this is a bad name for it. What business needs is a set of laws based upon common sense. We do not need investigating, nor committees without number which are simply eating up our national income and doing no good whatever. Take for example the politically appointed commission to determine the valuation of our railroads. I have not the figures before me, so I cannot say how much money has been wasted on this commission, but it has been going on for years. Millions of money have undoubtedly been spent, but of what earthly use are all these volumes of data which will probably never be looked at and which will simply be filed in the archives in Washington? A valuation of a railroad property made a few years ago would be utterly useless at the present time, as everybody knows. Values are constantly changing, and even if a valuation of all railroad properties could be brought right up to date at the present time, of what earthly use would it be to anybody? This is one of the methods by which Congress distributes the people's money among its political friends. This is the principal idea behind the appointment of these commissions.

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The People Always Pay

Congressional interference with American industries is always based on the idea that the people are not getting a fair deal, but the result of this interference is, invariably, that the people pay advanced prices. Take, for example, the prices of sugar, oil and coal in the days before political activity invaded these industries. The immediate result of this interference was that the prices of these essential articles were marked up, and they have continued to advance ever since. The people pay the advanced costs, but they fail to put the blame where it belongs. Congress and our State Legislatures are alone responsible.

I might go on citing examples of the kill-joy methods of Congress, but it is unnecessary to do so. All of the intelligent people of the country are thoroughly aware of the state of things which exists. It is a shame that the personnel of Congress cannot represent more intelligence than it does.

Have you ever visited the Congressional Chambers in Washington? If you have not, it would certainly pay you to go to Washington and sit for a little while in the Senate Chamber, or House of Representatives, and listen to the speeches that are made, and make a note of how time is wasted by these law-makers of a great nation. I have never felt so much disgust for these law-making bodies as I did after spending several days in the Congressional halls, and one cannot help being impressed with the fact that these men are not the right kind to represent a great country like this. Inefficiency is in evidence everywhere. It is this fact which accounts for the things which are done in Congress.

★ ★ ★

Penalizing the Thrifty

I consider our present form of government a failure. We are supposed to be a republic, but as a matter of fact we are a republic which is managed by Socialists. The thrifty man, the industrious and fairly prosperous business man has very little chance in this country. He is slowly but surely being legislated out of business. The labor union gets more consideration than the millionaire. No thought is given to the fact that the millionaire is a great employer of labor and that without him labor will starve. But legislation has the millionaire for a target, and so long as he is able to keep his money together the law-makers of the land have him on their list as a man to be shorn of his accumulated possessions. We are run by politicians, and politicians have only one thought in mind, and that is to incur favor and popularity among the rabble. The masses or the rabble are in the majority in this country, and have the largest number of votes. Therefore the politician has his eye upon this vote, and he cares little for the backing of the rich man.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mrs Frank Pinckney Helm has invited a number of her friends to a farewell tea in honor of Mrs. Earl Shipp, on the 29th, at the Helm home on Broadway. Mrs. Shipp goes to Manila to join her husband, Lieut.-Com. Shipp. This tea will be the culmination of a series of smart affairs given in honor of the charming visitor.

* * *

Supreme Justice G. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson have been widely entertained by San Francisco society since their arrival at the Palace from Manila recently. Monday Mrs. Charles Cole gave a luncheon at the Palace for Mrs. Johnson, all the guests being former residents of the Philippines. They were: Mmes. F. P Helm, J. Cousins, Simon Erlanger, W. P. Fuller and Allen. The Johnson's are leaving this week for New York. They will stop en route to visit their home in Ann Arbor.

* * *

Mrs. Hunter Liggett was hostess at one of her far-famed well appointed dinners, in her home at Fort Mason, on Thursday.

* * *

Mrs Arthur Banks was hostess to a group of musical friends at the Stracciari concert on Sunday, afterwards taking them to dine at Tait's-on-the-Beach.

Mrs. Banks chaperoned a party given by her brother, Charles F. Hanlon, on Saturday evening, beginning with dinner at the Palace, followed by an Orpheum party to see the midnight Press Club show, and ending with the breakfast at the Press Club rooms. Mrs. Banks is now permanently located in this city, having taken an apartment on Post street since the return of her three sons from naval service.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Leahy, who heard Stracciari in opera in Italy and also with the Chicago Opera Company in the East, were enthusiastic auditors last Sunday at the Stracciari concert.

* * *

Miss Elsie Dernham of San Francisco, niece of Mr. William Kaufman, well known business man of San Francisco, is an interesting young woman who is enjoying a stay at Del Monte. Miss Dernham is active in settlement work and has been the associate of the famous Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago. Miss Dernham's brother, Mr. Monty Dernham, is also at Del Monte, and both are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Herzfeld of New York.

Mr. J. V. Rittenhouse of San Francisco went to Del Monte for the week-end for a game of golf and to look over his Pebble Beach home.

An interesting foursome at Del Monte in a recent match was that of Mr. M. A. McLaughlin of Denver, Mr. Shattuck of New York, Mr. George Carpenter of Medford, Ore., and Mr. David Kerr of Portland. Mrs. Kerr also played a game with Miss Mara from British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, who registered from Spokane, spent a few days at Del Monte upon their arrival in California from Honolulu. They are en route to Coronado. Mrs. Welch was Miss Rhoda Fullam, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. William F. Fullam of Washington, D. C.

A recent fishing party who went out in the launch Del Monte, off Stillwater Cove, Pebble Beach, for deep-sea fishing, was that of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Snow, who came from Providence to spend a season.

Another party interested in salmon fishing and who planned an excursion the other day was that of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Billings from Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Bulkley, New York, and their daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce Johnson of Oakland are again at Del Monte. Their daughter, Mrs. S. S. Towne is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, the young bride and groom who have been spending their honeymoon at Del Monte Lodge, were at the polo game the other game.

* * *

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will be one of the principal hostesses at the Wild Flower tea.

* * *

Miss Helene Comte gave a delightful tea to forty young girls at the Palace last Saturday, in honor of Miss Edna Fennell and Miss Adele Chevalier, those much-feted brides-to-be

The long table was beautiful in pastel-colored spring flowers, but they were rivalled by the fresh and sparkling beauty of the lovely girls who surrounded them. Miss Comte's guests were: Edwina Barry, Florence Olson, Eleanor Rossi, Dorothy Hill, Genevieve Spader, Edith Wormser, Ruth Whitley, Francis Donovan, Betty Smith, Mildred Bulger, Marian Burns, Elizabeth Rosekraus, Gertrude and Irene Barrett, Marie Griffin, Dorothy Queen, Mildred Smith, Dorothy Peabody, Margaret Dunne, Emily Chapius, Winifred McGarren, Honor Boland, Betty Lacombe, Teris Dietle, Gladys Waterhouse, Helen Deamer, Josephine and Margaret Tynan, Priscilla Cavanagro, Agnes Harrison, Penelope Baden, Rosario Moran, Martha Newman, Margaret Kelly, Anita Leonard, Adele Chevalier, Mrs. H. Riester, Lucille Bergerot, Bernice Mitchell, Elmire Dowdell, Elizabeth Gallagher, Helen McKnight, Marian Crooks and Alta Nolan.

* * *

Mrs A. P. O'Brien will be hostess to a large number of guests at a bride tea on the 28th, at her home, 2424 Gough Street.

* * *

The presence in San Francisco of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Baker for the spring season is attracting much interest in society. Mrs. Baker, formerly Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, is a charming woman, and is very much in love with her husband. This is no surprise to the many friends of Ray, for when he was a boy in Oakland everybody loved him for his sunny disposition and kindliness. The Baker boys enjoyed a thoroughbred bringing up and their success in life is a sequel quite to be expected.

* * *

The San Francisco Golf and Country Club was the scene of a pretty luncheon last Friday in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid of Millbrae.

* * *

The author of "The Famous Mrs Fair," the vehicle in which Blanche Bates and Henry Miler are enthralling New York, has been in San Francisco recently. His name is James Forbes, and he was the house guest of Capt. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith during his sojourn.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Bourn are en route to Ireland to visit their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, in her castle on the lakes of Killarney.

* * *

Mrs. Clara Darling and Mrs. James H. Bishop were entertained at luncheon recently by Mrs. Thomas Beeze of San Rafael.

Miss Adelita Suhr, cousin of Mr. and Mrs. Alfredo Gallegos, was married on Wednesday to Arthur Malcolm Nicol of San Salvador. Mr. Gallegos is consul-general of Guatemala.

* * *

Mmes. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., Daulton Mann, Hugh Porter, and Misses Ellita and Elizabeth Adams, Marie Louis Winslow and Anne Peters were guests of Misses Betty and Elena Folger on Tuesday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Lynch and Miss Buckley of New York.

* * *

Miss Mary Louise Phelan plans to spend some weeks with her brother, Senator Phelan, in Washington, if his duties do not demand his presence elsewhere.

* * *

Many invitation of ex-Secretary Lane's daughter's marriage in Washington, on the 23rd, were received by friends in California, where the Lane family lived before going East.

The affair, from all accounts, was brilliant. San Francisco will have an opportunity of welcoming the bridal pair, as Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Kauffman will include us in their honeymoon itinerary.

* * *

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, mother of Roderick Tower, who married Miss Flora Payne Whitney in New York this week, was Miss Cora Smith, an Oakland belle. As the wife of a United

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States ambassador, she won distinction abroad for her brilliant accomplishments and social graces.

The bride's mother was born Vanderbilt, of the Cornelius branch, and has distinguished herself in sculpture. Some of her work won honor at our Exposition.

Del Monte, the Playground for Outdoor Sports Lovers

Wide stretches of open country where golf may be enjoyed along green fairways, sunny roadways that invite motorists, bridle paths beneath shady trees, where horseback riding is pleasurable; the warm plunge, in its green setting on the terrace, where tall pines wave their branches to reflected shadows—such is the playground of Del Monte, where society finds recreation and sports lovers indulge in innumerable activities. The sheltered harbor, where yachts sail, deep-sea water where fish abound, giant airship winging its way overhead—these, too, attract their share of devotees.

San Franciscans who are spending some time at Del Monte are:

Mr. Knox Maddox, who is a familiar figure on the golf links, and Mr. W. W. Carson, his partner in pleasant games over the Del Monte course.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kaime, who are not only golf enthusiasts, but lovers of horseback riding.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. F. S. Schloss, who motored to Del Monte, bringing their golf clubs along.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Anderson, whose days are filled with rides, golf and interesting walks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Maurice Hechscher played a game of golf over the No. 1 course one afternoon. Mr. Hechscher has been very active in the polo games, showing excellent form and captaining the Eastern-British team which won all of the senior events in California this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Roos were on the golf links. Mr. Roos played with Mr. I. H. Hellman of St. Louis.

SOCIETY'S NEW CUSTOMS

It is now no longer a breach of etiquette to ask a husband out without including his wife in the invitation, or vice versa. This is one of the accepted standards of post-war society; for instance to meet Sir No-Trump King out at a bridge party without his wife does not mean that any trouble is impending—it is merely a sign that Lady King does not care for bridge, and that, in accordance with the new freedom cry which has been heard in society as well as in the industrial world of late, she does not think it necessary to accompany her husband when he dines out with his card-playing friends—as she used to do before the war.

It is a distinct relief to her, for any one who has been the "oddment" at a card party prolonged till the small hours of the morning will admit that the position is hardly an amusing one.

* * *

Diverse Tastes

Cards, however, are not the only things which have broken down the old rule of always asking husband and wife to dinner together. War conditions imbued both men and women with the determination to follow their own tastes in friends, hobbies and recreations with a fixed—and selfish—determination. A charming and intelligent woman expounded her views to me recently on this matter. Laughingly she explained that, "Of course, I get on very well with my husband. We haven't by any means the same tastes, but for a good number of years we had a kind of tacit understanding that, when I had friends to a meal and the conversation on art, literature or music was—well, a little beyond him, he would just pretend to listen and be amused; and I used to sit up and make a passable imitation of the charming hostess when his card-playing friends came to eat my carefully-chosen dinner and settle down to the bridge table for interminable rubbers. No neither of us can be bothered to pretend any more. We just arrange to entertain, and to dine out separately unless we strike any acquaintance whose manners, customs and personalities appeal to us both. It is a simple and satisfactory arrangement."

* * *

Why Pessimists Prophesy

"Simple and satisfactory" is a good term. Of course, it means that no one has the slightest intention of doing anything he or she does not wish to do. "Why should I go and stay with the Blazeaways?" says Mrs. Highbrow, and she packs her husband off alone to his shooting party while she stays at home, and goes to all the classical concerts and modern lectures for which her soul craves. There is no doubt that to the middle-aged married couple the new era is ideal, but pessimists are prophesying terrible things when the young couple begin this style of conjugal organization as soon as the honeymoon is over.

Are the gloomy prophets right, though? The old idea that husband and wife must never be separated, even when on pleasure bent, was a hard one, for it is surely illogical to measure the affection of two people by the similarity of their tastes. The cynic may remark also that it is the petty annoyances of having to meet people who bore you, and take an interest in subjects which you think supremely uninteresting, which help to wear the ties of loves thin, and that those who don't overstrain their affection by doing things they don't want to do have a chance of making it last longer.—Sydney Leader.

University Fine Arts Society

The fashionable world is anticipating with much pleasure the first meeting of the University Fine Arts Society, which will be held in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis the latter part of May. The organization will be composed of prominent persons in the bay cities, who will meet together at stated intervals to hear discussed the principal topics of interest in questions of art, drama, literature, economics and science. The meetings will be addressed by men and women of national and international reputation, who are to be selected by the patronesses. During the season there will be many "call" meetings held, at which celebrities will be entertained. Membership will be by invitation only.

The patronesses for the meetings of the University Fine Arts Society include Countess Andre de Limur, Mmes. George H. Mendell, Jr., Seward McNear, Joseph Grant, William Gwin, James Ellis Tucker, Joseph Lee Jayne, Hunter Liggett, Stanley Stillman, Sigmund Stern, Marcus Koshland, Vincent Whitney, David Barrows, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Charles Gove, Rudolph Spreckels, Gailliard Stoney, Dr. Aurelia Rinehardt, Charles Huff, Ward Dwight, George Somers, Herbert Fleishhacker, Misses Katherine Burke, Sarah Hamlin and Mary Louis Phelan.

S. P. Will Observe Raisin Day

The Southern Pacific, through Passenger Traffic Agent Charles S. Fee, have made a reduction from the regular round trip rate to Fresno from San Francisco Sacramento, Los Angeles and intermediate points, selling April 29th and 30th, with return limit May 3rd, on account of the Raisin Day celebration.

Special Raisin Day menus will be served April 30th in all dining cars, hotels and restaurants operated by the company.

The Stage

Riccardo Stracciari Presented by Frank Healy

There was joy at the Columbia last Sunday, for a great artist sang and a sympathetic, discriminating audience let the singer know that he had reached the innermost recesses of their hearts. The result was an afternoon within the theatre as gladsome as the sunny brightness of the out-of-doors. The stage was bare, but the artist, Riccardo Stracciari, who stood upon it, created the mise-en-scene by his dramatic interpretations of beautiful compositions. Our peninsula orchards, hills and fields have never been more colorful than were his songs, made vital by his skill in attaining shading effect and in intensifying hues.

What Stracciari can do with his baritone voice of noble timbre only years of study and boundless experience could accomplish; but the complete equalization of the tones of his voice along the whole of its compass has been the means of preserving its radiant youth.

I have never seen such absolute poise evidenced by a great singer With Stracciari it comes not alone from the experience of association always with the imperial artists of the song realm, but also from a complete understanding of his own vocal powers and a mastery of his own temperament.

His program was a generous one, and varied. He electrified his audence with a glorious rendition of the "Pagliacci" prologue, arousing numbers of his enthusiastic countrymen to utter the electrical "Bis! Bis!" But the artist, with a royal gesture of acknowledgement, at the same time conveyed his decision not repeat it, as he had a long garland of matched pearls yet to offer. What magnificent restraint he showed in the quiet lyric numbers! But he was just as sure there as in those which required all his dynamic force. He sings a lovely legato and applies a deft touch where delicate nuance is called into play.

His interpretations reveal him as a being of keen perception and—a soul. I have never heard tenderness expressed more beautifully than when he sang "Un Doux Lien," for instance.

When he gave "Largo al Factotum," from "The Barber of Seville," the audience became ecstatic—especially the part of it that came from Italy. Here the marvelous dexterity of his execution, the flexibility of his voice, the dramatic trickery at his command, were fascinating in the extreme.

He has a lustrous reputation as the best Figaro the world has ever known, and it is easy to believe he deserves it.

His English songs were given with intelligent phrasing, the most distinct enunciation and a trace of accent that did not detract from the significance of their message.

We have so few musical events of importance in San Francisco that the appearance in our musical heavens of a star of the luminosity of Riccardo Stracciari diffuses a welcome radiance

over our little distant world. Impresario Healy has been heralding Stracciari's coming for two years, and we find the reality faithful to Mr. Healy's glowing description.

By the way, when the artist learned that his new Eastern agent had transferred his San Francisco engagement to Mr. Selby Oppenheim, he insisted upon singing his first concert here under the direction of Frank Healy, with whom he signed his original contract.

Helen M. Bonnet.

Curran

"Yes, but what's it about?" inquired an escort to the lady on his arm, as they emerged from the Curran Theatre at the opening of "The Passing Show" last Sunday evening. The lady's countenance did not wear that studied expression of imitation wisdom customary to most regular first nighters, for she turned up her eyes to his with an expression of no little surprise, and replied: "I'll say it's about the best show of the kind I ever saw in San Francisco!" Just like that.

And the lady was about right, for certainly no better show designed merely to delight sight, hearing and several other senses with music, comedy, glittering pictures and lavish expositions of the female form divine, has ever yet made that philanthropic venture of bringing a trainload of merrymakers, musicians, beauties and scenes across the continent with meager show of profit, or what is most likely, none at all, just because it was our turn to have something really worth while. And "The Passing Show," believe me, IS worth while, for there is not a dull spot in it from first to last; and what more could anyone ask, except the provincial theatregoer, who, for some reason or other, seems to cling with a strange sort of unbelief to the notion that nothing can be much good after it emigrates from the sacred precincts of the Great White Way. This person is much mistaken as far as "The Passing Show" is concerned. One of the daily reviewers made the usual perfunctory complaint that "here is another musical comedy without a plot." In rebuttal, the claim is made that it is a review, not a comedy; that there is almost as much difference between the two as is that between "Macbeth" and "The School for Scandal," and a plot would of just about as much use to it as would a battleship's anchor to an airplane.

The great Abraham Erlanger, Esq., once said: "Give me speed, glitter, good tunes, lots of abbreviated costumes, shapely women with voices, and plenty of noise and I've got a show that'll get over." This is precisely what the current show at the Curran is, all that it pretends to be; and if it fails to "get over" with the people of San Francisco who go to see it, then they are almost past satisfying.

The show is divided into two acts and sixteen scenes, all of which are elaborate in design, and two or three of them are most sumptuous in conception and execution. The cast of characters is so amplified as to confuse the reviewer who attempts to figure out the individual members of it, but it may be said that none of them is bad, most of them are very good indeed, and some of them exceptionally excellent. Helen Carrington, however, stands out prominently among the women in her several portraitures, and shines very brightly indeed as "Salome" in the burlesque of Oscar Wilde's nastily lurid play; but the writer of the lines ought to be indicted for fraud. The principal comedian is Willie Howard, and it is no elaborate flattery to say of him that Al Jolson, the original portrayer of the same part, is but little missed. He is exceptionally well "fed" in his numerous scenes by his brother Eugene, and the pair of them hold up the musical end of the show with no little distinction. Will H. Philbrick is a quaint comedian who plays several roles with a good deal of unction. John Burke is simply immense, and then some, in his soldier monologue; while a young man whom I believe to be Roy Cummings performed some side-splitting antics with a back drop. The dancing generally is more than good, and it is to be regretted that the difficulty of gleaning individuals from this capable throng of merrymakers forbids the mentioning of names. I did not hear anything that I could call real singing in its strictest sense, but the uproarious applause accorded every effort of this nature causes me to suspect that I must not know good singing when I hear it.

Go to "The Passing Show," San Franciscans. Because of the abnormal expenses attendant upon its transportation hither, it will cost you three bucks, plus war tax; but when one considers the present price of potatoes, it's a bargain sale. And the best feature of the whole show to me is that demands for tiring encores are received with utter disdain.

Clay M. Greene.

The Press Club's Celebration

The Press Club of San Francisco covered itself with glory on the beginning of the hour of April 18th, which, since 1906, is San Francisco's New Year's Day.

Members of the club staged a fine vaudeville show at the Orpheum, beginning with a minstrel first part, of which Gerald Luke Dillon was the interlocutor, and an eloquent one he was. As his efforts got over the footlights with such evident ease, word went round the theatre that it was quite to be expected, as he was once on the boards, both in Australia and in San Francisco; also that notwithstanding his desertion of Thespian fields for that of the newspapers, he has not forgotten his stage technique. As Jerry recently surprised us by becoming a married man when we all thought he would forever rejoice in the freedom of bachelorhood, how do we know that the Orpheum's peerless press agent, whom we see every Sunday afternoon apparently absorbing the vaudeville performance with a view to pruning or censoring, is not actually studying effects for an act of his own which he may at a moment's notice spring upon an unsuspecting public? Given a stage past, it is impossible to to predict a future.

He had a support of thirty-four, who rendered songs, told jokes, played pranks, and won applause and laughs.

There was a timely moving picture of the happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss style of street crossing which prevailed in San Francisco before the fire. There were several numbers by individual members of the club, revealing plenty of talent. It would be difficult to name the stars of the performance, but Theo. J. Phillips and Edwin J. Cowles stood out prominently in vocal numbers.

And after the appreciative audience had applauded the excellent program, the club members and their friends repaired to the cosy clubrooms and enjoyed a breakfast dansant. Such a delicious dejeuner! Grape fruit, ham and eggs, country sausage, hot biscuits, toast and delicious coffee! And the enticing jazzy music! Again the club members entertained with vaudeville acts, and the gay audience joined in singing the latest songs. It was nigh unto seven o'clock of the glad spring morning of April 18th, 1920, when the latest guest departed from the Press Club's hospitable doors, and the club cat cuddled up among its downy cushions for a belated morning nap.

Amalgamation of Clubs

At a recent special meeting of the Newspapermen's Club, a motion was approved by a majority vote to merge with the Press Club; the official absorption being scheduled to take place on May 1st. The vital requirement for eligibility to the Newspapermen's Club has been an actual working experience as a newspaper writer, while the Press Club's lists have, for many years, been open to representatives of other professions and of commercial interests. Curran D. Swint, manager of The Call, is the Newspapermen's president. Karl M. Anderson, managing editor of The Chronicle, is president of the Press Club.

Club History Repeats Itself

The decision of the Newspapermen's Club to merge with the Press Club marks the end of an illusion that persisted in San Francisco for more than forty years—the idea that a club could be kept going on wit and persiflage, with a sanded floor and a keg of beer

It will be remembered that the Bohemian Club was founded in just that way, after a meeting of a few newspapermen at the office of one of the papers. That club, however, soon had set foot on the path that led to a different traditon. It climbed to unexpected heights of achievement, but the sanded floor was left below. That is the way of clubs. Consider the earlier example of the famous Beefsteak Club. Early in the eighteenth century a painter, Lambert, who did the scenes at Covent Garden, would take his steak or chop cooked at a German oven in the theatre, rather than spare the time for a visit to a tavern. Actors and men of letters or of title, and other of note, formed the habit of sharing with him, and the club was started. The period of such informality, however, did not last long.

The founders of the Newspapermen's Club had cherished the belief of a sanded floor (at least, a metaphorical one) and the other apprtenances of simplicity, and so the start was made, six or seven years ago. A club, however, has a good many of the characteristics of a business enterprice, if it is successful at least, and the ideal of the Newspapermen's Club's founders was a difficult one to achieve.

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The Press Club Endorses Shortridge

On the cover of the Press Club's official program loomed large a portrait of Samuel M. Shortridge, candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator. Mr. Shortridge was once a newspaper man and a charter member of the San Francisco Press Club.

In his career as an attorney and in public life, he has come in contact with all the local editors and reporters. One strong factor in his fight is that he has the respect and admiration of the newspaper men, who are enthusiastic about the success of his campaign.

French-American Opera

Albert Wolff and Louis Thomas have just acquired the rights of a well-known French novel, written by M. Duplan under the pen-name of Jean Farmer, "César-Napoléon Gaillard à la Conquête de l'Amérique," which they will adapt to comic opera.

Louis Thomas, who is the husband of Mme. Raymonde Delaunois of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will write the libretto, and the music will be composed by Albert Wolff, Metropolitan Opera conductor and composer of the "Blue Bird" score.

Alcazar

The riotous foolery and quaint romance of immortal "Sis Hopkins" will be followed at the New Alcazar next Sunday afternoon by the very up-to-date humor and straight-from-the-shoulder emotional punch of "Help Wanted," by Jack Lait, whose New York and Chicago newspaper experience has given him keen understanding of life in the raw. He has O. Henry's way of sketching everyday human beings just as they are. His wit is incisive, if cynical, and he knows how to make his dramatic situations thrill and grip. The play begins with an invasion of stenographers of various types, who flock to answer the help-want ad of an unprincipled employer, who is best described in the author's own words: "Life with him is just one stenographer after another." Belle Bennett, Clay Clement, Clayds Emmons, Clifford Alexander, Zita Williams, Brady Kline, Emily Pinter, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Anna MacNaughton, Jeon Oliver, Stella Warfield and Florence Finnegan are in the cast.

"Peggy, Behave!" an uproarious honeymoon farce by the prolific Owen Davis, another recent Eastern laughing success, to be first acted on the local stage May 2nd, is not to be confounded with a recent vaudeville playlet of similar title. It is wholly different in theme and treatment; with a spoiled brat who creates comic chaos by her whims, caprices and jealousies.

Orpheum

Madame Petrova, who is scoring such a tremendous hit at the Orpheum this week, will begin the second and last week of her engagement next Sunday matinee. A great new show will also be presented.

"Ye Song Shop," an animated music emporium, where old and new favorites are offered in an elaborate way, is an idea of Pat Rooney's, and will be presented by Warren Jackson and Robert Adams and a bevy of pretty and clever girls. The music and lyrics are by Cliff Hess and Joseph Santly, and the piece is staged by Earl Lindsay. "Ye Song Shop" is something new in musical production, and possesses every ingredient necessary for popular favor.

Mary Marble, who is beloved by San Francisco audiences, and who on the death of her partner, Sam Chip, retired temporarily from the stage, will make her reappearance in a little play written for her by Maud Fulton, called "Her Home Town." It is a stage story which tells of a young woman who gave up her home life for a theatrical career.

Ford and Cunningham, George and Flo, generally known as the "Joy Duo," call their little offering "Even as You and I." It introduces a laugh, a tune, a step, pep, looks and ability, and furnishes rare entertainment.

The Valente Brothers, accordeonists, are thorough musicians who have mastered their instruments and play classical and popular music with facility, skill and expression. Frank Wilson, the cycling genius, is remarkable for his wonderful control of his wheel while riding forward, backward, and in every conceivable way without using his hands. Lucas and Inez are a 1920 Apollo and Venus. Lucas is a giant whose muscular development is marvelous. Miss Inez is a perfect thirty-four, trim and neat, and with a bewitching smile. The twain are exceptionally good aerialists, with unusual and handsome paraphernalia. Gene Green will warble new ditties, and complete one of the best bills ever offered in vaudeville.

At the Curran Theatre

Mr. J. J. Shubert designed the color and costume scheme of "The Passing Show," and the Curran audiences are gasping at the prodigal display of extravagant chromatics; and it is generally agreed that the last word in applying the science of color to dress has been reached.

"The Passing Show" is truly a beautiful spectacle—spirited, full of action, and is a laughing show, too; for these are many comedy scenes, with bright lines galore. As an exhibition of resplendent revelry, it is of monumental proportions. The Winter Garden has made a specialty of beautiful girls who can sing and dance, but the present collection is beyond anything seen even in a musical extravaganza. There are so many changes of costume that they fairly take the breath away. Some of the most wonderful of these are the Vampire Girls, the Squab Farm Girls, girls in costume typifying the different holidays of the year, the girls dressed as birds, the baby talking girls; and so it goes, one number following the other, rendered by those excellent singing artists, Willie and Eugene Howard, Roy Cummings, Will Philbrick, John Burke, Edward Basse, Edward Cutler, Victor Bozart, Jack Hall, Frank Hall, Helen Carrington, Leeta Corder, Emily Miles, Alexandra Dagmar, Dorsha, Peggy Brown, Billie Shaw, Dolores Suarez and Mary Booth, supported by 125 Winter Garden beauties. An extra pop mat will be given on Thursday, and the regular matinees, of course, on Wednesday and Saturday.

Galli-Curci

The time is drawing near when Amelita Galli-Curci, "the marvel singer of the age," will come to Northern California, and with the assistance of Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels "at the piano," will appear at Assembly Hall, Stanford, on Thursday night, April 29th, and at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 2nd. Mr. Healy, under whose direction these concerts will be given, reports that the advance sale is a splendid one. As a matter of record, we print the programs for the concerts:

STANFORD PROGRAM

1—"Caro mio ben" (old Italian).....Giodani
"The Lass with the Delicate Air".....Arne
2—"Come per se sereno" (from "Sonnambula") .....Bellini
3—"La Capinera" ("The Wren") (with flute) .....Benedict
4—"Sylvelin" .....Sinding
"Clavelitos" (in Spanish).....Valverde
"Crespuscule" .....Massenet
Bolero .....Delibes
5—Concerto in D.....Chaminade
Mr Berenguer
6—"Down in the Forest".....Ronald
"Little Birdies" .....Buzzi-Peccia
"When Chloris Sleeps".....Samuels
7—Mad scene from "Lucia" (with flute)..Donizetti

AUDITORIUM PROGRAM

1—"My Lovely Celia" (old English).....Monro
"Daffodils a-Blowing".....Edward German
2—"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" (with flute)..... .....Bishop
3—"Caro nome" (from "Rigoletto").....Verdi
4—"Ah, mon credea" (from "Sonnambula").... .....Bellini
"Clavelitos" (in Spanish).....Valverde
"Breathe Gently, My Song".....Liszt
"Sempre libera" (from "Traviata").....Verdi
5—Concerto .....Duvernoy
Mr. Berenguer
6—"The Little Damozel".....Novello
"Like the Rosebud".....La Forge
"The Little Bells of Sevilla".....Samuels
7—"Qui la voce" (from "Puritani") (with flute) .....Bellini

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Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
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MME. PETROVA
The Distinguished Star
In a Symphony of Beauty, Color and Song
In Conjunction with
A GREAT NEW SHOW
"YE SONG SHOP," with Warren Jackson and Robert Adams, Displaying Gorgeous Editions of "Maids and Melodies"; MARY MARBLE & CO., in a Little Play of the Stage, "My Home Town," by Maude Fulton; GEORGE—FORD & CUNNINGHAM—Flo, in "Even As You and I"; GENE GREENE, Character Delineator of Popular Ditties; VALENTE BROTHERS, Accordeonists; FRANK WILSON, the Cycling Genius; LUCAS & INEZ, presenting "An Art Classic."
Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
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COMING—LOUIS MANN in "FRIENDLY ENEMIES"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The threatened tie-up of the roads, through the strike of the switchmen, and the weakness in the exchange market, along with big money rates, were the factors that brought about a change in sentiment and a setback in the market. There was a decided improvement in the labor situation toward the close of the week, and it now looks as if a setlement is not very far off.

Reports from the West indicated that the men were returning to work, and this was regarded as an important item and was reflected in the better tone in railroad stocks, which were thought to have discounted the situation more or less effectually.

The serious jolt to industry, administered by the strike, with its ensuing coal and food shortages in various places, was beginning to be felt and, no doubt, would have had a decided effect on the market had the labor troubel spread or continued for any length of time.

Shipments of gold from Europe are now becoming more frequent, and they are expected to continue; but, on the other hand, shipments of gold from this country to Argentine have just about offset the shipments from Europe and, as long as exports to Argentine contine, it will still leave our credit in a strained condition.

Call money again got above ten per cent, and time money is scarce except at higher rates. Liberty Loan bonds made new low levels, and this, with the weakness in exchange, made for a bearish sentiment, with the professional element against the market.

About the only news that had a cheerful tone to it was the remarks made by Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation at their annual meeting. The Judge said, in part: "Our business is good. I don't know what the first quarter earnings will show, but they should be very good. The people of the United States never had so good an opportunity for business. Conditions are improving and have been improving for the last year or more. We can take and maintain the leading position industrially, commercially and financially of all the countries of the world."

A statement like this, coming from the head of the largest corporation in the United States, should go a long way to improve a condition that seems to be growing pessimistic, especially in the minds of Wall Street traders. With all the talk of near panic, it nevertheless remains a fact that business conditions are good in all lines and would be better if the production could be increased; at any rate, it is not the fault of the consumer.

There never was such a demand for all kinds of manufactured articles, from automobiles to pins. Factories of all kinds are far behind, and, in some case, are not accepting new business except for distant future delivery. With labor employed everywhere and the mills running to capacity, there will have to be a decided change to warrant the feeling of pessimism that now prevails in the market, and, while prices are governed more or less through sentiment, yet this sentiment is among a class of traders who can change very quickly.

In the meantime, we feel prices will probably recaet further, but believe advantage should be taken of any pronounced decline to buy the better class of stocks.

Cotton—With a flood of private advices from the cotton belt reporting further heavy rains and delayed planting, the cotton market continued strong and higher, with record prices being paid for the nearby futures. The net result of the rains has been to hold back planting everywhere, and the universal complaint is that fields that should be planted now have not even been plowed as yet.

Market sentiment is all one way, and the nearest thing to a bearish statement that can be heard is the advice to keep off the short side. Without any short interest, the market could easily become overbought and be technically in a weak position. However, nobody cares to risk the short side of a trade in view of the very small stocks of cotton available for delivery on contract in New York, and the wide discount at which the new crop positions are sellin compared with the nearby futures and the actual spot prices.

The strong demand, which has been held up from abroad, has convinced traders that the export movement will exceed six million bales and possibly seven million bales, and, with prospects of any kind of a short crop this year, the situation is replete with danger for the shorts

The bulk cotton that is coming on the market is mainly profit taking by the successful bull traders. This is assuring themselves of their profits and letting the buyer takes chances of a further rise.

There is some talk of cotton going to New York from the South to be delivered on May contract. The cotton cannot be shipped by boat, owing to the strike. The inland transportation method is slow and cumbersome, and the fact remains that the spot markets in the South afford a better opportunity of selling actual cotton without sending it to New York. Japan and China continue heavy buyers of cotton in the South, and already this year Japan has taken more cotton than she has ever taken in a full year.

We still feel very optimistic and believe the market will sell very much with, of course, the usual reactions. The trend, however, is higher and the new crop months are selling too low, compared with spot prices, which gives them a sound basis and only a limited amount of risk in buying at this level.

This young insurance agent was evidently very careful what he wrote, for when his best girl, residing in another town, complained that his letters were a cold, matter-of-fact sort, he answered: "You can't be sure nowadays whether you are writing a letter for the private consideration of the recipient, or for the entertainment of a court and jury."

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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The Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra, with its individual soloists of merit, continues to render the up-to-the-minute song hits of the day in an individuality of expression seldom found or duplicated by an aggregation of musicians.

The scintillating Ballet and Revue, which nightly charms the many patrons in a revelry of song and colorful entertainment, with the added attraction of lucky dances for the guests, in which large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes and Hilson's toggery orders are distributed as presents, together with the charming system of courteous service in vogue at this popular establishment, make it the rendezvous for the elite of San Francisco both afternon and evening

Nothing has been left undone by the management to make the Techau Tavern an attraction de luxe, both to the visiting stranger in our midst and to the regular ensemble which wends it way before and after the theatre, for dancing, entertainment and the palatable and savory delicacies which are a well known feature of the Techau Tavern.

Cecil Hotel Society Notes

Mrs. Alice Macdonald, who was the guest of Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, has returned to her home in San Rafael. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is making her home at the Cecil Hotel..

Prior to their departure for the East, Mrs. Ida Wilson Woodrow and Miss Ella Woodrow gave a dinner of ten covers. Red roses ornamented the table.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Killian of Cleveland are registered at the Cecil Hotel.

Mrs J. J. Gunther and Master J. J. Gunther, Jr., will remain for another month at the Cecil before returning to their home in New York.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTRIX AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Probate No. 28,723, Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the estate of ROSA BADARACCO, also sometimes known as ROSA PODESTA, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, as executrix of the last will and testament of ROSA BADARACCO, also sometimes known as ROSA PODESTA, Deceased, will sell, on behalf of the estate of said deceased, at private sale, on or after MONDAY, the 10th day of May, 1920, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States of America, as a whole, the following described real property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Filbert Street distant thereon ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Grant Avenue (formerly Dupont Street); running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Filbert Street forty (40) feet; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle westerly forty (40) feet; thence at a right angle northerly sixty (60) feet, to the southerly line of Filbert Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of fifty-vara lot No. 423.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & De Martini, room 550 Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 19th, 1920.

LENA CARATTO,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Rosa Badaracco, also sometimes known as Rosa Podesta, Deceased.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Executrix,
550 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-24-3

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29098, Dept. No. ——.

Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1919, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Mortgages and collateral loans	$147,460.00
Bonds and stocks	10,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks	11,940.67
Premiums in course of collection	6,874.00
Bills receivable	2,937.50
Other ledger assets	129,476.76
Total gross assets	$308,738.93
Deduct assets not admitted	15,056.69
Total admitted assets	$293,682.24

Liabilities

All other liabilities	$ 16,016.84
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus)	$ 16,016.84
Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	27,665.40
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	$293,682.24

H. W. DIMOND, President.
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.
4-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 105658

In the Matter of the Application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a Corporation, TO DISSOLVE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 13 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that before said hearing, any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH D. REDDING,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Building
San Francisco, California. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29111, Dept. No. 11

Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29124, Dept. No. 10

Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

PIERRE PHILIPPE DUCLERCQ, Plaintiff, vs. ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

ALBERT PICARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ZOE DUCLERCQ, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of February, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICARD,
Attorney at Law,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

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Unsafe for Democracy!

Truth to say, it requires no more than the idlest sort of cursory glance upon the conditions in Europe, and pretty much the rest of the world for that matter, to decide that what the ghastly world's war was said to be all about was merely a bombastic and high-sounding aphorism which the results have made a decidedly low pressure misnomer. Millions of the world's best manhood were sacrificed upon this altar of a false faith; billions of dollars of capital were squandered, and the human race delayed in its progress for perhaps generations, to make the world safe for Democracy. The result has been that the only unsafe regions on the map of Europe are the Democracies so secured, while the only countries that seem to be settling down to a condition of peace and contentment are monarchies. England has emerged from the awful debacle stronger in territory and foresight than when she entered it; Holland and Spain are safely entrenched behind their monarchical structures, laughing at the danger signals in every democratic center; Belgium, the hardest hit of all, is minding her own business and with peaceful patience effecting the titanic work of rehabilitation, while Italy is gradually emerging from a condition forced upon her by the safeties of democracy that saved nothing but the hysterical inscriptions on her banners which they have been unable to make good. Perhaps when some of the mandates have become operative there may be a change for the better, but there is every indication that the nations placed under mandate will have to fight away the democracies which even now are assailing their borders. As usual, England has managed to be given a mandate by which she gets none the worst of it, but in the securement of a protectorate over Turkey, involving the guarding of the Bosphorus, now is placed in undisputed control of the Mediterranean. France is not at all hampered in the slightest degree by having Syria practically added to her Morocco possessions, while the United States is asked to take care of Armenia. If she accepts, the mandate will involve the maintaining there of a standing army to prevent wholesale massacres of the Christian population by resident and predatory Turks. This would be an altogether unsafe proposition. England and France have selected for themselves countries where the chestnuts have already been drawn from the fire, while in our case they are not yet half baked. Safe for democracy? Truly enough it is to laugh!

* * *

Police! Police!

The call has been frequent and loud of late, with distressingly negligible response. Automobiles continue to be stolen without apprehension of the criminals; in most cases because when an alarm is given, if a policeman should happen to be in the neighborhood he is compelled to borrow someone's car to begin a stern chase which is so far astern that the malefactor is well in the safety zone before he can possibly be apprehended. There are still street holdups, some of them in densely populated districts in light of day, with no officer anywhere within call. On Sunday last no less than fifteen motorists were held up and robbed on the Twin Peaks driveway by a handful of youthful highwaymen, and one of the sufferers reported that he had proceeded more than a mile before encountering anyone to whom a report could be made. Investigation has secured the information that San Francisco is blessed with "in the neighborhood of" a thousand police officers. If this be true, where do they keep themselves; and if, as has been stated, there are many detectives about in plain clothes, why is it not fair to expect them to detect something now and then? Our police are polite, gracious and apparently capable and efficient, but it is often asked what they can be doing when so many opportunities are presented for a test of this efficiency. If there had been a mounted policeman, or a "bike cop," on the summit of Twin Peaks on Sunday last, those holdups would not have occurred; if there had been one near the corner of Third and Market Streets two or three weeks ago, a daring robber could not have heaved a brick through a jeweler's window and gotten away with a substantial plunder. There are plenty of them about the City Hall, police headquarters and in Golden Gate Park, where they are seldom needed, while in the outlying districts constant unprotected solitude is a temptation to the motorist or pedestrian who thoughtlessly goes about unarmed. New York and San Francisco are about equal in the ratio of police to population. New York is approximately twelve times as large as San Francisco, and has only twelve times as many police, with a reserve force of five thousand to call upon in case of emergency. But the policeman of the big city is a far more familiar object on the streets and in the parks than has ever been the case in the smaller one. Something is the matter, what is it? No one expects a police officer to be omnipresent, but everybody expects him to be within at least steam siren distance of districts where crime stalks about as freely as everyday sightseers and school children.

* * *

Another Judicial Farce

The almost ludicrous sentence of former Premier Caillaux of France, following what we must assume to have been a careful and exhaustive trial, recalls the equally indescribable miscarriage of justice in the case of Captain Dreyfus. It will be remembered that on information furnished by enemies, as was developed on a former trial, Dreyfus, who unfortunately for him happened to have been born a Jew in a country which looked with disfavor upon that race, was subjected to the humiliation of having his buttons torn from his uniform after the usual Gallic dramatic fashion. Thereupon he was tried, convicted, and then sent into exile upon a tropical island for life for a crime he never committed. This was deevloped in a second trial, when the witnesses of the first one were proved to have been perjurers, and he was exonerated, but received no compensation for the wretched blunder, and languished under a cloud of disgrace until the time of his death. In the case of ex-Premier Caillaux there was no doubt whatever as to his guilt; after the admirable provision of the Napoleonic law that the prisoner must prove himself innocent, he failed to clear himself of the charge of assisting the enemy in time of war, was adjudged guilty and sentenced to a three years' term of imprisonment and five years' exile. This result of a sensational case which stirred the whole world, was as much of an hysterical mistrial as that of the unfortunate Dreyfus, and to add to the ludicrousness of the travesty, it has been decided that since he has been long confined the new prison sentence should be revoked and himself released so that he may adjust his personal affairs before being sent into what will most likely prove to be a comfortable if not sumptuous exile. What is stranger still, no intelligence has come to hand to the effect that the French are indignantly resenting this egregious blunder. Caillaux was either innocent or guilty. If innocent, he should have been set free with the

most abject and effusive French apologies; if guilty, he should have been executed as other similar traitors have been, and why he was not will always remain a mystery among the many other judicial blunders.

* * *

Confusing Political Dope

It is a good name for it. Obviously there are unmistakable symptoms that our political editors of those papers who have favorite candidates have been "taking something" to make them see what is not and drive them into arithmetical results that do not exist. As far as California is concerned, no man, woman or child who depends upon local papers for news has the slightest idea that there is anyone at all in the presidential primary contest except Hiram Johnson or Herbert Hoover who has the ghost of a chance of nomination, when there are several candidates, according to Eastern journals, whose chances are equal to theirs, and one of them many believe already has the nomination clinched. It is an undeniable fact that Johnson has made several strides forward, to judge by the latest returns from the states in which primaries have been held. But further east the danger signals that have been hoisted against him do not indicate any great danger in respect to the candidacy of Leonard Wood, who still is head candidate in the figuring of independent calculators. *The Literary Digest* has been keeping a complete record of the many shifting phases of the canvas for the presidential nominations, and may be depended upon to be as accurate as the circumstances within its vision will permit. The last issue of this periodical, while acknowledging the gradual rise in Johnson stock, still seems to regard Wood as being altogether the strongest probability, and while he has not gained in a corresponding ratio with Johnson, his position as the leading candidate has not been materialy endangered. With regard to Hoover, if *The Bulletin* is to be believed, there is no other candidate in the running, while according to the morning papers, Johnson is sure to have a walk-over. In the opinion of this writer, there will be no walk-over for anyone, even his favorite, General Wood, who, unless he is nominated within three or four ballots, which is quite probable, his votes are not likely to go to Johnson but some other candidate among those who are now well down on the list. It must be remembered, too, that a large majority of delegates elected up to the present time will go to the convention uninstructed, and the direction their votes will take is altogether problematical. On the Democratic side, all is still chaos, but it is noted that the name of Wilson has been "written in" somewhat lavishly, and that Bryan will control the Nebraska delegation. This places the president in the running, of course, but the unwary are warned to beware of William Jennings, who always has something dangerous up his sleeve.

* * *

Talk Quenches no Fire

This week's dispatches conveyed the more or less comical information that a numerous committee from the Mexican house and senate —if the Congress is so divided down there— has proceeded to Sonora for the purpose of meeting the revolutionary chiefs and attempting to quench the existing seething holocaust of rage and resentment by the cheapest agent in such matters, which, of course, is talk. Conditions in northern Mexico long ago reached a stage where there was no potency in conversation with the interests of Carranza behind it, nor any virtue in assurances and promises that have many times been broken. It is the last dying gasp of a presidential administration that from the first has been absolute dictatorship, and it is difficult to conceive how the revolutionary Sonorans, having successfully registered their protest by a tremendously successful revolt, are going to surrender their power to the very force that inspired the movement, when that force has been tried and retried and as many times found lamentably wanting and hopless of even a semblance of wise alteration for the better. The appointment of a provisional president has already been decided upon, and the selection should be made before this paper goes to press. Two or three possible candidates for the important duty of forming the first revolutionary cabinet have been mentioned, but there seems to be but small doubt that the first presidential honors in their strict sense will fall on General Obregon. He is in every way equipped for the office, and those who know him best feel very confident that he will make the best president that Mexico has ever had, not excepting Diaz, who, after all, was something of a dictator himself. Of course there are interests in this country—selfishly business ones—who would vastly prefer to see a republic of Sonora which sooner or later would seek annexation to the United States, as in the case of the Republic of Texas, for instance. But it is too late in the day for this country to adopt any reactionary policy for the acquirement of new territory, and it would far rather recognize a new government for a united Mexico which would provide itself with a stable government, peacefully inclined toward the stronger sister republic across the Rio Grande. But it is to be hoped that, whatever may happen, the Sonorans will not permit themselves to be talked into submission by a committee from the City of Mexico with Carranza at the other end of all the diplomatic wires.

IN MEMORIAM

Henry A. Melvin, Died April 23, 1920

By Clay M. Greene

When Melvin died 'twould seem the world stood still,
As if to let time halt upon its way,
Eager to learn whence came the icy chill
Causing strong friendship's lyre to cease to play,
With faith all gone astray.

When Melvin died there wandered on a soul
That never knew hate or malevolence,
Nor turned from men whom it could not extol,
Because to wound seemed but the evidence
Of shallow impotence.

When Melvin died all nature must have wept
For that one of her own was passing on,
Whilst those who ne'er in heart of manhood crept,
Filched an existence with but evil done
And nothing worthy won.

When Melvin died a lover's sweetness fled;
A father's solacing advice and cheer
Left youth aghast, almost with courage dead,
And skulking sycophants to shun and fear
With no strong mentor near.

When Melvin died, a captain of the just
Faced, all erect, the Court of Last Appeal,
To be adjudged unflinching in his trust,
Whose record could no scandal's sting reveal,
Nor lack of loyal zeal.

When Melvin died, sweet memories began,
And with him Mnemosyne went a bride;
He honored lived thro' his allotted span,
And women wept whilst stalwart manhood cried;
"Alas, that Melvin died!"

New York Styles and Gaities

By Josephine Huff

The Eton jacket has reached a certain degree of popularity. From Lelong et Fried comes one made of dark blue serge, with a skirt in accordeon pleating, embroidered here and there with motifs in cashmere colors. It has a wide black taffeta belt sash, ending in a huge butterfly bow that perks out from beneath the tiny jacket at the back. Another little bolero dress of navy serge has pleats of striped taffeta let in at the sides of the skirt, and the tiny jacket only partly covers a pleated white organdie blouse, which flows out unrestrained at collar and cuffs. These jackets have short sleeves and abbreviated neck lines, so that the crisp white frills and tiny ruffled edgings show in great quantities.

An entirely new fashion is the short separate coat. It is of serge, of silk-duvetyn, of polo cloth, of woolen duvetyn. The lines of these coats slope out from the shoulders to a point below the hips—sometimes almost to the knees—and their tendency is to flare as they go. It seems to be entirely a matter of taste whether the coats shall be belted or allowed to swing loose. Some figures demand the belted model. A light blue coat will have a black patent leather belt of narrow proportions, or a tan coat will show a belt of darkish brown leather. This is the only note of contrast. The revers are big and ample, and the sleeves and cuffs follow the same generous outlines. The skirts worn with these are pleated, and all sorts of pleats are allowable. The accordeon pleatings for skirts are beautiful with heavy, flaring coats. They give a straight and unqualified line that is charming. These skirts are made of serge, or of silk, or of satin. Then there are the kilted skirts of rather heavily patterned plaids and striped materials in all colors—dark blue and white, or black and white, or in tan and blue. Pleats are laid in so as to make a new design. When they are made straight and plain of only two widths, they take color, and a contrast of color for their keynote. They can be pastel in shade when worn with black or dark blue coats; especially when the little turban hats worn them are carried out in the same color. On Fifth Avenue, the other day, a bright strawberry pink skirt was seen with a black duvetyn coat, and with this was worn a little tam tudban draped from the same material as the skirt. Another combination was a light green duvetyn coat with a black accordian pleated skirt and a black satin draped hat.

If there is one type of frock that is favored more than any other, it is the one-piece frock, whether designed for street or indoor wear. It is the simple little graceful frock which women love. Its lines are studied to a nicety and in every way it measures up as the most precious garment turned out by the artist contouriers. It is the frock "tres Parisienne," and the one which shows the greatest number of changes. The tiny pleatings, set in gores, are extremely popular this season for these little informal dresses. They give the distended line at the hips, which is a stern necessity in the new frock. Taffeta is the material of the hour in frocks, for every minute of the day. The beauty of it is the general adaptability to the bouffancy of the mode. Without any superstructure, it folds itself and puffs itself into the desired lines and contours, so that it becomes irresistible to the designer. He uses it for the fanciness of afternoon, these frocks playing the bouffant style to its limit. And for evening attire, not only are dresses fashioned from taffeta, but the wraps also—wraps more wrapping than of any previous season's even at their most enfolding moments.

The long blouses that began creeping into fashion in the late fall have suddenly taken New York by storm. Never were there such blouses! They are a delight to behold, of all materials. No matter how beautiful the fabric is, they are seldom plain. The embroideries or decorations may be of Egyptian, Chinese, Roumanian or Spanish inspiration, but whatever its source, it is a most important feature. There is never too much of the colored trimming. It is applied with restraint; and for that very reason it decorates. Patterns are boldly simple and primitive, and Egypt is the presiding deity of design at present. There is worn with these blouses an entirely new design of skirt. It is not put on a belting at the waist, since there is no longer a waist line, but is attached to a loose straight slip of silk that runs to the shoulders. The slip serves as an underbodice for the sheer blouse, and if a change of color is desired it may be attached to the skirt material by buttons or clamps. One can quickly see its advantages. The blouse generally guides one in selecting the skirt to blend with it. Much attention has been given to the skirt this season, and the result is a tangle of designs that bewilders the buyer. No limitation seems to be set as to its type. It may be fanciful and keep within the best law of fashion; it may be severe and continue in good taste.

Dancers continue to wear hoop skirts—of course no older women attempt them. The bunching up of material over the hips continues fashionable, and is accepted in tulle, silknet, thin satins and lace, especially when garlands of flowers, Roman wreaths of leaves, or Bacchanalian clusters of grapes are placed to hold up the hip fullness. If there is a train, it is of the long, shimmering flat variety that can be gathered into the belt while dancing. Trains of lace, or of a wisp of tulle, are being used by the great French houses; they evidently taking as their cue the royal edict of the Queen of England, when she recently released women from the ponderous square court trains. These English rulers, whom Irwin Cobb has called "George the Fifth and Mary the Four-Fifths," are essentially democratic and merely follow the instinct of the times in abolishing the clumsy court dress. Lace, embroidery, spangled and metal brocades keep up the extravagant pace of gowns for evening wear. One made by "Agnes" showed an evening gown of copper color and gold brocade gauze, made with moderate puffs over the hips. It had a corsage that was long, and tied down over the waist line fullness of the skirt. It had extremely short sleeves made of gold thread lace, and at the waist line was fastened a cluster of golden grapes.

Formerly the distinguishing mark of a summer hat was straw; now there is little straw used in the newest hats. The modistes use satin, silk, lace, oil cloth and brocade. It is the unusual summer hat which is made entirely of straw. Flowers are a favorite material for the making of whole turbans—nasturtiums being in great favor. A French report says that there will be few black hats worn this season, but "more hats of color will be worn." Many of the new French turbans are embroidered all over their surfaces—the work being done in wool or silk or raffia. They are draped in many ways, and the shapes are still worn well over the eyes, so that no hint is given of the fact that the wearer owns a forehead. Unless the hat is a broad-brimmed affair, and there are always some of these, it is worn turned back from the face after it has hit the topmost arch of the eyebrow. Veils are an interesting part of this little hat, because it allows such a great opportunity for the display of a really beautiful face covering.

Also from Paris come some beautiful hats by Marie Guy, who employs more Chantilly lace in the building of her hats than others, and the results she achieves stand in a class of beauty by themselves. She also uses flowers and fruits with foliage done in the same shade, and her favorite colors for the season are dark shades of brown and marine blue, with here and there a note of sparkling red Etruscan.

The Avenue presents an entirely different appearance from what it did just a year ago, when every woman wore black or navy blue and men went shabby, still feeling the war influence. Old suits were the style and rarely a high hat was seen. But now! Wonderfully groomed men are again in evidence. Smart frock coats, high hats—even the boutonniere—to say nothing of the new-fashioned overcoat. One I saw yesterday was a henna-colored raglan, very wide as to skirts, with loose kimona sleeves almost to the waist line. The men are stealing our fashions! It was startling, to be sure, but stunning. The women are wearing many capes, both of fur and of cloth. There is a decided attraction about these capes which give to slim young girls a nymph-like pose. Skirts are conservatively short, yet every once in a while a young thing flashes past in a startlingly short one—revealing two or three inches of silken hose, or maybe four inches. But it is rare enough to cause people to turn—or want to, anyway.

* * *

The Flower Show

One of the most prominent events of the season's recent social calendar was the Flower Show. It was given under the auspices of the Allied Loyalty League and the Navy Club. Each day of the week was a day of one of the allies, the United States leading on Monday. The colors of the country each day represented appeared, not alone in the decorations, but in the costumes of the girls who served in the tea garden. It was opened on Monday afternoon, at two o'clock, by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who pressed a button at the White House, which opened the doors to the large crowd waiting at the door, who, leaving cold winter winds, found summer within.

Great crowds blocked the entrance to the Palace at five o'clock, when the chief social event of the afternoon took place—the arrival of General Pershing, and aide and distinguished guests, who was the guest of the Navy Club at the tea garden. They were received by Mmes. Price Post, Charles A. Childs, Adrian Islin, and others, and escorted to the garden, where tea was served. Mrs. Price Post was in charge. Various hostesses served each day, and the corps of pretty waitresses, culled from the ranks of the debutantes, worked heroically all through the week. In and out through the maze of little tables the girls tripped nimbly, with their trays laden with tea and cakes, sandwiches and ices. Folks were astonished at their skill. They looked to the comfort of each guest, and no professional waitresses could have been more attentive than these girls, whose roles hitherto had been to be served, not to serve.

Tuesday was British Empire Day in the tea room and Rose Day at the Show. There were roses, roses, everywhere. Distinguished visitors

were Lord William Walker, Mapor Arthur Bles and the Hon. Mark Sheldon, high commissioner of Australia. Wednesday was Carnation Day and French Day in the tea room. Besides the great mass of carnations, many remakable orchids were shown, and even the extraordinary rose display of the day previous was rivalled by the riot of color. One of the orchids, the gift of the grower to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was named by her "Marvelhona," which, in the speech of the Cheyenne Indians, means "the princess." Its unusual beauty is enhanced by a streak of brilliant pink across one of the white petals. This orchid took eight years to flower from the seed. Another orchid, which was named the "General Pershing" and also presented to him, was said by expert horticulturists to be the darkest specimen ever grown. Governor Alfred E. Smith proved himself a friend of France, as well as Ireland, by going directly from the St. Patrick's Day parade reviewing stand to the Grand Central Palace, where France was being honored. He was met by Theodore Havemeyer and Fred Payne. The garden was especially decorated with green carnations in honor of the day. Yvette Guilbert entertained; also Leon Rothier of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Thursday, Italian Day, a chorus of seventy-five singers from the Metropolitan Opera Company was the chief attraction. Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander had charge of the Russian Day festivities on Friday. She was assisted by the Princess Michael C. Speransky, a granddaughter of General U. S. Grant, who gave a very interesting speech on Russia. There were Russian dancers, the Issian Isba sang their national songs, and the Balalaska Band played. Mme. Maria Barrientios of the Metropolitan was the guest of Mrs. LeRoy Newbold Edgar. Tea was served by girls in Russian dress. In the evening came the "floral ball," one of the prettiest affairs held in many moons. The surroundings made an ideal setting for the dancers, who were costumed as flowers. The place looked like an animated flower garden—the flowers dancing among flowers. The scene was one of rare beauty, and whether the fragrant blooms in the exhibits, or the human "buds" and "blossoms" were most beautiful was hard to decide.

Prizes were awarded for the most original and attractive fancy dresses and dances. Miss Elsie Ferguson, Mrs. John W. Alexander and James S. Metcalfe were judges of costume. Miss Blanche Bates, Willie Collier, Jack Hazzard and Miss Ada Lewis were judges of dancing.

Saturday was Belgian and Serbian Day. The hostesses were Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin and Mrs. Pierre Mali, the wife of the Belgian consul-general.

Sunday, the closing day, was All-Allied Nations' Day. The waitresses wore Roumanian costumes. Among the distinguished foreign guests were the Polish ambassador and his wife, the Prince and Princess Ludowski, the consul-general of Roumania, Mr. Tileston Wells, Prince and Princess Casimir Lubomirski and attaches, and Consul-General Kurnikowski. More than 75,000 people visited the Palace during the week, and marvelled at its beauty.

James M. Beck is president of the Allied Loyalty League, and Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn is chairman of the Woman's Campaign Committee of the Navy Club, which is raising a fund of $700,000 to endow the new clubhouse for enlisted men of the navy and marine corps, recently opened at 13 West Forty-first Street

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Palm Beach

With the coming of spring, the wanderers are flocking back from Palm Beach, where this winter the whirl of gaiety was unprecedendted, such a whirl as it has never known before. Every night events so crowded on each other that many attended three and four parties in a single night. Many affairs broke up with breakfast parties at dawn. The most exclusive event of the whole season was the Tableaux Vivants at "Al Poniente," the home of Mr. Joseph Riter, in which many of the exclusive colony took part. There are so many titled people sojourning at Palm Beach that to name them sounds like a foreign resort, the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest, Sir Matthew and Lady Thompson, Lady Nowborough, Lord and Lady Queensborough, Prince Alliati di Montereale, the Countess del Garcia, and Count Robert Du Clermont, who arrived in his airplane from Seabreeze. The trip of 204 miles were made in two hours and four minutes. A famous affair was the Fancy Dress Ball of the "Cocoanuts," given at the Palm Beach Country Club, the hosts being James A. Blair, Jr., Addison Mizner, James R. Hyde, Rodman Wanamaker 2nd, and Caleb Bragg. About 125 guests met for dancing and supper at 10:30, and the affair ended about six o'clock in the morning. "The Jungle," in which they danced, was a wonderful tropical setting, and the sensation of the evening was the appearance of Mrs. Gurnee Nunn wearing the famous white peacock costume of Delores, of the "Midnight Frolic," and of Miss Mary Brown Warburton robed as the green peacock. But these costumes were loaned for the occasion by Florenz Zeigfeld. All the smart colony came to this dance.

Mrs. Gurnee Munn, a granddaughter of John Wanamaker, was one of the great favorites of the season; as was also Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, who lumed largely upon the horizon, dividing honors with the exquisite and charming Mrs. Jerome N. Bonaparte. Mrs. Stotesbury is the large luminous light of social Philadelphia, and has as her guest at "El Mirosol" Mrs. Alexander Biddle of Philadelphia.

* * *

Grateful Moisture

It is indeed hard to keep pace with the many festivities at Palm Beach these days, and the principal excitement lies in the arrival by underground channels of quantities of liquids for these convivial parties—the wet area extending far beyond the shore line, into the hotels; which are filled everwhere, especially in the cellars. In fact, with the exception of the ladies' bathing suits, the dry law seems not to be very strictly enforced. Anyway, there is much of the free-handed hospitality of pre-prohibition days, and but little chance of finding tacked upon the cellar door the line, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

* * *

Ziegfeld's Frolic and Revue

The new "Midnight Frolic" which opened Monday, March 15th, has taken New York by storm. It was given before a most swagger audience, that jammed the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre, and who were a whole fashion show in themselves. Florenz Ziegfeld has never given his patrons a more artistic, more beautiful, or more varied entertainment than his new midnight frolic, and his "Nine O'clock Revue." The two offerings are distinct, each entirely different from the other, and both of them absolute novelties, given in a Parisian atmosphere under conditions unlike any other amusement in the world. You may dance, dine, smoke, and at the same time witness two of the best of musical shows, produced on the elaborate lines of "The Follies." There is a wealth of novelty in every direction, and many efficient newcomers. Again Ben Ali Haggin scored with new living pictures. Especially beautiful is "The Witching Hour," showing the face of a sun dial, the hands indicating twelve young girls, who are bewildering in their sheer beauty.

The statuesque Delores appears dazzingly in "the Lotus," also a Haggin work of art. Brandon Tynon gives a truly lifelike imitation of David Belasco teaching Lillian Lorraine how to act—a consummation devoutly to be hoped for, even in fun. The stunning ensemble numbers—those introducing the young beauties as birds, as jewels, and as what not—with their endless changes of extravagant costumes, are still an important feature of the Frolic. In every way it is a fitting climax to the dazzling "Nine O'clock Revue." This combination of attractions, mounted on a scale unrivalled elsewhere for lavishness and magnitude, readily explains its enormous popularity.

Much merriment has gone about the city in regard to the greatly heralded Mlle. Spinelli, just over from Paris, who was to appear in the "Nine O'clock Revue," but couldn't because her gowns had not arrived but were still held aboard the "Adriatic." Many people went to see her in these wonderful gowns. Perfectly impartial observers, on Monday night, went so far as to say that the gowns might easily have been sent over by wireless. Her costumes are, from the evidence, still missing. Perhaps the captain of the ship kept them after all. But, anyway, Mlle. Spinelli is here, and dances and sings captivatingly, and possesses, from tip to toe, the Gallic quality which amuses and beguiles. In the parlence of Broadway, "She has the wallop," even if her gowns are noticeable for amazing brevity.

The Poet's Mission

The Poets' mission is to rear a flame
Upon some lofty pinnacle of song
Where it may burn, a beacon clear and strong,
To light the tortuous path by which he came,
So that the feet of others on the moor
And mountain, needing just a little light,
Might shun the ways of death, until the night
Is passed and dawn shall make their footing sure.

The Spectator

The Passing of Justice Melvin

The passing of Justice Henry A. Melvin, associate justice of the Supreme Court, has cast a deep shadow over the bay region. No judge on the bench was held in higher esteem by his fellow citizens, no man was better loved by his friends.

His was the judicial mind, which was highly trained along the lines of decision as applied to law interpretation. An opinion written by him went far to satisfy, even when his decisions were adverse, such was the confidence in his judicial analysis.

Henry A. Melvin was loved because he was kind to everybody, because upon every step of his path in life he turned to right and to left to scatter deeds of helpfulness. He was nobly unselfish.

In his long public career he upheld the highest, truest principles of Americanism. He was a patriot if there ever was one, and he modeled his standards after those of his ideal, Abraham Lincoln.

When Bradford Melvin, the jurist's only child, enlisted in the navy when war was declared, a prouder man did not live in California than his father, Justice Melvin. When many others were bemoaning the loss of their sons by service absorption, Justice Melvin was rejoicing that his boy was ready to go to the front. He longed to get into the fray himself, but he did his bit splendidly at home, and kept burning brightly the lamp of patriotism at which others lighted their torches.

In the affliction of the fatal sickness which fastened itself upon him, he remained brave at heart. With supreme strength he embarked upon the eternal voyage. The friends who linger on the shore he forsook wave him a loving farewell. His memory will live in California as one who worked joyously in its fertile fields and planted therein seeds of integrity and progress.

Labor Unions' Audacious Designs Upon School and Fire Departments

The hostile attitude of the San Francisco labor leaders toward the Board of Education and the Fire Commissioners because of the passing of resolutions making it a cause for dismissal of any teacher or fireman to join a union having the right to call a strike is proof positive of the menace of labor federations to the principles of a republican form of government. True democracy recognizes no autocratic power or element, either of rulers or of the populace; but if labor organizations were permitted to have their way, their tyranny would strike at the very roots of our government, making liberty and equality only by-words, and the pursuit of happiness a chimera. Not content with interfering with manufacture and commerce to a hampering degree, the heads of the labor unions would proceed to cripple our public educational system by obtaining a sovereignty over the teachers of our children. A brilliant idea, to begin with the cradle of the nation in order to train the infant to grow warped in their direction!

The labor tyrants go further in order to extend their dominating influence. They would tie the hands of brave firemen and police if the government refused to do their bidding. In their shortsightedness, they fail to perceive that they are, by their demands, demonstrating to the government that, unchecked, they would become an octopus which would eventually reach out and devour the very foundation of our country, to which many of these very labor leaders came for freedom, from countries which oppressed them or arrested their development as men.

There is no place for caste in the United States. Yet but a few years ago, labor unions introduced measures regarding apprenticeships which would have created class distinction, actually fettering a boy to the trade of his father.

But the laboring man, the mechanic, has too much sense to follow the blind lead of such charlatans for any length of time. We need fairly governed labor unions; for, unfortunately, there are, always have been, and always will be, some self-seeking capitalists who hesitate not to gouge the uttermost farthing out of the other fellow's endeavor. Is that any reason why the leaders of labor organizations should advocate that turn about is fair play? Two wrongs never yet made a right.

By stupidly and brazenly attempting to intimidate government employees who are bound to protect the rights and the property of the American people, the labor unions have called attention to the very palpable fact that they need regulation. There is no better time for it than the present.

The chief of police in Boston, by his masterful handling of the attempted defection of the Boston police, set an example of patriotism for all timid heads of civic departments to follow. The trouble with most of our executives is that they are opportunists who care far less for the perpetuation of the ideals of the signers of the Declaration of Independence than they do for votes and prestige which will keep them supplied with generous salaries.

In our school department, a small per cent of the 2000 enrolled teachers are reported as union members. These are led by agitators and cats' paws of office-seeking politicians. Very few of that number approve of a teachers' union but are afraid to come out openly against them on account of the political ramifications which insinuate themselves even in the school department. Of the unpledged contingent, the majority maintain golden silence, so as not to invite malicious attacks of the union advocates.

The teacher's first duty is to teach pupils patriotism, and, thank God, most of them do it with their souls' strength. What efficacy would their precepts have in the face of their example in joining a union which could audaciously call them from their classrooms upon the union leaders' demand?

The local labor secretary declares that the S. F. Labor Council could not call a strike of firemen or school teachers, and that, therefore, the Council will oppose the enforcement of the recorded resolutions forbidding school teachers and firemen from unionizing.

But all the really patriotic city officials are fully aware that if such unions were permitted they are furnishing the S. F. Labor Council with a high explosive which may at a moment's notice wreck our city.

Gompersizing the School Teacher

All this agitation arouses memories of the modest demands of the damsels who presided over the desks of our childhood. The teacher of twenty years ago made no pretense at being an example of social life on a brilliant scale. In those day it was considered indecorous to be up to date. A serious-minded maiden was supposedly a little old-fashioned. She maintained her reputation by dressing to a certain degree unbecomingly. She didn't laugh much, either—this was for the sake of discipline. Today there is no valid objection to a school marm looking as stylish as a stenographer. A smart costume has no deleterious effect upon the geography lesson.

But if the girls should strike for higher salaries to pay for their fine feathers, there is no telling what might happen to the minds of the tender students. Suppose the schools should be idle for six months after a pedagogic walk-out? Considering how little the average grammar school graduate knows, a half-year eliminated from his studies would render him unfit for business life. He would be incapable of carrying on a conversation with a car conductor, or a politician, or a policeman who had been educated in the good old way.

No sensible person objects to the school teacher receiving a generous salary for the work which, to be efficiently performed, requires years of preparation and constant effort to keep upon a high level. But think of the good old schoolhouse awaiting the edict of a labor council!

There must be some method of ascertaining a school teacher's proper wage without a resort to the principles of striking longshoremen. Teachers have their own associations now. They have no need for putting themselves under the tutelage of Sam Gompers.

State Rights

New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island are experimenting with legislation differing somewhat from the Congressional point of view. These states claim that limiting the intoxication mark to half of a per cent is sheer nonesense. Their legislatures declare that 2.75 stuff can be absorbed with impunity by the average man. So there is a dispute in sight between Washington, D. C., and Little Rhody, backed up by the nearby commonwealths. State sovereignty is more of a Southern idea. The War of the Rebellion resulted from a controversy of this nature. If Little Rhody should prolong the debate with Washington solons, most of the audience will

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cheer the New England state. No one would like to see a drop of blood spilled in the course of argument. What we should like to see spilled is a lot of Congressional reputations. Those New York orators, too, have considerable enthusiasm when they see right on their side, and we predict that the country will be treated to some quotable remarks, fiery wit, etc, when once the debaters get to saying things at each other. The fact that the representatives of the people are not making vivid retorts at Washington indicates that they will not have much of importance to say when their wisdom, patriotism and motives are challenged.

In the Matter of Polygamy

Americans are usually shocked at the frank way in which Euorpeans discuss the pros and cons of polygamy. When not shocked, it is because we are somewhat incredulous that respectable members of society could advocate plurality of wives as an economic and moral advantage. To say the least, polygamy is un-American. It arouses our club women to symposiums of righteous wrath. But in Europe, where, since the war, are scattered surplusages of maids without clubs or husbands, the subject is not scorned. We even read the same Parisian idea applied to wives that we are applying to wine cellars, to wit: that a large supply is only for the rich, who can afford it. Some of the feminine philosophers of France are saying that wealthy men have always enjoed the luxury of more than one love; so why not legalize the situation, giving the poor an equal opportunity? The millionaire furnishes another home, which he visits clandestinely. The honest workingman cannot do this. His hours of leisure and his income are kept in strict account. The moment he attempts to polyg he is nabbed. In the meantime, a number of willing young damsels are without the comforts of home. This is a great loss to the state; also to posterity. In our country, though, the general motto is, "Take care of the family, and posterity will care for itself." The state, too, will get along somehow. Then comes the retort from distant lands: "Why limit the family to one wife?" The "why" is readily answered by the natural instincts of the first wife. She will never be reconciled to the view that the number of loving helpmates is to be regulated by supply and demand.

The Reason of Locked Postoffice Doors?

The Spectator's friend from the East who occasionally asks questions that the Spectator cannot answer inquired, "Why do they lock up your postoffice at night? It doesn't seem to me that anybody would want to run away with the building. I venture to say they could give all the night watchmen a vacation and it would still be at Seventh and Mission Streets next morning. But they do lock it, as I found to my grief. I had a letter that had to catch the first mail out. So to make sure there'd be no delay I went down to the main postoffice, it being late in the evening. I've always found even in small towns that while the working part of the postoffice might be closed, you could walk through the front door at any rate and put your letter in the slot.

"I got to Seventh and Mission at a little after eleven. And all the big doors—I will concede for argument's sake that they were quite handsome—were locked so hard and fast it would have taken a burglar with a gallon of nitroglycerine to get in.

"After I'd wandered around ten minutes, I came across a kindly night watchman who offered to drop my letter in the slot on his rounds.

"But do you know that in your own town you can't mail a letter at the hub of your postal system after eleven p. m.? And if you do know it, I wish you'd tell me why. I've done better than that in Oshkosh."

Chance for a Real Prince Mataya ("Wang")

H. R. H. Prince Mahidol of Songla—Somdet Chao Fa Mahidol—is on the last lap of the 16,000 mile journey that brought him through San Francisco a few weeks ago; and, which is no less interesting, probably before very long he'll be back here. He left Harvard, where he was studying medicine, on a flying trip to Bankok, to witness the cremation ceremonies of the Queen Mother, and just now he is due to be met at Singapore by his brother, Prince Kampengpetch, director-general of the Siamese railways, to be taken in his private car to Bankok over the new trunk line. Prince Mahidol wants to be back at Harvard in time for the graduation exercises. It looks like a pretty large order in the traveling line.

All of which calls attention to the fact that the prince business in the Orient is today much less precarious than it is in Europe, and if there are still American girls who hanker for a splendid title (probably that is a foolish "if") Mahidol has much to recommend him.

* * *

A Descendant of Buddha

A match with a Siamese prince would not be the first instance of Oriental alliance, and doubtless the racial difference could be forgotten if one remembered that the prince is the son of a king who is, traditionally at least, a direct descendant of Gautama Buddha, and has a lineage which runs through a history traced back to the fifth century B. C. Is there a kingdom or principality in Europe that can offer the like? Imagine some day being consort of the ruler of Siam north and south and of all dependencies, of the Laotians, the Malays, Karen, and so forth—with six or seven million subjects and not a cent of national debt! Despite the casual opinion, Siam has much that is worth attention besides the fame of its twins.

A Predecessor of Japan

Siam resumed intercourse with the west in 1820, twenty years or more before Japan was opened up to commerce, and specifically with the United States in 1825, under the terms of a treaty signed then. Absolute monarchies were easier to find then than they are now. Despite the absolutism, however, Prince Mahidol—and he is said to be personally a fellow of much charm—is one of a royal family whose rule has been enlightened and progressive, even to the extent of freeing all slaves born after 1897. The dynasty was founded in 1782 by Yaut Fa, or Chakhri, a general who, like many founders of dynasties, killed his chief rival, P'ya Tak, a Chinese general who had driven out the Burmese conquerors of the country. How that all affects the descent from Buddha is not explained. But many things are possible in the East.

Anyhow, Mahidol is a nice chap and has a 3000-ton royal yacht to share with his papa and six brothers. The king, Maha Vajiravudh, was born in 1881, and Mahidol in 1892, which indicates that marriages come early in Siam, so there is no time to be lost. Incidentally, Mahidol is so little the friend of Germany that he left there in 1914, after a year spent in making his military studies in the kaiser's army.

Caillaux Freed After German Intrigue

It is difficult to understand the complexity of ideas behind the sentence which practically left unpunished the political misconduct of ex-Premier Joseph Caillaux. "Political misconduct" is an extremely mild term for communicating with the enemy. We should more aptly denounce it as treason. The Germans could hardly have been bent on the moral or intellectual uplift of France. The ex-premier supposedly was not actuated by anything he might afterwards be proud of. He held confabs with the enemy, was detected, and passed three years in a hospital, where a close surveillance amounted to technical imprisonment. Having been found guilty as aforesaid, his sentence was pleasantly adjusted to three years, dating from the time when he entered the hospital. Result, immediate freedom. The convicted

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man motors to his home in Paris, thence to depart for the countryside. This is part of the sentence. For five years the poor fellow is condemned to dwell in those beautiful outlying districts for which France is famous, and for whose chateaus Parisian millionaires pay large sums. Life in these rural arcadias is the most charming under the sun. Caillaux must not visit Paris nor any of the large cities. He may not drive through the Bourse nor attend grand opera with the diplomatic corps. In addition to these hardships, Caillaux had to sit patiently in a large upholstered chair while French senators reprimanded him. Of course, we know that French officials are terrible in anger; the reprimand must have been a corker, there was no fun in having to heed it. At the same time, the situation is without merriment when a nation finds an ex-premier confidentially discussing current political events with the enemy. From a distance, it looks like treason. A suburban chateau and a reprimand constitute queer punishment. Life imprisonment would be a light sentence. Execution seems, to the American mind, the only logical punishment for Caillaux, the traitor.

Starving the Indians

Canada is likely to share with the United States a certain intrnational rebuke for freezing out the Red Man from the hunting grounds of his fathers. To the European, Indian tribes retain all the romantic associations that thrilled explorers in the sixteenth century. From the first, the native Americans were considered legitimate prey for the greed of higher civilizations. Whatever may be the necessities of modern progress, it seems inexcusable that a few exceptions to the law cannot be made for the benefit of a race to which America owes some of its noblest traditions. British Columbia Indians recently protested that their winter supply of salmon is being denied them. Rivers flowing through the reservations are subject to strict regulation in the interests of the salmon industry. Some of the braves went fishing, and were arrested. It is hard to understand why our boasted civilization cannot afford the Indian all the fish he wants. Selling him canned salmon might be an advance over primitive conditions, yet a little more sentiment would be no drawback to the White Race in its march toward perfection.

Senator McNary Has a Stunt

The Oregon senator has been called a "nut." In fact, no less a person than McNary himself has applied the epithet. He admits being a nut, and glories in the term. Now he has introduced a bill compelling the manufacturer's cost to be stamped on shoes. Consider the perils of such an innovation. If a shoe be stamped with an original cost of $5, how could the retailer get $20 for it?- This is a point that the senator has evidently overlooked. The most perplexing thing about profiteering is that nobody knows who does it. Let the manufacturer's cost leak out, and we will be in a fair way of pointing to the guilty man. The real danger lies in the fact that there may not be a sufficient number of "nuts" in Congress to pass the bill.

Oil Securities and the Nation's Need

The warnings of State Commissioner of Corporations Bellows against certain oil companies which have sought to sell their securities in California gives local prominence to a situation which has been no small source of worry lately to the financial world.

While it is regrettable that in one of his statements the commissioner should have deemed it necessary to single out by name Captain Leonard Wood, Jr., whose name was used in the advertisement of one of the companies—names are sometimes so used without the sanction of their owners—the situation discussed in the statements is one of prime importance not only to individual investors but to the country as a whole.

There is no reason, of course, why legitimate oil companies should not secure needed capital, but the diversion into doubtful channels of large sums of capital is being found a menace to legitimate industries at a time when capital is needed.

* * *

How the Profits Go

One finds the National City Bank, for instance, saying in its letter that "the country is plainly sufferifing from a dearth of capital, at least where it is accustomed to be found and for essential public purposes," and it calls the condition deplorable.

The Middle West has been found a rich field by stock salesmen, and if men of the type who have worked that field are turning to California, it is well to build a wall against them.

Some of these men have made immense profits on commissions. Often companies whose stock they sell receive ultimately not much more than half of the amount put up by the purchasers of the securities.

Here is a typical instance cited from Iowa: A farmer buys $1000 worth of stock. The salesman keeps 25 per cent as commission. The company gets a note for the remaining $750. It discounts the note to a bank at 10 per cent, getting a certificate of deposit—not cash—for $675. This certificate is offered to a second bank at a discount whose rate may be 15 per cent. If the second bank buys at that rate, the company at last has its hands on cash, but only $573.5, after all the percentages have been deducted, and not the $1000 that the farmer put up.

* * *

Legitimate Business Suffers

Another profitable plan reported is the unit system, which has had a notable vogue in some states. Instances have been reported where a tenth interest in a property, bought at $10,000, has been divided into 100,000 units, sold at $20 each. Some investigations, according to Kansas authorities, have shown that unit owners in specific cases could not receive 1 per cent on their investment until the property in which they held the unit had produced $3,00,000 worth of oil.

Meanwhile, Liberty bonds do not attract the people who follow the will-o'-the-wisp of oil, foreign securities find an outlook far from optimistic, and industries like the railroads lack capital for essential expansion.

This craze for oil stocks is more than the result of an ordinary boom excitement. It is a financial analogy to the craze for the Ouija board.

A South American's Views Of the United States

J. Semprum of Venezuela, writing to the press of his own country from New York, gives an outsider's viewpoint of our country. His letter was printed in the April number of "Inter-America." Interesting extracts are:

"The war enabled Europeans to discover the United States. Yesteryear they were well known to fortune hunters who were minded to exchange a title for the effective millions that some worker of this land had carefully accumulated for his daughter. Respectable people, however, always regarded this region with a certain disquietude, lacking in sympathy. Americans were good enough to be charged exorbitant prices and to be sold the most costly pictures and the richest jewelry; but they had not yet been taken seriously.

The war has changed the situation in a radical manner; and now it is the thoughtful men of Europe who observe with curiosity and interest all that this people thinks and does.

The disposition of the Yankee has been domestic hitherto. He has never concerned himself with the affairs of others; and the patria was for him a sentimental prolongation of the home; so much so that he used the same word to characterize his domestic abode and his native land. He inherited from his insular forefathers that discreet coldness which, under the stiffness and roughness that so much displease the people of the south, hides the flame of feeling and passion. Both are deep and enduring in him; and while the South American vociferates and laughs and sobs in the course of a few hours, changing his purposes and attitudes with frivolous facility, the man of the north exercises the virtue of perserverance. Appearances are wont to deceive us people of the south when we find ourselves in the presence of these northernes We are given to imagining, for instance, that the patriotic principles of the Yankees are but slightly intense and profound. They know nothing of historical boasting, which to our race seems to be the most perfect expression of love for the patria; and, until a short time ago, they seemed to be content, with a certain egoism, to enjoy their inherited blessings by preserving them with jealous vigilance. It was as if they had constructed a substantial house, with a desire that it might be eternal, and in this house, filled with the bustle of work, they spent their days, pleasant and easy like those of any worker who is satisfied with his work. At a certain moment, they were in danger of losing the way by harkening to the counsel and dictum of some of their leaders, when they appeared to the world with an aggressive mien. Products of this error were those imperialistic enterprises which aroused so many misgivings and suspicions in the south. In

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the end, however, sound common sense prevailed over bad counsels. When, therefore, the United States entered the war of the nations, she did so impelled by motives of universal import. The interests of humanity harmonized at that moment with those of the country. Thus the north broke its political reserve. For the first time it was proclaimed in Washington that the American government could not consent that violence should become the law of the world. Tradition was shattered, and the United States entered the concert of the ruling powers. It is true also that she possessed this inclination in the Anglo-Saxon blood that ran in her veins. The example of England establishes, in this sense, a categorical precedent.

Therefore the United States, having renounced her isolation, is today the fashionable nation of the hour. She decided the war by making a superb expenditure of courage, disinterestedness and discipline. The Europeans—who formerly bestowed upon the Yankees sidelong looks filled with a certain insolence, and who considered them useful, at best, as payers of fabulous sums for works of art or luxury, or as providers of rich wives for certain ruined weaklings or the most noble descendants of the crusaders—are beginning to regard them with respect, and to render them an homage that no longer springs from self-interest, but from gratitude; and to concern themselves with their life, institutions and customs.

* * *

Receptions to Exalted Personages

"In proof of this, we are now witnessing a procession of personages through New York and Washington. Without counting the president of Liberia and other gentlemen of like category, who elicit brief and passing lines in the newspapers, we have here the Prince of Wales and we have had Cardinal Mercier.

* * *

The Prince of Wales

"The heir to the greatest empire that men have ever gazed upon comes to visit a land that was once subject to the very crown that some day will rest upon his brow. The former mother-country and the former colony, truly reconciled many years ago, fought shoulder to shoulder in the recent war, emulating each other in striving for victory; and the proposed alliance that is going to guarantee France against eventual Teutonic aggressions will consolidate this union. Here you have one of the characteristics of British democracy; not to cherish senseless rancor contrary to her own interest. Hence England manages with relative ease the enormous colonial empire that was the mortifying obsession of the junkers of Prussia. Being individualistic, she does not attack the individualism of others, convinced that if she does it weakens her own strength and her own credit; therefore, if any political and military power can exist and is worthy to do so, it is the Britannic. The United States is the legitimate offspring of Albion. The Colonial link, in breaking, left alive and unscathed the ties of race and spirit. The visit of the Prince of Wales comes to set a new and cordial seal upon the existing alliance.

The spectacle is an example for the Latin-American republics and Portugal and Spain, nations united by similar bonds, and in which unity of race and ideals is proclaimed with insistent earnestness, without there being produced a single practical and formal testimony of it.

* * *

Cardinal Mercier

"Another of these illustrious visitors is Cardinal Mercier, one of the most popular men upon the planet. There is hardly a remote corner of the most barbarous land that has not heard this name pronounced, amid words of admiration and respect. He is the true shepherd of souls, the veritable spiritual father of his people. The war was a touchstone for this character of steel and gold, which was revealed in all its magnificent perfection when the German invasion covered the Belgian soil with devastating battalions and with the flame and smoke of incendiary fires and the lingering cries of the victims. In the presence of the generals whose insolence generated and discharged sparks of brutality beneath the winds of an easy victory, the priest spoke with strong, serene words. Threats were unavailing. The voice of the pastor rose above the smoke of battles and conflagrations, above the roar of the cannon, above the audacious recriminations of exterminating marshals. The world gave car to that word, because it came forth clad with sincerity and breathing the unmistakable aroma of virtue. The indomitable energy of the prelate was one of the most enduring obstacles encountered by the kaiser upon his road to victory. The cardinal has as much right to receive the honors of victory as Foch, Lloyd George or Clemenceau.

* * *

General Pershing

"New York received Pershing with all the honors and hospitalities due to the victor. The soldier victorious at Argonne and Saint-Mihiel embodies at this moment the American military power, and he is regarded with natural pride, since the new glories of the north are summed up in him. The people here behold him with the same delight as that with which a girl contemplates the reflection of her own features in a mirror. While looking at Pershing, they easily convince themselves of their own heroism. Even the peoples that have a long martial history, studded with golden names, find pleasure in these exultations, which are equivalent to a patriotic affirmation of their own existence and their own purpose to prosper and become great. Much more natural is this rejoicing in a young people that has suddenly felt itself exalted to the apex of human power and glory.

The great parade along Fifth Avenue was, of all the displays, the one that enjoyed the greatest evidence of popularity. The newspapers, full of complacency, assert that since the entrance of the army of the Potomac into Washington at the end of the Civil War, a more impressing spectacle has not been witnessed in the country. The banner of the stars and stripes has known other breezes besides the trade winds of Cuba or those of the Philippines, or even those that blew, laden with mysterious auguries, across the north of Mexico. To have triumphed on the Rhine in the very heart of the secular civilizations that are tottering today, shaken to their foundations by the new spirit; to have faced the shock of the army that Germany had been training for half a century; to have wiped from the list of universal prejudices the belief that the United States were merely a nation of traders incapable of heroism or sacrifice; these are, in reality, feats worthy of high reward. Such sentiments, confused perchance, were those that set in vibration, in a great throb of pride, the heart of the multitude gathered along the route of the heroes.

One of the most significant episodes of the day was the meeting of General Pershing with Cardinal Mercier. The Belgian prelate was in a box erected in front of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in company with high ecclesiastical dignitaries. At that point the warrior stopped for some moments to change horses Of course all this was foreseen in the program arranged for effect; but in the eyes of the uninformed multitude the event took on a deeply pathetic character. When Pershing got off his horse, Monseigneur drew near to salute him; and after the cordial handshake of the two great leaders, the sound of tremendous applause swept along the avenue and rose toward the pale summer sky, filling it with the echoes of victory. That was, indeed, the Belgian nation, saved from ruin and servitude, giving thanks to the American people. Behind the delicate and kindly silhouette of the cardinal appeared the torn Belgian fields, the village converted into charred rubbish, the ravished maidens, the tearful widows, the hungry and shivering children; all the sinister spectacle that rises in the mind when we recall the martyrdom of Belgium; and at the same time, back of the severe figure of Pershing, we beheld a great people, robust, laborious and energetic, that grasped the sword and set forth to liberate the oppressed with a look aflame with pure glory; and I was tempted to think that for Pershing would have been appropriate, at that place and hour, the lance, the shield, the armor and even the steed of Don Alonso Quijano the Good, rather than the modest trappings of a soldier of America."

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The American Legion will lead the campaign, and every club in the city will participate.

In order that the people of the city may own it, the penny of the newsboy will be accepted as cheerfully as the hundred thousand-dollar check of the millionaire. Let us not forget that the boy who buys one brick in the structure may some day stand under its roof singing or playing to the multitude, or the artistic creation of his hands may adorn its halls. For here will be a magnificent auditorium, where opera and symphony concerts will be rendered. Here will be the home of the California School of Fine Arts, and here the American Legion will have its home. In the memorial court, statuary and tablets will commemorate the deeds of American heroes. The San Francisco Musical Association at last will have a suitable place for its splendid concerts.

The group of buildings will occupy the old St. Ignatius Church site, bounded by Hayes, Grove, Van Ness Avenue and Polk Street—diagonally across from the Civic Center.

The regents of the University of California, men always chosen for their high integrity and executive ability, will direct the administration of the edifice, which, as an educational institution, will be exempt from taxation

After a long period of neglect and semi-starvation, our art life is to come into its own again. With the erection of a beautiful palace, which will be the home of art, every child of our city will have an opportunity for artistic culture, and San Francisco will become the Mecca of the West, whence great artists will come, to hear and see whom pilgrims from other states will throng to the city.

John S. Drum is the chairman of the Memorial Committee, which is made up of our public-spirited citizens in professional and commercial life.

Clay M. Greene has been chosen to write the Bohemian Grove play for 1921. The subject which Mr. Greene has in mind is St. John of Nepomuc, the patron saint of Bohemia. One of the club's prize possessions is a shrine presented by a Bohemian nobleman many years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent are in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Oliver Olsen will be hostess at a bridge party given by the S. F. Council of Catholic Women in their cosy rooms on Saturday. The club is enjoying a series of lectures on "Architecture" by Rev. Taylor, S. J.

The tea at the Fennell home, in honor of the daughter of the house, Miss Edna Fennell, who will become the bride of Ralph Spader in June, was a brilliant affair last Saturday.

The guests were received by Mrs. J. P. Fennell, Mrs. Randolph Spader, Mrs. M. J. Savage, Miss Fennell, Misses Grace and Georgia Rankin, Mildred Bulger, Isabelle Viosca, Helene Comte and Genevieve Spader.

Mrs. E. O. McCormick, who is up from Santa Cruz, is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Helm.

Miss May Colburn will give a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Earl Shipp at the Fairmont.

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San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Mary Louise Phelan is leaving this week for Washington to visit her brother, Senator Phelan.

Mrs. Earl Shipp was hostess at a theatre party at the Curran on Tuesday. Some of the guests had seen the same company in New York, and declared that for once San Francisco has not been deceived with a number of xth company.

Noel Sullivan is en route to Spain, accompanied by his father, Frank J. Sullivan.

Miss Eleanor Rossi will soon be hostess at a large dance at her home on Fillmore and Vallejo.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Lambley have gone to Los Angeles and Santa Barbara by automobile for a fortnight.

Misses Christine and Mary Donohoe are guests at Paso Robles.

Mrs. J. B. Mhoon was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at the Town and Country Club on Tuesday. The affair was in honor of the hostess' daughter, Mrs. Harry Horsley Fair. The guests were: Mmes. Bernard Ford, Clinton La Montagne, Arthur Ford, Daniel Volkman, Frank Gerard, Leslie Miller Moore, Seymour Hall, Roger Chickering, Charles R. Boone, Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., Louis Henes, Walker Kamm, Shirley Houghton, and Misses Ruth Valentine, Elsa Schilling, Elsa Ghirardelli, Elsie Jenny, Johanna Volkman, Linda Buchanan, Winifred Braden.

Mrs. Hunter Liggett and Mrs. John H. Rosseter were guests of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. George A. Kauffman at the Palace Tuesday. The other guests were: Mmes. Warren Allen, F. Braverman, George Corse, Charles Cole, Charles Derham, E. Erlanger, John Miller, Seth Mann, S. D. Sibley, Armstrong Taylor, W. W. Whittimore, Charles Warren, Misses Mann, Helen Weston and Helen Rezeal.

Del Monte Events

The Del Monte Air Classic is now on the regular sport program at Del Monte. It is to be staged ever year under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Aero Club. This year only five racing ships participated in the event, due to an accident at the start which eliminated three of the contestants, but enough of a contest was furnished to indicate that the aero competition will prove a success.

Johnnie Benton, piloting a Bristol Fighter, made the fastest time. He left San Francisco at 10:35 in the morning, and after making a circle of the Del Monte polo field he landed at 11:22, forty-seven minutes for an approximate distance of one hundred miles. At some stages in the flight he reached an approximate speed of 136 miles. Leaving Del Monte at 2:49 in the afternoon, the return trip was made to San Francisco in one hour and one minute, a strong head wind cutting down the speed somewhat.

When it is considered that it requires a train or automobile four hours to make the trip, an idea can be gained of the possibilities of speed in the air.

Next time it is expected that the Del Monte Air Classic will draw an entry of from fifteen to twenty, and some sort of a handicap basis will be worked out which will bring about more of a contest.

The annual Del Monte girls' swimming carnival has been set by the Pacific Association of the A. A. U. for June 11th to 13th. The event will bring together the fastest girl swimmers in California and will settle the supremacy of many in the contest.

Del Monte's golfing events will consist of Decoration Day and Independence Day tournaments, California State Junior Championship on July 19th to 22nd, and the State Championship for men in September.

Horse Lovers Enjoy Program at Del Monte Race Track

Lovers of the horse are anticipating an afternoon of sport at the Del Monte race track and polo field on Sunday, May 2nd. The outstanding feature will be a steeple chase, in which the contestants will race twice around a course in front of the grandstand. There will also be a jumping contest for officers of the Monterey Presidio, and a number of other horseback events. This field day will be in the nature of a gymkhana, an event which comprises a variety of spectacular performances.

There are a great many horseback riders at Del Monte, for the delightful by-paths and trails lure the devotees of this pastime. Miss Grace Dodson of Spokane rides beautifully and takes a canter every day. Miss Dodson is spending the winter and spring months at Del Monte with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Dodson. They are prominent in Spokane.

Miss Barbara Emmert takes delight in horseback riding. She, with her mother, Mrs. John H. Emmert, have come from Detroit for an indefinite stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Cranwell of Syracuse, N. Y., are comfortably located at Del Monte. Mrs. Cranwell frequently goes for a horseback ride.

Mrs. C. T. Palmer, also of New York, spends a good deal of her time indulging in this out-of-door recreation.

Mr. William Alden Pratt, Mrs. H. F. Straw, all of New York, are guests at Del Monte and Pebble Beach, and all are enthusiastic riders. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Straw are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker Toms. The latter came from New York to enjoy a season at Del Monte.

San Franciscans who motored to Del Monte in the last day or two are enthusiastic about the condition of the roads and the beauty of the trip. Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Holly motored down to spend the week-end with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Campbell of New York. The Campbells have made Del Monte their home for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen I. Kux, with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Day, had a pleasant motor trip from San Francisco.

Mrs. Crosby of the Huntington, Pasadena, invited Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sexton, visiting Easterners from Minneapolis, to motor to Del Monte. Another Los Angeles party who came up to Del Monte by motor consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Kennedy and Mrs. Mary MacBeth. Mrs. MacBeth is from New York, and is revelling in the delightful climate and unrivalled scenery of California.

Hotel Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. Charles Stanton and Mr. and Mrs. William Gerlich, who have been delightfully entertained by Mrs. William Morris at Casa del Rey, returned yesterday to the Cecil.

A handsomely appointed dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Killeau at the Cecil Hotel Monday. A profusion of duchess roses ornamented the table.

A number of friends were at the pier to bid Ralph Buckley "bon voyage" when he sailed Tuesday for his home in Honolulu. Mr. Buckley has been a guest for the past month at the Cecil.

Miss Evelyn Elsworth has decided to remain for another month before returning to New York

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Elliott are making their home at the Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Beath and Mr. and Mrs. F. Wells Henderson arrived this week from Shanghai. They will love in a few weeks for New York, and will sail for England the latter part of May.

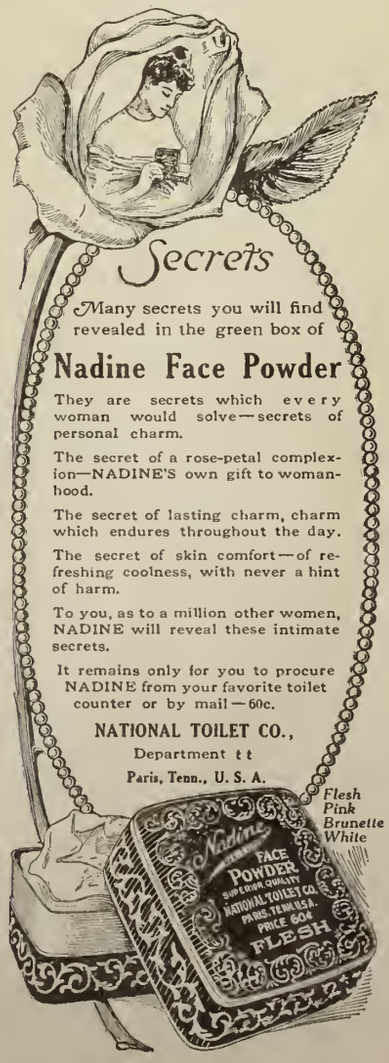
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Russell motored up from Pasadena Wednesday. They will make an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner returned this week to their apartments at the Cecil. They have been enjoying a motor trip through the northern part of the state.

"Lest You Forget"—Pencil Day

Next Wednesday, May 6, will be Pencil Day, and all San Francisco has been asked to contribute at least one dime to the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, for whose benefit the sale of yellow pencils will be held. As of old, the pencils will bear the inscription "Lest You Forget the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children"; and throughout the downtown district, matrons and maids of the smart set, with their baskets of wares, will be ready to aid your memory.

Mrs. Oliver Dibble will be in charge of the St. Francis; Mrs. E. L. Heuter will have a table at the Palace; Mrs. A. W. Scott, at the Fairmont; Mrs. Frank Drew, at the Crocker Bank; Mrs. Henry Meyer, the Stock Exchange; Mrs. Henry Dernham, Merchants Exchange and Flood Building; Mrs. Joel Kaufmann, the Emporium; Miss Ruth Bruning, Techau Tavern and Powell Street; Mrs. M. Michaels, Van Ness Avenue; Mrs. B. Lazarus, City Hall; Mrs. Emil Sutro, Kohl Building and First National Bank, and Mrs. Henry Harris, the wholesale district.



The Stage

"Help Wanted" at the Alcazar

Not in its literal sense, for that portion of the San Francisco public which prefers the spoken drama to the silence of the screen very well knows that this altogether dependable purveyor of the best forms of dramatic entertainment requires no help in the securing of profitable audiences, for in that respect its position is secure. In that regard, I feel moved toward the impression that in reviewing performances at the Alcazar it would be quite safe to employ a rubber stamp, with blank spaces for titles and names of characters, for their standard of excellence is always the same. There was no variation from this standard in the offering of last week, for "Help Wanted" proved to be a rather well constructed and interesting play, exceptionally well acted. I am not so sure, however, that Mr. Jack Lait, the author, in setting forth the preachment embodied in his story, is very strongly entrenched behind the bulwark of undebatable fact.

As a general proposition, his plot, well constructed and straightforward as it is, certainly points the moral that only those young women who know how to resent the advances of wicked employers, or to court them, should ever be so reckless as to become stenographers. According to this code of ethics, no virtuous girl should dare to apply for such a position without being prepared in advance for gratuitous insult and even violence. If, however, this premise can be accepted as being ethically sound, "Help Wanted" is an interesting play, and it has in it "a punch and a purpose," as announced in the programs

The cast is uniformly excellent (where the rubber stamp might be used again), and the same may be said of adorable Belle Bennett as the uninitiated applicant for a stenographer's position; the stately and always convincing Emily Pinter, as the experienced one who knows how to take care of herself; and the pert and vivacious Jean Oliver, as the one who knows what is inevitable to an applicant and is willing to accept it. In most respects I prefer the new leading man, Clay Clement, to any of his predecessors, and his portraiture of the insinuating employer was well conceived and rendered with great force and conviction. Glayds Emomns was a stunning patrician mother, Brady Kline an amusing legal adviser, Stella Warfield touchingly pathetic as the widow stenographer, Anna MacNaughton almost perfect as the mercenary mother of the heroine; and regarding Clifford Alexander as her true and only lover, once more the rubber stamp.

Obviously this review will be of little value in securing audiences for this week; but in respect to "Peggy, Behave!" which is to be the next bill, this notably good company may be depended upon to achieve this desirable behavior for Peggy, after the most approved fashion.

Clay M. Greene.

Frank W. Healy Presents Galli-Curci on Sunday

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, with Manuel Berengeur, flutist, and Homer Samuels, accompanist, will be heard in concert at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

One could listen for hours to Mme. Galli-Curci's beautiful voice, which is used with the greatest artistry, if for no other reason, than that she is to sing "Qui la Voce," from "Puritani," with flute obligato; "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato, and the lovely "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto," giving the last high E natural with the most amazing clarity. To those who heard Mme. Galli-Curci on a previous occasion, when she drew a packed house at the Exposition Auditorium, it is only necessary to say that her incomparable voice and galvanic art are even greater than on the previous occasion. Here is the program in its entirety:

1—"My Lovely Celia" (Old English) ..... Munro
"Daffodils a-Blowing" ..... Edward German
2—"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" (with flute) ..... Bishop
3—"Caro Nome" (from "Rigoletto") ..... Verdi
4—"Ah, mon credia" (from "Sonnambula") ..... Bellini
"Clavelitos (in Spanish) ..... Velverde
"Breathe Gently, My Song" ..... Liszt
"Sempre Libera" (from "Traviata") ..... Verdi
5—Concerto ..... Duvernoy
Mr. Berenguer
6—"The Little Damozel" ..... Novello
"Like the Rosebud" ..... La Forge
"The Little Bells of Sevilla" ..... Samuels
7—"Qui la Voce" (from "Puritani"), with flute ..... Bellini

John McCormack's World Tour

John McCormack, who was invited by Mayor Rolph to start his approaching world tour from this city, telegraphed, the other day, the following reply:

"I am very happy indeed to be able definitely to accept your splendid invitation. I have arranged to leave San Francisco for Australia in June, on the first lap of my world tour, which, in accordance with your suggestion, will start in San Francisco. My managers are arranging with my friend, Frank W. Healy, for a farewell concert in your great auditorium. Thank you a thousand times for the compliment you pay me. Warmest greeting to San Francisco and to you.

JOHN McCORMACK."

Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week another great new show.

"Vic" Quinn, Broadway's latest find, is a dancing genius who not long since became a New York jazz sensation. Her dancing is principally of the syncopated variety and, of course, includes the "shimmy." She is assisted by Frank Farnum, George Kreer and the Memphis Five.

Ben Ryan and Harriette Lee call their comedy skit "Hats and Shoes." Aside from a little dancing there is nothing along usual lines in their entire act. But they are dynamos of joy, with sparkling wit flying from their nonsense; a hum of constant laughter greets their every move as they drive away gloom. Harriette Lee is an eccentric comedienne of rare quality, and Ben Ryan is original and creative.

Homer Miles, one of the best and most popular character actors in vaudeville, will appear in a comedy called "The Rough Neck," which he has written for himself. It is said to be one of his best efforts and to give him a splendid opportunity to display his ability to the fullest extent.

Max Cooper and Irene Ricardo will appear in a comedy singing skit caled "Ah, Gimme the Ring." Miss Ricardo is an exceptionally clever eccentric comedienne, and Mr. Cooper proves a capital foil to her.

Polly, Oz and Chick describe themselves as "cute, clever and classy." One of them is a solo pianist and the other two are excellent

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

vocalists. Their songs are rendered in a thoroughly delightful way.

Helene "Smiles" Davis, who was the idol of the boys in the trenches, will introduce "Types, Past and Present."

Nestor and Vincent will perform a unique routine of balancing and juggling. They are marvels in their line, and their work is conspicuous for its originality.

The only holdover in this delightful and novel bill will be the successful musical offering, "Ye Song Shop."

At the Curran

"The Passing Show," the best of the big New York Winter Garden productions, now playing its second successful week, has been the recipient not only of big applause from large San Francisco audiences, but extravagant praise from our local press.

"The Passing Show" will limit its engagement for two weeks longer; then America's most popular character actor will start a two weeks' engagement. Louis Mann is presented by A. H. Woods in the record-breaking comedy, "Friendly Enemies."

Homer F. Curran, manager of the Curran, also announces the coming of Richard Walton Tully's production of "Keep Her Smiling," and "Wedding Bells."

The Mountain Play

More than usual interest is manifested in the annual "Mountain Play," to be given in the wonderful amphitheatre on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais on Sunday afternoon, May 16th, at two o'clock. This will make the eighth offering of the Mountain Play Association, an organization unique of its kind, and for this year Shakespeare's "As You Like It" has been chosen. This delightful comedy lends itself admirably to open-air production, the simplicity and beauty of the play requiring no artificial aids to make it enjoyable.

Mrs. D. E. F. Easton will, as usual, be the manager of the production, with Garnet Holme, a master at work of this kind, as director. An excellent cast has been assembled, including Ada Beveridge as "Rosalind," Helen Colgan as "Celia," and Raymonde Moyon as "Phoebe." Sydney Schelisger will be "Jacques," Dan W. Totheroh will be "Touchstone," Boyd Oliver will play the Duke, and Frederick Smith, Russell Stimmel and Philip Wetherall will have important parts. A well-known Olympic Club man will play "Charles," the wrestler, and the pastoral songs and choruses will be given by the members of the Alpine Club, an organization dedicated to the preservation and enjoyment of the beauties of Tamalpais. O. Gordon Erickson will direct the choruses, and there will be an excellent orchestra.

The officers of the Mountain Play Association include R. F. O'Rourke, president; John C. Catlin, first vice-president; Hon. William Kent, second vice-president; Leroy G. Harvey, treasurer, and Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, secretary-treasurer. The Board of Directors is composed of Miss Lulu J. Blumberg, W. L. Courtwright, J. W. Dolliver, Will Falley, Harvey L. Hansen, Harry Hand, Homer T. Miller, Eustace M. Peixotto, R. L. Radke, Edward Rainey, Henry Regan, C. F. Runyon, Ralston F. White, Stewart W. Young and John J. Mazza.

At the violin concert of Hother Wismer, assisted by Frederick Maurer and Nathan Firestone, the program will be:

Violin soli—
"Siciliano et Rigaudon".....Francoeur-Kreisler
"Romance" .....Claude Debussy
Fugue in A major.....Tartini
Violin Concerto, Op. 28, in A minor.....
.....Carl Goldmark
(Allegro Moderato. Andante—Air Allegretto)
Hother Wismer
Sonata (trio) in C minor.....J. S. Bach
(Largo—Allegro—Andante—Allegro)
Hother Wismer, Nathan Firestone,
Frederick Maurer
Violin soli—
"Romance" .....Chopin-Wilhelmj
Caprice in E major.....Paganini
"Berceuse".....Antonio de Grassi
"La Capricieuse".....E. Elgar

The concert will take place on May 4th, at 8:30 P. M., at Sorosis Hall, 1526 Sutter Street.

Theda Bara As a Tragedienne

The story of Theda Bara has been a most remarkable one, and she is still making stage history. It was told by one who evidently knew the facts, that she was an obscure chorus girl, known as "The Arab," but her advancement was slow, owing to the absence of a good voice; so she applied at the Fox studios to be given a trial in moving pictures. Her success was, as everyone soon came to know, abnormally spectacular, and the nomme de theatre, adopted either by herself or her managers, was fashioned out the letters of her chorus girl nickname, by transposition and the addition of two letter to "the" to form an alleged Christian name. For several years she held indisputably the first place among all aspirants as the best exponent of what are known as "vamp" characters; and then she looked loftier. She had been one of the successes of the screen, why not score as well in the spoken drama?

Accordingly, she made known her new ambition to Manager A. H. Woods, and, singularly enough, he was in a position to gratify it. George Hobart and John Willard had written a drama, "The Blue Flame," which Woods had purchased. Here was precisely the woman he fancied he wanted for the leading character, and although she had never in all her life appeared in a speaking part, she was engaged as the star in a Broadway production. After several rehearsals the authors expressed their belief to several that Miss Bara could not possibly play the part assigned to her. She grew very indignant, and upon reporting this insult to Mr. Woods, he shared in her indignation, consulted the authors, acquired all right, title and interest in "The Blue Flame" for the sum of $35,000, and the next day Miss Bara placed upon his desk the cash for a one-half interest in the venture.

The opening, in Boston, was altogether unbelievable. It was indeed a riot, for the police had to be called in to quell disturbances in the theatre lobby between Bara fans fighting to gain an entrance. The press notices on the following morning were not flattering, but the production was treated seriously, and it continued to packed houses for four weeks. In New York the rush for seats for the opening night at the Shubert Theatre was as great as had been that in Boston, but both the press and that part of the public which had made up its mind to like it anyway treated it as a huge joke. Even the staid and sober critics emerged from their shells, laughed immoderately, and then laughed again in their reviews on the following morning.

Nevertheless, the theatre was packed to suffocation during the balance of the week, and for many weeks thereafter; but it has always been a matter of serious speculation whether the auditors came to laugh at it or admire it after the usual fashion of admiring audiences. Most people say the former element is the attraction, which is probably true, for both the play and the acting of it were so luridly strained and artificial as to approach ludicrousness or burlesque.

The story is that of a chemist who has discovered a process for the restoration of human life. His gentle, ingenue wife dies, and he is successful in bringing her body back to life, but he has forgotten to restore the soul. Then ensue a series of vampire happenings that quite outdo any of the similar efforts of Theda Bara in the movies. Her voice is harsh, her acting crude and forced; and yet she has achieved a success, as unmistakable as it is unbelievable, a problem which no one yet interviewed on the subject has been able to solve. Can it be that the screen drama has made the spoken word (in the language of the law) incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial?

The Mantle of Stage Peerage

George M. Cohan's new Broadway thriller, "The Acquittal," is headed by Chrystal Herne, daughter of James A. Herne. Her co-star is William Harrigan, son of the beloved "Ned" Harrigan. All three of Harrigan's sons, William, Nolan and Philip, served as captains in the A. E. F. His daughter, Nedda, recently pleased local audiences as ingenue in Margaret Anglin's successful engagement at the Columbia.

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Sings
Sunday---2:30

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Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
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THIS WEEK—"HELP WANTED"
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WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUNDAY, MAY 2
First Time on This Coast of the Piquant Farce of Hilarious Honeymoon Happenings
"PEGGY, BEHAVE!"
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SUNDAY, MAY 9—First San Francisco Production of A. H. Woods' Wonderful New York Sensation
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Most Novel of All Mystery Melodramas
Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Matinees, Sunday, Thursday, Saturday—25c, 50c, 75c.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks — Stocks continued their downward trend, due to the pessimistic feeling of the professional interests, who were heavy sellers whenever the market showed any signs of recovery.

The market was honey-combed with stop-loss orders and, when these were reached, recessions were accelerated, until at last offerings were exhausted and the technical position asserted itself

The bears had become so enthusiastic that they oversold the market fearfully, and a revulsion was a matter of necessity. Some of the selling was, no doubt, due to the news that United States citizens on the Gulf and Pacific Coast had called for warships, and, while this should have been regarded as a constructive measure, the trade looked at it otherwise, and the Mexican oil stocks suffered in consequence, which helped the balance of the list on the downward trend.

Bear propaganda was widespread and affected all parts of the country, with liquidation not only confined to speculative commitments, but there was some selling of actual stocks by holders who were frightened by the panicky outlook of the market. Just why sentiment should suddenly turn so bearish is a mystery to the trade, as there was really nothing in the news to warrant it.

It is true that financial conditions are not so good as they might be; but this conditions has existed for so long that traders have become accustomed to it. Besides, call money rates did not get above seven per cent.

Probably one item of news was given more consideration by the professional element than by the trade in general, and that is the high rate of interest some of the new issues are being brought out at. The Pennsylvania Railroad just brought out notes to yield seven per cent. and the New York Central is doing likewise; with several other large corporations expected to do the same.

The professional trader takes the stand that, with so many new issues of short term notes on the market at such a high yield, it will be hard to bring about a sustained advance in stocks that are selling on a lower yield and that the public will be inclined to sell stocks and put their money into these high grade notes until after the November election at least This argument, no doubt, can be applied to the general run of stocks that have no prospects of either an increase in dividend or a stock distribution plan, and will make for an irregular market in the future.

The decline in Liberty bonds is probably due to the same factor, namely; the bringing out of high class securities to yield seven per cent and over.

There is one class of securities that have had no friends in the past ten years that are now beginning to attract attention, and that is the railroads. These stocks have been in the discard so long and have declined to such a low price that the best people in the trade are now beginning to accumulate the better class of dividend-paying roads, and it would take but very little encouragement speculatively to bring about a good rise.

The stocks have acted of late as if they were being accumulated, and, when the announcement came out that the Supreme Court had decided against the Reading Company and that the Reading Company would have to go out of the coal business, a buying move set in that carried that stock up rapidly, and for the first time in a long while the balance of the rail list followed.

Traders argue that what is true with the Reading Company is applicable to the Southern Pacific Company, and it means that railroads must dispose of their holdings in other ventures when they have the majority of the stock. This will mean something in the way of extra disbursements in the Reading case, as they will have to dispose of their stock ownership in the coal companies.

Considering all the bear attacks, the market has held remarkably, which speaks well for the underlying strength, and while sentiment continues bearish, it may be hard work to bring about an advance in the market; but the short interest is large, and, once the market turns, shorts will have difficulty in covering except at higher prices.

Cotton—There was some selling at times, owing to the weakness in the security market; but whenever stocks showed a tendency to recovery, cotton contracts seemed to be scarce and prices were higher.

The weather news was mixed, but mostly unfavorable, and it was said the recent rains with frost in some sections had spoiled what cotton had been planted and that the outlook for the immediate future was none too bright.

The future market seems to be marking time for the present. Traders are awaiting further developments on a large scale before changing the trend of prices to any extent. As long as the present spell of bad weather continues, the short interest will not risk a move.

As a rule, the average trader is bearish, basing his ideas on the high price, and they believe the price discounts all the unfavorable news. The trade are basing their calculations on the technical position of the market, and are not paying a great deal of attention to fundamental conditions, which are responsible for the present situation.

Many traders persist in regarding the cotton planter as the last person in the world to benefit from his labor. The more advanced class of traders have abandoned this idea, and recent advices from the leaders in this class have struck a note of support to the farmer that is hailed as a good sign. However, the cotton planter does not need a great deal of help, either financial or moral, in these days of 40-cent cotton.

It is true that other trades benefit far more than the actual grower does from the product of his land, but Friend Farmer has received enough during the past few years to make him more independent of outside help than he has ever been. He has his local banks and his local organizations to help with the financing, and he has the American Cotton Association to help guide the marketing of his crop. He is now thinking in terms of sectional warehousing schemes and of marketing in international terms, and, in many cases, has become accustomed to think of sale prices in terms of foreign exchange.

As far as the futures are concerned, the farmer is receiving good prices for his products in his local spot markets, and reports from reliable sources in the south have it that he is actually buying the new crop futures, in the firm belief that the prices for the present year will show him a big profit both on his contracts and on his actual cotton.

We believe the market is in a healthy condition, and, while reactions will come from time to time, yet the trend looks unmistakably higher.

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day." "How much have you saved?" "Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it."

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64.107,311.15
Deposits	60.669.724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000.000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437.587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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A New Dramatic Club

The Dramatres Club, whose meetings have hitherto been musicales and dansants, will have its dramatic and special guest evening on Saturday, May 1st, at Native Sons Auditorium. The principal feature of the dramatic program will be an original farce, entitled "Wanted, a Private Secretary." The cast will be Walter J. White, Harold Mitchell, J. Lowden, J. Norman, W. Sharp, E. Peckham, Norman Wright, J. G. Richwine and P. Warnock.

Immediately following the performance of the farce, it will be given a burlesque representation by nine of the young ladies of the club, the respective parts being assigned as follows: Gladys Gray, Maude White, Ruth Keller, Florence MacMillan, Mildred Kreye, Ebba Braese, Mrs. Richard Abel, Ruth Trousdale and Marie Wilbur.

The double dramatic feature will be followed by a dansant.

Arcadia

The fete, "A Night in Honolulu," will be observed at the Arcadia on Thursday night, where dancing seems to remain as one of the major diversions of the San Francisco public, judged by the numerous throngs nightly at the palace of the dance at Eddy and Jones Streets. Director R. D. Wharton offers a fine carnival show, including four hours of continuous dancing upon the Arcadia's superb parquet. The Theatre Varieties for non-dancers and spectators presents eight star specialties, while Frizell's Arcadian Orchestra will introduce the "Oh, Dear Me!" waltzes, the rage at Atlantic City just now. The fiesta spirit of the Hawaiian Islands will color the entire festivities. In the Cafe Arcade refreshment service for the crowds will be observed all night, while the schedule of special awards offered by President Abel Ortiz embraces four extra prizes. The competition for waltzing will be for individuals as well as couples. All records for dancing teaching at the Arcadia were broken last night, when thirty-eight teachers were continuously engaged in teaching the new figures of the "Byrn Mawr" and the "Camel's Walk."

French Cruiser Launched As a Depot

The large French cruiser "Bearn," one of the type started in 1914, has been launched. As the construction of naval vessels could not be proceeded with during the war, this type of cruiser became obsolete, so it was decided that the unfinished vessels of this class should be used as depots at the naval bases.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTRIX AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Probate No. 28,723, Dept. No. 10.
In the matter of the estate of ROSA BADARACCO, also sometimes known as ROSA PODESTA, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, as executrix of the last will and testament of ROSA BADARACCO, also sometimes known as ROSA PODESTA, Deceased, will sell, on behalf of the estate of said deceased, at private sale, on or after MONDAY, the 10th day of May, 1920, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States of America, as a whole, the following described real property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Filbert Street distant thereon ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Grant Avenue (formerly Dupont Street); running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Filbert Street forty (40) feet; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle westerly forty (40) feet; thence at a right angle northerly sixty (60) feet, to the southerly line of Filbert Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of fifty-vara lot No. 423.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & De Martini, room 550 Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 19th, 1920.

LENA CARATTO,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Rosa Badaracco, also sometimes known as Rosa Podesta, Deceased.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Executrix,
550 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-24-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29098, Dept. No. ——.

Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of HENRY J. O. REHMKE, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1919, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Mortgages and collateral loans	$147,460.00
Bonds and stocks	10,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks	11,940.67
Premiums in course of collection	6,874.00
Bills receivable	2,937.50
Other ledger assets	129,476.76
Total gross assets	$308,738 93
Deduct assets not admitted	15,056.69
Total admitted assets	$293,682.24

Liabilities

All other liabilities	$ 16,016.84
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus)	$ 16,016.84
Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	27,665.40
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	$293,682.24

H. W. DIMOND, President.
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.
4-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 105658

In the Matter of the Application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a Corporation, TO DISSOLVE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 13 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that before said hearing, any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH D. REDDING,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Building
San Francisco, California. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29111, Dept. No. 11

Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OWEN COGEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of OWEN COGEN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29124, Dept. No. 10

Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE CAPARA, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 3, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. 4-3-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3818
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann
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FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

How to Read Your Gas Meter

IF YOU will look at your gas meter, you will notice three dials. That on the left hand, marked 100 thousand, registers 10,000 cubic feet of gas from one figure to the next. The middle dial, marked 10,000 thousand, registers 1,000 cubic feet from one figure to the next. The dial on the right, marked 1 thousand, registers 100 cubic feet from one figure to the next.

In reading, note the direction in which the pointers move, as indicated by the arrows, and set down the reading from LEFT TO RIGHT, using the figure that the hand has last passed, unless the hand just covers the figure.

Suppose, for instance, that the pointer on the left hand dial rests nearest the figure 5, that on the middle dial nearest 3, and that on the right hand dial nearest 2; the whole reading, then, is 53,200 cubic feet. And that represents the total consumption of gas registered by that meter. Now, subtract that from the total amount registered at last month's reading and you have your consumption of gas for the month. Apply the rate per 1000 cubic feet and you know the amount of your gas bill.

TRY READING YOUR OWN METER. You will find it is very easy to take periodic readings and keep a check on your gas consumption.

Should the Company's meter-reader make an error and over-read or under-read your meter, the misreadings will automatically correct itself the following month and your next bill will be correspondingly less, or more, and no real injustice done to either the consumer or the Company.

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVI. San Francisco-Oakland, May 8, 1920 No. 1456

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

International "Cash and Carry" System

With each successive conference between the European powers, the United States being represented by some minor functionary who has no executive function other than that of listening, it becomes more and more apparent that our once hysterically grateful allies are inclined to let their gratitude relax into the impertinent insistence that we should be called upon to pay all their bills for them. To roughly express the present financial war status, they are sticking it into us and then turning the knife to make the wound wider and more difficult to heal. The business-like British, by an ingenious process of mental elimination, have jollied themselves into the notion that the United States was not fighting to make the world safe for democracy, or because of the depredations of German submarines upon American shipping, but to save their own necks. It has been pointed out that if the British fleet had not kept the German navy bottled up in the North Sea and Kiel, New York would surely have been another Rheims and Boston another Arras. So, naturally enough, we must pay the resultant enormous expenses of that notable act of altruism, by writing off our billions of dollars worth of claims against Great Britain. France is equally outspoken in her belief that we must step up to the dough dish and settle not only our own bills, but hers as well. Her basis of argument seems to be that her expenditures have been many times greater than those of the United States; that she lost considerably more than a million of her best manhood while her greater sister republic surrendered a mere forty-five thousand; that she cannot pay her vast war indebtedness, and will not; that the United States, being undeniably much the richest nation in the world, must not only stamp "cancelled" on the war notes against France, but also come across with an amount sufficient to equalize her other war expenditures. This singular code of financial ethics is not only unfair, but vastly dangerous. Under the circumstance France and England would be quite justified in asking for deferred payment on these loans to an indefinite date, but to demand absolute cancellation of them is too preposterous for argument. For some reason or other, perhaps many reasons, we are said to have secured the hatred of all of our late allies. Everyone knows what hatred generally leads to, and in the meantime we are aiming at the upbuilding of a navy at least equal to that of any country in the world.

* * *

Why Two Launderings?

After several experiments with the selection of party candidates for office through the agency of primary elections, and although now the primary law is so general as to be entirely national, there seems to be arising among many students of the devious ways of politics that after all it may not be the better plan of making up a ticket. The main reason for the enactment of the present primary laws was that nominations were taken out of the hands of the bosses and left entirely to the choice of the party voters themselves. In the abstract this would appear to be the only way by which the rank and file of any party could secure just the stripe of candidates most acceptable to them, and certainly they should have some voice in such selections. But in the concrete this premise is not unassailable. It is open to the altogether debatable question as to whether or no the bosses do not more or less control the nominations anyway, through careful proselyting or the judicious expenditure of money: and who shall say that in the primaries just closed there were not quite as many proselytes and almost as many distributors of funds? Aside from this almost undeniable fact, this method of making up a party ticket entails the expense of two elections, provided with all the requisite machinery; and, what is worse—at least in a sentimental way—it entails two separate and distinct launderings of dirty linen, when in all conscience one is quite enough. The bitterness engendered in this state between the respective adherents of Hiram Johnson and Herbert Hoover was reprehensible in the extreme, and in some cases quite as full of spleen and villification as could have been possible in a contest betwen two political parties who have been enemies for generations. The Johnsonites made attacks upon Hoover which they must have known were wanton exaggerations of the truth, while the Hooverites anathematized Johnson, in many instances the attacks bearing the earmarks of indiscriminate invention. Why permit dirty political linen to be washed twice, gentlemen, or even thrice? This query is, of course, propounded under the assumption that the selection made in the California primaries is to be the nominee of the Chicago convention, which this paper still persists is not much more than half probable. To discuss this or to promote it is not the purpose of this article. That is merely to lament the fact that good and reputable citizens must publicly ventilate their family quarrels, and then suffer the same castigation later on in the presidential contest, with a corresponding doubling up of campaign expenses. The new broom does not sweep clean enough.

* * *

The May Day Riots

Another time the cry of "Wolf, wolf!" and again the wolf did not appear. But, as in the case of the old time fable, this is no argument that governments must turn deafened ears to the oft-repeated cry and not prepare themselves against the time when to rise in defense will be too late. For many weeks, based upon what was presumedly accurate leaked-out information, the world at large was appraised that on the first day of May there was to be an organized uprising of radicals to protest, with force of arms if need be, against the perpetuation or even further existence of all governments now in power. In France there was the most serious outbreak, but there were less than 7,000 men concerned, and the casualties were quite negligible in number, which seemed to be ample proof that the government was well prepared against the threatened emergency, and the show of strength surprised the radicals into a merely noisy demonstration which did nothing toward strengthening their cause. The dispatches mentioned some meetings in Germany and Sweden, which amounted to nothing but meaningless gabble; and in England a few Sinn Feiners and other radicals made speeches with but small show of the afore-threatened bloodshed. At the same time these feeble attempts at a show of rebellion are no argument that at some future time—not far distant at that—there may come the general uprising so long feared, and the force to cope with it must be ready and well armed. In this country, too, there were some meetings, mostly in halls, where the usual intemperate invective was hurled, but the paid leaders knew too well that to strike meant annihilation in the first conflict. It was this necessity for preparedness that caused General Wood to terminate his campaign for the Republican nomination and hurry to his command in the Middle West, where the anarchistic element—mostly foreign, of course—is strongest. This sort of preparedness must continue. A great

many newspapers inform us that there is no danger of a radical uprising in this country, and persistently belittle such rumors of the threatened ones as come to them. But so long as such organizations are permi ted to exist, so long as this government shall satisfy itself with the deportation of a few hundred foreign agitators instead of a few hundred thousand, just so long will danger threaten; and we must be more than ready to meet it when the cry of "Wolf, wolf!" becomes the real call to arms. The mine is surely laid; let us see to it that the torch is not applied when somebody that should be on guard is asleep.

* * *

The Wets Are Rebellious

There is no longer the slightest doubt that the millions of protestors against the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment, otherwise the most drastic interference with personal liberty yet enacted in a republican country, are not going to calmly surrender what they conceive to be their rights, to the blatant exactions of cant and narrowness. Temperance, or at least a just and wise interpretation of it, the whole country, if called upon to vote for or against it, would poll an astounding majority to secure. Almost as large a vote could be secured against the re-opening of the saloons or the sale of alcoholic beverages even in the magnificent dance halls. But every day it is becoming more evident that the eighteenth amendment is far too severe in its provisions, and the anti-prohibitionists are not going to obey more than one or two of them. It is learned through correspondence from New York that the expected rebellion has already broken out. Many of the smaller restaurants, which ever since the amendment went into effect have sold liquor to their known customers, are now dispensing it openly. Under legal advice, all of the large hotels and cafés are inviting their patrons to bring their own flasks and they will be given service; many barrooms that have all along furnished liquor to applicants who "looked safe" are becoming bolder and bolder, and apparently the revenue officers show no disposition to interfere with them. Hundreds of thousands of people are brewing beer and manufacturing other beverages with a "kick" in them at their homes, and the best legal advice informs these moonshiners (in the beliefs of the prohibitionists) that they would have the right to prevent official intrusion upon their privacy even at the point of the pistol. In the meantime—can it be for political reasons?—the Supreme Court delays its decision with reference to the constitutionality of the enforcement law. If that decision be adverse, the music that will result from that action will be very loud indeed, and most inharmonious.

* * *

Who's Who in Prosecution?

It is customary in jurisprudence that if anyone be dissatisfied with the methods of the prosecution in any cause in court, for appeal to be made to the Governor for the state's Attorney General to be assigned to the case, in order that the full rights of the cause of the people may be protected by a prosecutor who would be presumably immune from any imputation of bias. Such a case is now before the courts, or, in fact, there are a number of cases which have been brought to the attention of the Bar Association and by them laid before the Governor with a request for action. The cases referred to are those against Police Justice John Sullivan and Peter P. MacDonough, accused of malfeasance in connection with some bail bond cases of the same stripe for which other justices have been indicted but for some reason or other still remain untried. The Bar Association requests that State Attorney General U. S. Webb be assigned to prosecute these cases, on the ground that a fair and impartial trial is not likely if they be prosecuted by the present District Attorney of San Francisco, himself but recently a police judge; and the inference to be drawn from this plea to the Governor is that District Attorney Brady might possibly be sufficiently in sympathy with his former associates to be unconsciously biased. The District Attorney is said to have waxed highly indignant on hearing of this action of the Bar Association, and vehemently declared that he did not propose to have his office dictated to by the association, or the docket of trials interfered with by the Attorney General. He holds that Theodore Roche, who is the law partner of Judge Sullivan, is responsible for this uncalled-for action by the Bar Association, while, on the other hand, Roche declares that Brady is intentionally clouding the issue—whatever that may mean. At all events, Brady prepared a strong statement to the Governor in reply to the charge of the association, which avers that "Brady, formerly a police judge, is not the proper person to conduct so important a prosecution." There is not the slightest doubt that there have been many instances of high-handed graft somewhere in respect to the operations of bail bond operators before the courts in question, and Mr. Brady is too able a lawyer and too good a citizen to place any impediment in the way of their speedy and sincere trial, for the abuses have been many and the punishments for them not even considered up to the present time.

Aiblins

Thro' mickle mirk I gang agley,
  A'e thing me fashes sore.
If God Almichty's name be love,
  Hom comes this awfu' war?
"Auld Nick," ye say, mak's it in hell
  Then "Clootie" should be hanged,
The Onc aboon maun settle him,
  An' tell him to be dang'd.

I know how preacher haivers aft
  'Boot meestry o' sin,
But when I spier him, "Why, my frien',
  Should God hae let it in
A warl' sae bonnie?" then he birks
  An' says he disna know—
Juist gabs aboot nae simmer floors
  Withoot the winter snow.

God mak's us "free," an' canna tak'
  The "wull" He freely gives
He wants us bairnies to grow men
  An' no' as puppets live.
I see a wee bit glint o' licht—
  He is nae Engineer,
An' disna ask for mere machines
  But children sonsie, dear.

He sent His Son to conquer sin,
  Wha died upon a cross,
An' they wha fecht wi' Him the fecht
  Can never suffer loss;
It took Him lang to mak' a warl.
  'Twas no' withoot a plan,
But then it tak's Him Langer still
  To mak' a perfect man.

Hae mercy on Thy fallen race,
  O Christ! wha died for men!
Forgie! they know not what they dae,
  But Thou, guid Lord, canst ken.
The cruel nails and pierced side,
  Thy robe o' love we rend.
If men wad only follow Thee,
  A' war wad hae an end.

—Arthur J. Gadd.

Justifiable Homicide

By Kenneth Grahame

This is a remedial age, an age of keys for all manner of locks; so he cannot be said to ask too much who seeks for exact information as to how a young man ought, in justice to himself and to society, to deal with his relations. During his minority he has lain entirely at their mercy: has been their butt, their martyr, their drudge, their corpus vile. Possessing all the sinews of war, this stiff-necked tribe has consistently refused to "part": even for the provision of those luxuries so much more necessary than necessities. Its members have crammed their victim full of precepts, rules of conduct, moral maxims, and most miscellaneous counsel: all which he intuitively suspected at the time, and has ascertained by subsequent experience, to be utterly worthless. Now, when their hour has come, when the tocsin has sounded at last, and the Gaul is at the gate, they still appear to think that the old condition of things is to go on; unconscious, apparently, of atonement due, of retribution to be exacted, of wrongs to be avenged and of insults to be wiped away!

Over the northwest frontier, where the writ of the English Raj runs not, the artless Afghan is happy in a code that fully provides for relatives who neglect or misunderstand their obligations. An Afghan it was who found himself compelled to reprove an uncle with an unfortunate habit of squandering the family estate. An excellent relative, this uncle, in all other respects. As a liar, he had few equals; he robbed with taste and discretion; and his murders were all imbued with true artistic feeling. He might have lived to a green old age of spotless respectability but for his one little failing. As it was, justice had to be done, ruat caelum: and so it came about that one day the nephew issued forth to correct him with a matchlock. The innocent old man was cultivating his paternal acres; so the nephew was able, unperceived, to get a steady sight on him. His finger was on the trigger, when suddenly there slipped into his mind the divine precept: "Allah is merciful!" He lowered his piece, and remained for a little plunged in thought; meanwhile the unconscious uncle hoed his paddy. Then with a happy smile he took aim once more, for there also occurred to him the precept equally divine: "But Allah is also just." With an easy conscience he let fly, and behold! there was an uncle the more in Paradise.

It was probably some little affair of a similar quality that constrained a recruit in a regiment stationed at Peshawur to apply for leave of absence in order to attend to family matters of importance. The colonel knew it was small use refusing the leave, as in that case his recruit would promptly desert; so he could only ask, how long was the transaction like to take? It was told him, after consideration, that, allowing for all possible difficulties and delays, a month would meet the necessities of the case; and on that understanding he allowed his man to depart. At the end of the month he reappeared on duty, a subdued but mellow cheer shining through his wonted impassiveness. His colonel ventured to inquire of him, in a general way, if the business in question were satisfactorily concluded. And he replied: "I got him from behind a rock."

There are practical difficulties in the way of the adoption of such methods at home. We must be content to envy, without imitating, these free and happy sons of the hills. And yet a few of the old school are left us still: averse from change, mistrustful of progress, sticking steadily to the good old-fashioned dagger and bowl. I had a friend who disposed of a relative every spring. Uncles were his special line—(he had suffered much from their tribe, having been early left an orphan)—though he had dabbled in aunts, and in his hot youth, when he was getting his hand in, he had even dallied with a grand-parent or two. But it was in uncles he excelled. He possessed (at the beginning of his career) a large number of these connections, and pursuit of them, from the mere sordid point of view of £ s. d., proved lucrative. But he always protested (and I believed him) that gain with him was a secondary consideration. It would hardly be in the public interest to disclose his modus operandi. I shall only remark that he was one of the first to realize the security and immunity afforded the artist by the conditions of modern London. Hence it happened that he usually practiced in town, but spent his vacations at the country houses of such relations as were still spared him, where he was always the life and soul of the place. Unfortunately he is no longer with us, to assist in the revision of this article: nor was it permitted me to soothe his last moments. The presiding sheriff was one of those new-fangled officials who insist on the exclusion of the public, and he declined to admit me either in the capacity of a personal connection or, though I tried my hardest, as the representative of "The National Observer." It only remains to be said of my much-tried and still lamented friend, that he left few relatives to mourn his untimely end.

But our reluctant feet must needs keep step with the imperious march of Time, and my poor friend's Art (as himself in later years would sorrowfully admit) is now almost as extinct as the glass-staining of old, or "Robbia's craft so apt and strange"; while our thin-blooded youth, too nice for the joyous old methods, are content to find sweetest revenge in severely dropping their relations. This is indeed a most effective position: it exasperates, while it is unassailable. And yet there remains a higher course, a nobler task. Not mere forgiveness: it is simple duty to forgive—even one's guardians. No young man of earnest aspirations will be content to stop there. Nay: lead them on, these lost ones, by the hand; conduct them "generously and gently, and with linking of the arm"; educate them, eradicate their false ideals, dispel their foolish prejudices; be to their faults a little blind and to their virtues very kind: in fine, realize that you have a mission—that these wretches are not here for nothing. The task will seem hard at first; but only those who have tried can know how much may be done by assiduous and kindly effort towards the chastening—ay! the final redemption even!—of the most hopeless and pig-headed of uncles.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Author of "The Voices"

By Helen M. Bonnet

"The Voices," Mrs. I. Lowenberg's new novel, is one of the factors which has revived discussion as to whether the supernatural "voices" which guided Joan of Arc deserted her after she accomplished her mission of redeeming France by succoring the weak dauphin Charles and escorting him to his coronation ceremonies at Rheims. Mrs. Lowenberg, who has made an exhaustive study of the life of Joan, takes the view that Joan should have retired after that event, the doctrine which up to now the Catholic Church has held. At the recent council in Rome which deliberated upon the events of Joan's life, an ecclesiastic assembly which met to consider Joan's canonization, doubtless some verdict was reached, but the reports of it have not yet arrived in this country. Incidentally, belief in the actuality of Joan's voices is not a matter of Catholic doctrine, but is generally accepted.

The Joan of Mrs. Lowenberg's novel thought she heard voices urging her to help the cause of labor and to advocate unionism.

A perusal of Mrs. Lowenberg's book reveals the palpable fact that the author has delved deep into the heart of the labor and capital problem, and has thought out plans for its solution.

Everybody in touch with local affairs knows of the activities of Mrs. I. Lowenberg in humanitarian and philanthropic work. It would be difficult to enumerate the branches of uplift work which do not bear the stamp of her personality; for they embrace all branches of philanthropic, civic and war work. She refused to enumerate the channels of her endeavor when urged by her interrogator, but with sweet womanliness said:

"Oh, I tried to work wherever I thought I could help humanity, as the need arose, where I felt I could do so."

* * *

A Woman's First Duty

With all her progressive ideas, this woman, who has given so generously of her boundless energies to the well-being of her fellow creatures, believes that a woman's first duty is in her home, to her children. If a woman fails in that, nothing can compensate her. She must stay in her home until her children do not need her. If circumstances make it possible for a mother to render outside world service without neglecting her children, she owes it to the world to divide her energies; but not otherwise, unless it is a war necessity.

Mrs. Lowenberg tells of a specific instance where one day, when her Associated Charities duties took her to Clementina Street, she admonished a little girl of eight years that the three-year-old broher she was carrying in her young arms across Fourth Street was not only too heavy for her, but that they both might be run over. "Where is mama?" asked Mrs. Lowenberg. "Mama's at the club; this is coffee day." The poor mother doubtless was in sore need of recreation, but she should have enlisted the watchfulness of a sympathetic neighbor before voyaging forth in search of a broader outlook. Mrs.

Lowenberg said that frequently women in higher strata of society take just such chances.

★ ★ ★

The Sweetness of Age

Though "Who's Who in America" gives 1845 as the year of Mrs. Lowenberg's birth, she is the happy possessor of a constructive youthfulness. In her conversation there is an amazing absence of adverse criticism or dogmatory precept. Her creed is that there is something good in the most depraved person and some excuse to be found for seemingly the most flippant conduct. She does not refer back to the superior way the world was run when she was a young girl, but advocates all kinds of progress and rejoices in the widening of woman's horizon. She is emphatic in her statement that the redemption of the world rests in woman's hands, that woman's refining influence is the greatest means of uplift. She quotes Mungo Park as saying that even the savages in the wilds of Africa were susceptible to that influence as it existed among the females of their tribes.

In her club life, philanthropic and war work, Mrs. Lowenberg has worked and mingled with equal zeal for all denomination and classes, and it is, from so competent an authority, an axiom that woman's greatest power is her effeminancy.

In "The Voices," sentiments breathing the spirit of Americanism occur throughout and there are eloquent indications of an intelligent digest of the principles of our great republic. It is a simple matter to understand that the author wrote down her own patriotic aspirations when one hears her say that when she was a bride of seventeen her husband planned to take her to Europe, but she objected—said she never wanted to leave America. Finally she consented, but on condition that if she should die over there he would bring back her body wrapped in an American flag. However, that trip was never taken. and Mrs. Lowenberg has spent her entire life in this country—at Prairie Bluff, Missouri, until she was six; then in Cape Giradeau, 150 miles below St. Louis, where she was educated in the convent of St. Vincent. The greater part of her life has been spent in California, which she has never desired to leave even for a visit.

She said, in speaking of the anarchistic influences with which the United States has been menaced, that all her life she has longed that the oppressed of all nations might know of this free land and find a way to come here, away from monarchical tyranny and the enslaving conditions of class prejudice, and that they might reward our government by giving their loving allegiance.

It is refreshing to find a woman who, though she has worked for decades to achieve means of progress for her sex, has never been swayed by socialistic doctrine to turn her eyes for one moment from the noble standard of her country.

With such women as Mrs. Lowenberg to help form public opinion, the thinking men of our nation need never be jealous of woman's influence, fearful of their rights being usurped, or apprehensive of cause to lament the deterioration of the home.

To younger women she is an inspiration. Too seldom women retain their individuality, but allow it to be absorbed by their families. Mrs. Lowenberg is a fine mother and grandmother, but she has an outlook upon life which includes the great human family and not merely that part of it which is her own.

Men of her age and equal education and opportunity are active in achievement in the world of finance and government. Why should woman be expected to be a mere onlooker in world affairs? Mrs. Lowenberg's "The Voices," as well as her earlier books, "The Irresistible Current" and "A Nation's Crime," proclaim her as a woman competent to sit in councils of state with other executives. More women could help in such distinguished service if they would not allow their energies to stagnate too early in life.

The Spectator

William F. Humphrey Puts Over Hetch-Hetchy

The papers have been for several days full of the somewhat spectacular appearance of the hitherto unknown and unsuspected American Construction Company among the bidders for the completion of the Hetch-Hetchy tunnel, and their equally unexpected success in securing the contract. In so far as the main facts are concerned, together with the efforts to over-ride the decision of the city officials in awarding this contract, there is an interesting story going the rounds concerning the rise, progress and succes of the new company that has not yet been published in detail, and which everyone interested in the welfare of the city ought to know. It appears that some time since the noted engineer and capitalist, Charles Tinkler, in conversation with Herbert Fleishhacker and William F. Humphrey, made the statement that in his knowledge the bids of all other contractors were too high by millions, and that a new company should be formed which would do business on a cost-plus basis, and not only make a handsome profit for the backers and stockholders, but save at least two mililons of dollars for the city. The new project was discussed many times in conference with experts; the figures pronounced entirely accurate, and it was decided to proceed at once with the details of organization, not only because it would prove to be a profitable venture, but, what was better still, develop sufficient public spirit among the projectors to prevent the city from being mulcted by speculative profiteers. Accordingly, Mr. Humphrey hurried eastward, ostensibly to purchase property for the Olympic Club as well as to attend to legal matters in Washington, but in reality to secure a charter for the new corporation in another state, so that its status should remain under cover until the proper time to expose it. A charter was secured under the laws of the state of Delaware, with Charles Tinkler as president, and the Fleishhackers and Humphrey, with others, on the board of directors. The next step was to secure from the state authorities permission for a foreign corporation to operate in California. The papers granting such authority were late in their issuance and mailing, and the officers of the new company grew anxious when the day for the filing of the bids arrived and the permission to operate had not arrived from Sacramento. This anxiety increased to alarm when the lunch hour had come and gone without the receipt of the precious documents, lacking which nothing could be done. At half-past two the papers arrived, and one minute before three (the appointed hour) the bid was filed, and when all bids were opened, it was discovered that that of the American Construction Company was more than two millions of dollars less than the next lowest bid; so nothing was left for Mayor Rolph and Engineer O'Shaughnessy but to award the contract upon the filing of the requisite bond, which, of course, was ready. Many protests were filed by contesting engineers and their counsel, and the attempt was made to prove the American bid illegal. This failing, an injunction was threatened to enjoin the successful bidder from beginning operations, but Attorney Humphrey declares that he will welcome any such action, for his company is amply protected by the laws, and will complete the great tunnel with a saving of nearly two millions of dollars to his native San Francisco.

Another Item in the Dry Bill

While San Francisco is toying with novelties of taxation to help meet the deficit represented by the cost of prohibition, and State officials are issuing broadside warnings dealing with parallel governmental difficulties, there comes another demand for expenditure—and back of it statistics to make the most casual pause, and a wealth of professional testimony that cannot be disregarded.

On the word of physicians, officials and other students of the drug problem, we are assured that the increase in the consumption of drugs is astounding as a result of prohiibtion and that the situation demands the establishment of a sanitarium for narcotic addicts.

The case was bad enough before prohibition went into effect, but with the establishment of the great desert order it has become alarming.

Something has to be done for the cure of those who have formed habits that are as much worse than the abuses of liquor as inevitable dipsomania is worse than the pain of a casual

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overindulgence. So say those who know, including Dr. Gibbons, Dr. Hassler of the city health department, Dr. G. B. Wilson, who has studied this problem for forty years; U. S. Commissioner Krull, and others, including Dr. R. E. Bering, who, in a pamphlet read before the State Medical Society, started the present discussion.

* * *

Man Will Find Something

The government estimates that there are 4,000,000 drug victims in the United States. An eighth of this number are unemployable, representing an economic loss of $150,000,000 in wages annually. A million pounds of cocaine are used each year and opium enough for thirty-six doses for each man, woman and child in the country. And there is admittedly a contraband trade from Canada and Mexico, on which definite figures are obviously unobtainable.

The answer to all this is clear. Mankind cannot live by bread alone. Man must have a stimulant; without it he would never have reached the height to which he has risen. If he is denied one thing, he will take to another —but something he will have.

This principle has apparently never been examined, much less admitted, by the professional puritans; but it is because of this neglect that their work must collapse. They have given no thought to a substitute for beer and wine, except, perhaps, a confiding glance at the exaltation to be found in a blue ribbon prayer meeting.

The classic example of the prohibitionist, Carrie Nation, probably did not even drink the alcoholic patent medicines on which the less vociferous of her type usually thrive. She had no need to. She was a perpetual stimulant unto herself, eternally on a jag of hysteria.

But can we all be Carrie Nations? Can we all lapse into the comatose opposite?

A sanitarium for the drug vitims by all means, if they really need it. But meanwhile something more constructive, so that in another generation the sanitarium may be turned into a pleasure resort for the healthy whole.

Why Sex Hygiene in the Schools?

The Associated Press thought it a subject of sufficient importance to telegraph over the Pacific Coast that the board of education in Omaha had introduced the subject of sex hygiene in the high school course of study. Omaha is the former home of Mormonism, of which doubtless some seeds still persist in fructifying—in any of Utah's schools possibly there may be an excuse to study this subject, but it is a very grave problem.

How can school masters and school mistresses teach this important subject to the adolescent youth and maiden? It is a decision far too sacred and important for any school board to dispose of. What good result is achieved in including it in our own U. C. curriculum? The students there take it up in their freshman year, and judging from the comments and discussions by the young students themselves, the subject would be much greater in its beneficial influence if it were conspicuously absent. Those who are preparing for a medical course should be expected to study it, but except in the rarest instances, university students do not go to their ultimate destruction if they never hear the subject mentioned by their instructors.

All other considerations diregarded, it disillusionizes a young girl to be told scientifically and hygienically the causes of sex attraction—it deliberately robs her of experience sacred to youth. Imagine Juliet being instructed beforehand in the designs of Romeo! Yet the lovelorn youth of Verona did seek the lady of his desire when he climbed the walls of the Capulet garden. Before you behold him 'neath Juliet's balcony, hark to the invocation of his cronies without, Benvolio and Mercutio, who knew him well and the romantic impulses that surged through his young blood. Talk sex hygiene to Romeo, analyze his divine emotions!

"Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man."

In California's invigorating climate youth does not have to be taught to attract the opposite sex. Indeed, here, in the animal kingdom, we mature early, as in our floral world, and there is grave danger in implanting carnal thoughts in the young human mind at a period when it should be absorbing knowledge contributive to intellectual growth and revelling in romantic conception.

Marriage vs. Liberty

Fannie Hurst, author of human interest stories, who perceives high romance everywhere in the most unlikely places, claims to have solved the riddle, "How to preserve illusion though married." For five years she has kept dinner engagements with Friend Husband, who has ventured, not unannounced, caveman-like, into her presence to take her to Sherry's or Greenwich Village, whether she would or no, but has discreetly and invisibly proffered his invitation from a discreet distance—somewhere at the other end of a telephone wire. The husband—Jacques Danielson, pianist and composer, is accorded yet another connubial privilege, namely; a semi-weekly breakfast with his wife. Whether this breakfast follows the dinner of a preceding evening is not stated; nor, if so, where Miss Hurst (as she is still known) spends the intervening hours—whether under the same roof with her husband or separated by the distance of intervening blocks. The couple maintain separate studios and circulate in distinct social environment.

Also, these two persons had a pre-marital agreement that accounting for time spent apart was not to have a place in their scheme of marriage, as all such narrow obligations have a tendency "to create a sedentary state of fatmindedness." And there you are! Now we know why married people do not soar to the stars.

Miss Hurst omits to state just what monetary basis she and her complacent husband proceed upon. All free people approve of the greatest earning capacity—plus the greatest spending capacity—giving to be entirely voluntary and not in the least obligatory.

Miss Hurst and husband also arranged prenuptially regarding children; or, to be specific, "a child." But as it hasn't materialized, that is another story, a problem very easily solved.

Hysterical Fashions

Without a doubt, there is something to this social-unrest idea. The very fact of the matter is that, at the present moment, mankind (including womankind) doesn't know what to do with itself. Witness the overall boom. It was not silly: it was stupendous. It was just evidence that the social fabric has suddenly become denim for some people; not because they like overalls or are economizing by adding a cheap thing to their wardrobes, but because they took to an ugly thing at a crisis when their ideas of the beautiful were exhausted. Hardly had the overall bubble burst, when Parisian and New York girls were found wearing wings on their heels, a la Mercury. Simultaneously, sugar jumps to 27 cents a pound; the New York "Follies" are threatening a charge of $5 a seat; hundreds of Chicago tenants refuse to move or pay increased rent; housewives' leagues are giving boycott dinners; and, way down in Palo Alto, the co-eds have been taken to task for promenading in wild-wave costume between their dormitories and Lake Lagunitas. The Stanford girls might as well as any other be cited as an example of what the social unrest is coming to. Restless as they were, these fair students donned one-piece bathing attire, took down their hair, and strolled gaily in and about Lagunitas. The citizens of Palo Alto were horrified. That's the worst part of this social-unrest business; while you are soothing your own soul in something spectacular, somebody else is being shocked to the marrowbones. Anyway, the general desire is for novelty. The order of the day is unrest, then reaction and finally hysteria. One thing is certain: hysteria in overalls is not its most picturesque form. The winged heel gives rise to a pleasanter fancy. We trust that the final spasm will occur in most beautiful garb imaginable.

Please Don't Hurt Mt. Tamalpais

The hike of several San Francisco organizations up the slopes of Tamalpais made a lot of Tamalpais made a lot of people nervous in Marin County. For days prior to the event, the Tamalpais Conservation Club was just sure that the consolidated hikers would injure the fragile mountain. So a letter full of misgivings was written to the business agent or walking delegate representing the San Franciscans. Copies of the letter were mailed to the most prominent hikers. Here is a quotation: "We fear that many who enlist in the hike will not have a keen realization of the necessity of protecting the mountain

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and the enjoyment of others. We place especial stress upon the necessity of keeping to the trails, lest the forest cover be destroyed." Furthermore, "good 'country' manners call for quiet and orderly conduct." The Conservation Club members then asked William Kent to say something apropos; and he expressed a hope that there would be no rowdyism. And there wasn't; that is, not very much. There wasn't enough rowdyism to hurt the mountain. Like most California scenery, Tamalpais is easily broken, and hard to repair. Some of the twigs were snapped off; but the mountain is still there.

Everybody for the War Memorial

The popularity of the war memorial is evident from the number of citizens who have already expressed themselves about it. If all the advisers and congratulators will come forward (as doubtless they will) with large or small contributions, the drive for $2,500,000 will be well on its way. Supervisors, Chamber of Commerce, labor leaders, financiers, sculptors and architects have told what ought to be done, and why. There is unanimity in the declaration that the memorial should be something big in idea, grand in scope, and thoroughly befitting San Francisco's part in the war as well as her standing in the world of art. I hope that the same unanimous enthusiasm will be accorded the best plans and specifications for the structure. It must be the most superb offering that San Francisco has yet visioned in architectural uplift. Whether an already famous designer or one as yet little known should enter the conference with the most magnificent drawing, the future of San Francisco's renown for knowing how will depend on its acceptance.

Up-to-Date Berkeley

Berkeley has resolved to be known as a model city. It remains to be seen whether or not other municipalities will follow the model. Last week the College Town passed its long-debated zone ordinance defining the whole community into residential, business and industrial districts. Without stating your requirements under one or more of those categories you cannot participate in the terrestrial activities over there. Another law passed by the Councilmen permits public drives for money only to organizations that agree to open their books and let the public know where the money goes. This will be a heartfelt boon to many contributors, who have grumbled recently over the money demands upon their purses. The graduating class this year is about 2,000, and, being the largest in its history, will be more or less a matter of general celebration. College ceremonies will be from May 8th to 11th. The annual senior pilgrimage to landmarks, speeches and sandwiches is set for Monday, May 10th. The record-breaking registration for this semester was 9,974. Of these, there are 3,800 women undergraduates. When you consider that number wandering from Campus to Faculty Glade, it is remarkable how seldom they get ino mischief.

Seeley Dinner Tale Revived

The republication in a recent issue of one of our Sunday newspapers of the twenty odd years old story of the famous Seeley dinner at Sherry's in New York is another indication that sensationalism will never come down, and if it be what the readers of Sunday editions regard as good sensationalism, its reiteration is always read with greedy interest. The republication referred to—and of course San Francisco has no yellow journals—was published with new pictures of events that did not occur, and refurbished with new statements of glaring inaccuracy in order to add new zest to a story which was grossly exaggerated at the very first, the first statement being adhered to in spite of the persistent denials of those concerned in it. The writer was one of the guests at that memorable feast, wrote a letter to the New York "World" contradicting the wild statements embodied in its story of the affair, and with that singular pertinacity for adhering to its own stories in spite of contradictory statements of those in the know, the paper refused to publish it. The reiteration of the wildly exaggerated tale two weeks ago has impelled this writer to tell again briefly the story as it really occurred, for it is often referred to among clubmen and in society, so is still fresh in the public interest in spite of its venerable age. The dinner was given by Herbert Seeley, one of the heirs of the great P. T. Barnum fortune, to his brother Clinton, on the eve of his marriage. To provide unusual entertainment for the event a vaudeville agent was consulted, and informed that the programme must be of a racy nature, with only female performers, and that the female form divine must be exposed to as great an extent as the law would allow. The business arrangements were made, and the nature of the entertainment agreed upon. Later on, however, it developed that the headliner suggested by the manager was not sufficiently beautiful or talented to justify the payment of the sum agreed upon, so another was selected in the person of a sensational dancer known as "Little Egypt."

* * *

A Woman Scorned

The headliner first engaged, whose name is now forgotten, full of jealous rage, proceeded to Captain Chapman, in command of that police district, and falsely informed him that a dinner was to be given on such and such a date, in which naked women were to dance on the tables and perform for the edification of a company of drunken men. She also stated that she herself had declined to be included in such a programme, and deemed it her duty to expose so flagrant a perversion of the public morals. The dinner was given, and "Little Egypt" danced upon one of the tables, no more nude than are many of the young women now being enthusiastically admired in the "Follies of 1918." The door was suddenly entered by Captain Chapman, who did not see "Little Egypt's" dance at all, but satisfied himself with the general picture of half-undressed femininity in the dressing room, and declared the whole party under arrest. The reporters interviewed the jealous actress who had made the complaint, instead of those intimately concerned with the feast, and the most amazingly exaggerated accounts were the result. Captain Chapman utterly failed in court to substantiate his charge of disorderly conduct and the giving of an illegal entertainment; the prisoners were discharged, the judge expressing his regret that the arrest had ever been made. But the damage was done, and the false story lived, while, as is usually the case, the true one was never believed, the public preferring to believe the published accounts instead of personal denials.

* * *

A Wife's Revenge

It was so with the wives of the married men who were present, for what the newspapers said they believed must be true, while the statements of their husbands were regarded as being mere subterfuges to clear themselves of guilt. There have been many dinners given in New York that would have made the Seeley dinner appear like a Bible class meeting in comparison, but in those cases there was no vindictive woman to make exposures. Herbert Seeley's wife prevailed upon him to transfer his property to her on the ground of his wild extravagance, and immediately upon the signing of the necessary papers she divorced him, without allowing him a monthly stipend for the necessaries of life. Too proud to appeal to his relatives for assistance, and failing to secure employment because of business inexperience, his friends were amazed to find him as one of the red-coated ticket takers at the New York "Hippodrome" on a salary of forty dollars a week. The republished accounts of the story carefully omit these lackaday details, for they must stand by the history of the first publication and cannot stultify themselves by retraction, more's the pity!

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

Poor Uncle Tom!

After three-quarters of a century of almost constant useful activity, Harriet Beecher Stow's immortal drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was laid away to rest, excepting for the now and then spasmodic efforts of tent shows, which are the ghostly reminders of a glorious past that has netted fortunes. But now he is dragged out of the tomb to be made the subject of an acrimonious row between the president and teachers of a college. It appears that there is a large and prosperous Episcopalian college for young women at Chatham, Virginia, and on the occasion of the birthday of Harriet Beecher Stow, one of the teachers prepared a memorial eulogy of her, in which much space was devoted to what must remain in dramatic history as being the most successful drama ever written. The lecture was duly announced, but the college president, the Rev. C. O. Pruden, on hearing that the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to be made the principal point of the eulogy, asked to be permitted to read the manuscript, which privilege was accorded him. Now the Rev. C. O. Pruden is a bred-in-the-bone Southerner, and to a Southerner "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is like a red flag to a mad bull, for the reason that it keeps alive the memories of slavery days which southern people would have obliterated from history forever. Accordingly, he returned the manuscript without his approval, and gave directions that the lecture should be abandoned. This play was "mischievous in design" and even reference to it must be suppressed, if possible. All of the teachers, out of sympathy for the lecturer, resigned forthwith, and their resignations were accepted. Then the trustees of the college entered the dispute, most of them taking sides with the teachers. But the reverend gentleman stood his ground firmly, and all the trustees resigned. He then appealed to the bishop of the diocese, who advised that an apology be offered to the teachers, and suggested that the lecture be postponed to some later date. Here the matter rests for the present, but it is certain that when the news of the interscholastic row reaches the ears of travelling managers, an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show will invade the town of Chatham, Va., and the recalcitrant teachers will have their revenge.

Pavlowa Helps a Californian to Fame

Five or six years ago there was a young Californian who spent his working hours in a San Francisco shop designing jewelry, and devoted a good deal of his leisure to trying to convey to his friends his enthusiasm for "single casting," in which he was doing what amounted to pioneer work. Single casting has no relation to fly-casting: it is one way to make a piece of statuary, to give the briefest explanation.

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And now the young Californian is one of the bright lights of New York's younger art circles, and he has won the admiration of critics and of public with a piece of single casting that is a sublimation of Anna Pavlowa in her dance of the dragon fly.

The sculptor is Alfred Lenz, and the Pavlowa piece was one of the most talked-of things at the recent National Academy of Design show.

* * *

Aztec Theory and Practice

The dragon fly statue—it is only eight inches high—has been declared "a miracle of single casting." It is a remarkably graceful bit of work, showing the continental influence a good deal. This is strange, for in his days here, before recognition, Lenz was ardent for a bolder tradition. He did work at that time that was a foreshadowing of the manner shown in the dragon fly piece—work that was reproduced on the programs of some of our theatres. But when off duty from bread and butter work he would expatiate on the significance of Aztec art, declaring that an art indigenous to America must start with the Aztecs and work up in accordance with the natural conditions and tendencies which had produced the aboriginal art.

Others have come, making much of the Aztecs and utilizing them as an example from which startling new things have been evolved, and there has been much talk; but Lenz has stuck to his single casting. Perhaps it is just as well.

A Perishable Memorial

There died the other day at Martinez the man to whom is given the credit of naming Lake Tahoe. He was R. G. Dean. He came to California in 1850, and lived to be ninety years old.

A claim to immortality of this nature is, however, not imperishable, to say the least. Writ in water, if one may presume to vary Keats' proverbial "writ in sands." But the derivation of Tahoe has been studied, and according to the ethnologists who specialize in place names, it is probably the Washoe word meaning "big water," or at least a corruption of that word. Incidentally, it is credited with being the only word the Washoes have given to the California gazetteer.

* * *

The Doctors Disagree, However

The matter has not been settled for once and all, however. Among the doubters, or at least those who have an open mind, is Professor A. L. Kroeber of the U. C., who knows his way among Indian dialects as do you and I in the streets that lead to Lotta's Fountain.

Californians have always taken such pride in the history of their state that it might be imagined these points of connection with the earliest inhabitants of all had been settled long ago, but not so. There is still much valuable work to be done. Even over the names of our counties much academic and philological scorn and contumely are lavished on conflicting theories—and the time may have already come when a final decision is out of the question.

Saints Given the Wrong Clothes

It is not the old names, but the newest, which are—or should be—a cause of perturbation. There are many that have been brought into current use which are unworthy of the state. One should expect at least verissimilitude, yet with towns, hotels, apartment houses and commodities that desire to be household words, one too often finds the reckless disregard of gender, in adaptations from the Spanish, which used to be characteristic only of baptizers of cigars. The masculine San and the feminine Santa get twisted in a most scandalous, not to say pathologic, manner, with inappropriate terminals tagged on in a way to confuse even the Angel Gabriel. A little ardor for the historic is a dangerous thing.

Even Pasadena, associated as its name is with California to the average newcomer, has a blot on its etymological escutcheon, according to Professor Kroeber. Commenting on the belief that the name meant "crown of the valley" in Chippewa, he pointed out, in a pamphlet published by the University of California, that the conception of a crown is not aboriginal, and dismisses it as sophisticated, thus: "The phrase has all the appearance of having been coined by an American out of Indian or imaginary Indian terms."

"Unspeakable" Vice in the Bay Cities

What is life without an occasional vice crusade? In the spring of the year, the young clergyman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of unspeakable channels. But the present is a bad time for exploiting such meditiations, as most of the population is busy with recipes for beer, and wondering how to keep the yeast from settling in the bottle. The sediment of the social system is not worrying the general public. San Francisco has become unconcerned over such crusades; but Oakland still takes them seriously and makes extended replies to the accusations. Oakland has a Commissioner of Public Health and Safety—one F. F. Morse, whose chief occupation is to refute criticism of his office. The other day he said: "All this excitement over wickedness in cafes and cabarets is poppycock, piffle, etc." This was a dignified and wholesome statement, being in answer to certain remarks made by the Big Sisters of the Public Welfare League. The business of this league is ostensibly the discovery of unspeakable conditions as aforesaid. Then there is a lot of talk about it. Cer-

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tainly there should be a law against couples holding hands while listening to jazz music. Still better, a constitutional amendment would serve the purpose. We make men and women take out a license before marrying. Why not have them sign a statement as to what they will do and say when in a cabaret? They should give a bond that they won't become unspeakable.

The Retort Courteous

There is a certain man of wealth in San Francisco whose name is widely known, thanks to unnumbered appearances upon billboards and the labels of cans of coffee and spice.

There is another man who by choice and the requirements of his profession is a late sleeper. Nine in the morning is to him as the wee-est of the small hours is to the other chap

And at nine in the morning the telephone by the second man's bed rang and rang, and he grumbled and groaned and took off the receiver, prepared for nothing less than the most urgent of news. The voice was that, apparently, of a clerk of high school age, saying in honeyed tones: "We would like to know if you have tried So-andso's coffee, or if you will let us send you a sample tin."

It was a great advertising stunt, perhaps. Doubtless some hundreds of householders had the question put to them over the phone.

But the man who had been disturbed merely hung up—and bided his time.

His time came at 2 A. M. next day. He did not smile even to himself as he called up the home of the coffee magnate and demanded that he and no other come to the phone.

"I just wanted to tell you," he said, "that I have been thinking over the question your firm shadowing of the manner shown in the dragon telephoned to me while I was in bed this morning, and I've come to a decision. I have not tried your coffee and I will not. Good bye."

Moroccan Grain To Be Exported

Morocco is likely to have a large exportable surplus of grain after the next harvest, by which France may profit, according to reports submited to the government at Casablanca, France. The exportation of grain has not been permitted since the end of the war, so that the exhausted stocks might be replenished, but the excellent crop prospects give rise to the belief that the total value of this year's harvest will be at least one million francs. The protectorate expects to lift the embargo on the export of barley, maize and sago after the coming summer.

The situation as regards live stock was also reported to be exceptionally good. During the present year it is expected that 50,000 head of cattle and 100,000 sheep will have been exported.

Indian Mussulman Delegation in Paris

A Mussulman delegation from India has arrived here from London after a few weeks' stay in the British capital This delegation is to lay before the British and the allied governments the point of view of the Mohammedan community of India with regard to the caliphate question and the proposed treaty with Turkey.

Italy's Denial

The Italian ambassador in Paris has categorically denied rumors that Italy intends, as a result of Chancellor Renner's recent visit to Rome, to open pourparlers with the object of bringing about a rapproachement between Italy, Germany and Austria.

Cargo Service Between Marseiles and the Pacific Coast

The "Société Générale des Tranport Maritimes à Vapeur," of Marseilles, recently inaugurated a semi-monthly freight service between Marseilles and San Francisco and other Pacific Coast ports. It is expected that the new line will contribute to the establishment of profitable trade relations between the Pacific Coast states and the Mediterranean.

New Railway Project.

The French Senate has adopted the law project which provides for the crossing of the Vosges mountains by rail.

At the present time, Alsace is served by two main lines, constructed many years ago; one from Nancy to Strassburg, via Saverne; the other from Belfort to Mulhousen, along the southern edges of the Vosges chain.

From the economic point of view, it is necessary to facilitate traffic movement between Lorraine and Alsace, and to permit the easy circulation of the products of Alsace's industry and natural resources.

It has therefore been decided to construct two new lines: One will connect the line from Remiremont to Russang with the line from Kruth to Mulhousen; it will reduce by fifty kilometers the distance between this last city and Nancy; this line will call for a tunnel eight kilometers and 280 meters long. The total length of the line will be fourteen kilometers. The second line, from St. Dié to Saales, will be twenty-four kilometers long; it will necessitate the construction of a viaduct eight meters high, and two tunnels, one 170 meters and the other 190 meters long.

Taking into account the present cost of labor and materials, the expenditure occasioned by the construction of these two lines will reach about 150,000,000 francs.

Slavic Institute Formed at Paris

A new link between France and the Slav nations has just been formed in Paris by the creation of an institute of Slavic study. While this institution is mainly for scientific purposes, it is likely also to have some political importance. The institute will give students an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Slavic languages as well as Slavic ethnographic,, artistic and political questions. The institute has already established a library which will constitute a special meeting place for students interested in Slavic civilization.

Paris to Have Chinese Institute

Just after a Slavic Institute was established in Paris, the council of Paris University took under consideration a report recommending the creation of an institute of higher Chinese studies, suggested by the Republic of China. This institute would have the joint support of the two governments. So that it may constitute the most extensive source of information in Europe upon Chinese subjects, the Republic of China intends to present a collection of 100,000 manuscripts to France.

The dean of the Faculty of Letetrs has suggested to the council of the university a plan for the creation of a school to train teachers in France to work in foreign countries. This school would confer a degree involving license to teach outside of France.

Why Should They?

Marconi and San Francisco's Dr. Porta and others the whole world round have been all on tenterhooks over the possibility of the earth's getting signals from Mars during the period of its opposition. Of course, there have been others, like Dr. Campbell of the Lick Observatory, who have declined to get excited, but the world will never know the energy spent by wireless amateurs getting their apparatus ready to receive the messages hopefully looked for by Marconi, with the week of April 21st as the crucial period.

It all has to unprejudiced ears very much the same kind of sound as the excitement over Ouija.

The improbability may be stated philosophically quite succinctly. All speculators upon the possible life of Martians ascribe to them a far greater development in civilization than the inhabitants of our own earth have had. Intelligence is presumed in proportion to that civilization. Ergo, the Martians are highly intelligent. And why should a being of high intelligence wish to communicate with such a sorry world as ours?

The return of Mars to opposition, which comes every fifteen or seventeen years, has revived more than one old-fashioned superstition. I saw it gravely stated the other day, in a place from which better might be expected, that Mars' moons can be seen by looking at the planet in a common mirror. The points of light seen in such a reflection are, obviously, only faint reflections from the inner and outer surfaces of the glass, the main reflection coming from the quicksilver. You can give moons to the moon itself by looking at it in a looking-glass—which is the only kind of glass left to us that will do the trick.

Training in News Writing

Arthur L. Price, a San Francisco newspaperman of long experience in various capacities on daily newspapers, is conducting a course in News Writing and Reporting for the Extension Division of the University of California, which is designed to be particularly of benefit to men and women engaged in newspaper work, especially to persons employed on metropolitan and interior journals.

Each course comprises fifteen lessons, and the fee is $6.

Registrations are received at Rom 301, California Hall, Berkeley.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Frank Pinkney Helm received nearly a hundred ladies at her home on Broadway last Thursday, in honor of Mrs. Earl Shipp and Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Mrs. Charles Cole presided at the tea table, and was assisted by two exquiistely beautiful young girls, Helen Hammersmith and Gertrude Owen. Miss Maye Colburne served the punch in the charmingly decorated breakfast room.

Miss Maye Colburne was hostess at a beautifully aappointed luncheon on Saturday at the Fairmont, in honor of Mrs. Earl Shipp and Mrs. Walter McLeod. The other guests were:

Mmes. A Borel, Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr., Willard Williamson, Frank Pinkney Helm, Frederick Murphy, Misses Augusta Foute and Geraldine Storey.

Mrs. Shipp, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Charles Weller, sailed on Wednesday to join her husband, Lieut.-Com. Shipp, in Manila. Mrs. McLeod (Olive Wheeler), of Montana, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, of Washington Street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Cecil Treat and George Lacombe. Miss Treat is a beautiful girl. Her brothers are attorneys of this ciy. Mr. Lacombe is a brother of Rev. Lacombe, the brilliant and beloved chaplain of the 62nd Regiment.

Miss Florence Olsen will be hostess at a tea at the Palace on Saturday, when her guests will be some of her fellow students who have just completed the freshman year at U. C.

Mrs. A. Comte, of Clay Street, plans to take her children to spend the sumemr in southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Guifford Meredith, who spent their honeymoon in April at Del Monte, will live in Uplands.

St. Mary's College Dansant

The Alumni of St. Mary's College will give a dance at the Palace Hotel on the evening of May 15th, 1920, from nine o'clock to midnight. It is planned to make the event the largest roundup of St. Mary's men to date, and the forerunner of many happy gatherings.

In past years the reunions were about the festive board where wit, wine and wisdom flowed, but such pleasures now being prohibitive, the dance will reign, much to the joy of the younger members.

St. Mary's is the alma mater of many of the most distinguished men in California. A magnificent new building is contemplated for the near future, and St. Mary's is bound to keep pace with the march of progress. The committee of arrangements is: Charles F. Hanlon, chairman, class of '74; Hon. Frank J. Murasky, class of '83; Dr. Charles D. McGettigan, class of '93; Colonel John L. Flynn, class of '01, and W. J. Fitzgerald, secretary, class of '05.

Tickets may also be procured from Brother Agnon, St. Mary's College, telephone Lakeside 204, and from Brother Timothy, Sacred Heart College, telephone Franklin 3250.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pinkney Helm spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormack at their beautiful Santa Cruz home.

Mrs. Harriet C. Moore of Kansas City is visiting her brother, George C. Cook, at Pebble Bech, where his home, in mission style, is one of the show places.

Howard J. Schoder, of Los Angeles, has bought two acres next to Lewis P. Hobart's home, near the golf course at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Reiners and family, Mr. and Mrs. Goodfellow, and L. L. Cory, of Fresno, will spend this summer at Del Monte.

Mrs. A. S. Gage, of San Antonio, who last year rented a Pebble Beach home, will occupy quarters at Hotel Del Monte in June.

John F. Neville, present holder of California golf championships, will soon arrive with Mrs Neville at Del Monte.

The annual pow-wow of the California Indians is awaited with much interest at Del Monte, from May 17th to 23rd.

The formal opening of the Del Monte Fishing Club on May 22nd and 23rd will bring many San Franciscans to Del Monte. John C. Barneson, popular yachtsman, is president.

Orvie Overall and Frank Chance, former university students who later made excursions into the professional baseball field, are now farmers in southern California. Both are California Indians, and will attend the shooting meet at Del Monte.

This year the Bohemian Club members will not participate in their second golf tournament without the society of the fair sex, for several members are bringing their wives, who will join in the celebration.

The Misses Elizabeth and Mary Le Boyteaux have returned to Del Monte for a stay of several days. They are expert horsewomen, and spend much of their time at Del Monte on the picturesque bridle paths in the Del Monte Forest and at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Noyes, of San Francisco and Napa, are among the visitors at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse have arrived at Del Monte to enjoy a whirl of outdoor pastime.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime will be back at Del Monte the middle of May for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boisot, of Chicago, are returning to Del Monte next week, after a stay of a month or so at Pasadena. They will be accompanied by their charming daughter, Miss Miriam Boisot, and Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bassford.

N. Y. Water Color Club's Progress

There are two water color clubs in New York City. The older is the American Water Color Society, but drifting along lines of inocuous desuetude through its policy of exclusiveness, which is slowly putting them out of business. The New York Water Color Club is the other organization, and, considering that its latest annual exhibition was its thirtieth, it has arrived at sturdy manhood. The best artists of the country are members of one or both of these clubs. Of the younger, there is an associate membership of over 100, mostly lovers of art or collectors, nearly all residents of eastern cities, though among the active members Los Angeles, Tokio, Switzerland and Paris are listed as addresses of members.

When we have the California War Memorial, with the Art Association housed, it is to be hoped that we shall also have some organization as progressive as the N. Y. Water Color Club to encourage our artists.

Casa del Rey

The artistic dining room of the Casa del Rey, with its gay, flowered tables, was the setting for a happy gathering at Santa Cruz last Saturday evening, when most of the diners joined in the dancing, music being furnished by an excellent orchestra of San Francisco girls, who rendered a program of high standard during the dinner hour.

The hotel is to be congratulated on procuring the services of the famous chef, Herman Kirschman, whose menus are unexcelled by any in the city.

One of the largest dinner parties was that given by Mr. David L. Wilson, a prominent real estate man of Santa Cruz, and Mrs. Wilson. Among the guests were Messrs. and Mmes.: D. C. Moore, C. D. Taylor, T. G. McCreary, George H. Cardiff, H. W. Westphal and E. J. Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brown, of Cedar Rapids, who are touring the state, spent a few days at the Casa del Rey. Accompanying them were Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Hogue, of Santa Barbara. Boykin, Mabel Loeb and Mrs. G Broxtrom.

Two couples which attracted attention by their clever dancing were Mr. and Mrs. C. M. McAfee

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Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. F. F. de Lisle, of Burlingame, spent several days at the Casa del Rey.

Another party at the hotel from San Francisco was composed of Misses Nelle Chester, Elenor Boykin, Mabel Loeb and Mr. G. Broxtrom.

From Viscount Grey's "Recreation"

"When I was at the Foreign Office and Mr. Bryce was Ambassador in London, we got word from Mr. Bryce that President Roosevelt intended to visit England; that he intended to come to England in the month of May, because he wanted to hear the songs of the English birds. That is a prety good instance of planning a holiday in advance. We were also informed that he wanted to have it arranged to go to walk with somebody who knew the songs of the English birds, would tell him the songs as he heard them, and give him the information which he wanted. Here was the executive head of the greatest country in the world planning what he would do when he was out of office and having his nice, simple, interesting taste of wanting to hear the songs of English birds; and I wrote back to Mr. Bryce and said that when President Roosevelt came to England I would be delighted to do for him what he wanted, that I knew the songs of English birds and should be delighted to go for a walk with him and tell him the songs as we heard them. Some time passed, and when President Roosevelt was out of office he went to Africa and had much big-game shooting, and then he came to Europe, and all the leading countries of Europe were eager to do him honor and England was eager to him honor, and there was a very large program of a very stately and dignified nature. I had never seen him, and I thought that this little trip to hear the songs of English birds was forgotten, but before he got to England, his friend, who was to be his host in London, wrote to me, saying that his plans had been made and that he expected my promise would be fulfilled, and that he wished the time to be found for it. The time was found, and we started to go from London into the country. We had to ask the newspaper reporters not to go with us; not because it made any difference to him or me, but because the birds are not so tame or perhaps they are more self-conscious than public men and do not like to be photographed, and it was necessary, not only that we should be alone, but that we should make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible. So we went alone, and for something over twenty hours we were both of us completely lost to the world."

April Books

The following are recent publication by Houghton Mifflin Company: "Oh, You Tex!" by William MacLeod Raine; "The Red Lady," a mystery story by Katharine Newlin Burt; J. Edgar Park's "The Bad Results of Good Habits," and other essays of rich, human and practical wisdom; "Fair Value," by Harleigh H. Hartman—the sub-title, "The Meaning and Application of the Term 'Fair Valuation,' as used by Utility Commissions," explaining the object of the book. On the 21st of April the following books are scheduled for publication: Ralph D. Paine's "Ships Across the Sea," stories of the navy; the late Sir William Osler's "The Old Humanities and the New Science"; Samuel Hopkins Adam's "Wanted: a Husband; ananthology of French poetry, "Fleurs-de-Lys," translated and arranged by Wilfred Thorley; Eva March Tappan's "Hero Stories of France"; "The Real Diary of the Worst Farmer," by Henry A. Sute (author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy"); "A History of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad," by Howard Douglas Dozier, and "How It Feels to Be Fifty," by Ellis Parker Butler.

The Stage

Galli-Curci Sings and Captivates

After listening, with 10,000 other people, to Amelita Galli-Curci sing a long and lovely recital at the Auditorium on Sunday, I wondered what I could write of her singing that I had not written when she sang in the same place for us two years ago. So I referred to my comment then and I can describe my impression of her no more vividly now. I called her flawless and passionless, and her voice different from that of any other singer in the world. She has the same limpidity of tone which is her fame and fortune, and which causes one to pause in the midst of life's activities, to wonder. When she sings one still thinks of white lilies at dawn, the calm surface of a lake at twilight, or the sleep of a lovely babe. She can express the essence of tenderness, but may not enter the realm of passion

Endowed with a pure lyric soprano, her high intelligence has been concentrated in developing its possibilities of flexibility and altitude as well as evenness of tone, to the utmost degree.

The nearest approach to a thrill the sensitive musician receives when she sings sostenuto passages, as exemplified in "My Lovely Celia" or in the recitative of "Caro Nome," and sometimes in a rapid, descending cadenza. One remains in my mind from "Daffodils A-Blowing," where the facility of her excution and her skill in staging a tonal climax wrought an effect not dissimilar to that of beholding a lovely young nymph dancing in the golden sunshine.

The cantatrice still yields to the popular taste for immeasurable prolongation of a pianissimo tone, at the expense of artistic effect. Is it possible that her familiarity with the taste of American concert audiences has not yet acquainted her with their repugnanee to this extrinsic avail? Nor does she scorn to regale her audiences with simple English folk songs. And I wish she were not so generous with them, for there are so many less familiar classics which only great artists like herself can sing.

The Spanish songs were delicious and inimitable—one could never be surfeited with them. But "Home, Sweet Home" and "Robin Adair"—leave them for voices less wonderful, dear Saint Cecilia from Italy.

There has been, in two years, a metamorphosis in her appearance. When we saw her first, she was fashionably arrayed in a pale lilac creation and crowned with a taupe hat of ultra modern design. She had a dashing air and was even a bit coquetish. For all that, there remains about her something suggestive of the unfathomable mystery of Nature. As she stood upon the stage in impeccable modishness, one may say, even at the risk of paradox, that she was like a fragrant lilac tree blooming in a colorful garden.

Homer Samuels, her wonderful accompanist, received from the audience applause which was at once a tribute to his artistry and a testimonial of personal regard. And Mr. Berenguer's beautiful flute accompaniments and his solo were cordially acknowledged.

On Sunday, at the Exposition Auditorium, we shall have again the delight of hearing Galli-Curci, the youngest of the six greatest coloratura soprani the world has ever known, the others having been Malibran, Patti, Sembrich, Melba and Tetrazzini. Helen M. Bonnet.

Amelita Galli-Curci's Life

Amelita Galli-Curci's mother was the Countess di Luna, of Cadiz, Spain, and her father was a Milanese merchant, Enrico Galli. Her paternal grandparents were famous singers. Mascagni was a family friend and visitor when Amelita was a little girl, and it was he who first told her, at sixteen, that she had a voice and should develop it. At seventeen she won the grand prize as a pianist at the Milan Conservatory. She is now thirty years old.

She married Signor Curci, an Italian painter, a few years ago in Rome. She told an American interviewer that, to tell the truth, she fell quite in love with Signor Curci and that's why she married him.

Alas! All musical America knows that Curci turned out to be a mercenary, unworthy husband. According to American ideals, he was quite despicable, and nobody was sorry when the lovely songstress secured a divorce; and she had proven a dutiful, very much imposed upon wife. There is general regret that her illustrious career should proceed with the hyphenated "Curci." "Amelita Galli" sounds just as melodious and, in a short time, will eliminate memories of her unworthy husband.

John the Beloved

John McCormack, whom Frank W. Healy will present in recital at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, June 6th, is beginning his tour round the world with this concert. Like a knight of old, Mr. McCormack is going away on a crusade of ideals. He is going to appear in Great Britain, France, Spain and Italy, singing the language of each country. Home will not see him until the end of 1921, and warm will be his welcome. Accompanying the great singer will be his wife and their two attractive children.

Tickets for the San Francisco conert will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Monday morning, May 17th.

Stage Social Lines

Stage stars are no longer content to depend for society diversion upon members of social sets, but have their own society activities, for entrée to which there is keen rivalry not only among members of the theatrical profession but in society circles as well.

Last winter in New York, Mrs. Helen Wrenn and Mrs. Hawksworth organized the Monday Night Dancing Club, which met weekly at the Club de Vingt, 44 East Fifty-eighth Street, and were very popular. Some of the regular guests were: Geraldine Ferrar, Peggy Wood, Blanche Bates, Billy Burke, Dorothy Smoller, Daisy Humphreys, Ethel Barrymore, Frances Carson, Bruce McRae, Bernard Baruch, John Drew, and others of stardom, including many of the younger if less brilliant lights.

In aid of a fashionable charity, where some of the ultra exclusive society matrons and buds

participated as salesladies in a smart shop just before Easter, several stage beauties also lent their aid, the idea being that each saleslady would receive ten per cent on a sale, which amount she would donate to the charity. Of course that part of hoi polloi which had the price (and which part has not the wherewithal at present?) would, with a hat or a gown, have its curiosity satisfied as to just how Miss Vere de Vere realy looked "close to," and if it is just newspaper talk that certain stage beauties are more lovely off the stage than on or if "they look thirty if a day, and no wonder, as they must be forty."

Ethel Barrymore is a favorite in all these affairs. From the time of her debut, Ethel had entrée into exclusive social circles, but society has no lure for her. She has never had the remotest suggestion of an adventure to make her aspirations to social leadership a question, did she care to aspire for it, but her ambitions continue to lie stageward.

Willie Collier in "The Hottentot" is making a hit at Cohan's Theatre. The action takes place in a fashionable hunting community near New York, and, of course, is very funny and a suitable vehicle for Collier's comedy. Frances Carson is his charming leading woman. Ann Andrews also has a part, in which she is stunning, as usual.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be new, with one exception.

"Doc" Baker, the noted protean artist, who is being starred this season, will appear in the elaborate revue, "Flashes." He is indisputably the fastest lightning change artist in the world. Although protean work always more or less mystifies, "Flashes" is an entirely original production along these lines. It is a revue, colorful and beautiful to the eye. In addition to "Doc" Baker the cast includes Polly Walker, Bud and Jack Pearson, and eight fashion girls. Scenically the producers have spared nothing, and the costuming is unusually elaborate.

Ernestine Myers and Paisley Noon appropriately style themselves interpreters of terpsichorean art. Miss Myers and Carol Randall were one of the best liked teams in vaudeville before they went their separate ways. Mr. Noon was one of the bright lights in support of Bessie Clayton. On being discharged from the navy, he formed a new association with Miss Myers, and they are now dancing together with exceedingly happy results. They have conceived an entirely new programme, worthy of their accomplishments.

Wallis Clark, probably one of the best character actors on the English-speaking stage, and who will be remembered for his fine impersonation of "Scrooge" in the one-act play taken from Dickens' "Christmas Carol," will appear in a one-act play by George A. Carlin and Howard Lindsay, entitled "What We Want Most." It is a new treatment of selfishness and the thirst for power.

Frank De Voe and Harry Hosford will present excerpts from musical comedy. De Voe is a fine vocalist and Hosford a sterling pianist. Their contribution is an artistic combination of travesty, songs, chatter and fun.

Irving Newhoff and Dode Phelps announce their offering as "Fragrant Tunes from the Garden of Melody."

William Cutty is a genuine artist and formerly was one of the famous Six Musical Cuttys. Every moment of his offering, which is called "I've a Terrible Lot To Be Thankful For," is well worth while.

The Rinaldo Brothers will give a series of poses depicting well-known statues. They will also engage in a hand-to-hand balancing routine and difficult gymnastics.

The only holdover in this novel and thoroughly enjoyable bill be "Vic" Quinn, assisted by George Kreer, Frank Farnum and the Memphis Five, in their successful jazz act.

Alcazar

Mystery plays are the latest popular fad. "A Voice in the Dark," to have first Pacific Coast staging at the alert and enterprising Alcazar, commencing next Sunday afternoon, is the newest of them all. As yet it has been seen in but two cities. It comes hot-off-the-griddle of sensational success in New York and Chicago, where it kept mystified crowds guessing when produced by A. H. Woods, known in the vernacular of Broadway as "a wise picker." It is an odd and curious melodram. The prologue—for which the management urges everybody to be seated at the rise of the curtain—shows a coroner's inquest over the body of a murdered man. The three acts devoted to the solving of the mystery make improved application of the "cut-back" device used in "On Trial." The vital witnesses are a deaf woman who saw but could not hear, and a blind newspaper vender who heard a woman confess but could not see her. The interest never relaxes until the final curtain. The cast of this elaborate drama includes Belle Bennett, Clay Clement, Emelie Melville, Henry Shumer, Brady Kline, Emily Pinter, Clifford Alexander, Jean Oliver, Rafael Brunetto, Stella Warfield, Al Cunningham, Walter Belasco and Frederic Green. If played by a touring company, "A Voice in the Dark" would run for a fortnight or more, but the Alcazar will not deviate from its single week policy; and it will be followed May 16th by the uproarious disputations of the cloak and suit partners in "Potash and Perlmutter," the original garment version and quite the best and funniest of the series fashioned from the inimitable dialect stories of Montague Glass.

At the Curran

"The Passing Show of 1918," the big New York Winter Garden spectacle, will enter its fourth and final week, the last performance being Saturday night, May 15th.

After an absence of fifteen years from San Francisco, Louis Mann, the distinguished actor who is now appearing the sensationaly successful comedy, "Friendly Enemies," is announced as the attraction at the Curran Theatre, beginning Monday night, May 17th, under the direction of A. H. Woods. There should be more than ordinary interest in the coming of Mr. Mann and his spirited comedy, which had a record run at the Hudson Theatre, New York.

Associated with Mr. Mann in the presentation of "Friendly Enemies" are such players as Jess Dandy, Marie Reichardt, Alan Hale, Betty Alden, Joseph Sterling and Marcelle Nelken.

Favors Society to Stage

Miss Helen Mehrmann, whose week-end parties at the Mehrmann country home at Pleasanton have been events with the east bay social set, has gone into the movies. A brief experiment before the camera in Hollywood proved so successful that she has decided upon a motion picture career.

Her aunt, Mrs. J. F. Boos, has taken an apartment in Los Angeles, and will chaperone her during her screen work. Miss Mehrmann is the second Oakland society girl to take up screen work within the past few months. Alice Elliott, daughter of the A. H. Eliott, and University of California star, is now being featured in both legitimate and screen productions in the south.

Artists Their Own Managers

While the Syndicalists and Communists are talking about the abolition of the employer, the writers and the artists seem to be supplanting them.

The advent of Charles Dana Gibson into the publishing field, as publisher of "Life," is another instance that artists and writers are rapidly becoming business men enough to do their own exploiting. The playwrights were probably the first of the writing men to make the break and become their own managers.

Among these writers George Broadhurst, Augustus Thomas, Eugene Walter, Winchell Smith, Max Marcin, Earl Carrol, Sam Shipman and James Montgomery are now acting as their own producers. In the motion picture game Rex Beach now appears as a producer.

As a local theatrical man commented the other day: "The author and composer have been abused long enough. It's a funny commentary, however, that while half of the world is up in

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Uproarious New Honeymoon Farce
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUN. MAT., MAY 9
First Time on This Coast of A. H. Woods' New York and Chicago Melodramatic Novelty
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Galli-Curci

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Exposition Auditorium
Sunday---2:30

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arms against the men who put their money into enterprises and become employers, the writers have gone plugging along and usurped the producer without any beating of the drums and Bolshevik side trimmings."

Frank W. Healy Presents Ysaye and Elman

The program for Eugene Ysaye and Mischa Elman, "the world's masters of the violin," in joint recital at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, is as follows:

Concertante for two violins.....W. A. Mozart
(a) Allegro con spirito
(b) Andante
(c) Allegro molto

Sonata in E major for two violins....G. F. Haendel
(a) Adagio—allegro
(b) Adagio—allegro

Concerto for two violins in D minor....J. S. Bach
(a) Vivace
(b) Largo ma non tanto
(c) Allegro

Suite for two violins, Op. 71.....
.....Maurice Moszkowski
(a) Allegro energico
(b) Allegro moderato
(c) Lento assai
(d) Molto vivace

Another Galli-Curci Concert

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, assisted by the gifted Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, who acompanies her so beautifully, will again delight a large audience at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, in her final San Francisco concert. The program, which will, of course, be augmented by many lovely extra and encore numbers, will be as follows:

1—"L'Amour de moi" (Fifteenth century French)
"Who'll Buy My Lavender?".....German
2—Cavatina from "Don Pasquale".....Donizetti
3—"Vilanello" (with flute).....Dell'Acqua
4—"L'Heure Exquise" .....Hahn
"Carceleras" (in Spanish) .....Chapi
"Oh, In My Dreams".....Liszt
"Sovra Il Sen" (from "Sonnambula")....Bellini
5—"Pan et les Oiseaux".....Mouquet
Bolero .....Pessard
Mr. Berenguer
6—"My True Love Lies Asleep".....Murdock
"The Brownies" .....Leoni
"When Chloris Sleeps" .....Samuels
7—Shadow song from "Dinorah" (with flute) (by request) .....Meyerbeer

Harry Beresford

He declines to be made a star or even a featured player. And this is the explanation which Harry Beresford, the actor who successfully plays the title role of the Cape Cod comedy, "Shavings," made to Henry W. Savage, his manager, in refusing the crown of an actor's glory.

"It isn't any false modesty on my part, really it isn't. But I'm only a youngster on Broadway yet. Of course, I have been on the stage thirty years, and have starred in my own company through the West; but that was after twenty long years' acquaintance with audiences there. You see, I came back so often to places most actors left behind after one visit that my name got to have a business value.

"In New York it is different. My name means nothing, for the general Broadway public has never heard of it. You could force it on them, perhaps, by shouting 'Harry Beresford' in electric lights and all over the billboards. But a man's name doesn't mean much until you know him . No, a Broadway star cannot be made overnight or from making a success in one play.

"After twenty years in the West, I was audacious enough to let myself be billed as a star. With your New York public less receptive and more restricted, I'd say that about forty seasons hence, if you came around and said, 'Beresford, how'd you like to be a Broadway star?' I'd speak up through my ear trumpet: 'Eh, Broadway star you say? Thanks, Colonel. I'll be ready in another ten years.'"

Beresford is British-born, but came to America when he was seventeen, and played an old man's role with Henry Dixey in the West. Later he went into repertoire, always playing old men, and when he became a popular star in the territory west of the Mississippi, his "vehicles" were usually the Barrie plays and comedies written for E. S. Willard. Also he starred for several seasons in vaudeville. He came to Broadway last fall in Irvin Cobb's "Boys Will Be Boys," in which he was hailed as "the find of a generation." But the play was short-lived, and "Shavings" is Beresford's first real introduction to Broadway playgoers.

Woes and Joys of a Movie Director

"Nobody loves a fat man and few people love a director," said Al Green. Mr. Green "ought to know," because he is a director of long standing, associated in the past with stars of such different temperamental capacities as Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Elsie Ferguson, Marguerite Clark, George M. Cohan, William Farnum, and others. Despite this awe-inspiring record, he is only twenty-seven years old.

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," said Mr. Green laughingly. "The life of a director is not a happy one, believe me. But the queer fact is that we manage to get a lot of fun and pleasure out of our very worries and disillusionments; and the rate of suicide among those of my profession is not abnormal."

★ ★ ★

The Creative Impulse

"There is very little that is more trying to the body and soul than handling an army of extras. Also, there is little more beneficial to joy than watching your picture, when all the work is over, and seeing beyond all the flaws and imperfections, the structure which you built floor by floor—scene by scene—unroll in continuity until 'The End' flashes before your eyes. The creative impulse is, after all, dominant when the director works—assuming that he has spirit and sincerity, and you can't remain a director for any length of time if you fail to have these things. There is always a joy in creation, even when it leads through the travail of shaping unformed things."

"Again, it is so much up to the director to develop the humor in situations. The scenario may draw rapidly the lines of a tragic scene, although even then, there is always scope for the individual ideas of the star and director.

★ ★ ★

Art for Art's Sake

"It isn't easy to get the best out of a story, star and situation. Some players, of course, are more plastic than others. The right gesture, for which the director seeks, is not often the first gesture of the rehearsal. He knows that it lurks somewhere within the player, as the sculptor knows that somewhere within the marble block is the statue beautiful. The sculptor must carve away the superfluous to find his ideal; so, too, must we who carve in the fine material of human emotions."

"As You Like It" on Tamalpais

The players who are to take part in the open-air production of "As You Like It," on the slopes of Mount Tamalpais, Sunday afternoon, May 18th, will go to the amphitheatre Thursday morning and rehearse in the open for three days prior to the production. Garnet Holme, whose specialty is productions of this kind, is delighted at the work of the cast, and he and Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, the secretary-manager of the Mountain Play Association, promise the finest performance yet given by the organization.

One change has been made in the cast of characters, owing to the indisposition of Miss Helen Colgan, who was billed to play "Celia." Miss Doris Haslett, who has had much stage experience, having played with Margaret Anglin and other stars, will enact the role.

The annaul "Mountain Play" is an institution that is known all over the world. The association seeks no profit and has given seven remarkable productions, commencing in 1913 with the miracle play, "Abraham and Isaac," along with the Malvolio scenes from "Twelfth Night." In 1914 the play was "Sakuntala," translated from the Sanskrit; in 1915, "Rip Van Winkle"; in 1916, "William Tell"; in 1917, the quaint Danish play, "Jeppe-on-the-Hill"; in 1918, "Robin Hood," and last year, Joaquin Miller's "Tally-Ho."

Thousands of people attend the performances, when sport suits, outing clothes and strong boots are the prevailing mode. This year the songs incidental to "As You Like It" will be sung by members of the Alpine Club, undert he direction of O. Gordon Erickson.

We Wonder

When the workmen own the workshops
And the railroad men the rails,
And the grocery clerk the groceries,
And the mail clerks own the mails—

When the preachers own the pupils
And the pressmen own the shops,
And the drillers own the oil wells,
And the jails are owned by cops—

When conductors own the street cars
And each driver owns his bus,
Will you tell us common people—
Whatinell becomes of us?

—Seattle Argus.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In the absence of favorable developments or prospects of them, the stock market was again at the mercy of the bears, and prices were forced lower, with sentiment decidedly pessimistic. The decline was partly due to liquidation by holders of the actual stocks, as well as by the continued hammering by the professional element. All bullish news was ignored and much was made of anything that was bearish; so that even those who have been optimistic in their views were forced to admit that the action of the market seemed full of stocks, and shorts had no trouble in getting their stocks back without causing more than a minor rally.

A fresh international complication was injected by the situation in Mexico, and the stocks based upon Mexican properties were under pressure. The reports indicated nothing new in the situation, but they seemed to impart a sense of urgency, which was duly reflected in the market.

There is now little doubt that the market is being flooded with every possible pessimistic bit of news, and it appears that the attacks upon prices are being carried out upon a well organized basis. The pessimistic factors in the market are apparent to everybody—much more so now than they were a week or two ago—and it is comparatively easy to start a stampede. Just as the bearish factors were submerged then, the bullish factors are submerged now. It is true that the bullish factors do not look very strong when they are understood, as at best they afford only a basis for contesting the ground gained, but they at least offset much of the pessimism.

Despite the predictions of a crash in the commodity markets the reports from these sources indicate activity and sustained values. There is a disposition to accept the hopes expressed by those who believe that the only solution of our economic ills lies in a radical readjustment as the same thing as the event itself. The economic forces at work in the situation are stronger than the desires of any group of men. They may be relied upon to upset any concerted plan that might be undertaken and, nowithstanding reports to the contrary, there is already no evidence that any element is at work in the radical readjustment.

The bears that are operating in the market are opportunists and are working for the profits they see before them and not in the interest of the larger good.

The most serious problem before the country at the moment, not excepting international complications, is undoubtedly the agitation for soldiers' bonuses. The success of the campaign for bonuses would upset whatever has been accomplished in the direction of readjustment and force the nation into a new cycle of rising commodity prices. Even if the bonus payments were deferred until consumption or other taxes with which to pay them had been collected, the increased buying power that would be unleashed by the bonuses would inevitably force prices higher. The money would come in the nature of a windfall, and would be recklessly spent for the most part. If a part of it would be saved and loaned to the capital needs of the country, the prospects could be faced with more confidence.

Money rates continue abnormally higher, and there is no prospect of cheaper money in the near future. Despite the enormous liquidation in the stock market, the reserves do not show any change for the better, and with money rates almost prohibitive, it is no wonder that the rank and file of the traders have become so pessimistic. However, it usually follows that when the traders are all of one frame of mind, the market turns and this may not be an exception to the rule.

Cotton — Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather advices from the growing section, the cotton market was reactionary all week. Pressure against the market was steady all through the week, and there appeared to be liquidation by some of the large longs, who were inclined to take profits. There was also considerable selling for Wall Street account, as some of the traders were forced to sell cotton to protect their stocks. Fundamental conditions in the cotton market were disregarded, and the market followed the lead of outside conditions more than ever.

Labor troubles in Lancashire had a direct bearing on the market, and reports from Manchester would indicate that the demand for cloth was dull, with operators and spinners far apart on any settlement of the wage demands. So far, the spinners have maintained a firm position in the market, although their buying operations have been curtailed of late, but it is believed that another month of dull demand will be reflected in prices.

Naturally, with the situation at home to contend with, Liverpool has failed to show any enthusiasm over the few attempts made by our market to recover its equilibrium since the decline that started early in the week, and calls from Liverpool were used by the bears to force prices lower.

The Japanese situation seems to have been over-rated, although it is apparent that the financial situation there is certainly not of the best. This should not affect our market to any great extent, as Japanese interests in this country are on a solid enough basis. It might in time show a curtailed demand for cotton from Japan, but the exports for China and Japan at present are running exceptionally heavy.

The domestic financial situation is causing some apprehension, as the various movements on last have all played a part in the marking of market sentiment. The well known activity of some branches of the government against the general high costs of foodstuffs and material is taken to mean that some form of credit restrictions may be practiced, which will cut down market support.

Several crop experts have made their preliminary estimates of the acreage for the coming crop, and all have estimated a slight increase in acreage.

The market has had a good advance, and is entitled to some recession, and, while the surface now seems bearish at the moment, the underlying conditions, as we see them, are bullish and warrant a purchase of new crop futures on all recessions.

"What are the four seasons?" "Please sir, salt, pepper, mustard, and vinegar."

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December 31st, 1919

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Deposits	50,669 724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000 00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437 587 00
Employees' Pension Fund	319,780.48

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NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-8-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 105658

In the Matter of the Application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a Corporation, TO DISSOLVE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 13 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that before said hearing, any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH D. REDDING,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Building
San Francisco, California. 4-10-5

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1919, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Mortgages and collateral loans	$147,460.00
Bonds and stocks	10,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks	11,940.67
Premiums in course of collection	6,874.00
Bills receivable	2,937.50
Other ledger assets	129,476.76
Total gross assets	$308,738.93
Deduct assets not admitted	15,056.69
Total admitted assets	$293,682.24

Liabilities

All other liabilities	$ 16,016.84
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus)	$ 16,016.84
Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	27,665.40
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	$293,682.24

H. W. DIMOND, President.
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.
4-10-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTRIX AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Probate No. 28,723, Dept. No. 10.

In the matter of the estate of ROSA BADARACCO, also sometimes known as ROSA PODESTA, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, as executrix of the last will and testament of ROSA BADARACCO, also sometimes known as ROSA PODESTA, Deceased, will sell, on behalf of the estate of said deceased, at private sale, on or after MONDAY, the 10th day of May, 1920, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States of America, as a whole, the following described real property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Filbert Street distant thereon ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the easterly line of Grant Avenue (formerly Dupont Street); running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Filbert Street forty (40) feet; thence at a right angle southerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle westerly forty (40) feet; thence at a right angle northerly sixty (60) feet, to the southerly line of Filbert Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of fifty-vara lot No. 423.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & De Martini, room 550 Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 19th, 1920.

LENA CARATTO,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Rosa Badaracco, also sometimes known as Rosa Podesta, Deceased.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Executrix,
550 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-24-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

EGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

VOL. XXXVI. No. 1457 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 15, 1920 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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A Great San Francisco Newspaper Deal

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Amazing Grand Jury Revelations

Is Peace Really Possible?

Why Does Sugar Soar?

A Letter About Juliet

"Wet" Candidates

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVI. San Francisco-Oakland, May 15, 1920 No. 1457

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Lamentable Contest

If there be any virtue at all in the old-time maxim to the effect that the office should seek the man, then the believers in it can scarcely be expected to espouse the causes of the two most important Republican candidates for the presidency, at least as far as the West is concerned. The primaries are past history, and the delegates to the Chicago convention elected, so all should be over except the shouting, the spellbinding and the selection of the candidate. But the acrimony and spleen more than once deplored on this page still continue, apparently with re-sharpened knives and newly set buzz-saws. Mr. Johnson, whom the office certainly did not seek, even in the most liberal construction of the maxim, is still launching his invective and exploiting his admirable talent in the line of fine oratory toward the abuse of all other Republican candidates and throwing all manner of oratorical bouquets at himself. Mr. Hoover, whom the office really sought, and who has hitherto maintained a more or less dignified silence with reference to his candidacy, seems to be now emerging into the open, and has begun to throw a few shafts of his academic wisdom at Mr. Johnson, the same being tinctured by retaliatory spleen. This is sorely to be regretted, for the time has come now when the jousts should be postponed to be contested on the floor of the convention, which should be the proper place for them. And now comes the most amazing declaration yet made by the California Senator. He is to secure the rights of the floor by being made an alternate delegate, so that he may himself address the convention in support of his candidacy; which will be the first instance in the history of presidential conventions where a previously announced candidate has boosted his own nomination. The Democrats have proceeded in a much more dignified way in respect to the selection of a candidate, and, in fact, their studied attitude of "laying low and waitin'" is becoming more and more confusing. Evidently their purpose has been to confine what fighting there is to the floor of the convention at the Civic Auditorium, which is where it belongs; and if they have a big surprise ready to spring on the anxiously waiting Bourbon voters, all the better for their at present not very promising chances of success.

* * *

The Knox Candidacy

Now comes another entry into the Republican lists in the person of Philander C. Knox, the said entry being made at this somewhat belated juncture by Senator Boise Penrose of Pennsylvania, which at the very outset bears the earmarks of a veritable boom. His detractors used to call him "Noise" Penrose, because of the many vociferous surprises he has every now and then foisted upon the voters of his state, but this time the noise would appear to have some specific purpose behind it, and one that is entitled to serious respect and consideration. Mr. Penrose is an astute politician of long experience, a Republican boss long respected and generally servilely obeyed, with a deftness of touch in his wire-pulling which is creative of the impression that he knows what he is about. Perhaps he sees in the recently ended primaries certain signs which engender the belief that none of the candidates concerned has a chance of nomination, and he will perform a patriotic service and justify his own political vanity by bringing forward a candidate who, in his belief, would sweep the floor upon mention of his name. While this is a matter of grave doubt, it may be said that Mr. Knox is good presidential timber, being a famed expert in international law and with long experience in the senate and cabinet, which would seem to have completely equipped him for the office. The Knox boosters, however, injected into their plan one feature which certainly does not put a union label on their political astuteness. This was nothing more nor less than a combination with the greatly to be feared Johnson forces, which involved the acceptance by the California senator of the nomination for vice-president! To this proposition—as should have been foreseen—Mr. Johnson, in the vernacular, gave the "merry ha-ha." And he very wisely added that if he was not good enough to be president, he certainly was not to be considered for the second office, for the reason that he would have to occupy the principal chair in the event of the death of the president. Mr. Johnson was right. The offer of the Knox-Penrose combination has surely strengthened his position, but whether strongly enough to secure the plum of his ambition is still a matter of grave doubt, despite the almost unanimous tone of the San Francisco press in supporting him.

* * *

Is Peace Really Possible?

Brought about by any of the propositions as yet propounded after two years of diplomatic wrangle, emphatically no! Through complete disarmament, yes! But the one seems equally as impracticable as the other, and the question naturally arises as to whether wrangling, selfish, sordid manhood would accept it if it were offered to him on a diplomatic platter of gold set with gems from royal diadems. There must be unanimity of sentiment with regard to either peace or war, and who is prepared to say that such unanimity is any nearer possibility than it was when the armistice was signed? The poor old league of nations is to the fore again, now that the primaries are over, and the suggestions as to its probable acceptance or rejection, with reservations or without, bear no semblance of fulfillment any more than was apparent when it was first written, or afterwards when petty party considerations doctored it into merely another form of enforcing peace through more warfare. Even the attempt to declare that a state of war no longer exists between the United States and Germany has been met with the assurance that the president will veto such a measure, and there is not the requisite two-thirds majority in the congress to over-ride such a veto. It would seem an incontestible fact that peace cannot be secured with so many contending forces to formulate a covenant acceptable to all, but there seems to be never a voice raised in favor of the only movement that will make any peace permanent, and that one relief surely lies in disarmament. This has been suggested before, only to languish and die because of lack of united moral support. And it is extremely doubtful whether it would receive the serious approval of the nations if again made a predominant issue of diplomacy. Certainly the principal nations see no such hope in their political horoscopes, or England would not now be building twenty million-dollar battleships in the present unstable state of her finances, and the United States would not continue to accede to the demands of the navy department for a yearly construction budget of many hundreds of millions. Perhaps, after all, it is not in the nature of men really to wish for peace, or else the governments must know what the people do not know—that another war is actually impending now and they must be prepared for it. Some of us have notions as to the direction whence shall come the first blow, but that's another matter, and please God the time has not yet come for discussion of it!

"Wet" Candidates

Up to the present time in the fights for presidential preferences, Governor Edwards of New Jersey has been the only one who, in announcing his candidacy for the Democratic nomination, made a flat declaration that his one motive in so applying for the support of his party was to secure at least a modified eighteenth amendment and the immediate repeal of "the iniquitous Volstead act." He has received some support, notably in the west, but has been the one and only candidate on an avowed wet platform until the announcement of his very own platform by Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler, who every now and then in the near past has been spoken of as a possible promising candidate for the Republican nomination. Why the name of Mr. Butler was ever suggested, not having been at any time in active touch with politics, nor having been connected with administration except that of the presidency of Columbia University, is a matter not easy of conjecture. Now, however, he has announced a definite statement of what his policies would be, if nominated. His platform is good enough, as platforms go, and, unlike the league of nations, has seventeen sections, or points, instead of fourteen. All of them are obvious declarations, except the twelfth, which somewhat forcibly calls for the immediate displacement of the Volstead act and "the making of a law on the basis of common sense." He states in this section that there are beer and light wines forming a part of the staple diet, and they are "not more intoxicating than molasses nor half as harmful as ice water." There is nothing ambiguous or insincere in this declaration. It is even further reaching than was that of Governor Edwards in announcing his candidacy. So the wet Democrats will not be subjected to the ignominy of voting for a Republican, the light wine and beer Republicans may again vote straight, and leave their records untarnished. All that now remains will be the nominations of Republican Butler and Democrat Edwards by their respective conventions; and, all things considered, there have already been luminously weaker presidents than either of them would make. It will be interesting to note in the coming conventions just how much strength the wets will be able to develop, but at last accounts the drys have not hoisted any danger signals.

Soaring Sweetness

Notwithstanding the assurances of many sugar men that there is no just cause for the abnormally high price of that indispensable commodity, and the arrests of profiteers for hoarding it contrary to law, it still soars upward at an alarming rate. Mr. C. A. Spreckels has been quoted as saying that he knew of no reason why this inflation should continue; down in the Oceanic Building the sugar magnates are reticent as to such causes, if they know of any, and say that since they do not make the prices they should not complain because they are fair to the producer no matter what the helpless consumer may think of it. The most notable indictment that has come to light so far has been that of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company of Salt Lake, the basis of the action being that the company sold to grocers at a price of approximately $23 per hundred pound sack when their books show that the cost to the company was only $9.50! Floyd Jackson, of the department of justice bureau, reports that the company now has no less than 117,000 sacks of sugar stored at various points in Utah, and that the cases against the company will be pushed to the utmost limit. Strangely enough, several special newspaper writers have prepared exhaustive articles to account for the present inflated prices, but neither their arguments nor their statistics have satisfactorily explained why the price should have risen from 6 to 8 cents a pound in 1913 to fluctuations around a quarter of a dollar wholesale in 1920, with no relief in sight. It is to be hoped that convictions will result from the indictments already found, and that others will follow, not only in respect to the sugar trade, but others whose price-makers have been equally reprehensible. But in their defense these sugar malefactors confidently assert that convictions in all these cases must fail, because, counting increased taxes on income and property, the profits are no greater now than they were before 1917. They show that the inflation begins, not with the merchants but with the producers, and their high prices result from the competition between the United States and Great Britain. All of which is not encouraging, and sugar is likely to be 30 cents a pound or more within thirty days.

A Prize Platform

The *New York* TRIBUNE has of late been conducting a prize contest among its readers, for the purpose of securing from the opinions of all stripes and complexions of voters a really good political platform, presumably to submit to the forthcoming Republican convention, in the hope that some of its planks may find a place in the at present lamentably unfinished one of the Democrats. The *Tribune* platform, which cost the paper in the neighborhood of $2000 for prizes, has ten planks in it, and while there is in it nothing that has not been discussed before, the structure as an entirety is quite worthy of adoption by any convention. It provides: (1) The enactment of legislation to control disputes between capital and labor. (2) Such reservations to the league of nations covenant as will prevent "foreign entanglements. (3) A policy of universal military training under the Swiss system. (4) Legislation to regulate food prices and punish profiteering. (5) There should not be any too vicious precipitation against radical forces. Free speech must be recognized, but actual revolution prevented by wise distinctions between honest discussions and those having only anarchy for their purpose. (6) The establishment of a national department of education, with a secretary who shall have a place in the cabinet. (7) There should be co-operation between the national and federal governments in the conservation of public wealth, and greater care should be exercised to see that only legitimate settlers should be permitted to buy public lands. (8) There should be a return to the policy of a protective tariff, and measures should be taken to spread the payment of war debts over a long term of years, that the public burdens of taxation may be lightened. (9) There should be even armed intervention to secure protection to American interests in Mexico. (10) A merchant marine should be fostered by the federal government, so that American products may be carried in American bottoms under the American flag. Incidentally, the budget system for the payment of government expenditures is favored; and, altogether, it is very doubtful that in either of the conventions the professional platform makers will do any better than these amateurs.

The Pilot

By E. Earle Burgess

Flinging a soul to the breezes of morn,
Vaulting o'er valley and hill,
Knowing the joys of a fancy unborn,
Tasting the nectar of thrill.

Spanning vast spaces on the wings of the wind—
That comes with the dawning of day;
Winging on roads through the clouds, that you find,
Chance to be leading your way. . .

Looking a-down on a newly found world,
On seas made of purple and gold;
Flaunting a banner that you have unfurled,
Bidding the ages behold. . .

Soaring forever, to realms of the stars,
Searching for goals that you know,
Wait in the mists, where those great, golden bars,—
Gleam in the sunsets' glow.

—From "The Ace."

Flying Over San Francisco With The Bluebird

By HELEN M. BONNET

THE BLUEBIRD
With Chas. F. Gallagher

"Now what on earth shall I write about this week to interest the readers of Town Talk?" No sooner had I asked myself the question than I found the answer—"Nothing at all on earth—I will fly and write about the air." Many people fly, but multitudes do not, yet nearly everybody wants to. I don't think there is anyone more eager to do so than I have been for two years. Fire engines often dash past without luring me to the window, but the low hum of the airplanes above my quiet home out near the Presidio never fails to entice me to watch them out of sight. I see them occasionally from my office window downtown; I am never too busy to spare a minute or two to observe them in their course over the noisy streets. "Infinite peace" aviators have called flying. Who would not seek the air to find that?

So, having made up my mind to leave the earth, I had to find a route. It began in the office of Mr. Charles F. Gallagher in the Phelan Building. This clever young man and his staff are industrial engineers whose card bears the legend, "Organization, Management, Advertising, Selling," and they are consulting engineers to a number of aircraft companies. Mr. Gallagher is a rapid-fire talker, and in a few minutes had told me more about local flying than I had ever dreamed of. There is, for instance, no danger in the airships which he represents; they have daily inspections; their pilots are competent ex-army men; the Pacific Coast, due to the distance between its large cities, its ideal climatic conditions favorable to all-year-round flying, its progressive spirit manifested through its business interests, and the ardency with which its aeronautical organizations are joining forces, will very soon have a network of aerial transportation lines growing on its map. He brought out about a dozen aviation magazines, whose circulation is increasing by leaps and bounds, and showed me a number of marvelous photographs (which he had taken from planes) of our glorious California scenery. Also several pictures of young ladies who had been passengers in flights. All this increased my desire to fly, so when Mr. Gallagher, in enumerating the different planes, mentioned the "Bluebird," I said I would go in that—blue is my favorite color and I like the name—nothing could be more appropriate for a flying machine.

On Thursday afternoon I went by appointment out to the Marina, all prepared to seek "infinite peace." Several friends drove out to see me embark upon the great adventure, but we found that the pilot had misunderstood the hour and had arrived and left an hour before. Not succeeding in reaching him by telephone, we contented ourselves by examining the waiting "Bluebird," and seeing other people ascend in another ship—the "Avro."

But Saturday morning the aviator was there at the appointed time, and so was I; but I was this time unescorted by an audience. However, the inevitable small boy was present—three or four of him; also a messenger boy speeding by on a motorcycle hopped off and joined the group. I was a real heroine to those children, who were all eyes, as Lieutenant Marshall, owner of the "Bluebird," helped me to adjust a fur-lined leather coat and helmet and aviator's goggles. Lieutenant Cloyde Clevenger, who won the Stunts' Cup at the recent Redwood City Aviation Meet, took me up. Stepping off a little ladder, I found myself in a cosy, comfortable seat. Mr. Gallagher fastened the leather strap across my waist, I gave my purse to the mechanic, signed a book with my name, address and telephone number, waved my hand to the little boys, said "Good-bye, everybody!" and then, oh! then I was going up, up. I gasped, looked up to the glorious sky, and exclaimed with all my might, involuntarily, "Dear God! I love Thee! How wonderful Thou art!" It just seemed that way—I, a human being, born on earth, was leaving it, going into space, by means of man's ingenuity, made possible by Divine intelligence. I recall an exultant thrill when I was way, way up above the earth that it was America that gave wings to the world. The sensation of finding myself ascending was equalled by that of beholding the wonderful earth beneath. The green of the plazas, the park and Presidio, which stood out boldly, like oases in the orderly desert of houses and streets, the green of the bay, the blue of the ocean separated by a serpentine white line from the shore, the yellows, browns and reds of the buildings, the azure of the distance, the little black automobile flecks moving about, the coloring of the marvelous picture spread beneath, will seem forever burned into my memory. The city itself, the great network of streets laid out with mathematical precision, the myriads of houses, the crawling street cars, automobiles which looked like little mice walking about, the Pacific Coast's beautiful metropolis, where hundreds of thousands of men, women and children live and work and suffer and rejoice, where at that very moment people were born and others were dying, the great city of San Francisco seemed but a detail in the glorious picture.

My beloved San Francisco, whose story of romance, wonder and resurrection lives in every fibre of my being! there the city lay, looking like a huge village which some child had built with gorgeous blocks—it seemed so still, as if waiting for the child who had wearied of it to come back and resume its play, to go on building.

All this time I was at an elevation of 3,500 feet, going at a terrific speed, and the wind's velocity was forty-five miles an hour. Our route was over the Marina, out Golden Gate, over Fort Scott, around the shore line, over the bay, across Sutro Forest, around Twin Peaks, down Market Street to Civic Center, across town toward South San Francisco and the dock section, around the Ferry Building and wharves, over piers and shipping centers.

It was wonderful to fly over the bay. The water looked so different from ever before, its rippling surface seemed to laugh at me and remind me that when I was a very little child I could not be coaxed to cross the bay in a ferry boat. That memory flashed into my mind just as it did years ago in a terrific storm on the Indian Ocean, when the lashing waves seemed to mock me, saying: "Yet once you feared my still inland waters. But behold! there is nothing to fear!" Above the island where men imprison other men. Ah! I wish they could be as free as I was!

When we were over Pier 15 (as I afterwards learned), the pilot leaned over and asked me if I wanted some "stunts." Oh, yes, by all means! I had implicit confidence in him, otherwise I would not have ventured upon the expedition. He performed the half loop, the Imellmann turn,

barrel roll, falling leaf, whip stall, vrille, tail spin and vertical banks—with me in the ship! And how did it feel? Marvel of marvels, beyond description. The Imellmann turn has been vividly described as "seeing the earth painted on the sky." My sisters, watching the "Bluebird" from their windows, could not believe their eyes, for they know that on earth I am the opposite of daring.

Before I come down to earth, let me say how grand our Civic Center looked. I'm glad we have it.

The pilot waved his hand, as he promised to when we flew over my home, over Town Talk's office at First and Mission, and over Russian Hill, where I was born; but we were going so fast that all places immediately beneath looked alike. Of course, the Civic Center stood out, the Park Memorial Museum, the Fine Arts Palace, the Fairmont and other striking buildings. Almost the first house I recognized was the A. B. Spreckels place, but because of its location opposite Lafayette plaza. Those plazas! I'm glad we have them, too. And oh! you Union square! you looked awfully good to me last Saturday noon.

I can't help humming the bird song from "Pagliacci" when I hear the planes above me buzzing; so, when were dashing back to the Marina I sang it at the top of my voice:

"Far off they go, toward unknown countries striving,
Land of their dreams that perchance they seek in vain.
These Bohemians of heaven, some power is driving,
A power they know not, to go,
Still on, and go, and go!"

I might almost as well have been dumb, for only a faint, far-off sound reached my ears as I hung on for dear life to that last long "go." The speed at which we raced through the air and the noise of the engine made all vocal efforts useless. When the pilot spoke I knew what he said because he shut off the engine.

We glided gently, but swiftly, down; skimmed lightly on the ground; the mechanics seized the wings to swing the ship around; the little boys, some other aviators, and Mr. Gallagher, who, by the way, is also an amateur aviator, came over to meet us. I exclaimed: "It was glorious! I was never so happy in my life!" As soon as I was on earth again, I shook the pilot's hand, and told him how much I enjoyed the trip—and now I know why aviators are so popular with girls. When my little boy grows up I hope he'll have an airplane and take me everywhere.

I've said that I was a heroine to the three little boys who were on the Marina. Yes, going up; but after our descent all their adulation was for the pilot. To impress it upon my mind by what a distinguished aviator I had been guided they enthusiastically announced: "Say, Missus, he does the craziest stunts of any flier alive!" Obviously, "I'll say so!"

To answer the questions which everyone who hasn't flown asks: I wasn't a bit cold, I was not dizzy, I was as comfortable as in a fine automobile, the altitude and the speed did not affect me in the slightest degree, and I was not at all afraid for a moment of the forty-five minutes I was flying in the air.

No one should miss seeing San Francisco from a Marshall Bluebird Airplane.

As far as I am concerned, I shall never be contented any more to stay down on earth all the time. I only hope that I shall not have to wait for my small son to take me up in the air again.

The Spectator

Hetch-Hetchy Would-Be Profiteers

It is as utterly incomprehensible as metaphysics to a child how any "two taxpayers," or body of taxpayers, or even a group of disgruntled contractors, can descend to a bitter legal contest to mulct the city in the sum of more than two million dollars; and yet this is what is being attempted at the present time. In an open market bids were invited for the completion of the Hetch-Hetchy tunnel that would have brought more than enough much-needed light and power to San Francisco, and the contract was awarded to the Construction Company of North America at a maximum cost of $7,802,000, which figure was $2,383,000 lower than the next lowest bid. Then, strange to say, to prevent this saving to the city, "two taxpayers," whose names have been withheld, obviously representing interests unfriendly to the Hetch-Hetchy project or disgruntled contractors or bankers who are unsuccessful bidders for the Hetch-Hetchy bonds, seek to prevent the execution of this contract, in order that this nearly two and a half millions may be divided among themselves at the expense of all the taxpayers of San Francisco. The said taxpayers are asked to consider well this astounding proposition. The city officials are to be enjoined from saving $2,383,000! Rumor, as well as a few persons who make no effort to say what they think, have explained this unusual spectacle as being the act of dissatisfied and disgruntled contractors or bond bidders, who apparently expected to divide a few millions of dollars, practically picked out of the city's pocket. It would seem to be far beyond the wildest dreams of avarice for these people to believe that any judge, or bar of judges, could so violate all principles of fairness or equity as to overturn or render inoperative a contract of such importance and profit to the city. Their apparently earnest cry—full of insincerity on its very face—against the cost-plus contract system, is as false in purpose and unjust in sentiment. This contract of the Construction Company of North America is, as a matter of fact, not at all the usual cost-plus contract. It is an agreement that binds the company to do this work at a guaranteed maximum cost of $7,802,000 for a fixed fee that cannot be added to, but may be decreased if the guaranteed price should happen to be exceeded. It must also be understood that the work is to be done under the supervision of City Engineer O'Shaughnessy, the father of Hetch-Hetchy, and if this work should prove to be unsatisfactory to him, it can be cancelled at the city's option at the close of one year's work. In this way, if the city's bonds should appreciate to par, it may sell them at that price, without discount, and perform the work itself at a minimum of cost. But, on the other hand, if the flat bid—some $2,000,000 and more higher—were accepted, the city would of necessity be tied down to the contractor for an indefinite number of distressing years. By the terms of the flat bid, the contractor, on completion of the work, would own all of the machinery and equipment now being used by the city at Hetch-Hetchy, and would be able to hold the city up for any price for the remainder of the work to be done, since this equipment could not be replaced by the city for $1,000,000 or more. And yet, taxpayers of San Francisco, two of your number—John Doe taxpayers, at that—seek to prevent the Construction Company of North America from saving not only $2,383,000, but tying itself to the contractors who are opposing it, for the final completion of the project as a finished whole! A pretty plum for these gentlemen to knock down from the tree of opportunity, is it not? But think of the moral penalty of the operation, citizens of San Francisco. Miracles never cease in business, especially if it be connected with public work. Water and power are undeniably the most potent contributory agents toward the health or success of any city; and here are "two taxpeyers" who—under cover, however—seek to prevent the securing of both at the lowest possible price, upon the bidding of a flock of cormorants, who are hovering about the city treasury to appropriate $2,283,000 to which they are not entitled under any excuse except insatiate greed.

A Great San Francisco Newspaper Deal

Wild rumors are in the air that one of our big dailies is to exchange ownership, that the proprietor who has brilliantly guided its destinies is besought to sell it to Herbert Hoover and Julius Barnes of Washington, D. C. Hoover and Barnes are firm friends. The latter was appointed head of the grain corporation during Hoover's food administration. The two bought the Washington, D. C., "Herald," and started the New York "News," an evening daily.

William B. Bourn of the Spring Valley is credited with being the local head and front of the tranaction. Henry E. Huntington of Los Angeles is also interested. C. C. Moore is to have a share, it is said. Then Mr. Moore can, if he wishes, have his innings, for the papers, for some reason, did not "play him up" during the Exposition, notwithstanding that his administration was brilliant. It made money and was an artistic and educational success. If the deal goes through, six million dollars for the equipment and good will will change hands. Whether the sale is consummated or not, the paper's good will alone is worth that sum, for it is San Francisco's faithful friend, "The Chronicle."

A High-Handed Proceeding

Conductor Rothwell, of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, was guilty of a tyrannical act during Rudolph Ganz's last coast tour. The great Swiss pianist was booked for an appearance with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra on Friday. The previous Saturday, after playing a concert in San Francisco, Ganz journeyed to Los Angeles, whither he was summoned by Rothwell for a rehearsal Arriving, the pianist and leader discussed Ganz's number for ten minutes, but did not rehearse. Then Ganz returned north for an Oakland concert on Monday, gave another Wednesday at Stanford, and went back to Los Angeles for his concert there. The first trip from San Francisco was entirely unnecessary, for the ten-minute discussion could have taken place just preceding the concert. It seemed particularly arbitrary in Ganz's case, as he is one of the most amiable men in the world.

Song Queens' Prerogatives

Walter Damrosch, renowned leader of the New York Symphony Orchestra, declares that the time has long since passed—seventy-five years, to be exact—when a prima donna might waive a rehearsal. He lays down hard and fast rules for punctuality, and believes that all artists should bow down to the autocrat of the baton. Temperament? He will have none of it. He is strictly business, just as his appearance indicates. If there is any indulgence in that prerogative, it shall be his alone. He gave a superb exhibition of temperament at the New York symphony concert when he "replaced" Luisa Tetrazzini, Italian patriot and idol of the Allies, with Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who, though an American citizen, can never occupy that position, even though her loyalty remain forever unquestioned.

Both artists are gifted with divine voices, and are exponents of the perfection of vocal art; both have fascinating personalities; they have achieved the pinnacle of success, the one a glorious lyric soprano, the other a magnificent contralto. Concert-goers adore them and opera patrons bow down to them. But Tetrazzini's fame in opera has been won in the operas of the Allies, Schumann Heink's in the great Teuton tone dramas, in which Damrosch has also won distinction as conductor. So his taste in choosing Mme. Schumann-Heink as a substitute is brought into question.

Tetrazzini, it is said, will sue the Oratorio Society for $4,000. She makes an excellent case for herself, saying she was too fatigued to attend a rehearsal, having returned the midnight previous from a railroad journey after an uncomfortable visit to Cincinnati. A prima donna thinks of her voice before anything else, and Tetrazzini doubtless knew that to sing at rehearsal when physically fatigued would probably mean that her precious voice would not be at its best for the concert. She sent her superb accompanist, Signor Ciamara, with her music to show her tempi to the conductor, an entirely usual proceeding.

But Damrosch scorned it. He, Damrosch, wanted to hear the diva's voice. How did he know what it was like after fifteen years? The big, critical, watchful musical world still proclaims Tetrazzini a queen a song, her reputation as a cantatrice is dearer than life itself to her. But Damrosch must be convinced.

Not so fast, dear sir. Great singers like Tetrazzini are as rare as new stars in heaven, and in the song world they have divine rights; they are a law unto themselves which the tyrannical conductor must respect. Great conductors are not rare, their achievement is far less a matter of inspiration than of genius for musical mathematics. Even in comic opera, sensible impressarios coddle the prima donna's voice at rehearsal, that it may be in its best form for performances.

When Schumann-Heink sang at the Beethoven Festival concert in the Exposition Auditorium in 1915, she was engaged for three concerts. She announced to the manager that she would also give one rehearsal, as Marcella Craft was singing a part new to her. This was a concession merely upon Schumann-Heink's part. It is related that Alfred Hertz, the conductor, called a rehearsal for 8 P. M. Schumann-Heink was there at 7:55. As there were no chairs on the floor, the great contralto seated herself upon a piece of lumber which rested upon two saw-horses. The leader rehearsed the orchestra until 11 o'clock, and then Mme. Schumann-Heink was called upon. Was she pleased? She was not! Did she protest? Vehemently! And she cried, too, just like a little girl, although she is a very big child. She might have left the building, with instructions to Tony Hoff, her accompanist, to go over the music with Mr. Hertz; but it was simply her personal desire to remain.

No, indeed! There never can be made hard and fast rules for prima donnas, because in their case strikebreakers are absolutely unobtainable.

American Destiny

Frederick J. Koster's address before the Railway Business Association in New York was received with acclaim by an audience composed of men powerful in our commercial and industrial life. The comments upon the address since show that his words struck home and awakened a sense of individual responsibility in the minds of the average director of enterprise.

San Francisco is proud of Fred Koster, one of its sons who helped manfully in local reorganization work and who is always to the fore in important community activities.

The following excerpts from Mr. Koster's address are appended as being representative of the California attitude:

* * *

Opportunity Unrealized

"We have lived in a land of unlimited opportunity, but without realizing responsibility. It is true that during their term of office those whom we have elected to represent us and to act as our government—local, state and nation—have a responsibility; and we are justified in demanding of them that they live up to it, but we must not fail to ask ourselves the questions: 'Who is responsible for them? Who are they? What are they? And, above all, why are they there?' And whether, as a result of our direct political activity or of our apathy and neglect to do our part—it is one and the same thing—we are responsible for them, and we cannot escape that responsibility.

"We have the same right to exercise our powers of persuasion, our rights of organization—our opportunities are just as great as those of any other individuals or groups—and we must remind ourselves that our failure is entirely our own fault; or we must confess to ourselves that we are lacking in capacity as compared with those who make their influence more effective.

* * *

Tyranny the Alternative

"The alternative is that we yield to a tyranny. There is no governmental class in the United States of America, and there never must be such; and we business people must learn to sink some of our personal prejudices. We must not take unto ourselves too much flattering unction because of our successes in our own immediate private fields of endeavor; expecting the organizations that are created by those who have something of the spirit of service to become immediately perfect—as we may think they ought to be, or that these organizations in every detail of their activities fit our peculiar notions of what they ought and ought not to accomplish. We must more keenly realize that instead of standing aside and indulging in futile criticism, it becomes our duty to get on the inside with a greater flexibility of attitude and lend our best efforts to shaping them soundly so that they may become more and more effective instrumentalities of intelligent business influence in national and community affairs.

* * *

Social Insurance

"We cannot escape the necessity of investing more heavily in time and in money in those movements and organizations that tend to provide for us that social insurance which is essential to the protection of all our private interests at their very foundaiton.

This is not altruistic in the academic sense; it is just old-fashioned horse sense. There is the difference between sitting idly by and wishing a thing to be done, and, on the other hand, getting up and helping to do it.

"I hold that he who devotes his entire time to the erection of his own private structure—great or small—be it a business enterprise or whatever activity he may be engaged upon, and fails to make a contribution towards holding sound the social structure which is necessarily the foundation upon which his own must rest, is an ass; and be he however successful in the commonly accepted and narrow sense, he will find himself the greatest of all failures at a time of such political crisis as has today definitely affected Russia and other parts of the civilized world.

* * *

Restoration of Sanity

"Let us solve our problems not in a spirit of pessimism—not with any feeling of doubt; by all means let us not look for super-men to lead us to our destiny, but in that free spirit of the pioneer join with our fellows in attacking our problems, happy in the privilege, with confidence in our ability to gain the desired result.

"I abhor the word compromise, the expression, 'We must take a middle course.' I detest the attitude that says we must accept the inevitable. There is no inevitable excepting as we admit it, or we make it so. Ascertain the right thing to do and promptly and courageously proceed to do it.

"I am not so much concerned with trying to sense what is public opinion, what does the public want. The spirit of true leadership addresses itself to the ask of seeking what is best—of understanding human aspiration; and then in a spirit of service meeting that necessity and satisfying that aspiration.

* * *

What Will Sustain Civilization?

"Are we prepared to change the entire character of our nation? I believe that the principle upon which our national structure has been built, we dare not, must not, compromise. How easy it is to gain applause!—to win momentary approval with catch phrases and with slogans to stir the mass. But the more we resort to their use in moving the people hither and thither, the more we destroy their ability to grasp realities; and the further we postpone the day of safeguarding their and our interests through the awakening of intelligence in dealing with questions vitally bearing upon their very existence.

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"Time is when we must be aroused from our inertia in regard to their deepest concerns and discard those fears which, too largely, among those of us who are in important places, guide our acts, and abandon ourselves to the pioneer spirit of daring, of complete self-sacrifice.

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Quality of Leadership

"Lead and the host will follow. Never was there a being created that did not welcome leadership. Every human being resents the attempted domination of those who lack the quality, the purpose of leadership. Many here present are in positions of great power and influence. Are we using that power to retard or to stimulate that initiative? Are we leading to greater ends, or are we building up bulwarks to hold ourselves in the favorable positions we occupy?

"And I say to you again that this disease of regulation, of retardation, finds its source in our neglect to perform intelligently that duty of leadership from which we cannot safely escape.

"There must be a renewal of the pioneer spirit —the spirit of burning your bridges behind you— the pioneer spirit of human helpfulness—the pioneer spirit of rising superior to your surroundings, be they the hardships of lonely nature, or the heavy pressure of the complex affairs of massed humanity.

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Placation

"We should hang our heads in shame to consider the circumstances under which the so-called Adamson law was enacted.

"It is almost unbelievable that in our America there dare to be seriously advanced or considered such a thing as the so-called Plumb Plan; that we should have ever descended to the condition in our national life where it was possible that in war time the head of our national government should undertake to placate the forces of anarchy by levelling an indictment against the whole judicial procedure and the integrity of the citizenship of a sovereign state, in saving from the hangman's noose the neck of Mooney, and asking for that dastardly criminal concerning whose guilt there is, as the governor of the State of California clearly stated, not a shadow of a doubt, more trials and a different kind of trial than accorded to any other Amreican citizen, no matter how clean that citizen's record in the past —simply because Mooney committed an exceptionally dastardly crime, and in the furtherance of a widespread movement tending toward the destruction of all government, had through that movement the power of raising a strident voice of sinister accusation against the forces of decency and constituted authority.

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Back to Principles

"America's greatest duty to the whole world, and today there rests upon our nation the greatest obligation of leadership ever placed upon any people, is, as a prerequisite to the service that we must render to the world, that we put our own house in order and restore to the utmost the productivity of our people, and basic to all of this is the clearest understanding of and devotion to those unassailable principles upon which our whole national structure has been reared.

"The great American body politic wants to understand realities, and it is ours to help them understand. We must not shirk our world obligation, but we certainly will not, for expediency's sake, or to meet the whims of whatever potentate, compromise one iota of that which represents the highest in the world's progress of maintenance of individual liberty, as that would involve not alone our sacrifice but a world sacrifice.

"We must infuse into things material and so-called practical more of the spiritual—the spiritual, which is the very basis of everything that is truly practical.

A Conclave of realism

"Such gatherings as this are the great conclaves where the minds of men and women are aroused out of the dull inertia of materialism and are fertilized with renewed idealism. These are the great occasions when we are lifted out of the pressure of immediate concerns that to us seem event, and we grap anew more clearly the greater fact of which we are a part.

"Let us strive toward that time when greater attitudes make necessary fewer laws; when human conduct, man to man, stimulated from within to greater consideration, transcends the negative restraints of stilted virtue. We are the arbiters of our own destiny, and not the driven herd of circumstance.

"I shall not even attempt prophecy as to what is to be America's destiny. It is to be what we resolve within ourselves, each and every one of us, that it shall be.

"We will take upon ourselves that task and set a world's example. So that

Standing where from out the very stars within
their field of blue
Hope streaming o'er the strands of white and
red
Caressed by Nature's breath of Love divine
Forth to every nook where man abides,
We may lift our hearts in reverence
To that flag which symbolizes and at once bespeaks
The promise of a freedom under which alone on
earth
Fulfillment may be found for all the noblest
aspirations of the human soul."

A Letter About Juliet

Dear Town Talk: In last week's issue you inquired "Why Sex Hygiene in the Schools?" In the article you said: "Imagine Juliet being instructed beforehand in the designs of Romeo! Yet the lovelorn youth of Verona did seek the lady of his desire when he climbed the walls of the Capulet garden."

As a profound student of Shakespeare, I beg to submit my theory that Juliet had been instructed in that vital matter. In the first act, scene three, the interview between Juliet, her mother and the nurse leaves little room for doubt that the lovely Juliet must have heard the subject discussed by her garrulous nurse, whose vulgarity, or that which Hudson, in his analysis, calls her lack of propriety, could scarcely have restrained her from expatiating upon marriage from the sensual viewpoint. This is illustrated in the nurse's long explanation when interrogated by Lady Capulet about Juliet's age. Lady Capulet did not reprove the nurse for the subject matter of her discourse, but merely for her garrulity, and then admonished Juliet to consider the subject of marriage—that she herself had been a mother at Juliet's age.

The fair daughter of the house of Capulet had doubtless been warned against man's philandering, for in the balcony scene Juliet says:

"Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou will perform the rite.
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.
* * * But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee * * *
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief."

Also in her soliloquy (act 3, scene 2), the bride, in her invocation to the coming night, reveals a knowledge of the marriage relation which shows that her simplicity was, to quote the Jamieson "Shakespearean Women," "Very different from the simplicity of Miranda; her innocence was not the innocence of the desert island."

Yet Juliet Capulet, far from being a carnal creation, remains the very essence of pure love.

I agree with you that the subject of sex hygiene is one of such sacredness that it is questionable whether it should be vulgarly intruded into the curriculum and pulled to pieces in the highly sensitized and complex atmosphere of the schoolroom.—One of Juliet's Lovers.

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Shortridge Receives First Veterans' Endorsement

The first California candidate to receive endorsement by an ex-service organization is Samuel M. Shortridge, who was so honored in the following resolutions:

At a meeting of the Veteran Soldiers and Sailors' Club of Santa Cruz County, State of California, held in the city of Santa Cruz on April 27, 1920, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

WHEREAS, Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge is a candidate from this state; and,

WHEREAS, He has always been a true and loyal friend of the soldiers of our country, and if elected senator will ably and faithfully represent us in all legislation at Washington City in which the veteran soldiers may be interested; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we unanimously endorse the candidacy of the Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge for United States senator, and we hereby pledge him our hearty and united support, and will use all honorable means to secure his nomination and election.

RESOLVED, That the Veterans of the Civil War, the Veterans of the Spanish War, and the gallant young soldiers of the late World War, be, and they are hereby earnestly requested to join us in supporting Mr. Shortridge for our next senator.

RESOLVED, That copies of these resolutions be sent to all soldier organizations in this state, and that copies of the same be furnished the newspapers, with the resquest that they kindly publish the same.

(Signed)

WILLIAM B. MAYDWELL, President.
LUCAS F. SMITH, Secretary.

Santa Cruz, Cal., April 27th, 1920.

Amazing Grand Jury Revelations

The report of the Grand Jury, after a long and exhaustive investigation spreading over many sessions, have made so many amazing revelations with reference to what has come to be known as the "bail bond ring," that the average mind finds it extremely difficult to believe them all. It would seem to be far and away beyond the bounds of credence to be told that we must regard as altogether unworthy criminally lax in duty so many men of hitherto spotless reputation and known ability, whom the votes of the trusting citizens have clothed with the dignity of public office.

This paper must be permitted to assume that the awful cloud of guilt must not be placed by the public mind upon the integrity of the police court judges who have been accused, until they have been placed under impartial trial and adjudged guilty or innocent. It should be remembered that grand juries investigate only one side of any case, and that at no time during their deliberations have the accused any opportunity to adduce evidence in their defense. At the same time, the report of the grand jury in these cases is strong and sweeping enough to create the fear and dread that the worst is almost certain when the cases have been brought to trial; but until that time shall come the accused should be given the benefits of whatever doubts may exist, and adverse opinions reserved.

* * *

The Charges

It is alleged by this grand jury, with only two members voting "no" in the case of Judge Oppenheim, that, in the first place, fines have decreased steadily during the past seven years while the bail bond deposits have steadily risen; which must be taken as an indication that police court offences have steadily increased. Particular emphasis has been placed upon the exoneration of bail bonds in cases where the defendants have become fugitives from justice, which means that they have been allowed to make their "get-aways" without having their bail bonds forfeited according to law. It has been deduced that either the police force of the city is hopelessly inefficient in making arrests where convictions were impossible, or there is some sinister plot still existent which permits the discharge of four out of every five defendants.

It is alleged that there can be no even "faintly plausible excuse" for so many daring instances of the return of the bail bonds of fugitive offenders instead of turning them into the city treasury. It is also shown that out of 1299 cases, 1180 were dismissed; and yet the bond brokers felt sure that they would not lose their money by forfeit except in extreme cases.

Formal charges were made against a police officer for having failed to serve legal papers, it being alleged that he carried them about in his pocket and reported falsely as to what had been done with them. Altogether the report is so amazing in its sweeping deductions in respect to the trials of police court cases as to create the suspicion that there must be distinct animus and bias behind the whole ugly mess; and we reserve decision.

Candidate Butler a Good Sport

"Nicholas Murray Butler would make a good president, not only because his education and experience have fitted him for the position, but for the added reasons that he is a regular human being who enjoys a good joke and likes to make a fair average between work and play." And thereupon the admirer of another noted schoolmaster who would have his fling at practical government, told an amusing story of an incident in which the great educator played a prominent part in a Bohemian Club encampment up in the redwoods, three years ago.

It appears that the owners of several of the larger camps had been giving evening entertainments for themselves and their guests, which, in the opinion of the jinks committee, seriously interfered with the usual programs provided on each evening during Grove Play Week. Accordingly, a mandate was issued, in terms that admitted of no argument, to the effect that no pianos would be permitted in private camps at such times as entertainments were in progress in the places reserved for such purposes; and, furthermore, piano playing or singing would not under any circumstances be permitted in camps after midnight.

But the committee had not included in its pronumciamento any reference to other kinds of musical instruments, and the manager of one of the camps most aimed at in the ban, sent to San Francisco for a large number of instruments of the noisiest possible kind, and these were duly received.

Shortly before midnight, the members of the camp sat about the camp fire, ready to awaken the silence of the forest with unmusical pandemonium at a given signal. Just before the stroke of midnight, however, Dr. Butler entered the camp in company with William H. Crocker. They were told of the intended rebellion against personal independence, immediately expressed their entire sympathy with it, and were provided with instruments, Dr. Butler with a bass drum and Mr. Crocker with a pair of cymbals. The signal was given, and the inharmonious disturbance began, continuing for some minutes. Camp Captain Benjamin strode into the camp, lantern in hand, rage in voice and fire in eyes, and was about to summon the disturbers before the committee, when he caught sight of Dr. Butler and his bass drum.

"My God, you too?" he cried aghast. "Then I'm through!" And in subsequent encampments nothing was ever said again in any way preventive of opposition entertainments in private camps.

Secretary Daniels Turns on Admiral Sims

After several more or less non-committal explanations of the efficient conduct of the naval forces of the country—which but few believed—in reply to the sweeping charges of Admiral Sims—which nearly everyone believed—he has finally gotten real mad, shied his castor into the ring of dispute, and makes an attack of body blows which would seem to have made it impossible for the admiral to counter upon with uppercuts that will avert the final knockout blow. Secretary Daniels declares that in betraying the statement of Admiral Benson to the effect that we would just as soon fight England as Germany, he flagrantly violated three separate and distinct navy regulations; that he genuflected to British admiralty ideas, and coveted British honors so earnestly as to regard as anti-British such an altogether "all American" as is Admiral Benson, who has neither "pro" nor "anti" sentiments with reference to any other country; that the committee had heard eleven of the twelve members of the naval board, and everyone except the author of the charges has "flatly denied their correctness or justice"; that "the only man injured in the public esteem by such a breach of confidence and the attempt to hold his brother officers up to ridicule is Admiral Sims himself."

All of this is so succinctly stated and earnestly set forth that it must surely cause even the enemies of Secretary Daniels in the service—and there are truly enough hundrds of them—to sit up, take notice, and come to the conclusion that after all his seven years of service at the head

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of the U. S. navy has actually taught him something, best of all, the fighting instinct.

Our Country on the Toboggan Slide?

The president of the National Bank of Cuba, in his annual statement of December 31st, 1919, declared that the last crop of sugar was about $500,000,000. He estimates that this year's crop, by which he means the year 1919, will figure out about 4,200,000 tons, and that it will yield a value of somewhere between $800,000,000 and $1,000,000,000. He states that some of this crop was sold in the months of September and October, 1919, at an average price of about 6½ cents per pound, and in the latter part of October and in November more sugar was sold at from 7 cents to 8½ cents. He states that the sugar sold for 6½ cents was bought by Europe and Canada.

He furthermore makes a statement about the grinding of sugar cane which is interesting to people who are not at all familiar with the sugar industry, but who see the constantly mounting price of sugar at our grocery stores. He says that the grinding began much earlier than usual this season, many mills having started during the latter part of November and the first ten days of December. On January 31st, he states that 182 mills were in operation.

These facts, coming from the largest and most important bank in Cuba, and right from the center and source of the sugar trade, throw a light upon a subject in which we are all somewhat interested. I also have the opinion of an expert sugar man living in New York as to the probable value of the 1919 sugar crop. In a letter which I have just received from him, he says: "I am inclined to believe that this year's crop will average at 10 cents per pound in Cuba. This would produce $785,000,000, or an increase of $285,000,000 over the value of last year's crop in Cuba, or roughly a 50 per cent increase in all Cuban sugar interests generally."

When we are buying sugar here in New York in two-pound lots at around 22 cents per pound, and having difficulty in getting it, and when we hear 30 cents per pound predicted as the probable cost to us a little later on, we wonder who makes the profit between the 10-cent price in Cuba and the present prices which prevail here. There is no doubt that every variety of profiteering known is in vogue in the sugar industry after it leaves Cuba, just the same as it is in every other industry.

The present high costs of everything are not warranted by existing conditions. By this I mean that notwithstanding the high costs of producing everything, the present high levels are way above the prices at which things ought to be selling, after making due allowance for all increased costs of production. Political economists try to explain present high prices on the theory of inflation. But there is a far simpler explanation, and anybody who takes the pains of studying this question will find out that criminal profiteering is in vogue everywhere, not only in the present rentals which are demanded for stores and buildings and residences, but in the cost of every commodity which the average person has occasion to buy.

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Restricting Buying Would Correct Prices

An excellent suggestion regarding strikes has been made, which is, that we have an industrial camp every year. At this camp men would be taught how to run engines and how to fire engines and the duties of brakemen and conductors. They would be taught such duties as the employees in all public utilities are expert at, and in this way they would be in shape to break strikes. Most of the people of this country consider it their patriotic duty as good Americans to put an end to strikes. We are fully aware that the conditions which exist today are quite impossible, and the only thing which puzzles us is to figure out how long it will be before the crash comes.

One dislikes to be pessimistic, but we would consider ourselves lacking in intelligence if we did not see certain things very clearly. One is that business cannot continue for any length of time under present conditions. Business men cannot afford to pay the present cost of labor, nor can they afford to pay the present rents which are demanded by the owners of buildings. When a merchant has his rent doubled, when every cost connected with his business is up from 100 to 200 or 300 per cent, and when all the labor which he employs is correspondingly advanced, the only possible way in which he can equalize things is by advancing the prices of articles which he has for sale. There always comes a point in the advanced cost of things where people will absolutely stop buying. We believe this level has been reached now. We know men of our own environment who have refused to buy any clothes for the past two years. They are simply wearing their old clothes, and say they shall continue to do so until the price of clothing comes down. They do not blame the tailor, but they say they are not willing to contribute one cent toward the present wages of tailors' employees, who are now getting four or five times the salaries which they used to get. These men are perfectly willing to have their clothes patched if necessary, and they have the same attitude toward shoes.

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Business Is Shrinking

Recently we have seen a movement, although not very well organized, to introduce some uniform style of clothing, such as overall suits made of denim. This idea may later on take some sort of shape. It is not necessary for people to make themselves hideous even for the sake of economy, but it is quite possible that some inexpensive style of dress may be adopted by both men and women to tide over this period of criminal profiteering and criminal costs. Everybody who has anything to sell seems to feel that it is his duty to push the price up to some perfectly ridiculous figure, and then wait and see how long people will stand for it.

It is the general conviction that people will stand for it no longer. They have reached the parting of the ways, and we confidently expect to see business gradually go downhill from now on. It is noticeable that in almost every store you go into the merchant is unable to furnish you with certain things you ask for, and when you inquire the reason, he says that the factory is not supplying them with these things now. On further inquiry we find that the factory has found it more profitable to turn out some other kind of goods in which they can make a greater profit. We have, furthermore, noticed that department stores quite generally are not stocking up heavily with goods at the present time. This is probably due to the high money rates which prevail. It certainly does not pay a department store to borrow money at 9 per cent or 10 per cent interest in order to stock up with goods which he may not be able to sell.

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Taxes Almost Amount to Confiscation

I think our troubles in this country are due primarily to the excessively high taxes which individuals and merchants have to pay. All incentive and all initiative is taken away from merchants and corporations because of the fact that the government takes too large a share of the profits. People are willing to work hard if they get a fair share of the profits, but when they have to give away three-fourths of their profits they soon come to the conclusion that effort and the wear and tear due to their heavy responsibilities are not sufficiently recompensed by the share of profit which they receive.

The next, and greatest, cause of our present troubles in this country is the attitude of labor. Working men are paid the highest kind of wages, and what do they give for it? You never hear any laboring man or labor organization talking about what they are going to give in exchange for the increased pay they get. They always want more and demand more, and at the same time they are demanding more pay and shorter hours, which means that they will produce less. Furthermore, the attitude of labor is to shirk work just as much as possible, and to turn out as little as they possibly can. Every move made by the laboring men is un-American and lacking in patriotism at this particular time, when everybody should be working together to build up the country and repair some of the damages of the war.

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Washington Proposes More Burdens

Our politicians in Washington are working hand in hand with the labor unions in making conditions worse and further disturbing and upsetting the country. It was only recently that some lunatic in Congress proposed a new law for a tax bill having for its purpose the raising of two billion dollars of additional revenue by placing an additional income tax on corporations and individuals, taking 80 per cent of the profits in excess of $200,000,000 in the case of corporations and $20,000 in the case of individuals; and this tax was to be retroactive commencing with the year 1917 and covering all the years thereafter. It is needless to say that if by any possibility such an absurd bill as this should be passed it would be immediately followed by a financial crash which would make it impossible for any business concerns to pay even their present taxes, not to speak of the proposed new tax.

The department of justice has demanded a rehearing of the steel case which was recently

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decided by the supreme court after having been considered by that august body for several years. It is too bad that the department of justice has not enough interesting and important things to do to keep it occupied. If they devoted their time to uprooting anarchy and Bolshevism in the United States and deporting the thousands and thousands of undesirable people in the country who ought to be deported they would not have time to waste over such a futile thing as stirring up that old question involved in the government's case against the United States Steel Company.

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Congress Still After the Money

It was hardly a day after the Supreme Court had decided that stock dividends were not income, and therefore not taxable, when bills commenced to be proposed in Congress to put a direct tax on stock dividends. This kind of a bill has appeared in a variety of forms. I merely call attention to this to show the quality of mind which we have in Congress at the present time. There is surely something wrong with our form of government, and our present system, or such things would not be possible.

If there comes not a change in the way in which affairs in the United States are conducted, our country will soon be toboganning down hill, and an inevitable crash will come.

Todies Fooled Again

Again has that easily gulled phalanx of snobbery miscalled society been taken in and gracefully bunkoed by somebody with a title, the mere claim of which would appear to be all the credentials necessary to the securement of an entry into the charmed circles of Toadydom. This person, the Princess Della Patra, who presumably was rightly a niece of the ex-Khedive of Egypt —as if relationship to that very unimportant person has in it any social value—made her appearance at the St. Francis Hotel a year ago, and was immediately received with the courtesy and aplomb that would be accorded to real royalty. On her departure for New York in July last, after many social successes, the inner set bade her farewell with numerous dinners and showers of expensive bloom. Now, on her projected return to the scene of her numerous triumphs, it is learned that she is to be welcomed by a police warrant, duly charging her with embezzlement, and issued by Police Judge Oppenheim. The complainant is one Enrich Buehle, who charges her with the embezzlement of jewelry and $6000, given to her at various times in order that she might properly prepare herself for the production of a moving picture designed to depict life in Egypt. The outcome of this charge should be watched with deep interest, and it is safe to predict that even if she prove guilty, the next "Princess" to knock for admission into society will be received with open arms.

Labor Is Euchred Again

Once more is socialistic labor led to political slaughter by the usual small band of rabid radicals; and, what is stranger still, it permitted the blatantly effected operation with becoming servility and much noise. The usual anarchistic platform was adopted, the usual inflammatory tirades against the existing form of government was duly launched, and amidst the wildest enthusiasm Eugene V. Debs, now a convict in the penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, was again nominated for president of the United States. The platform agreed upon was a trifle more radical than usual, embracing a six-hour working day, general amnesty for political prisoners, unrestricted free speech and press, the radical adjustment of taxes, socialization of basic industries, and a vicious attack on Attorney General Palmer's so-called "campaign of repression." Socialism's most blatant attorney, Hillquit, bitterly arraigned the present administration for having traitorously betrayed socialistic principles, after the socialistic vote had surely elected President Wilson. After the singing of the usual radical hymns, including "La Marsellaise" and "The Hymn of Free Russia," a life-sized portrait of Debs was unveiled, draped in black, and evoked a wild ovation. The secretary was then instructed to telegraph "the convention's love and pride in him," with the further intelligence that the Socialistic ticket would surely poll two million votes in November, with the possible addition of a million more. Since already some millions of laboring men have declared for other regular candidates, no one attempted to show where these votes were to come from; nor did anyone venture to announce even if Debs were to be elected, he could not be seated, since no felon or convicted criminal may be eligible for the presidency.

As far as free speech was concerned, it certainly was given unlimited rein in this revolutionary assemblage, for there was no show of police interference nor any attempt made to muzzle the raving vaporings of this kennel of anarchy.

Social

By TANTALUS

It is not generally known that Sir Thomas Lipton conducts one of his large tea factories in California and is shortly to visit the city on a tour of inspecting, having for its purpose a further elaboration of his already vast possessions in the tea trade. No doubt society will be on the qui vive to welcome him, but unformately Sir Thomas is not of marriageable age, does not know how to dance or scatter brilliant nothings in a salon, and vastly prefers men's club functions to those in which the tender sex predominates. As the races of his latest "Shamrock," designed this time to surely take back with him that venerable piece of junk known as the America's Cup, are now announced to be sailed late in July, his stay will be short. But those who are so fortunate as to meet him will bid him farewell with the conviction that he is one of the most delightful rough diamonds they have ever met.

Fishing Club Celebration at Del Monte

One of the interesting diversions planned for society folk at Pebble Beach this coming week is the opening celebration of the Del Monte Fishing Club, which numbers among its members many prominent San Franciscans and well known people of the south.

Captain John Barneson, who is president of the Fishing Club, is known in sporting circles as an expert fisherman and is a yachtsman of international reputation. Captain Barneson is a frequent visitor at Del Monte and the Lodge, and he claims that there are no better fishing grounds anywhere than at Stillwater Cove off Pebble Beach. Captain Barneson's son, J. Leslie Barneson, is popular among the younger set of San Francisco society. He officiates as secretary of the club.

Mr K. R. Kingsbury, of San Francisco, who is an enthusiastic golfer as well as fisherman, is one of the active members of the Fishing Club. He is treasurer, and Mr. John Lawson is vice-president.

Mr. Herbert Fleischhacker is a yachtsman, fisherman and golfer, and indulges in these pastimes in the brief intervals that he can snatch from his multiple business activities. Among some of the members are Messrs. Wellington Gregg, J. D. Grant, Colonel W. Karri-Davies, William H. Crocker, F. E. Booth, B. L. Thane, William F. Humphrey, of San Francisco, and Dan Murphy and H. L. Alexander, of Los Angeles. Mr. Murphy has a beautiful summer home at Pebble Beach. Elmer Cox, of San Francisco, who is also a member, owns one of the charming houses in that exclusive colony.

Various trophies have been set up for the fishing competitions, the ladies in the party will be entertained in many ways, including trips to the submarine gardens and motor drives, and there will be a barbecue and a banquet on the 22nd and 23rd for all fishing club members and their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lestock Gregory returned to San Francisco yesterday by motor after a few days at Del Monte. They were among the spectators at the polo match on Saturday. The game was a special match for the Jack Pickford cups. Members of the winning team were Byington Ford, Captain Dave Roscoe of the Monterey Presidio, Eric Pedley and Lieutenant Bethel of the military post. Captain Roscoe suffered a fall, but it is reported that he was not seriously hurt.

Mrs. Frederick Koster entertained Mrs. James A. Emery, of Washington, D. C., at luncheon at thre Woman's Athletic Club on Friday. Mrs. Emery was formerly a resident of San Francisco, and during her visit has been the motif for many affairs. She has been the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Celestin J. Sullivan, and of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Knox. Mrs. Emery entertained a group of friends at the Palace last Tuesday. She is leaving on the 1-8th for Washington. She and her family will spend the summer at their beautiful farm, an island near Fredicksburg, Val.

Mrs. A. P. O'Brien gave a tea at the Palace on Wednesday.

Aviation Attracts

Quite a great deal of interest has been taken in the progress of aviation by local society, and

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at the recent Aviation Day at Redwood City many of the local society people motored down the peninsula to watch the aerial activities at the Redwood City field.

Among the parties who motored down was that of Cyril H. Cornwallis Stevenson, Charles F. Gallagher, Dermot M. Evans, Miss Cornelia Gwinn and Miss Doris Fagen, who were guests of the Fowler Airplane Company. Various members of the party took part in the exhibition flights of the Avro airplane, one of the new British planes recently brought to the coast.

Tea Dances at Techau Tavern

The Saturday afternoon tea dansants which are a feature at the Techau Tavern every Saturday afternoon from 2:30 to 5, are causing very favorable comment. This innovation has found a decided appreciation among the many patrons who, between shopping hours on Saturday, find great pleasure in resting amid the harmonious surroundings of the Techau Tavern and trip the light fantastic toe to the up-to-the-minte hits and buoyant songs of the day.

Every afternoon, before and after the theatre, and during dinner, the extraordinary revue of artists in a galaxy of acts and entertainment merits the high approval of the dance-loving San Franciscans.

Hilson's toggery orders and Melachrino cigarettes are given away nightly in lucky dances.

A New Café Chantant

"The Dungeon" is a new café chantant, on Anna Lane, close by Ellis Street, above Powell. There the most delectable eats and liquid concoctions are served by the chief jailer, Al C. Posener, and his trusties. The interior is fitted up like a jail, clanking chains and "cells," where diners make merry. It is a smart spot for smart people, and has already won its way into San Francisco's heart.

Casa del Rey

Santa Cruz, with its aquatic sports and accessible inland drives, is a playground for thousands of week-end visitors this perfect Maytime weather. The beach in front of the luxurious Casa del Rey Hotel is a magnet and playground. The hotel has opened a month earlier than formerly, in response to popular demand. Its patrons ing its praises for comfort, luxury and diversion.

Among its recent guests are Messrs. and Mmes. I. W. Johnson, E. J. Miller, W. W. Wagstaff, O. H. Walker, A. C. Ireton, James F. McNulty, J. C. Doyle, C. V. Schley, Mmes. W. F. Monteith of Colorado Springs and Philadelphia, O. N. Owens, Misses Anita and Violet Lecara and Messrs. Adrian and Mabury McMahan.

Marshall Aircraft Company

Owners of the Bluebird airplanes at the San Francisco Marina are daily taking up many passengers in their well-known machines. Mr. Marshall, manager of the company, states that a surprising number of people are not only taking up aviation as a pleasure, but are beginning to consider it as a rapid means of transportation. Flights are taken daily. Many San Francisco prominent business and society people will probably, within the next few months, be operating their own planes.

Social Notes from Hotel Cecil

Col. and Mrs. R. M. Schofield and their charming daughter are receiving a cordial welcome from San Francisco friends. They arrived on the last steamer from Honolulu and are stopping at the Cecil.

A farewell dinner was given Thursday for Gen. and Mrs. Edward McClerrand and Mrs. Lynd Harrison. Mrs. William Morris was the hostess. The guests of honor have been making their home at the hotel for the past year. They will leave shortly for their homes in New York. Among the guests at the dinner were Messrs. and Mmes. Arthur Thane, Howard Turner, Dr. and Mrs H. Borger, Mmes. Eugene Davis, B. F. Keith and Charles Graf.

More Than Satisfied

Mr. Jones loved his better half dearly, but was unfortunately more lavish in love than money. Starting one day on a long business trip, he left Mrs. Jones short of money, but promised to send a check, which needless to say, did not arrive. When the rent became due his wife telegraphed: "Stony broke. Landlord in the house. Wire me money." Mr. Jones answered: "Am short myself. Will soon send check. A thousand kisses." The wife's reply was: "Don't bother about money. Gave landlord one of the kisses. He was more than satisfied."

FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER
By Rennell Rodd

Beautiful fisherman's daughter,
Steer in your bark to the land!
Come down to me over the water
And talk to me hand in hand!
Lay here on my heart those tresses,
For look, what have you to fear
Who are bold with the sea's caresses
Every day in the year?
My heart is one with the deep
In its storm, in its ebb and flow,
And ah! There are pearls asleep
In cavernous depths below.
(1880.)

"Have you washed your hands, Tommy?" asked his mother suspiciously. "Yes, mother." "Well, they don't look much better for it." "Well, if you don't believe me, mother, have a look at the towel."

After discussing the best way to make oneself sleep, one person said that the only perfect method is to think of nothing. A more practical man replied that the best method is to think it is time to get up.

She—Mrs. Simms has just got another new hat and I—

He—My dear, Mrs. Simms has to have new hats. If she were as pretty and as attractive as you she wouldn't have to depend on the milliner so much"—and there wasn't another word about it!

The Stage

Orpheum Bill Sizzles

The Orpheum this week has the liveliest bill of its record. It is amazingly modern in its choice of material, which is scant in the way of wearing apparel and dangerous in subject matter. But the actors talk so fast, sing so fast and dance so fast that by the time the whirl is over one is a bit at a loss to say that anything was actually too daring.

In costume, nudity is the prevailing note. Sunday the superbly formed Rinaldo brothers, wearing nothing to speak of but aluminum paint, posed as classics in statuary, and varied their performance by splendid acrobatic feats. I have seen many pictures of Sandow and heard accounts of his remarkable popularity. The Rinaldos, as a single attraction, need only a press agent to fill theatres to overflowing. They are superb specimens of manhood. This is the first time for years that any effort has been made by theatrical managers to present an act which will appeal specially to woman's eye. The most lovely specimens of the female form divine are exhibited on the stage, in the most enticing raiment, but magnificently formed, graceful men are seldom put upon the boards for the admiration of the fair sex. However, maybe all the perfectly formed athletes are secluded in athletic clubs, and as they are mere American business men they have no time to be on exhibition. There must be some excuse for their rarity.

The Orpheum girls this week are fetching. Ernestine Meyers, a fascinating danseuse, has a piquant beauty, dash and imagination. Her exquisite body is revealed in several aspects of its natural loveliness, she exemplifies the appeal of decoration rather than of nudity. In one Oriental dance Miss Meyers wears two strings of pearls, dainty pearl breast-plates, a small abdominal girdle, trunks and some veils attached to the girdle. But her head is almost completely covered with a large, shining, opaque headdress. Again, Miss Meyers appears in soles fastened by a jewelled instep ornament, black lace knee-length tights and a diaphanous robe. All her costumes are fascinating revelations.

Paisley Noon, in the act, is a refined young man who sings prologues in an artistic manner. He can dance, too—for instance, he shimmies so marvelously that the tucks upon his shirt shake. Grant McKay really plays the piano for the pair.

Irving Newhoff and Dode Phelps jazz around in lively style and sing several naughty songs which the audience like.

"Doc" Baker has a brilliant act. He is young, good looking, acts convincingly and sings well. He makes such rapid changes of costume that I believe he must have a twin brother in his act. Polly Walker is his very pretty, clever and charming leading lady, who ought to be a musical comedy star, though her claim to distinction lies more in her beauty and dancing than in singing—but late musical comedy seldom demands a high degree of vocal ability. They are supported by a large company of clever people in attractive costumes.

Frank De Voe, in an act with Harry Hosford, gets the biggest applause of the season. Mr. Hosford plays the piano, sings and "feeds" De Voe, who is a lightning speed comedian. He sings—wild man songs about wild women. He shimmies—oh! he does! Then he gives a female impersonation caricature so screamingly that he has a hard time to get away from the gallery.

Wallis Clark & Co. portray a sketch which is so realistically unreal as to suggest Shavian origin. Indeed, after listening to some of the lines in the impossible situation, I was surprised to

read on the program that George Carlin and Howard Lindsay are the authors.

This act also seems to have been chosen for its ultra-modern impossibility. It is excellently acted by Clark as a world financier and Louis Ancker as an ambitious broker. Derah Morel has a very contradictory role, which would require an actress of far greater technique and imagination to make appealing.

"Vic" Quinn, George Kreeer, Frank Farnum and an intoxicating jazz orchestra stage a merry, tuneful, colorful act which holds the audience to the last echoing note. Altogether the Orpheum's offering is one that has every excuse for displaying "S. R. O." Helen M. Bonnet.

An Actor Husband's Tribute

A very pretty story about Frank McGlynn reached us in a letter this week from Mrs Lillian Donnelley, of Washington, D. C.

"On May 3rd, at the Cort Theatre in New York, a matinee of "Lincoln" was given as a compliment to the theatrical profession. The house was crowded with all the big and little stars of the past, present and future. When Frank McGlynn, our California 'son,' made his entrance as Lincoln, the ovation lasted over two minutes. The play proceeded to the most sympathetic audience of its career. At the close there was a demonstration such as can never be given but by an audience of professional actors, trained in the technique of perception. It was the crowning event in McGlynn's career. At the last curtain he was rushed out upon the stage, the first time he ever took a curtain call in this play. His professional brethren crowded upon the stage and about him, and some embraced him. A woman star wept upon his shoulder. He had to make a speech. After thanking his audience for their great tribute and telling them how glad it made him, what a reward after his years of struggle, he said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls: I know you want to go home for dinner, so I won't keep you longer. But I have a surprise for one person in this house. I want you to applaud a little woman whom I met on the Lyceum stage some twenty years ago—one who has done more for me than anyone, who has stood by me in my long struggle. She is here in the audience, and today is her birthday. She is the little woman who has borne me six beautiful children.' Then there was pandemonium. The actors applauded, yelled, stood up and surrounded Mrs. McGlynn, crowding near to shake her hand. It was an affecting scene. Mrs. McGlynn's stage name was Rose Sheridan. The McGlynn children are handsome kiddies, and their father is very proud of them. One boy, thirteen, modeled a bust of his father's Lincoln. It was an excellent portrait and was reproduced in the magazines.

* * *

Other New York Successes

"A well acted play upon the theme of false spiritualism is 'The Hole in the Wall' at the Punch and Judy Theatre. A Willard Mack adaptation, 'Breakfast in Bed,' with Florence Moore as star, is amusing but very thin.

"'The Ouija Board' is a big hit at the Bijou, and has brought Crane Wilbur into his own. He wrote the very clever play, which is wonderfully well written and acted, Wilbur, of course, playing a big part. This will be welcome news to San Francisco, which predicted Arrival with a big 'A' for him when he played there in stock.

"Do you remember the great day of the Stage Women's War Relief benefit at the Columbia, when Wilbur auctioned the souvenir program for $2200 in ten minutes?

"A telegram from San Francisco to the New York papers last week said that Camille D'Arville Crellin, the San Francisco Relief president, will sing at the flag-raising of the War Memorial. I wish I could be there to hear her. I heard her sing when she was in New York last year to visit, and everyone said her voice was as fine as when she was the celebrated prima donna twenty years ago. San Francisco could not have chosen a more beloved artist for the occasion. What an ornament to the stage!' remarked Mrs. August Belmont (May Robson), at the national meeting of the Stage Women. 'What an ornament to society!' replied Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the sculptress (daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt), who was presented on account of her war work affiliations."—Lillian Donnelley.

To Build National Stock Theatre In New York City

Lincoln A. Wagenhals and Collin Kemper, who recently announced that they would re-enter the theatrical field as producing managers this summer, have selected a site near Broadway, on Forty-ninth Street, and will erect there a theatre with a seating capacity of 1,100, to be called the National Theatre.

Wagenhals and Kemper announce the theatre will be ready for its opening production in the early spring of 1921. When this theatre opens there will simultaneously come into existence a stock company which both members of the producing firm believe will be unique in the American theatre; along the lines of the Lyceum stock company of the early '90's. It will be a co-operative stock company, with thirteen members; the actors, so to speak, will hold stock in the corporation. They will be guaranteed a certain sum to meet their living expenses, and they will, in addition, share in the profits of all plays in which they appear. Wagenhals and Kemper believe this will remedy an injustice that has frequently been done to members of the profession; if, for example, the original members of the cast of Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart play, "Seven Days," which was produced by Wagenhals and Kemper, had received royalties on all the performances of that play they would all be independently rich today. According to the plan, the members of the stock company will not only receive their proportional share of the profits from a production in which they appear personally, but they will also receive royalties on subsequent productions of the same play by road companies, or in other countries.

Verbal contracts have already been made by Wagenhals and Kemper with four actors, all of whom are enthusiastic over the prospect of the co-operative company. Four prominent playwrights, whose names cannot be made known at present, have also agreed to give Wagenhals and Kemper the first option on their dramatic output. The National Theatre will in the main be conducted in accordance with the policies of Wagenhals and Kemper previous to 1914, when this firm made their last production. It will be a repertory theatre in the sense that new productions will go on frequently, but it will be the home of nearly all the productions of the firm, and the success of each production will govern its run.

The decision to inaugurate a co-operative stock company was made in Europe, where Wagenhals and Kemper have spent the greater part of the time since 1914, and was influenced to no little extent by the approval that has been given the idea by continental critics. It is expected that the ambitious plans of Wagenhals and Kemper will go to make a unique chapter in the history of the American theatre.

Ysaye and Elman

Manager Frank W. Healy will present a truly extraordinary musical attraction in the persons of Eugene Ysaye, the "incomparable Belgian," and Mischa Elman, "the pre-eminent Russian," and in joint recital at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, June 6th. This will be the first joint-recital tour of Ysaye and Elman, and it will be the last, for immediately after its completion Elman leaves for Europe, to be gone three years. San Francisco and Los Angeles will be the only California cities to get Ysaye-Elman joint recitals, for no others can give them the "capacity" necessary to make them paying affairs. The violin tones of Ysaye and Elman blend

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THIS WEEK AND NEXT

The Most Fascinating and Thrilling of Mystery Plays Has Created Such a Great Sensation That It Will Be Continued for a

SECOND AND FINAL WEEK

"A VOICE IN THE DARK"

A. H. Woods' New York Novelty

The New Alcazar Company

Belle Bennett—Clay Clement

SUNDAY, MAY 23—First and Funniest of the Montague Glass Dialect Comedies

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

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Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00

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Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

SYLVESTER SCHAFFER, "The Man Who Does Everything," Presenting Many Headline Acts in His Own Person; FLORENCE TEMPEST, in "Tumble in Love," with Alton and Allen; MME. CLAIRE FORBES, Piano Soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; MILT COLLINS, "The Speaker of the House," in "The Patriot"; ANTHONY & ROGERS, "Two Tonsorial Artists"; HERBERT & DAIR, Athletic Simplicity. Last Week—The Noted Protean Artist, "Doc" Baker, in "FLASHES," a Lightning Revue of Fun, Fads and Fashions, with Polly Walker and Bud and Jack Pearson; ERNESTINE MYERS & PAISLEY NOON, Interpreters of Terpsichorean Art; Grant McKay at the Piano.

Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00

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SUNDAY, MAY 23, at 2:30

Ysaye & Elman

World's Violin Masters IN JOINT-RECITAL

SUNDAY, JUNE 6, at 2:30

John McCormack

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Best seats $2.50, $2. Others—$1.50, $1. (War tax, 10% extra)

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NEXT WEEK—Beginning Monday

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THE PLAY THAT THRILLED THE NATION

A. H. Woods Present

LOUIS MANN

In the Sensational American Comedy

"Friendly Enemies"

Prices—Nights, 50c to $2.50; Wednesday Matinee, 50c to $1.50; Saturday Matinee, 50c to $2.00.

marvelously in music for two violins by Mozart, Bach, Haendel and Moszkowski.

John McCormack

Due entirely to the fact that he has been prevailed upon to commence his world's tour in San Francisco, John McCormack will be heard at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, June 6th. Assisting the great Irish tenor will be the composer-accompanist, Edwin Schneider, and the Australian 'cellist, Lauri Kennedy. D. F. McSweeney, associated with Charles L. Wagner, will arrive in San Francisco soon to "blaze" the way for the McCormack party, which will include Mrs. McCormack and the children. Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Italy and Spain will be visited. The tour will not bring McCormack back until November, 1921. Tickets for the Ysaye and Elman and McCormack concerts will be on sale Monday at Sherman, Clay & Company's music store.

Alcazar

The continuance for a second week of "A Voice in the Dark" is actually compelled, because the novel and fascinating mystery melodrama has created a sensation that cannot be ignored by the Alcazar box office. This baffling and absorbing drama of crime caused more discussion than any other Alcazar stage offering of the past twenty years. A modern Bluebeard is slain by a mysterious avenger. Just who fired the shot keeps tensely thrilled audiences on pins and needles until the last moment. Nearly everybody but the orchestra leader falls under suspicion. The production is an example of Alcazar stagecraft, and the acting is of fine artistry. Special honors fall to Belle Bennett, Emelie Melville, Clay Clement, Henry Shumer, Emily Pinter and Stella Warfield.

"Potash and Perlmutter," the laughter-provoking cloak and suit partners, with their worries and wrangles, their romances and generous deeds, are simple crowded off the stage for another week, but will bring joy to old friends and new on Sunday, May 23rd. The popular appeal of "A Voice in the Dark" is too insistent to be disregarded.

Orpheum

The Orpheum program for next week will be one of the best in the annals of vaudeville.

Sylvester Schaffer, who is universally acknowledged to be the most versatile man in the world, will head the new bill. He combines the essentials of eight different acts, yet in each he shows a skill and artistry that would do credit to any one of the stars in that particular line. Schaffer is versed in every form of entertainment known to vaudeville, be it legerdemain, or music, or juggling, marksmanship or painting, pantomime or athletics—he is master of all. He occupies the stage for nearly an hour, and there is not one second which could be eliminated without a loss.

Florence Tempest, known as "America's most lovable boy and vaudeville's daintiest girl," and until recently the "Tempest of tempest and sunshine," continues as one of vaudeville's brilliant illuminatives. This season she is offering a series of carefully staged song and dances.

Mme. Claire Forbe, who is the only woman who has attained the coveted distinction of piano soloist to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and who is one of the finest American pianists, will be heard in a delightful program, which exhibits her artistry so thoroughly that she seems to be inspired.

Milt Collins, "the Speaker of the House," who has been too long absent, will return with a new monologue entitled "The Patriot," in which he discusses amusingly every topic of timely importance. Collins is a genius in his line and a delight to his audiences.

Anthony and Royers style themselves "two tonsorial artists." They are Italian comedians, and in their loose-jointed patter produce an abundance of fun. Their act is a satire on the modern Italian barber shop.

Herbert and Dare have perfected a routine entirely of athletic feats, which they perform with a sangfroid which conveys the impression that they are easy of execution while, as a matter of fact, they are most arduous and difficult.

"Doc" Baker, Polly Walker, Bud and Jack Pearson in the lightning review, "Flashes," and Ernestine Myers and Paisley Noon will be the only holdovers.

At the Curran

The announcement is made that Louis Mann in "Friendly Enemies" will come to the Curran Theatre, beginning Monday, under the direction of A. H. Woods. Two years have elapsed since playgoers first saw and applauded Mr. Mann, and the delightful comedy he so admirably presents. In this Samuel Shipman-Aaron Hoffman collaboration, Mr. Mann is making his first professional visit to the coast in fifteen years. Associated with Mr. Mann in the presentation of the comedy are such distinguished players as Jess Dandy, Marie Reichardt, Betty Alden, Alan Hale, Joseph Sterling and Marcelle Nelton. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday, as usual.

The Mountain Play

Everything is in readiness for the annual production of the "Mountain Play," in the natural amphitheatre on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais this Sunday afternoon at two o'clock sharp. Since Thursday the players who will interpret Shakespeare's "As You Like It," this year's play, have been rehearsing on the mountain, and from reports received here the performance will leave nothing to be desired.

Prparations are being made to accommodate a very large crowd, but those who are wise will go early. The Mountain Theatre is reached from San Francisco by the Sausalito ferry to Mill Valley, and from there the auditorium may be reached either by walking or by the train. Passengers are urged to take the 7:45 or 8:45 boats if they desire to avoid the discomfort of crowded trains connecting with boats leaving the city at a later hour. Regular trains will also connect with the 9:45 and 10:45 o'clock boats, but they will probably be filled with tourists for the top of the mountain. Return trains will leave West Point, the station nearest the theatre, immediately after the performance, continuing until the last patron is cared for.

Value of College Training

The chief use to a girl of university training is that it teaches her to sift evidence. A woman with a trained mind will not believe every book or newspaper she reads, nor will she be shattered by scandalous reports even should they touch those she reveres. This wise incredulity which will be the result of her training will mean a firmer faith. She will know something of the way facts are found, of the long searches among documents, often contradictory, of the weary years of labor in laboratories, of the unreliability of hearsay and surmise, and her halo of faith, once really established, will not be easily shaken. Again, in these days of the world, the belief of the fool is not respected; but the faith of a woman of trained mind and of sound education is respected everywhere, and it is she alone who can hope to win others to her way of thinking.—Father Rickaby, S. J.

In Canada they are telling this story about the Prince of Wales. Some one was complimenting him upon the fact that he had set up his own bachelor establishment in London. "Yes," said the prince, "it's been quite dull at home in the evening. Father and mother always read, and sister Mary knits."

Mr. Sol Siebenhauer, recently auditor of the Orpheum Theatre, San Francisco, leaves next Sunday for Europe, sailing from New York May 29th on the White Star liner Adriatic.

Didn't Think

The boy stood on the back yard fence
Whence all but him had fled.
The flames that lit his father barn
Shown high up o'er the shed.
One bunch of crackers in his hand
Another in his hat,
In wild surprise he loudly cried,
"I didn't think of that."

And so it is with most of us. "We didn't think of that" until after it is too late. The fire started, house burned, nothing saved, the accumulation of a lifetime destroyed, and nothing left but to start over again. Didn't think! History repeats itself. Will we think next time?—Tenn. Fire Bulletin.

Do You Know That You're Wealthy?

Has anyone ever told you that, in one respect, you are as rich as Rockefeller—as well of as Schwab and J. P. Morgan? Well—you are.

When you were born Nature deposited to your credit in the Bank of Life a great big ample capital of—TIME.

You have all the Time there is—twenty-four hours each day. OIn that one thing you're as rich as the wealthiest man in the world.

And mark well, you can exchange Time for Money, but all the wealth in the world won't buy one additional second for a man. If it would, billionaires would be fighting on your doorstep, bidding fabulous sums for a bit of your Time added to their span of life.

You can trade your Time for anything the world holds.

If you want Money—Success—just invest a little of your Time properly and the reward is yours.

A few of the spare evening hours, now idled or wasted away, will bring you back cashable knowledge.—Specialized Training.

Mr. Homberton was talking at the dinner table in his usual clever manner about the inconsistency of girls. "There are young ladies who protest that they are never going to marry," he said. "Everybody knows that they will belie their own words at the very first opportunity!" He paused, and evidently hoped that his wife would come to the rescue of her sex; but that discreet woman held her tongue. "Why, Mary," he went on, "you remember how it was with yourself! I have heard you say more than once that you wouldn't marry the best man alive!" "Well, I didn't!" said his wife.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It looked as if the decline in stocks had culminated last week, when, regardless of the array of bear news, the market did not yield further, and when, after traders had sold the market to a standstill, it suddenly turned strong and shorts were forced to compete with each other in getting back their stocks. There was really no change in the news to account for the sudden recovery, but the fact remains that stocks had gone into strong hands and the selling pressure was principally for the short account and not actual stocks.

The principal bear factor, of course, is the strained credit condition, which does not seem to improve, regardless of the reduction in bank loans; and it must be that, while the Stock Exchange loans are now at a low ebb, loans for commercial purposes have not as yet shown any appreciable change

The banking view is that credit is still inflated and must come down, that the heads of industry will have to do less borrowing and, consequently, will have to curtail their activities. On the other hand, the business man sees his books well filled with orders for a long time to come and his output is far behind.

Large industries are expanding and pulling out new collateral at attractive rates, which would indicate that they do not see any signs of depression, otherwise they would not care to expand their business at a time when, in the opinion of the average trader, all corporations should be curtailing rather than expanding. Here and there, there may be some curtailment in business, but, on the whole, general business is good and would be considerable better were it not for the poor railroad transportation.

The U. S. Steel Corporation unfilled tonnage report showed an increase of 457,000 tons, which was considered rather favorable in view of all the talk of curtailed business in the steel line, but, as a market factor, it fell flat.

Another factor that seems to outweigh all other bearish arguments at the moment is the proposed tax on stock sales equal to the amount of commission charged by the broker This tax is one of the worst measures proposed by a member of the house committee on ways and means, and, should it pass, it would mean doubling the present commission charge by brokers. It would not only mean a decrease in the number of transactions made on the Stock Exchange daily—of which the government now gets a tax of $2 per hundred shares, but would also reduce the amount received from the income tax collection, caused by reduced profits on stock transactions. The additional revenue derived from the proposed sales tax and the lost revenue due to decreased income tax returns from trading profits, taken together, would in all likelihood show a net loss of revenue to the Government

The effect of the proposed tax will be to make London, instead of New York, the primary market for American securities, and a great volume of business, originating in this country, will be done by branches of London brokerage houses established in New York for that purpose.

Traders view the proposed tax with alarm, and, while it is not expected to become a law, yet is so vital a market factor that, as long as it hangs over the market, it will tend to keep the market down.

The signing of the railroad bill by the president goes a long ways to clear up the present railroad situation. All the roads are short of equipment and are physically in a bad shape, but with the increase in freight rates and Congress' plan to provide equipment, they will soon reflect this betterment in an increase in the value of their securities. This should have some effect on the high cost of living, as it is generally believed that the lack of distribution is the big factor in keeping the commodity prices at such high levels

The Mexican situation is not a market factor, as it is generally believed that, after the present revolution runs its course, a more stable government will be established, and while there is some apprehension felt regarding the Tampico oil fields, the fact that our government is sending warships there should give us the assurance that no harm will come to oil fields, even though the revolutionists become the masters of the situation.

The market promises to maintain its present attitude of backing and filling, but we believe that the next big move will be upward, basing our ideas on our belief that the market is thoroughly liquidated and stocks have gone into strong hands.

Cotton—The weather is now the principal factor in the cotton market, and while other news has some effect on prices, yet the bulk of trading is done on the conditions in the growing section of the belt. The weather during the month just passed was unusually bad and had this kind of weather continued through the first part of May, no doubt higher prices would have been scored So far this month, the weather has been favorable, and there has been a general tendency for prices to decline, although the decline is slight despite the more favorable reports.

There have been demonstrations against high prices, but no concerted efforts have been put forth, and, as a result, bulls have not been intimidated in the least Bulls still advance the theory that the price of cotton could still be advanced a few notches without the price of manufactured goods undergoing a change. Bears point—and not without cause—to labor unrest both here and abroad.

In the United States, the manufacturer has almost invariably granted labor's demanded increase, and then passed the buck to the consumer, but in England the situation is different Labor has felt that it has been underpaid for centuries, and now the difference between the wages paid before the war and the wages demanded now in England is far greater than in America. As a result, the British manufacturer cannot hope to pass the buck on to the consumer, as can the American.

Threatened labor troubles in New England was offset to some extent by the immediate increase in wages by some of the mills. Domestic trade continues good, although toward the end of the week there was some cancellations reported by the mills, and buyers showed a disposition to awiat some reduction in price.

Spot cotton continues firm at around 46 cents for the middling grades, and the holder seems as determined as ever to get his price. Sentiment seems to be more bearish than for some time, and with a spell of favorable weather, the new crop options will, no doubt, feel the effects of selling pressure and, with a decline in the futures, spot holders may become alarmed and try to dispose of some of their cotton.

The demand for cotton at present is not urgent, and should a wave of spot cotton come on the market it would make the bears aggressive and, no doubt, bring about a quick decline; which would be the best thing that could happen to the market, as most of the bull news is stale and a lower level of prices would be attractive to those who are bullish but are awaiting a reaction before taking hold

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December 31st, 1919

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Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 106,578. Dept. 16.
In the matter of the application for change of name of ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH.

WHEREAS, ISRAEL LOVICH has filed his petition with the Clerk of this Court for permission to change his name from ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the matter aforesaid appear at Department 16 of the said Superior Court, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 15th day of June, 1920, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they may have, why said application should not be granted.

It is furthere ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: May 11th, 1920.

BERNARD J. FLOOD,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 11, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By A. L. GOLDMAN, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. MORRIS,
Attorney for Applicant,
900 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif. 5-15-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 104295, Dept. No. 15

BIRDIE LILA SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: DONN JOEL SHIELDS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Extreme Cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FOGAN & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
507 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-13-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 105658
In the Matter of the Application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a Corporation, TO DISSOLVE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 13 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that before said hearing, any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH D. REDDING,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Building
San Francisco, California. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-8-10

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

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Congressional Interference

Whatever may the physical condition of President Wilson, he is palpably vigorous enough to diagnose an intentional slight on the part of his political enemies when they attempt to "put one over on him." There can be but the merest modicum of doubt that this was the underlying intent of the legislative executive and judicial appropriation bill, in which the President at once nosed out a concealed nigger, and at once sent it back without his approval; and there were not the requisite two-thirds vote in the Senate to override the veto. Ostensibly, the purpose of the bill was to cut down the abnormally wanton extravagance in the bureau of printing, which has been a scandal for almost as many years as there has existed a United States government. It has been customary always for all proceedings of Congress to be passed to print and made up into expensively bound books, which serve no purpose other than to encumber the mails and the shelves of libraries, for nobody ever reads them. Reports of committees and commissions are at once sent to the bureau to be either printed or mimeographed, and the mails are again loaded up with heavy and bulky matter for which the government receives no revenue. When a congressman or senator makes a speech which he particularly fancies, he has it at once neatly printed in pamphlet form and mailed free to his constituents, in order to show what an active representative he is and how worthy of re-election. In so far as this notorious abuse of the official prerogative may be corrected and many millions of dollars saved annually, the purpose of the bill would appear to be strongly worthy of commendation. But when it provides that no matter whatever shall be either printed or mimeographed—even what the President himself may order to print—it is so sweeping and drastic as to become almost automatically abortive. President Wilson is to be congratulated, not only for his still keen mental vision, but for the usual polite and rhetorical manner in which he turned down this attempt to usurp the executive prerogatives. It is now for him to go into the reservation business and send in a few for this otherwise excellent bill.

* * *

Will It Be Mr. Wilson?

One day last week that impeccable daily which with each issue flaunts at the head of its first page a declaration of 100 per cent Americanism, published a cartoon which certainly furnishes plenty of food for Democratic thought and speculation. The artist represented Mr. Bryan and the Democratic burro looking in terror from a window upon the shadow of Mr. Wilson placing a bomb labeled "Words." The caption of the cartoon is, "Will It Come to This?" *Town Talk* has several times clung to the belief in such a—let us say probability, for it has gone past the possible—and recent acts of the executive in the line of public documents have furnished further grounds for the suspicion that something is on the point of being started in that very quarter. At all events, no Democratic candidate has been mentioned whose name has the potentiality and the vote-getting attributes of the present incumbent. Certainly there is none of them who will be anywhere near able to poll the requisite two-thirds vote demanded by the Democratic convention rules. There are still many who should be in the political know clinging to a calamitous belief that William Jennings Bryan will put his alleged claims over, in spite of opposition. But surely such an eventuality cannot be seriously considered except on the hypothesis that now is a fine opportunity to shut the gentleman up permanently, since the signs of a Democratic victory in November next are, to say the least, not encouraging except in the case of another rump convention and the founding of a third party. Even this is not very remotely improbable. The Hoover men are still fighting hard, and insisting that their man will be nominated. Failing in this, who knows but that they may find encouragement in the declaration of the New York *World* to support Hoover on any platform, and induce him to make a run on issues propounded by himself to suit himself. In such a juncture one of the great party candidates would squeeze in a winner, as did Lincoln in 1860 and Woodrow Wilson in his first election. All of this, however, is mere speculation, but at the same time a Democratic candidate must be nominated, and what better candidate has yet been suggested?

* * *

The National Foreign Trade Convention

If the business convention whose instructive activities are not yet completed had effected nothing else of value, it has at least brought the great representatives of commerce to the Golden Gate City, and in teaching it what are the needs and possibilities of American trade at large, they have learned what the sadly neglected Pacific trade needs, and will, no doubt, bend their gigantic energies toward developing it. Several attempts of local steamship men have been made in the recent past to expand it themselves, but their capital laid idle and their efforts proved next to unavailable because of the impossibility of securing a sufficient number of ships. Not ships enough to be had, and yet there are millions upon millions of tons of ships, costing billions of dollars, either lying idle or allocated to other oceans for reasons best known to the Shipping Board. Presumably it would have indicted for libel the newspaper that would accuse it of "ulterior" motives in its system of allocation, but anyone has the protection of common sense when he asks why the Pacific trade has not received its just share of available shipping, and why, if there were not ships enough, they sought to sell the interned German liners at public auction or private sale, instead of letting us have a few of them. All of this was discussed forcibly and eloquently by several of the admirable talkers in the trade convention, and none of them hit the nail so heavy a "welt" with the sledge hammer of criticism as did Second Assistant Postmaster General Otto Praeger. Mr. Praeger stated that the postoffice department had hoped long ere this to have secured from the Shipping Board steamers to compete with the most important transpacific sea routes, but their efforts have met each time with either refusal or exhibitions of calm indifference in respect to the Oriental trade. He showed that in the ocean lines to China, Australia and New Zealand, regarding the parcels post volume alone, had increased from 2,270,000 pounds in 1914 to 17,102,000 pounds in 1919, and more than 16,000,000 during the first half of the present fiscal year. All of which shortage of tonnage is due to the crass bad management of the U. S. Shipping Board, which seems to be growing worse and worse all the time with but small hope of nearby relief.

* * *

"Wets" Now Called Anarchists

Whenever the opportunity may occur, this paper proposes to continue its protests, not against temperance as far as intoxicating beverages are concerned; not even against sane and just prohibition of any custom or habit that may exert its influence against the building up of a nation of drunkards; but to add its small voice to the many stronger ones in the abrogation of that iniquitous bantling of cant known as the Volstead act, which pro-

pounds the ridiculous principle that a beverage containing one-half of one per cent of alcohol is an intoxicant, it will continue until it be definitely decided that all stimulating beverages are forbidden forever and their obstinate users criminals. The latest attack upon the personal liberties guaranteed by the original constitution was made on the floor of the Senate last week during a brief flare-up on the subject of probihion by Senator Sheppard, Democrat, of Texas. He sought to insert into the records of the Senate a brief filed by an attorney for the anti-saloon league of his state, when Senator Smoot of Utah, Republican, believing that the only place of record for such a document was in a Texas court, objected. Thereupon the Texas senator flew into a rage, and declared that since forty-five states of the Union had declared for prohibition, the people of any state pronouncing against it must be classed as anarchists! He was at once rapped to order by the gavel of Vice-President Marshall, apologized feebly for the lnaguage but not for his attempt to have the brief inserted in the record. In line with this sentiment is the news from New Orleans, where a crusade has been instituted against home brewing and an establishment advertising the sale of malt, hops and other concomitants of "cereal beveregases" closed and his stock confiscated. This is the most high-handed proceeding of the prohibition agents that has yet come to light. Malt contains no alcohol, neither does hops; and to prohibit their sale is quite as consistent and sensible as would be the prevention of the marketing of apples and pears because they can be made into brandy, or corn and rye because they are used in the process of distilling whisky. Happily, however, the immuring in dungeons of these red-eyed anarchists who would destroy the tyrants of cant has not been at all frequent. Just judges always insist that the preponderance of evidence must lie with the state, and morever, positive criminal intent must be proved or sentence that will stand after he process of appeal are not possible.

* * *

Is H. C. L. Permanent?

Those who remember the period immediately following the close of the Civil War—and what they forget may easily be recalled through consultation of business and trade statistics—must still have in mind the general inflation in prices that then obtained with reference to living and clothes, luxuries and necessities. They will also remember that, as the years went on, few, if any, of the commodities were reduced in price to any great extent, but continued in the position fixed by the circumstances of the time, under the plea that the supply was unequal to the demand. At all events, whatever happened to be demanded was supplied at war rates for so long a time that they became peace rates, and the people, resolving themselves into individual committees on ways and means, found methods of paying the piper, and continued to pay him up to the time of the World War. Now they are protesting again; again is the consumer complaining of the distributor, the distributor defends himself with the plea that the supply is unequal to the demand, that the producer does not produce enough; and the producer con inues to produce just what he pleases. Meanwhile he is getting rich, the distributor is getting rich, the agent of the distributor is not threatened with bankruptcy, and the consumer writhes and protests to no purpose whatever, because he is as helpless in 1920 as were the consumers in 1865. All of which is very disheartening indeed; but if precedent has any value in the decision of cases, economic as well as legal, they can be furnished by the bucketful. Before the Civil War a suit of clothes made by a first-class tailor costing from $25 to $40, was doubled in price and remained there; the cost of shoes ranged from $2 to $5, ladies' bonnets from $5 to $10, silk from 50c to $1.50 per yard, all were doubled in price and were never reduced again. In 1860 the standard rate at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York was from $2.50 to $3 per day, American plan. In 1865 it was $6, and the price remained without change until the famous hostelry was torn down to make way for a great business block. So it was with every commodity of human existence. Everything doubled in price, remained at the price until increased again by the present H. C. L.; so perhaps, after all, we may as well make up our minds that the mysteries connected with the inflexible law of supply and demand are as impenetrable as ever, and accept the result with commendable resignation; for no one has yet designed a barrier that will keep out the inevitable.

Why to the War?

A Cape Breton Highlander's solioquy. By F. W. Grey in the "Montreal Herald."

Why should I to the wars?
Why leave the lakes and pleasant hills,
Of this, my native isle?
Where 'neath the thick spruce shade
I've found the ghost-like "Indian Pipe,"
And rested me awhile.
Why should I to the wars?

Here each recurrent spring
I've seen the stately iris bloom,
And the wild roses blow.
Have marked the lily pool,
And glimpsed along its flag-star-red margs,
Wee violets hidden low.
Why should I cross the seas?

Why should I leave Strathlorne,
Loch Lomond, Uist, and Glen of Skye,
For France to journey forth?
Why should I bid farewell
To loch and ben, to beck and glen,
From Canso to Cape North?
Why should I to the wars?

Because across the seas
There lie the scattered Western Isles,
Whence my forefathers came.
They built there sheilings here,
And, thinking on the Isles they loved,
Gave each a Highland name.
How could their sons forget?

Because across the seas,
Dead on the field of honor lie
Men from the Highland glen.
In the same trench they fell,
The Sassenach by kilted Gael,
Many brave gentlemen.
Proud of their Highland name.

The same fire fills our veins,
Here, where the spruce and moss-grass grow,
As where the leather flames.
So go we forth to France;
We hear the pibroch skirling fast,
And, hark! it calls our names!
The pipes are calling "Come!"

We come. The foe shall hear
Renewed the war cry of the Gael,
His coronach and fate.
Once more the Gael shall thwart
Caesar's armed legions, and thrust back
His eagles from our gate.
The pipes are skirling fast,
And I must forth to France!

Emily Pinter, Favorite Alcazar Actress

By HELEN M. BONNET

For many months I have been keenly interested in Emily Pinter; for her excellent work as a prominent member of the Alcazar forces has revealed her as the possessor of unusual histrionic ability. The excellence of the Alcazar stock company as a dramatic training school has been exemplified in her case, for the versatility demanded of its members, the constant appearances in intelligently directed plays before discriminating audience, have developed her technique to an admirable degree. I knew she was a girl of imagination by the ease with which she adapted herself to the requirements of the infinite variety of the roles which I have seen her play. The charming letter, in The Spectator, she wrote me about flying reminded me of my intention to have a chat with her.

On the stage she is handsome, a big college girl type who might be from twenty-two to twenty-five. She plays a stunning "vamp," a whole-souled country girl, a suffering woman broken on the wheel of life, a polished woman of the world, or an untutored child of nature. Her tall figure lends itself to wearing attractive clothes with distinction, her musical, well modulated voice and intelligent reading of lines make her a valuable member of such a company as the Alcazar. I am glad to predict for her a brilliant future in the dramatic world.

Her letter prepared me for the enthusiasm, the joy in living, of which I found her to be the fortunate possessor. When she told me that she is nineteen I believed her implicitly. Her fair, young skin, rounded contours, innocent expression, and natural manner proclaim her not a day older, when one meets her vis-a-vis.

I wanted to know how she came to adopt the stage as a profession. Well, she was always crazy about it—used to play theatre and teach other kiddies how to act, her course of instruction even including the art of falling unkilled and uninjured down some church steps near her native home in New York City.

Two and a half years ago she graduated from Wadleigh High School, 114th Street and 7th Avenue, N. Y. Then, instead of entering the Sargent Dramatic School, her original intention, she joined the school connected with the Washington Square Players. These students (mostly society girls experimenting frivolously) understudied the regular players. Emily was lucky immediately, for her original became ill and she had a chance to play a nice part in "Plots and Playwrights." She had the glory of playing a sort of "rough diamond" on a real stage. She didn't receive any money, but obtained coveted experience for three whole weeks.

Shortly afterwards, she, her sister and their parents migrated to Los Angeles. Emily, wishing to apply for a position on the stage, went to Morosco's theatre during rehearsal and sat down with a number of persons who she thought were waiting for the same purpose. Presently Fred Butler, the stage manager, called her over and told her he wanted her for a scene. She simply walked on in a society scene (the play was "Romance") and considered herself engaged without further ado. At the end of the week she received five dollars. Her father was indignant, and told her to return it with the comment that if that was the amount at which her services were estimated she desired to donate them. Butler laughed at her, and added a line for her second week. "That line!" laughed the handsome girl. "I shall always remember it. It was, 'Quite the most elegant affair of the season.' I said it loud and lingered over it, which won the approval of Mr. Butler. I played in 'Seven Chances'—just one of the seven. Then my good luck bobbed up, and I was called to replace a regular actress in 'Good Gracious, Annabelle!' for a week. One day Mr. Ed Price of the Alcazar here saw me in the part, and liked my performance, but I didn't know of it then.

"I went to the Ince Studios, and was overjoyed to have the opportunity to take part in a cowboy picture. I played a country girl. We rehearsed three weeks, and when we were paid the manager said he thought he should not pay me, for I had had such a grand time. I did. Cowboys, to my eastern eyes, were the most wonderful beings alive, and these particular cowboys, when we were waiting around (which was hours daily) taught me to ride, lasso and shoot.

"One day there I was telephone for. Mr. Butler wished to see me immediately at the Morosco. Mr. Price was there. He offered me an engagement at the Alcazar. Was I glad? Crazy with joy, and I said so. I rattled along that they need not bother about money—I would gladly go for nothing until I learned. Mr. Price saw that I was excited, and doubtless than I was wofully green about business. But he engaged me, and here I've been ever since—it will be two years next October."

Emily's parents came to San Francisco with her, and have remained with her. She played at first a blasé widow. "I was painfully unblasé, but I could do it ever so much better now, for I've played so many kinds of vamps. I've done many character parts, too, including the homely bride, cross-eyed and toothless, in 'Here Comes the Bride.' In 'The Other Wife' I was a most degraded creature, a dope fiend just out of jail, with two husbands, both of whom shot me simultaneously. I don't like to play adventuresses, but the Alcazar always casts me for them—I suppose because I'm tall." I told her that her vamp in "The Woman in Room 13" was superb, and that she looked very beautiful in the part. But Miss Pinter, though she dislikes to play unsympathetic parts, declares she tries to become proficient in portraying hate and expert in the machinations of the numerous types of villainesses.

I asked her to tell me her ambitions. "I never talk about my future as I would like it to be," she said, "but I am always dreaming about it—I live in a world of dreams." After a little persuasion, the young actress said she wants to be the leading woman in a great company. She wants to play a noble woman who makes a great sacrifice for someone else. She admired "A Woman of Bronze" and "Eyes of Youth." I remarked to her that she was created for the lead in "The Easiest Way" and that I hoped the Alcazar would some time give her an opportunity in the Frances Starr vehicle. Naturally, Miss Pinter was interested, though she has never seen the play. "But I'll try anything, with all my might," said. "I do not become discouraged, but I don't tell people of my self-confidence, because they would probably think it conceit. However, I know what I can do, and I believe I shall achieve my ambition."

"Would you like to depict tragedy?" I asked. "I don't know if I could," answered the pretty young girl, "but I would tackle murder, suicide, arson—anything ever written for a play. I've never had any real sorrows, but I can have a lovely time grieving over fancied owes. I enjoy grief—my own. I love to go out to the beach, gaze sadly over the ocean, and imagine that I have trouble. Naturally, I am a terribly happy person. I sing with joy anywhere, and when I walk along the street, sometimes I have an impulse to stop and hug people—but, of course, one must restrain one's self in public."

She loves to read, and she has written plays herself, and verses. She adores children, and is jubilant in a dressing-room influx of kiddies after the matinee at the Alcazar. Sometimes they take her out to treat her to ice cream, and she has a better time than they do.

Emily Pinter has the very good sense to realize that her work and experience in the superb Alcazar Stock Company is an invaluable apprenticeship to build a superb technique which successive seasons of playing a sngle role or two in a brilliant Broadway production could never give her. She is ambitious, but judiciously lays a firm foundation for that brilliant future which is sure to come. This week, in "The Voice in the Dark," she has a long dramatic confession to make of a heinous crime. Next week, in "Potash and Perlmutter," she plays "Miss Cohen," a small part.

She says she is conscious of her height and tries to condense it to suit that of others. She has never worn corsets, because she thinks that nature intended that we shouldn't; but she didn't want me to mention corsets in this article. She is five feet six, and weighs 144 pounds. Her associates at the Alcazar call her "The milk-fed vamp." She reminds me of the song, "You Are a Great, Big Beautiful Girl."

She wouldn't own to ever having been madly in love yet, but she hopes she will marry some time—after she has achieved stage success. She believes that a woman can't divide devotion between a husband and a career, so she would not do any man the injustice to neglect him for her profession. She never intends to abandon the stage, but believes she can, like other actresses, have an ideal home life and a happy stage career at the same time—after she has climbed.

Emily Pinter wishes that people would pronounce her name correctly—as if it were Pintaire. Her father is an Hungarian, and everyone calls him Pintaire. The only thing I don't like about Emily is "Pinter" as it is pronounced by Alcazar habitues, who I beg will notice that the last syllable rhymes with "fair." Her mother is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. Pinter pere was a concert pianist, and when in New York was musical editor of Shirmer's Publication Company. He is the author of "The Art of Octave Playing" and a "Neo-Russian Album," of which the preface is a treatise on Russian music. He speaks six languages. Emily studied Latin four years, knows French fairly well and is studying Spanish phonographically. I begged her to concentrate on French, and she amiably promised to do so. Her older sister was a graduate of Columbia, and specialized on optometry. Six months ago her

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sister married Dr. Livingston Barnes, who makes such wonderful experiments with the goats' interstitial gland operations in Los Angeles.

And now I've told all I know about the beautiful, talented young actress who is helping to keep alive the traditions of the spoken drama in the dear old Alcazar. In a very few years Emily Pinter will be a Broadway star, and then we shall proudly relate that "whe knew her when," and that we watched her career from the beginning, She has the equipment, beauty, health, talent, brains, industry and ambition—all essentials for a success in the field which offers the greatest rewards of any profession open to woman. She declares she is prepared to encounter difficulties, obstacles and disappointments on the way up, but that she means to be brave and perserversing. Also that she loves suggestions. At the Alcazar she has a splendid start, where she has already won San Francisco's admiration and interest. Good luck to you, Emily Pinter; we are glad you live here, and we shall be very proud of you when you reach the mountain-top of your dreams.

The Spectator

Organist Lemare, Supervisor Hayden and the Loud Pedal

"Allegro agitato! Crescendo al fortissimo!" exclaimed the Clockwinder last Thursday, making a dash for the Spectator's typewriter and touching the keys. "Ah! di quieto! Another disappointment. 'Tis one of those noiseless typewriters. I seem doomed today not to have an opportunity to indulge in a demonstration of timperament. I've plenty of it, believe me, which explains me capacity to enjoy a scrap. Didn't I give up a good game of golf with Chief White today in order to attind the meetin' of the Auditorium Committee in the hopes of seein' the musical temperament exploitin' itself animossissimo? Just as I was about to step into the chief's car with him to go out to Lakeside, Sergeant McEnerney arrived with a report of the day's municipal doin's. When he read aloud the 'Music Committee, 2:30 P. M.,' I excused myself. Whether or not the chief gave orders for mounted police and an ambulance to be in readiness to respond to a call from the City Hall any time after two-thirty, I didn't wait to hear, but I was there myself promptly.

"Maybe ye didn't know that I came near bein' an organist myself? In me native town of Glasgow, Scotland, I sang in the choir and on alternate Sundays pumped the organ. I was crazy to handle the keyboard, but the organist, suspectin' that I had talent and might get his job a little later, kept the organ locked, and I seldom got a chance to touch it. But once in a while he mislaid the key, and then I had a grand time. Other boys pumped for me, con brio ed animato, as we say in Etalyan, and that's how I learned to be strong on the crescendo pedal. That's the pedal that's makin' all the trouble in the Auditorium. It gets Lemare's goat just to mention it. Whin a visitin' (or guest) organist has it connicted, Lemare's timperament rises to the bilin' pint, he takes his pen in hand and writes letters to the mayor, and his commints seethe around the City Hall until they get into the newspapers. Thin Supervisor Hayden, the committee's chairman, becomes indignant, starts an invistigation, the pedal crescendo is called upon for expert ividence, and there's the divil to pay. But that's nothin' at all. 'Tis always so where music is concerned, from opera houses to village choirs. If there's an organ around, it's always that much worse. Whin you can make more noise than the other fellow, someone's jealousy is bound to be aroused. I guess it's that pedal crescendo. No wonder we say, 'Put on the soft pedal!'

"Well, but the meetin' today. Mr. Hayden, accompanied by a conspicuous bunch of data in the shape of letters, resolutions and newspaper clippin's, placed them in orderly array upon the table before him. Supervisors Mulvihill and Wolff took seats beside him. Supervisor Schmitz was absent (attendin' to his new business vinture, Vichy Springs in Mendocino County. Do ye mind the time when the downtrodden school teachers were forbidden to live outside the county lines? The poor things teach five days a week for a maximum wage which does not reach the $200 mark of a supervisor's wage for a few hours of his spare time. But that's a digression). Supervisor Hilmer was sick. Mr. Hayden sint out to invite the mayor to be prisint, but he might have known that James Rolph, Jr., is too conscientious to allow himself the luxury of attendin' a musical meetin' durin' office hours. Anyway, the mayor sint word back that he was too busy. There bein' no objection voiced by Mr. Lemare, who, smokin' a cigarette, was seated directly foreninst Hayden, the meetin' proceeded.

"To make a long story short, Hayden read Lemare's letter to the mayor, which stated that our noble organ had been maltreated by an unnecessary application of expensive electricity and that the stops were in revolt, evidently havin' their timperaments aroused by contact by alien hands, meaning any organist's hands but his own. The mayor had passed over the letter to the music committee, which, sotto voce, Lemare admitted was its rightful recipient. But Hayden didn't hear him, so more letters were read. Now and then Hayden would say, 'Mr. Lemare, did you state so and so?' 'Certainly not,' Lemare would answer. Thin Hayden would seize upon ividence, read Lemare's communications, which proved that he did so state. Lemare would light another cigarette and not even blush. Lemare also said, 'I am not the Call,' when Hayden accused him of sending information directly to that paper. But Lemare was very meek and unobstrusive. It must have been one of the days when his temperamint's pedal crescendo was not connicted.

"Hayden dragged that pedal right out to the cinter of the stage. It was the main theme. Interwoven with it, to strengthen and embellish its effect, expert testimony was introduced, in the form of information by the city's electrician and the official voicer and tuner regardin' the cause and effect of the installation of an extra auxiliary and higher voltage, all of which was proven to have been necessary and a wise expenditure of money.

"Greatly to everybody's surprise, Lemare said: 'If any visiting organist desires to have the crescendo pedal connected, by all means let him have it.' Pinned down to eases and confronted by his letters, he announced that the stops bothered him by flying out too soon, giving him the trouble to push them back. Hayden probed carefully, and elicited the information from the experts that this was a contingency which could be remedied and might have been agreed upon in a few minutes if Lemare had requested a conference with the committee. Lemare said he was sorry, and Hayden clearly stated that 'twas his earnest desire to keep the noble organ in superb condition. so that the organist might obtain the best results of his finished art; that he, Hayden, had given every ounce of his energy and the result of his business trainin' to his duties as chairman of the committee in order that the San Francisco people might enjoy the municipal organ. 'I am not an organist, nor a critic. But I studied music as part of my education,' said he, 'and it was my love for music that prompted me to accept the chairmanship of this committee.' Between you an' me, Hayden has been an excellent chairman of that same committee, but he's been a thorn in the administration's side in that capacity, for the reason that he would not allow Lemare to be the czar of the organ. Now, the mayor is a great personal frind of Lemare and a fellow Mason, so naturally he'd like to see Lemare hold the position at a salary of $8,750 a year, reduced from the $10,000 we paid him first. But whin Hayden interferes with Lemare's reign, Lemare goes up in the air and prances around. Rolph is strictly business and always calm. He hates scenes, so he's strong for givin' Lemare free rein so he himself can be left in peace. But Hayden stands up nobly for himself and won't be bulldozed. At the meetin' Hayden was very dignified and business-like. He avoided personalities as far as possible, though in a concise-like statement, he clearly mentioned that there has always been a deficit in the organ recitals' receipts, that this year that same deficit will amount probably to $7,000. Lightly-like he stated that H. J. Stewart receives $5,000 a year for playing a daily recital on the San Diego organ, while Lemare is supposed to play but weekly, and has actually performed only thirty-three times instead of fifty-two. Also that the organ down there wint out of commission at the N. S. G. W. conclave, which

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Hayden attinded, and that our organ is now so efficiently equipped electrically as to make such a contingency next to impossible. To everybody's satisfaction our organ's mechanical condition was proven to be in Class A; and, mind ye, Lemare gave this statemint his o. k. in open meetin'.

"In the midst of everything, in walked the supervisors' sergeant-at-arms. He gave the room the quick overlook and seemed surprised at its peaceful atmosphere. Of course, he didn't have a club with him—he reserves that to bate up taxpayers who might object vociferously to providin' a limousine for Andrew Gallagher to haul his weights and measures around town. If he didn't, the first thing ye know Bolshevik taxpayers would be objectin' if Eugene Schmitz put in a requisition for a private yacht to meet his Vichy train at Sausalito in case of a hurry call to a supervisors' session. A club wouldn't be appropriate at a musical meetin', and besides, this sergeant knows the musical language. His name is Tiv Kreling, and he was raised in a musical atmosphere, for his uncles founded the Tivoli Opera House. Anyway, I could tell be the look in his eyes that he was all prepared to command, 'Diminuendo, poco a poco!' or maybe, 'Decrescendo molto!' But seein' Lemare's amiable attitude and hearin' Hayden playin' his part at a tempo moderato, he didn't even wait for the finale, which was a pity, for a more harmonious finale I never heard.

"Up rose Edgar Peixotto, the lawyer, who had been close to Lemare durin' the whole performance. 'I come,' says Peixotto, 'as a representative of the Down Town Association, to offer, at the suggestion of Mr. C. C. Moore, our chairman, our assurances that we desire to cooperate with the committee and Mr. Lemare to make the organ recitals a success.' Hayden welcomed him courteously, and expressed appreciation. Peixotto paid his compliments to Hayden as an esteemed and highly respected member of the D. T. Ass'n, and thin assured the supervisor that he, Peixotto, felt positive that Mr. Lemare desired to treat the committee courteously, was sorry for the needless friction, and would, in a word, behave in future. Hayden accepted the lawyer's verbal offerin' graciously, and the meetin' adjourned con amore. That part of it was Peixotto's doings, I'll bet. Probably C. C. Moore, who sint word through him that he regards himself as the father of the organ, having bought it for us during the Exposition, was in despair how to handle the Lemare timpermint, for he, too, is a Lemare sponsor as well as a faithful Mason. But, besides, he is a terribly busy man, especially if it is true that he is about to plunge into the daily newspaper game. I can imagine Peixotto savin' the day. For he is a grandson-in-law of that prince of impresarios, Colonel Mapleson, who handled the timperamints of Patti, Tamagno and all the great song birds of his day. His motto was always 'Con amore' —artists sing better and make more money for the impresario. He was an Irishman, so the blarney came natural to him. I don't know if the colonel ever met his grandson-in-law, but anyway, the methods of connin' don't die with an impresario, but are handed down in his family for ginerations. Peixotto, bein' a lawyer evidently absorbed them, as lawyers are better than anyone except impresarios whin it comes to the con.

"Anyway, Hayden came out victorious and dignified. If his sympathizers could have been prisint, I believe they'd have given him a hand —that is, if they were timpermintal. Lemare said nothing whatever about resignin' his job, either as a threat or a promise. I don't believe we could pry him off our organ bench if we wanted to. But anyway, the pedal crescendo from now on will not be a casus belli."

Emily Pinter, Alcazar Favorite, in Air Flight

Saturday, May 15th,
2:30 A. M.

My Dear Mrs. Bonnet:

I am so excited I can scarcely hold my pen. I just read your superb article on your trip in the "Bluebird." And my trip yesterday afternoon in the "Avro," which I took with John Medbury of the Call is so similar to yours that I cannot keep myself from telling you about it. I am still delirious with joy!

Oh, the happiness that was mine to be able to look down upon my beautiful world from the clouds, just as though I were one of those wonderful gulls I have so often envied as they soared so gracefully over my head! I felt like some great, kind queen, sitting upon a high throne, looking with loving eyes upon my subjects.

I could scarcely keep myself from tearing off the belt that held me fast and leaping out to fly along with this queer man-made "bird" that has defied all the time-worn laws of ages.

I have always loved this wonderful world so much, and to see it all before me as I did yesterday, with the mass of humanity below no larger than the tiniest of atoms, I felt a power within me say: "Emily, it is your mission, you who love people so much, to make them happier and show them by your own life that happiness can be obtained only through love—the love of all mankind."

Just as you sang the sweet bird song to yourself while drifting through the mysterious sky, so I recited to the mighty forces that surrounded me the splendid speech of Caliban, which always springs in my mind when the beauty of this world seems too great to bear:

"Oh, lady of the yellow sands,
Oh life, Oh Time!
Thy tempest blindeth me,
Thy beauty baffleth!
A little have I crawled, a little only,
From out mine ancient cave.
All that I build, I botch,
All that I do, destroyeth my dreams,
Still, do I yearn to build,
To be thine artist,
And 'stablish this, thine Earth,
Amongst the stars—beautiful!"

And so we shall go on, I suppose, always striving to elevate and idealize; and even though we fail, we will have accomplished something worthwhile, for in the process our spirits will develop and we shall be that much nearer our eventual perfect spiritual existence.

I am not going to offer you any apologies for this letter, my dear Mrs. Bonnet, for I feel that you understand it. Both of us having experienced the same marvelous ascent through God's wonderful sky, I felt that I had to pour out to you the many thoughts that were pounding at my heart to be set free.

It is now half-past three, and I am afraid my sweet mother will worry if I don't try and sleep, although I cannot sleep any more. I just lie awake and—think, all night. I truly enjoy it, though I look up at the stars and live a whole life in my own self-manufactured world; and it's, oh, such a pretty, happy, kind little world!

Good-night, dear.

Lovingly,
EMILY PINTER.

Rights of American Indians

A real Indian maiden is oppearing in the chorus of Florodora, N. Y. She is Blue Cloud, the daughter of Big Eagle, who has appeared in a number of Douglas Fairbanks' productions. This young miss is a graduate of Carlisle University. If she succeeds in her new venture, some of her sisters of her race will doubtless follow. To anyone who has studied Indian characteristics, the experiment will appeal. School teachers of Indian children have been amazed at their mimetic powers. Their perceptions are keen, although they are apparently of such phlegmatic temperament. But when moved to act, their vivacity is remarkable—sometimes startling.

The educational effect of the photo play upon Indians is one well worth watching. In towns near reservations they are devoted patrons of movie houses. In some places managers admit Indians free. Such managers are humanitarians and are doing something for "Lo" to compensate him for the disgraceful neglect of the United States. The poor Indian, under our system, has lived and died more like a vegetable than an animal, and his human intelligence has been allowed to degenerate.

Among these hapless children of nature it is not unusual to find talent of high degree in drawing and modeling, but we do not hear of its being developed.

It is amazing that some prominent American of remote Indian ancestry does not foster a movement for the rescue and development of the American Indians. For instance, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is proud of the Indian strain in her blood, and there are others who could be a great influence for a work whose results would be grand. Our treatment of the aborigines of this country is a blot upon our fair fame. It is inconceivable that as we progress with such rapidity, we all but overlook the opportunity for Indian uplift. Besides the belated and meagre educational facilities we offer them, many Indians do not get enough to eat. Their early physical decay is really owing to their insufficient nutriment and poor housing facilities. Should the American Indian finally become extinct, we should not congratulate ourselves, but, on the contrary, feel that we have lost a force that could, properly directed, have wrought great results in our civilization.

Take a white child, isolate it among beings without education, books or an incentive for intellectual growth; let it believe that inertia will bring it enough to eat and a place to sleep, and the result will be the same as in the case of the Indian child similarly surrounded.

It seems like the irony of fate to hear little Indian children in public schools upon reservations address the American flag. The spirit of freedom of our country demands that we make stupendous efforts to do so much for the Indian that he will have reason to bless our great flag as much as the oppressed foreigners who seek its protection.

Miss Susan Smith's Methods of Husband-Holding

Miss Susan Smith, state librarian, doubtless thought she was making a valuable suggestion to the clubwomen of California when she advised them last week to study the art of "vamping," to keep their husbands home o' nights. Miss Smith, in the library at Sacramento, evidently lives in the clouds in a world of dreams. No book in the library in Sacramento goes into intimate details regarding the art which the lady thinks would be useful in promoting domestic harmony. If there are such books there they are not for general circulation. Besides, the kind of husband

who could be chained to the hearthstone by the vamping process only would have his eye on all his neighbor's wives and daughters if he did not wander from his own premises. In that case, and were those females also acting upon Miss Smith's advice, it would be "Let the most vampish vamp win."

There is no gainsaying that old maids can (and do) offer the best advice upon bringing up children. They have opportunities for comparison of different methods, and their deductions are a credit to their judgment. But ladies! theory and practice are two such different things. It is the same with husbands. To be a winning vamp like Jezebel, Delila, Cleopatra, Ninon de L'Enclos, Du Barry and countless others, one must have, besides native beauty, infinite leisure, a full treasury, and so one, and so on. The average clubwoman in these democratic times has a multiplicity of practical, everyday affairs to attend to which leave her but a fraction of time for vamping. In the case of her own husband, it would be effort wasted; for in most cases he is a practical man of affairs, so occupied in making money to keep his home fires burning and accumulating something to leave his children that he has to go out nights quite often to meetings and clubs of his own. The kind of husband who demands in his wife the arts and crafts of the sirens of history could not be enslaved by any one woman. Besides, dear Miss Smith, American wives of the average husband can't devote all their energies to their husbands. Very often they have to mind their own children; and the dearth of servants, not to speak of their high cost, causes wives of today to engage in household duties which the Cleopatras and Agnes Sorels never needed to think of but which have a tendency to destroy the beauties and graces so highly prized by ladies who make vamping their object in life.

The American husband is so practical that, were he to find himself in possession of a wife bent upon exercising seductive wiles upon him, he would not unlikely give her cause for divorce by looking around for a nice, comfortable, home-making little woman with no nonsense about her. You never can tell, dear Miss Smith, what these husbands will do. When Miss Smith annexes one and tries experiments upon him in the line of keeping him home or allowing him out evenings, the results of say five or ten years of such training and experiment will add useful literature to the archives of "Domestic Lives of California Clubwomen."

The Hero of the S. F. Olympic Club

One would suppose that the hero of an athletic club would be a supple giant of surpassing prowess and skill, one who could represent it in jousts, bouts or contests in athletic meets, and bring home trophies. Our S. F. Olympic Club has reason to be proud of its representatives, who cover themselves and the club with glory when they participate in athletic events. But their real hero does not go forth to wrest championships from other clubs. He stays right in the Olympic Club and builds it up from its foundation. He has nothing to do with forming the edifice, either. He shapes the human material which comes in plastic form to the club. The little boys who, from the age of six up, cross the portals of the Winged O's home, meet him first as their guide, philosopher and friend. He is a large, well built man, past his first youth, immaculately groomed, with wavy iron gray hair, a firm chin, and the kindest blue eyes in the world. He looks like a judge or a statesman. But he is neither. He is Thomas Bunyan, who has charge of the juvenile department of the Olympic Club.

His fame his spread through Olympia and extends to the neighborhoods of all the youthful members. "Mr. Bunyan did this. Mr. Bunyan said that!" they relate. "Mr. Bunyan could open a jewelry store if he wanted to; 'cause when the boys are dressed to go home after they've been in gym and tank they crowd round him, and he gives back rings and pins and watches 'n' everything. And he takes care of their money, too—two and a quarter and ninety cents and dimes 'n' everything—he's a regular bank and he never gets mixed up."

One little fellow, when asked whether he would rather have Mr. Humphrey, the president's position, or that of Mr. Bunyan, replied: "Why, you don't seem to know who Mr. Bunyan is. He is the house detective! He could go in the movies and a club president couldn't."

The adult members love to happen around during juvenile hours and observe Tom's methods with the little fellows. "Say, Mr. Bunyan, I lost my upper," or "I can't find my lower" (portions of their suits). "Someone lost one of my gym shoes"; "Lend me your locker keys, Mr. Bunyan, I forgot mine." Mr. Bunyan remains unperturbed, and his judgments are never appealed from, as they would often be were the boys' own distracted fathers to dispense similar verdicts. How does he manage it? More than scores of fathers have asked in despair. The secret lies in the fact that he loves boys and understands them. His creed is:

"O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold, pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
Ye frisk away,
Gay schoolboys at the expected warning,
To joy and play."

* * *

Earth's Garden Spot

He believes that when the gym and tank at the club are occupied by the "juveniles," "intermediates" and "juniors," that the sight is "the finest one you ever saw in your life." The kiddies are all gay and making so much noise "you can't hear yourself think." Repression has no place in the Bunyan scheme of discipline. "Teach boys to be self-governing and the discipline problem is solved," he believes. The boys' department has grown in a few years from 200 to 600. Mr. Bunyan says that the boys, in the Olympic Club, learn valuable moral lessons as well as physical—the rules that teach a boy fair play, generosity and unselfishness—respect for the other fellow's rights—and that a boy is imbued with ambition to excel but not to begrudge the spoils of victory to another.

* * *

Obedience Demanded

As amiable and companionable as is this mentor, he has an inexorable rule that the instructors must be obeyed. He claims that there is no such thing as a bad boy, but insists that a couple of effervescent youths can lead an overwhelming contingent into a condition bordering upon anarchy. So, when a curb for some ultra-peppy youth becomes necessary, the temporary suspension is sufficient penalty.

Incidentally, Mr. Bunyan vows that he has seen fine results from the children's physical training. Boys who, when they enter, look aenemic, in six months are "busters."

He says, too, that when Jim Corbett, "Kid" McCoy and other professional athletes visit the club, the first place they ask about is the juvenile department. They all go to the gym and tank when the boys are there, and manifest the keenest interest in their progress.

"Can you tell from embryonic manifestations when a boy is destined for athletic proficiency?" asked the Spectator. "Far from it," was the reply. "Nearly all boys take to some form of athletics, but many become proficient through training. Of course sometimes there is a boy who is a natural born all-round sport." He cited the case of eleven-year-old Octave Darius. "There is nothing he can't do unusually well—swim, dive, box, wrestle, exhibition apparatus feats and shoot. It is like everything else—there is genius in every pursuit."

* * *

A Sherlock Holmes

When the Spectator spoke of his renown as a detective, Mr. Bunyon related a sleuth incident of a fortnight ago. He held an inexplicable re-

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pugnance to the appearance of a newly engaged employee, and was not surprised when he received the report three days later that the man had forged another employee's name to a pay voucher for $45 and then disappeared. Simultaneously, a club member had been robbed of his diamond scarf pin and gold watch. At once Mr. Bunyan ascertained the address of the missing employee. He found it to be a barber shop on Broadway, in the Latin quarter. "Where," asked Bunyan, "is the man who has not been working here the last three days?" The other barbers didn't know, but described his place of residence round the corner on Stockton Street. Bunyan entered the apartment house and explored the premises until he found about fifty fishermen working on a net. They did not know the missing man, but one had seen him a few hours earlier at the foot of Powell Street. Thither Bunyan wended his way, where, among another fishermen's group, he beheld a gold watch chain tallying with the description of the Olympian's missing one. Accosting the man who wore it, Bunyan inquired, "Where did you get that watch chain?" The fisherman said, "I bought it this morning, with a watch and a diamond pin, from a fellow I know, and I gave $10 for them." The clubman had paid $150 for the pin and $85 for the watch.

Mr. Bunyan, accompanied by the purchaser of the stolen jewelry, went to a police station, and later, being unsuccessful in locating the thief's residence, called at the school where the victim said the man little brother was a pupil. The teacher gave the address of the family, but on investigation it proved not to have been their home for three months. Going back to the school, the child gave the right home address. There Mr. Bunyan met the mother of the thief, who said that her son had not been home for six weeks—she thought he had left town to work. The mother was not enlightened regarding the cause of Bunyan's investigation. Up to the present time the man has not been located, but the Olympian has his property.

Thomas Bunyan is a descendant of John Bunyan, and a first copy of the illustrious "Pilgrim's Progress" is the greatest treasure in the Bunyan family.

Another Californian Is Successful

Charles Kenyon, San Franciscan, who wrote "Kindling," has won new laurels for his brow by writing a splendid scenario continuity of Mary Roberts Rhinhart's "Dangerous Days." Mr. Kanyon, now with the Goldwyn Studios, has proven himself one of the most successful scenario writers of the day. He is a son of Dr. C. G. Kenyon, the well known physician of San Francisco.

N. E. L. Assn's Assembly

Fully three thousand delegates, representing various branches of the electrical industry all over the United States, are spending the entire week in Pasadena, in deliberation of problems of vital importance not only to the industry itself, but, in equal mesaure, to the country at large. They are made up of representatives of the light and power companies in various departments of their activities, operating, commercial, constructive and executive; the great financial houses of the country that deal in light and power securities, and many others interested in what is now generally recognized as the greatest and farthest reaching agency for modern progress and development.

California is fortunate this year in having one of her prominent citizens as president of the National Electric Light Association, Mr R. H. Ballard, vice-president and general manager of the Southern California Edison Company, enjoing this high distinction. Mr. Ballard, since his election to office last year, has been touring the country, spreading the gospel of western progress with energy and effective result, and it is largely to his efforts and those of his able associates on the leading committees that the western section of this great continent has come into universal recognition as a leader in twentieth century enterprise.

The two principal subjects to be discussed at this convention will be the water power situation in California, with the need for increased hydro-electric development, and the electrification of railroads. That the scarcity and high price of fuel oil will soon compel the electrification of California's steam railroads is the general opinion among experts today.

Some idea of the importance of the electrical industry in the country may be gathered from statistics, which show that the electric light and power companies of the United States now generate twenty-six billion kilowatt hours annually, and in the next five years expect to produce twice this amount; also, that nearly one-fourth of this power is used in the states west of the Rocky Mountains.

The delegation from San Francisco numbers three hundred, and is headed by Mr. John A. Britton, vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

A Glance at the History of White Russia

White Russia represents a vast country, occupying a territory of 300,000 square kilometers, with a population of 14,075,000 souls. It comprises the ancient Russian governments of Minsk and Mohilew, the greater part of those of Grodno, of Smolensk, Vilna and Vitebsk, as well as several districts where the White Russian element predominates, the neighboring governments (governments of Courland, of Kalouga, of Kovno, of Orel, of Pskow, of Souvalki, of Tchernogoff and of Tver.)

The White Russian people divides with the Poles this peculiarity of being attached to its soil from time immemorable. It is an exception with the Slavs, who are frequently nomadic. A people of traditions, it has conserved the mentality of its ancestors, and, in the mosaic of peoples composing the ancient Russian empire, it represented the most pure type of the Slav race.

It takes its origin from the ancient Slav tribes of Dregovitchi, of Krivitchi and of Radimitch, who up to the fourteenth century lived isolated from the other tribes, on their land, which was divided up into three principalities: Smolensk, Polotsk-Vitebsk and Tourov-Pinsk.

In the fourteenth century, the White Russian and Lithuanian peoples became federated, thanks to the treaties passed between the heads of state, and also to the marriages contracted between the Lithuanian princes and princesses of the White Russian dynasties, and they finished by forming but one single state, where the White Russian element predominated.

This superiority is attested by the fact that the White Russian language, the first written specimens of which date from the eighth century, was adopted by the educated classes and for official acts (Lithuanian statutes). It also served when, in 1518, a translation of the Bible was made.

In 1535, the Lithnanian grand duchy concluded, with the king of Poland, a personal alliance which lasted until 1569. At this date the three states, Polish, White Russian and Lithuanian, formed a federative union on the principle of perfect equalityk.

This equilibrium did not last long. From the beginning of the seventeenth century the Poles obstinately attempted to "Polonize" White Russia.

They proscribed their languages from legislation, from the jurisdiction and from the public office.

In order to protect themselves against their over-encroaching confederates, the White Russians therefore sought aid from abroad. They thought they had found it in the person of the Empress Catherine II. The empress, who had premeditated the division of Poland for a long time, siezed the opportunity offered with eagerness to introduce herself into the internal affairs of the two countries. The pretext was the defense of the orthodox religion.

Within a very short time there were three successive divisions of the Lithuanians, White Russian and Polish territories.

At the last of these divisions, in 1793, the Moscovite empire arrogated to itself White Russia. The unfortunate country had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. This date marks the beginning of the most sombre period of its history.

The most generous autonomy had been promised it. No account was taken of it, and, by all manner of means, including that of brute force, the Russian government sought to assimilate the White Russian people.

This persecution reached its apogee under the administration of Count Mouraviev, who was governor general from 1870 to 1880, and it continued under his successors.

White Russia was then treated as a province of the empire. It was even refused that semblance of local government known as the Zemstvo, a privilege which was, however, enjoyed by the greater part of the Russian governments.

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The Nationalist Movement.

The Nationalist movement, which simmered secretly beneath the surface, began to develop openly between 1840 and 1850, and in 1905, when it could be clearly seen what desire for independence and liberty animated the White Russian people.

This same movement largely contributed to a rebirth of the White Russian literature. But the greater part of the literary publication were only able to appear clandestinely, the Russian government systematically smothering any attempt at the awakening of the national conscience among the "Allogenians."

When the war of 1914 broke out, the White Russians furnished more than a million soldiers, who fought in the ranks for the common cause.

The battle front of 1915 divided White Russia into two parts. It was in this state when the Russian empire collapsed in 1917.

The Nationalist movement could not, therefore, manifest itself except in the eastern part of its territory, the other half (the wester portion) being in the hands of the Germans.

During the months that followed the revolution, numerous congresses and assemblies were held, organized by the different White Russian parties, to affirm their thirst for liberty and independence.

Finally, in December, 1917, the great Nationalist Congress took place at Minsk, two thousand deputies being present, representing the whole of White Russia, and freely expressing the will of its population.

This congress proclaimed the independence of White Russia and conferred the supreme power to the Rada elected by it. This latter body created a provisional government, comprising a Council of Ministers, which is to govern the country until the time the constituent assembly is convened.

The western part of the territory occupied by the Germans had not been able to participate at the National Congress; it nevertheless found means of convening, in January, 1918, at Vilna a congress which adopted the resolution of the great congress at Minsk, and sent its representatives to the Rada.

The first session of the supreme organ of the White Russian power was held in Mrach, 1918, when the two parties of White Russia were represented. The 24th and 25th of March of the same year, at an historic session, the Rada proclaimed the democratic republic and adopted a resolution protesting against the treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

In the spring of 1918, the Germans advanced towards the east and occupied a part of the White Russian territory. But towards the autumn of the same year, in agreement with the Soviet government, they ceded by degrees to the Bolshevists the whole of White Russia, while remaining themselves for a particularly long time in the province of Grodno.

During the whole of their stay in White Russia, the Germans had absolutely forbidden the representatives of the White Russian government to exercise the slightest initiative in the work of the organization of their country, as well as in all political and administrative work.

These functions were carried out, either by the German authorities themselves or by the representatives of the newly created state of Lithuania by the treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

The only thing that the White Russian government succeeded in doing at the beginning of the year of 1919 was the formation, at Grodno, of a regiment of White Russian infantry, which is now fighting against the Bolshevists in order to rid the country of their yoke.

At Odesso an attempt was also made to form some military units, with elements of White Russian origin out of the old Russian army.

With the aid of the French military authorities, the succeeded in organizing a Franco-White Russian brigade. Unfortunately, the unforeseen abandonment of Odessa by the troops of the Entente made the continuation of the task impossible.

Towards the end of April, 1918, the German troops evacuated the western portion of the White Russian territory.

The Polish government made use of it as a means whereby it could realize its old dream of annexing the territory of White Russia.

The Polish forces which were fighting against the Bolshevists actually controlled the destinies of Grodno and of Vilna, as well as a part of that of Minsk.

After having overcome innumerable difficulties, the government of White Russia finally succeeded in sending a delegation to Paris, empowered to defend the interests of the White Russian people before the peace conference and the Entente powrs.

Several months previously, in its endeavor to attain its ideal by any possible means, the White Russian population of the governments of Grodno and Vilna, faced with the attribution of a part of its territory to Lithuania by the Germans, sent several representatives to the Lithuanian Tariba (State Council) to defend its interests.

The latter, in agreeing to take part in the deliberations at the Tariba, did not fial to make the Lithuanian government understand that they considered this common collaboration as a basis for a new federation between Lithuania and White Russia, destined to resuscitate the old Lithuania-White Russian state.

A congress of representatives of the population of the governments of Grodno and Vilna took place on June 10th and 11th, 1919, at Vilna. It confirmed the plenary powers of the White Russian republic and of its executive organ, the Council of Ministers. It expressed its full confidence in the provisional government, and adopted and confirmed the resolution of the National Congress of the whole of White Russia of 1917, by which the White Russian people affirmed its desire to live free and independent.

Willis Polk, Iconoclast

There are not so very many people in San Francisco who will not either asserverate or admit that Mr. Willis Polk is one of the best two or three really first class architects we have. Of course there are many who will question his constructive genius for the perpetration of a new theory that a moving picture theme would be a good one for a business building, such as the glass-fronted pile on Post Street, for instance. For this he has been called eccentric; but, for the matter of that, where is the great exponent or master of art who does not develop eccentricity now and then, in one way or another? Nevertheless the building has been a successful venture, although perhaps not so welcome an exhibition of eccentric attributes as was his alleged persistent two or three times destruction of a glaring and unsightly business sign on the sky line of a ridge near Mount Parnassus many years ago. He has also been accused of egotism, but that is also a more or less inseparable concomitant of the truly artisic nature, although he was probably correct when, in an investigation a short time since, he made the declaration that there were only two architects in San Francisco who knew anything about ecclesiastical architecture—one other and himself.

Anyway, he certainly has the courage of his convictions, always expresses them forcibly in well chosen diction; and this was never so convincingly exploited as when, in addressing the California School of Fine Arts last week, he dared to "speak right out in meetin'" and emphatically criticise the sculpture of the great Master of Meudon, the incomparable Rodin. Among other things, Mr. Polk said:

"Impressionist, cubist fads are perhaps interesting and entertaining, but usually are uninstructive and detrimental to the artistic development, and the student should seek inspiration from the old masters. * * * Can you match the incomparable finish of the Winged Victory of Themathrase, or the immortal sculptures of Phidias with the unfinished and incomplete work of Rodin? A thousand times, no!"

This was a bold statement to make in criticism of the work of a sculptor whom millions of art lovers believe to be the greatest in many centuries.

Freshening the Deltas

Often there comes wisdom from the mouths of babes, or the solutions of great problems from those who know not even the genesis of them, and now there has emanated from the deltas of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers the best engineering suggestion that has been made in many years, and engineers, and of course contractors, are beginning to get out their lead pencils and pads to figure out the scope and possible cost of it. This is nothing more nor less than the damming of Carquinez Straits near Benicia, in order to separate the fresh waters of the two great rivers from the salt tides of the bay, which would reclaim hundreds of thousands of acres not now arable because they are daily flooded by destroying waters from the great salt sea. The suggested enterprise has received the cordial endorsement not only of the Byron-Bethany irrigation officials and the Boards of Trade of Rio Vista and Brentwood, but the trustees of Antioch and Pittsburg.

Naturally, the closing of navigable rivers and the assisting of navigation by a system of locks between Benicia and Port Costa could not be seriously considered without the approval of the

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government; so the war department was appealed to, with the result that upon investigation, Colonel Rand, the department engineer, tentatively approved them. The advantages to be gained from such an enterprise would be manifold and farther reaching than any that has yet been suggested in the interest of irrigation and commerce. It would not only open the vast Suisun marshes to agriculture, but it would add two feet of depth to the waters of the rivers, thereby permitting of their navigation by much larger boats than is now possible; and, what is better still, it has been calculated that it would add no less than $200,000,000 to the values of the valley lands. The officials of the Southern Pacific have promised their cordial co-operation in the furtherance of the project, for the reason that the top of the dam would be used by trains, thereby saving much time through the abandonment of ferry transportation across the straits. The state highway could also cross by the same route, thereby reducing time and the expense of travel between San Francisco and the Sacramento valley.

Lawyers who have been consulted in the matter have expressed the opinion that enough lawsuits might result through the opposition of people not personally interested, or subject to damage, to postpone the completion of the project for a generation to come. But it is to be hoped that these possible opposers will be so public-spirited and philanthropic as to reduce their opposition to a minimum.

Social

By TANTALUS

Hamilton Bryan Honored

Word has been received by the navy department here that Lieut.-Com. Hamilton Bryan was recently decorated in Russia for his services in saving hundreds of lives in Odessa. Not being able to communicate with the admirals in command, he acted upon his own initiative in ordering ships to the rescue of the unfortunate inhabitants. He and his beautiful young bride, who were married in Paris last year, are now in Constantinople. The young officer's mother is the greatly beloved Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, the good angel of the service boys of the good old U. S. A. army and navy.

St. Mary's College Dansant

The St. Mary's dansant was such a success that the alumni plan for several similar affairs. Most of the guests were the graduates of recent years and their young friends, but there were several "old boys" present, among them many of our most distinguished men, in which the college is prolific. Brother Agnon represented the faculty and was as vivacious as the most youthful guest. After the dance several supper parties were given in the Palm Court, at the Palace, where the affair took place.

Farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters

The many admirers of Charles Rollo Peters, as well as the host of friends of his charming wife, will learn with regret that they have decided to make their departure for London on the fifth of next month, to remain permanently. Mr. Peters has grown tired of peddling his admirable works as though he were a street vendor, and has made arrangements by which his paintings, which have earned for him the cognomen of "The Night King," will be handled by a reputable London firm under a substantial guarantee. On Tuesday evening last a large number of the friends of this delectable couple were given a farewell reception, supper and musicale by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto at their residence on Washington Street, which was in every way a bon voyage befitting the very worthy reasons for it. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. Comm. and Mrs. Berthoff, U. S. A.; Messrs. and Mmes. Clay M. Greene, Uda Waldrop, Charles Bulotti, Harry Perry, Haig Patigian, E. H. Benjamin, Mrs. Mary Price, Misses Murphy, Elizabeth Holmes, and Messrs. Joseph Murphy, John B. Leighton, George Stirling, Rudy Seiger, and many others. After an extended musical program, supplied by Mrs. Price, Mrs. Waldrop, Harry Perry, Rudy Seiger, Charles Bulotti and George Stirling in original comic songs, with Uda Waldrop at the piano, there was a sumptuous supper, and toasts were drunk to the guests of the evening which had the real, old-fashioned "sizzing" Californian bon voyage in them.

Mrs. Arthur E. Banks gave a delightful dinner dance in Rainbow Lane, at the Fairmont, last Saturday evening, to a group of eight friends. The pleasures of '49, including faro, were enjoyed during the intervals of discussing the delicious menu. Later the guests accompanied the hostess to the Palace to the St. Mary's College delightful dansant, of which Charles F. Hanlon, Mrs. Banks' brother, was chairman. Mr. Hanlon later entertained Mrs. Banks' party at a supper dance in the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. McPeak of Los Angeles are in Coronado for a few weeks. Later on they will motor to San Francisco for a visit.

Miss Elizabeth Gallagher was a very beautiful and charming young hostess to thirty young ladies at the Palace last Saturday.

Cal.'a War Memorial Fête

The finance committee of the Cal'a War Memorial reports that prospects are very bright for a big fund, and all the ladies interested are devoting their attention to it to the exclusion of other affairs. Mrs. Liggett's tea promises to be a brilliant affair, and will doubtless swell the receipts substantially. Many ladies prominent in society will assist the brillant hostess, and the military band will play.

The Chinese fête on Waverly Place, on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, will be a gay party. Edgar Walter is chairman; Maynard Dixon and Maurice Del Mue, in Chinese costume, will sketch caricatures, as will Lee Randolph and forty smocked students from the Art Association. Mmes. E. W. Crellin, Ethel Hagar, Agnes Fenwick, W. H. Hammon, Girard Wilson and Miss Ida Anderson will tell fortunes; Mmes. Prestiss Cobb Hale, Sydney Cloman and the Emergency Canteen Workers will serve the tables, assisted by the girls of the Chinese Mission. Faro and fan-tan will be diversions of the night, and society women will sing. This affair will be the most colorful of the whole fête. Fifteen Chinese actors and a Chinese band have been engaged to play. The idea originated with the resourceful Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale.

Many dinner parties arranged by the Burlingame set will precede the Chinese fête. Mmes. Scott, Cloman, Martin and many others will entertain.

The Winter Garden Dance for the Memorial will be a great success. All society will attend, and the public is invited at fifty cents admission.

Gen. Barry (head of the Marines) and Mrs. Barry are guests at the St. Francis.

Mrs. John Taylor (Daisy Van Ness) of Boston is visiting her mother, Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, and is the motif for many social events.

Mrs. Fred Kimball has arrived from a six months' visit in Los Angeles. She will visit her sisters, Mmes. Latham McMullin and Roger Bocqueraz, in San Rafael after a stay in her own San Francisco home.

Mrs. E. W. Crellin, who was to have sung at the exercises of the War Memorial on Tuesday, could not do so, as she recently underwent a tonsils operation. Mrs. Crellin sang the last solo at St. Ignatius Church, whose site is that of the Memorial. Mrs. Crellin leaves soon to spend a fortnight at Vichy Springs.

Mayor E. K. Johnstone, U. S. A, arrived recently from the Orient, whither he went several months ago, immediately after his return from overseas. Major and Mrs. Johnstone hope to locate in this city for permanent residence, and their legion of friends hope they will.

The Clay Greenes Entertain

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene gave the first of a series of projected small dinners in the new residence at 2121 Hyde Street. The guests were Messrs. and Mmes. George Young and Ralph Guernsey of Ross, Mrs. F. W. Zeile, Mrs. Fred Myrtle, Mr. F. A. Greenwood and Mr. Ralph Earle of San Diego.

Del Monte

The California State Golf Championship for boys and girls under sixteen years of age has been awarded to Del Monte. The event will be staged this year on July 19th and 22nd, and is expected to attract the entry of a number of well known juvenile and junior players.

The date of the California State Championship meeting will be set by the California Golf Association for September. The committee is now at work in arranging for the dates and the program of events.

That the army is becoming more interested in polo is indicated by the activity at the Presidio near Del Monte. A team is being organized and there are already some well known players stationed at the post. The cavalry officers are taking more interest and growing more enthusiastic over polo with the encouragement being rendered by the Western Department. It is reported that

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the officers will be assisted in being provided with good mounts by an appropriation.

Del Monte is making improvements in its polo fields in expectation of a banner season next winter. It is expected that a number of eastern teams and a polo four from Great Britain will come to California next winter to participate in the tournaments.

S. F. B. Morse, delegate of the Del Monte Club, is taking up with the Pacific Coast Polo Committee an application for two tournaments to be held at Del Monte.

The California Girls' Swimming Carnival on June 11th to 13th is attracting the entry of the fastest mermaids on the Pacific coast. A program of swimming and diving events is being drawn up for the three days' competition in the open-air Roman plunge and at the enclosed bathing pavilion of the Den Monte beach.

Mrs. Fish will give a bridge affair at her home, 1111 Pine Street, in honor of Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm, on Friday.

The board of dictors of Mary's Help Hospital and their friends will have their annual breakfast and reunion at the hospital following the eight o'clock mass. During the year the clinic which these good ladies direct and maintain have cared for three thousand patients. Many of S. F.'s prominent society women are in the directorate.

Mrs. Richard Derby has sent out cards for a bridge tea at her home, Fort Mason, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Burgin, who, with Colonel Burgin, her husband, arrived in S. F. within a fortnight. Col. Burgin has been assigned to Gen. Liggett's staff.

The Loring Club

The program announced by the Loring Club for the fourth concert of its forty-third season, on the evening of Tuesday, May 25th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, includes a number of important compositions, among these being a portion of Mendelssohn's setting of the "Forty-second Psalm" for soprano solo and chorus of men's voices, with accompaniment of strings and piano; three very interesting "Ancient Folk Songs of the Netherlands" from the collection of Adrianus Valerius, A. D. 1626, for chorus of men's voices, with accompaniment of strings and piano; three of the most attractive numbers from Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's cycle entitled "Songs of the Sea," for soli and chorus of men's voices, with accompaniment of strings and piano, in which E. Gerson, S. A. Sage and F. Warriner will be the soloists; "The Introduction and Hymn to the Sun" from Mascagni's "Iris," for strings and piano, with chorus of men's voices; besides other men's voice chorus numbers of considerable interest.

The soprano soloist will be Miss Harriet Bennett, who will make her first appearance with the Loring Club on this occasion. Her group of songs includes three from a cycle by the Swedish composer, Agathe Backer Grondehl, and a Moorish song by Alvarez.

In the accompaniments the club will have the assistance of Frederick Maurer at the piano and a small string orchestra, the first violins being Hother Wismer, Nathan Firestone and Rodin Mendelevitch. Mr. Wallace A. Sabin will direct the concert.

Opening Program of Del Monte Fishing Club

Deep-sea Trolling Contest—Silver trophy for largest salmon caught with rod and reel. Tackle optional, but uniform as to general character.

Silver trophy for salmon landed in shortest time.

Silver trophy for greatest number of fish landed during the competition.

Trophy to lady guest of member who guesses nearest to weight of largest salmon caught.

Banquet—At Del Monte Lodge on Saturday, May 22nd, at 7:30 P. M.

Clam Bake—On sandy beach at Still Water Cove on Sunday, May 23rd, at 1 P. M.

Marine Garden Trips—Glass bottom boats.

Capt. John Barneson, president.

The Forefathers-Empire Day

Redmen, New Englanders and descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrims will co-operate with the local British societies in producing the elaborate pageant entitled "The Forefathers," which is to be put on at the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, on May 24th, in celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers to America.

Pocahontas Tribe, No. 11, Improved Order of Red Men, will supply the background for the picture, putting on an Indian camp true to the primeval condition of three hundred years ago. Upon this scene will enter the Pilgrim colonists, led by their captain, Myles Standish (C. W. Riffee), Governor Carver (President Bowley of the New England Association), and Rev. Brewster (A. Allan, a local descendant). The company of Pilgrim settlers will correspond exactly, in numbers and in dress, with the original first colonists—seventy-three males and twenty-nine females, including twenty boys and eight girls. After a parley with the Indians, they offer up prayers and songs of thanksgiving for their safe arrival, and Governor Carver then reads the immortal covenant which binds them into a body politic. Admission 50 cents. Dancing at 9:30 P. M.

Swimming Meet at Y. M. C. A.

Free instruction in swimming will be given to men and boys by the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. during "Learn to Swim Week," MBay 24th to 29th, in the 100,000-gallon salt water pool of the Y. M. C. A., at 220 Golden Gate Avenue. From 12:30 to 1:30 P. M. and from 8:30 to 9:30 P. M. the pool will be at the free disposal of all men for free swimming lessons, and the same privilege will be given to boys from 4 to 5 P. M. each day during the week. F. D. Bowman, Y. M. C. A. swimming instructor, will be in charge.

Employment was found for 3.855 men and boys in the fiscal year just ended through the services of the employment bureau of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., according to the report of Paul P. Ashley, employment secretary, jusa forwarded to to the Internaitonal Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The majority of those found employment, Ashley points out, were ex-service men, and 90 per cent of the positions found were permanent.

During the same period, Ashley says, the bureau received 5.256 calls for help from employers, while 5,129 men applied for work.

Ashley says that more positions are available than he has men to fill.

DIDN'T KNOW THE ROPES

It was a proud moment for Farmer Giles when he went to see his sailor son on board the ship. He had never seen a vessel so close before and he marvelled at her size. Just as he caught hold of the two ropes which hung over the side to assist the sailors in clambering on deck, he heard "eight bells" go. As he stepped on deck he met the officer on watch. He saluted him, and said timidly—"Beg pardin', sur, but I didn't mean to ring so loud."

A Fit of the "Blues"

Under civilized conditions of living, and especially among town dwellers, only a favored minority of persons are entirely free from periodic moods of mental depression, writes a psychologist in the "Daily Mail."

A great host of apparently normal and healthy men and women are conscious of a desire to combat the tendency to despondency. They find themselves sighing when they wish to smile, and they suffer mysteriously from recurrent "bad days," when thought is grey and life seems a burden.

Many with this predisposition to sadness experience a kind of shame for their "weakness." They may discover consolation in the reflection that the majority of actually feeble-minded people, and a large number of the insane, never experience depression of spirits. Carlyle, Cowper, George Eliot, George Borrow, and very many more among the "intellectuals" were certainly not prone to sadness through inferior brain capacity.

The imaginative man pays for his visions and his ecstasies with hours of discontent and of apprehension. Many of the makers of progress have experienced tearful moments and craved sympathy like little children. The "tough-minded" and the "thick-skinned" may have their compensations. But they cannot escape their limitations.

One Consolation

Youth sowing their wild oats nowadays can't mix in so much rye.—Dallas (Tex.) Beau Monte.

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The Stage

"Friendly Enemies" at the Curran

If the gentleman bearing the Greco-Hibernian name of Homer Curran selects the viands for the theatrical menus offered at the playhouse bearing his name, then he is a chef par excellence, for he has not made a bad guess in many, many moons. Particularly does this apply in respect to the admirable offering of Monday night; for, in spite of the fact that so-called "war plays" have in large measure ceased to interest a people disposed to forget all about war, "Friendly Enemies" will revive that interest, for it concerns a phase of that contest hitherto untouched by authors, in that it teaches that much neglected Scriptural precept, "Forgive them that hate you."

The authors, Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman, treaded dangerous ground when they wrote this play, and Mr. A. H. Woods was courageous indeed when he produced it at a period of the war when any defense of the German cause was likely to lead to a summons before a U. S. grand jury. But the story is so direct, the construction of it so workmanlike, and its character drawing so vividly true to life that any objectionable features hidden between the lines are never discovered. The plot treats of two Germans who came to America together, struggled together and grew rich together. One of them became an American in its strictest sense, while the other preserved always his allegiance to the mother country. The daughter of one is betrothed to the son of the other, and the trouble of the play begins when the only son of the uncompromising German enters the American army. The harrowing incidents, of which there are many, grow out of the fact that, tempted by a German propagandist, the father supplies the money with which to destroy the transport bearing his son to France; and he is supposed to have gone down with it.

The presentation of this play is marked by admirable stage management, rich scenic investiture and a truly faultless cast. First among these must, of course, be mentioned Louis Mann, the star, whose many years of wandering over the theatrical orbits have not lessened his popularity or dimmed his art. His performance of the irascible lover of the Fatherland, Karl Pfeifer, is full of real comedy and touching pathos, with occasional outbursts of dramatic power which fall but little short of positive greatness. The scene where he believes that he was instrumental in bringing about the death of his own son is most thrilling, and stamps him as being among the very first of our dramatic luminaries.

A close second to him in the excellence of his art is Jess Dandy, as the truly patriotic German-American; and if the original actor of this part in the New York cast was anywhere near as good as his successor he must have been almost wonderful.

Next in importance I would mention Marie Reichardt, as the mother, whose German-English is so perfect as to create the suspicion that it is as natural to her as her art in demonstrating precisely how a serio-comic mother should be played. Betty Allen is quite the best juvenile lady we have seen in several moons, and Joseph Sterling, as the son, is altogether admirable. Last, but by no means least in this finely balanced cast, is Alan Hale as the German propagandist, who not only has a splendid presence but is a master of naturalness and repose. It is exceptionally worthwhile, this presentation of "Friendly Enemies," and no lover of the real thing in drama should miss it. Clay M. Greene.

Ysaye-Elman-McCormack

Some, if not all, of the greatest artists in the world are heard during each concert season in San Francisco, under the local management of Frank W. Healy. This season, however, the high water mark is being reached by Mr. Healy, for within a period of thirty days he will have presented Mme. Galli-Curci, the world's greatest coloratura soprano; Eugene Ysage, the Belgian violinist; Mischa Elman, the Russian violinist, and John McCormack, whom the Most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York, honored in the name of the church by proclaiming him the "prince of song."

At the Exposition Auditorium tomorrow afternoon, May 23rd, Ysaye, now at the zenith of his fame, and Elman, the surest drawing card of all the violinists, will appear on the same concert platform, for one price of admission, in joint recital of music for two violins. Joseph Bonine will play the accompaniments, and it is safe to say that no better concert has ever been heard than that which Ysaye and Elman will give us Sunday afternoon.

JOHN McCORMACK
World's Best Loved Singer

Two weeks will elapse between the joint recital of Ysaye and Elman and the epoch-making concert of John McCormack—epoch-making because it marks the beginning of the great tenor's tour around the world. It was Mr. William J. Henderson, the well known New York critic, at the recent banquet given to John McCormack in New York City, who declared that Angus Og, the Irish god, went down to the cradle where the little baby, John McCormack, was asleep in Athlone, Ireland, pulled the larynx out of his throat and put the pipes of Pan in its stead, and that they had been singing ever since, making all the world glad and merry.

Tickets are on sale for the Ysaye-Elman joint recital, and also for the appearance of John McCormack, at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, June 6th, daily at Sherman, Clay & Co., and Sundays at the Exposition Auditorium.

Program for John McCormack Recital

Recitative—"Imperial Solomon" (air: "Sacred Raptures" from "Solomon") ..... Handel
Mr. McCormack

Variations Symphoniques ..... Boellmann
Miss Kennedy

"La Caravane" ..... Ernest Chausson
"Go Not, Happy Day" ..... Frank Bridge
"Love's Secret" ..... Granville Bantock
"L'Alba Separa" ..... Paolo Tosti
Mr. McCormack

Irish Folk Songs—
"The Harp That Once" ..... Arr. Page
"The Next Market Day" ..... Arr. Hughes
"Bendemeer's Stream" ..... Arr. Scott-Gaty
"Drumin donn deelish" ..... Arr. Hardebeck
Mr. McCormack

"Romance" ..... Saint-Saens
"Tarantelle" ..... Popper
Miss Kennedy

"Only You" ..... Edwin Schneider
"Thank God for a Garden" ..... Teresa del Riego
"Ah, Moon of My Delight" ..... Liza Lehmann
Mr. McCormack

Forward, March!

Their "greenness" as to the ways of the stage was revealed in an amusing way by several of the young ladies who are appearing in the Messrs. Shubert's revival of "Florodora" at the Century, New York. As the time for the dress rehearsal was approaching, the girls were notified that a dress parade would be held the following Thursday afternoon. E. Romaine Simmons, who made the announcement, did not think it necessary to explain that dress parade is nothing more than a final fitting and inspection of the many gowns that are worn in the operetta, assuming that the girls were thoroughly familiar with this stage term.

Imagine his surprise when one timid little girl approached him and begged for permission to remain out of the parade because she cannot walk more than a mile without becoming exhausted. His surprise was hardly over when another young Miss tripped over to his side and asked if the parade would be on Fifth Avenue or Broadway. The richest break of all came from a member of the sextet, a young lady who has never appeared on the stage before, who asked Mr. Simmons, "What shall we do if it rains?"

Orpheum

William M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will head a record-breaking bill at the Orpheum next week. Their names are household words in every city in the U. S, and they are beloved by their audiences for their artistic worth, their refinement and for the high standard they have set in their profession. It goes without saying Mr. Cressy and Miss Dayne will make good in their new sketch; they have never staged a failure, and it is safe to say they never will. The name of their offering, of which, of course, Mr. Cressy is the author, is "The Man Who Butted In." In addition to his sketch, Mr. Cressy will appear in uniform and deliver a fifteen to twenty minutes monologue of smiles, laughter and applause. He does not tell what he and Miss Dayne did, but what our boys did.

Billy Duval and Merle Symonds will appear in a skit called "Their Frst Quarrel," for which Mr. Duval composed the words and music. Duval and Symonds, who are a talented and likeable couple, amusingly availed themselves of the first quarrel in the lives of a young married couple.

Demarest and Doll will, with the aid of a

piano, furnish amusement. Demarest is an eccentric comedian and also a fine musican. Miss Doll is a handsome and talented girl and a capital foil to her associate.

Jennie Middleton, a violinist of splendid reputation, will play classical and popular numbers.

De Witt Young is a thoroughly original juggler who blazes a new trail of his own. With the aid of an attractive young woman he manipulates dexterously and comically a wide variety of articles.

The only holdovers in this record-breaking bill will be Florenze Temptest and Co. and Sylvester Schaeffer, "the man who does everything."

Curran

The second smashing week of the sparkling Shipman-Aaron Hoffman comedy, "Friedly Enemies," starts Sunday at the Curran. Louis Mann has surely proven to San Francisco theatre-goers that he is one of America's foremost character actors, as he was heralded. This dramatic triumph came to San Francisco direct from a sixty-nine consecutive weeks' engagement at the Hudson Theatre, New York City.

Associated with Mr. Mann are such capable players as Jess Dandy, Marie Reichardt, Marcelle Nelken, Alan Hale and Joseph Sterling.

Following the engagement of Louis Mann in "Friendly Enemies," Richard Walton Tully will present David Miller, England's popular comedian, in the hilarious farce, "Keep Her Smiling," for a limited engagement.

Alcazar

The cloud of mystery in "A Voice in the Dark," this week's fascinating novelty at the Alcazar, will be swept aside next Sunday afternoon, by the genial sunlight of the eccentric comedy, "Potash and Perlmutter," the original "garment version," and by far the funniest and most popular of the series fashioned from the immortal dialect stories of Montague Glass. The genial, big-hearted, vilenotly disputing partners in the cloak and suit business will be joyously welcomed by old friends and new. In their droll bickerings and worries, their ambitions and disappointments, their furious arguments and kindly, generous acts, they have the gift of compelling a tug at the heart strings and then sweeping away the tear with a laugh. In the long cast are Henry Shumer in his famous personation of the choleric, lovable senior partner; Clay Clement, as the nervous, irritable, loyal junior; Belle Bennett, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Sam Burton, Brady Kline, Clifford Alexander, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Walter Belasco and others in droll character types, backed up by a bevy of pretty cloak models.

To follow Sunday, May 30th, with Decoration Day matinee Monday, comes the first San Francisco production of "A Sleepless Night," which the Shuberts produced with laughing success at the New York Bijou last February.

Story of "L'Heure Espagnole"

The action of "The Spanish Hour" lasts hardly more than forty-five minutes. The poem is by Franc Nohain, and the music by Ravel. The action takes place at Toledo, Spain, in the eighteenth century. This one-act opera was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1911, and was performed at Covent Garden last summer, with two members of the present cast, Alfred Maguenat and Edouard Cotreuil, in the same parts.

The action passes in the shop of Torquemada, an absent-minded clockmaker. It is his day for attending the public clocks in various parts of the town; the one day in the week when his wife, named Conception, can enjoy a bit of complete freedom in which to attend to her love affairs during his absence.

As the stupid clockmaker is going, Ramiro, a muleteer, enters to have his watch fixed, which annoys the Rabelaisan wife greatly. The husband asks Ramiro to await his return. In despair Conception wonders what to do with this unexpected visitor; and he, quite as much embarrassed, not knowing what else to talk about, offers to carry to her room one of the large clocks which he has heard the husband declare too heavy for him to move.

While he takes the clock to the other room, Gonzalve, the wife's lover, enters. He is hidden in a large "grandfather" clock during the muleteer's absence. There follows an amusing interchange of clocks, and Gonzalve is carried by the unsuspecting muleteer across the threshold of milady's room. Enter another gallant, Inigo, the banker. He, too, is hidden in a clock, and this time another switching of timepieces effects an interchange of lovers.

But the muleteer, by his prowess and strength, has won the admiration of the fickle wife, and she transfers her flirtations to him. While they are tete-a-tete in the other room the clockmaker returns to find the two depected philanderers hidden in his clocks. Enter also the wife and Ramiro! The obtuse husband, finding the three lovers in competition, probably believes in "safety in numbers," for ther are no casualties.

What Is the Theatre?

A building? A play? Yes. But more than either of these—it is you.

If human life were a simple thing—

If men and women had no ambitions, no problems, no loves and fears, no daily struggle between duty and desire, there would be no theatre.

For the theatre is not a play-house, any more than a great newspaper is a printing press. It is not a company of actors and writers and producers, any more than a newspaper is a staff.

The theatre is players and play-house and audience; the stage the auditorium and you.

In a larger sense you are a real part of the play. For two or three hours you cease to be yourself; you are lifted into a different world. You share the emotions of the hero or the heroine—the joy and disappointment, the humor and the tears of lives not your own.

On the day when Christianity said to man: "Thou art twofold, thou art made up of two beings, one perishable, the other immortal, one carnal, the other ethereal, one enslaved by appetites, cravings and passions, the other borne aloft on the wings of enthusiasm and reverie—in a word, the one always stooping toward the earth, its mother, the other always darting up toward heaven, its fatherland"—on that day the drama was created.—Victor Hugo.

New Opera Stories
Story of the New Ballet "Boudour"

The locale of "Boudour" is in the court of the palace of Caliph Abbass.

The central character is Boudour, favorite wife of the Caliph. In the opening action, Boudour reclines amid her attendants, while slaves dance for her. She commands Sahadie to dance for her, and she executes a dagger dance in which the tragic consequence of his love for Boudour is fortold. One of the daggers falls—a symbol of disappointment and of death.

Boudour dismisses her attendants, and, the hall having been cleared, signals to her accepted lover Astyage. Sahadie secretes himself and watches as Astyage enters. Boudour and her lover invoke the Master Demon to aid them in removing her husband, Caliph Abbass. The Master Demon appearing, introduces the "Dance of the Infernal Spirits," who leave a vial of greenly luminous poison.

Sahadie comes forth from his hiding place and beseeches Boudour for her love, and she repulses him, summoning her attendants. Relenting, Boudour signals to Sahadie to say nothing, and explains her summons by declaring a fearful dream had terrified her.

The sound of distant trumpets announces the approach of the Caliph; the advance guard enters, followed by the Caliph, together with nobles, slaves, attendants, soldiers. He orders Mandane

(Continued on Page 15)

Exposition Auditorium---

THIS SUNDAY, MAY 23
at 2:30

Joint Recital by the
Violin Masters

Ysaye & Elman

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

SUNDAY, JUNE 6
at 2:30

John McCormack
THE PRINCE OF SONG

Tickets today Sherman, Clay & Co.,
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ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would
We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"A VOICE IN THE DARK"
Last Times of the Novel Mystery Melodrama
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUNDAY, MAY 23
The Original Garment Version
"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"
Funniest of the Series Fashioned From
the Humorous Stories of Montague Glass
SUNDAY, MAY 30—First San Francisco Production of
New York's Laughing Hit
"A SLEEPLESS NIGHT"

Extra Decoration Day Matinee, Monday, May 31
Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday—25c, 50c, 75c.

CURRAN

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SECOND STARTLING WEEK

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Mr. Louis Mann

In the Ever Popular Comedy

"Friendly Enemies"

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Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Matinee Prices—25c, 50c, 75c.
(EXCEPT SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Bearish sentiment, governed by credit conditions, governed the stock market last week, and while there were numerous rallies, the general list acted heavy.

The only ray of hope for the bulls was the action of some of the oil stocks, especially the Mexican issues, which showed scored advances; but they, too, lost their enthusiasm when the balance of the list weakened. The general belief was that the new government in Mexico would be more favorable to foreign interests.

The slowing up of the steel industry, because of the impossibility of making deliveries in reasonable time, and the check to domestic trade as a consequence of the freight congestion at all important railroad terminals, have not been conducive to optimism in the securities market of the country; but the subsidence of panic talk in the street has done something to increase the confidence of security prices.

In regard to the railroad congestion, the efforts being put forth at Washington, as well as the operating districts of the railroads, to relieve congestions, which is now generally recognized as one of the most serious factors in the situation, improved sentiment somewhat and contributed a little strength to the rails.

Steps are being taken now at Washionton to relieve the congested situation, and reports from the south and west would indicate that the interior has all but ceased to function and that the strain upon the banks for credit tends to increase rather than to improve. This view was also borne out in banking circles, the bankers finding little in the immediate situation to enthuse about. Western bankers were quoted as deprecating the disposition to over-emphasize the bad feature of the situation. It is recognized that the problems of the country are pressing for solution, but bankers see nothing alarming in the situation. The questions to be solved merely present a choice of solutions and have no serious import.

Money rates continue high, and no relief is in sight. Banks are curtailing credit wherever possible, and the small merchants, as well as the individual, finds it is more profitable to sell his Liberty Loan bonds rather than pay the high rates charged by the banks—even if he could obtain the money from the banks, which, in most cases, is hard to obtain. This, in a measure, is the cause of the decline in the Liberties, and unless there is a change in the money situation, lower prices for all issues will be seen.

However, the general market is pretty thoroughly liquidated, and while we expect sentiment to continue in bearish frame of mind for some time to come, yet any change in credit conditions would bring about a sharp recovery that would cause a stampede amongst the shorts. In the meantime, a flunctuating market with diminishing sales is about all that can be expected until something definite in the way of news makes its appearance.

Cotton—The cotton market continued on its irregular way and fluctuated all week, when alternate bullish and bearish news exerted scattered pressure.

Continuous rains in parts of the belt, with predictions of a decrease in the acreage, as well as the poor stand where it is up, were the principal bullish factors. The bearish factor was the talk of poor trade demand for the finished article, due to a wave of economizing propaganda.

In view of the fact that even with this disposition to retrench economically, there still is an insufficient supply of textiles to meet the immediate and prospective requirements of the world. Coupled with the present and prospective shortage of raw cotton, it would seem that the financial situation is not likely to caused any forced liquidation of raw cotton, but there is a possibility, speculatively held, that manufactured goods may be forced to liquidate and thereby somewhat lower the present extravagant price at which textiles are being traded in. Therefore, we may see lower manufactured goods even with an advance in the raw material.

Unless weather conditions become and remain for four or six weeks practically perfect, there seems little likelihood of any material decline in the new crop months, which are still selling several cents per pound cheaper than the old crops, notwithstanding the fact that the present crop prospects are exceedingly poor.

There will be setbacks, however, from time to time; but we regard the situation as extremely bullish as far as the new crop position is concerned, and would advise the purchase of t. distant futures whenever they are forced down from a technical condition of the market general.

WITHOUT YOU

Without you, love, the day would hold no light;
The kindly stars would vanish from the night;
The flowers would hesitate to wake at morn;
The rose die sleeping, leaving but the thorn,—
Without you.

Without you, love, no promise would be bright;
Hope's golden sun would darken at its height;
The world of all its glory would be shorn,
And I should be a wanderer, forlorn,—
Without you.

September, 1905.

The man on the park bench looked up from his paper. "What is the opposite of tight money?" he asked, turning to his neighbor. "Loose change, I should say," came the quick reply.

"Come on, old man. I'll give you a ride in my new motor boat." "Have you got a return ticket?" "A return ticket? What do you mean?" "A pair of oars."

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PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets
December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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Social

(Continued from Page 13)

to dance before him, and she, a rival of Boudour, endeavors to infatuate Abbass. Boudour, roused to action, poisons the wine while the multitude observes the dancing of Mandane and the bacchanale, which follows.

Boudour offers a goblet of the poisoned wine to Abbas, and as the latter is about to drink, the cup is knocked from his hand by Sahadie, who is seized by the guard, and narrates the plot against the Caliph and the love of Boudour for the Caliph's brother, Astyage. Boudour, taking a great resolve, drinks from the goblet and give the cup also to Astyage.

The Caliph believes that the slave has lied, and as Sahadie attempts to flee he is killed by Abbass, who orders the revelry to be resumed. All drink and dance. One by one the dancers fall. In the throes of death Abbass attempts vengeance upon Boudour. Astyages totters to the dais and falls lifeless upon it, and Boudour drags herself dying to his body as the curtain falls.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 106,578. Dept. 16.

In the matter of the application for change of name of ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH.

WHEREAS, ISRAEL LOVICH has filed his petition with the Clerk of this Court for permission to change his name from ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH.

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the matter aforesaid appear at Department 16 of the said Superior Court, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 15th day of June, 1920, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they may have, why said application should not be granted.

It is furthere ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: May 11th, 1920.

BERNARD J. FLOOD,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 11, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By A. L. GOLDMAN, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. MORRIS,
Attorney for Applicant,
900 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif. 5-15-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SEBASTIANA ESPINAL, Plaintiff, vs. MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MIGUEL ESPINAL, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, cruelty and non-support; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
21 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 3-20-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 105658

In the Matter of the Application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a Corporation, TO DISSOLVE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 13 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that before said hearing, any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH D. REDDING,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Building
San Francisco, California. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916 appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
5-8-10

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CALIFORNIA STATE

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Is Britain in Peril?

Monstrous! The United States is with impertinent daring building mercantile ships at $50 per ton less than they can possibly be built in England! Unless this wanton interference with the marine bulwark of that country's greatness be interrupted by some power not yet under discussion, that hitherto inconstestible song, "Britannia Rules the Waves," must soon have become a meaningless misnomer. The president of the United Kingdom Board of Trade frankly declared at a recent meeting of that body that "Britain's lead on the seas is gravely imperilled, and American maritime expansion must be countered in vigorous fashion." The London *Financial Times* recently published an indignant article headed, "An Amazing Proclamation of War on Lloyds," in which it gravely asserted that unless our British cousins take up the matter with "great vigor and self respect" a permanent injury may be inflicted on their trading freedom. We are flatly accused of having the unworthy ambition to build up a merchant marine commensurate with our country's greatness, and that the legendary "American hog" is daring to attempt the gobbling up of "the dominating proportion of the world's overseas shipping trade." The obvious reply to all of this hysteria of selfishness ought to be, "Well, what of it?" If opposition be the life of trade, why should we not be permitted to carry on our systems of honorable business opposition and stimulate all trade by running a friendly race against all competitors, under the fair and square proposition of "may the best man win and devil take the hindmost"? No business firm ever dreams of launching bitter innuendos against another firm in the same line merely because its patronage is larger; so why should nations plunge into threatening invective because some other nation shows signs of surpassing them in commercial importance? The truth of the matter is that all Europe has for years been watching with alarm the rapidly enlarging potentialities of the United States, and now that we have reached the pinnacle of business as well as national supremacy above them all, we are regarded as being a natural enemy of them and a menace that in some way must be removed. This country squandered billions of dollars for ships with which to carry food and munitions to its weakening allies, and if Europe now supposes that in the effort to get some of our money back by devoting those ships to other legitimate uses we are going to worry ourselves over what Europe thinks about it, then Europe is much mistaken. Business is business, so let each and every nation mind its own, without any threats of "retaliation."

* * *

Sugar Still Soars

Right on the heels of his announcement that at the next meeting of its board of directors he will resign from the presidency of the California Packing Corporation, in order that after a long and strenuous business career he may play awhile, Mr. J. K. Armsby, after his usual terse and blunt fashion, characterizes all claims that the present high price of sugar is due to profiteering as "bunk." This favorite expression in what for some reason or other is called "the vernacular," is said by the dispatches to have been employed in contradicting the statement of the president of the National Preserves and Fruit Product Association that the high price of sugar was due to hoarding and speculation. Mr. Armsby said, furthermore, that it was due only to a serious shortage and increasing demand, and that in his opinion someone or other is trying to make a political situation out of an economic one. Surely Mr. Armsby's opinion ought to be regarded as being the dictum of an expert, for the reason that his corporation is always in the sugar market, uses tons of it every year, and he ought to know the reason for its abnormal inflation of price. The officers of the other corporation mentioned ought to know too, but the very sweeping assertion was probably made during a twinge of disappointment by its president, Mr. Blakemore, because its factories had decided to go out of business temporarily as far as the consumption of sugar is concerned, because the high price of it made profit impossible. The Secretary of Agriculture seems to believe that the solution of the problem is a comparatively simple one. According to him, the present inflation is due to the fact that many times more sugar is used in these later years than was the case in those of our forefathers; that many more ways of manufacturing it into delicacies have been devised, and yet, in a relative sense at least, it is not now produced in greater ratio. At any rate, there would appear to be no hope whatever of a reduction in spite of substantial cuts in respect to other commodities, and in some groceries it is even now being sold at the threatened figure of 30 cents a pound! The remedy suggested by the Secretary of Agriculture is for real patriotic Americans to reduce their consumption of candy, which would be considered as much of an interference with personal independence as has been the cutting off of the cocktail.

* * *

The War Memorial

"Why a $2,500,000 Soldiers' Memorial? Why not make it useful only for the utilitarian purposes for which it is intended and save half the money, instead of going in for the architecturally spectacular?" This was the query propounded by an art iconoclast in a knot of clubmen the other day. The replies were as numerous as were the other members of the group, and all of them pounded his impecunious theory into bits. It was shown that had that theory been employed during all of the glorious epochs of art, the Acropolis at Athens, the Coliseum at Rome, the Cathedral of Rheims and the Capitol at Washington would have been embellished with the artistic dignity of mere business blocks; that, like Shakespeare, art is not for an age but for all time, and that art must dominate in the construction of the proposed memorial, because it must exist forever, an adequate memorial to the nation's fallen soldiers and a lasting tribute to memory to be visited and admired through future generations to the glory of the taste and munificence of the San Francisco of today. All of this much-to-be desired achievement will have been effected probably within the space of much less than two years. Since the memorable appeal to public spirit resulted in the giving of the millions that made the Panama-Pacific Exposition possible, there has been no such generous response on the part of those with means large or small as in the drive in aid of the Soldiers' Memorial, already rapidly nearing its finish with certainty of assured success. Already nearly $1,700,000 have been subscribed; more than enough to begin operations immediately, dependent upon the assured liberality of public-spirited Californians who have not yet been appealed to. Mr. Ralph McLeran, that stalwart protector of the rights and integrities of the city, never spoke so grandly and forcefully as when, at the first great mass meeting, he subscribed $100,000 for the city of San Francisco, with the characteristic remark: "Now, what are you fellows going to do?" Those fellows at once guaranteed the success of this splendid enterprise at the very

start, and it now remains for the small subscribers to respond to the appeals of the Woman's Committee, who may be depended upon to secure the remaining eight millions sought for. This they will certainly do, backed as they are by the American Legion and the good will of all true Californians.

* * *

Among the Candidates

As the date of the Democratic convention approaches, there seems to be a considerable advancement toward the crystallization of the purposes for which it is to be assembled, for there now are avowed candidates openly discussed, and the rank outsider may form for himself some sort of speculative opinion as to what the outcome is likely to be. Of course, this speculation is by no means certain of profit, for the reason that so few of the delegates have been pledged. No one man has as yet received as many as one hundred pledged delegates, while the unpledged ones thus far elected number 587, and there are 242 yet to be heard from. Governor James M. Cox of Ohio, who has of late loomed up as a dangerous rival to most of the candidates yet mentioned has only 74 pledged votes, and Attorney General A. M. Palmer has a good many of the 76 Pennsylvania delegates pledged for him, which still leaves the amateur figurer much in doubt, since there will be 1,092 votes in the convention, with two-thirds, or 728, necessary to a choice. All others mentioned this week are "favorite sons" at present controlling only the votes of their respective states, and they include Governor Edwards of New Jersey, Senator Glass of Virginia and Senator Owen of Oklahoma. In the opinion of this writer, the only one of these who has the slightest chance of winning is Governor Cox, but the possibility of either a dark horse or one of the earlier mentioned candidates heading the banners strengthens with each attempt to fathom the mystery. There is but little change among the Republicans, except in the more than ever acrimonious attacks on Hiram Johnson, who, if the spellbinders for his opponents are to be believed, will plunge the nation into all manner of trouble, the most recent possibility in the event of his election being nothing more or less than a war with China and Japan! He still maintains his attitude of supreme confidence, and seems to quite agree with his more optimistic managers that he will surely be nominated on the third ballot. Except in the states along the Atlantic freeboard and a few others, the Leonard Wood campaign appears to be weakening a little, but here again it must be remembered that the overwhelming majority of the delegates will go to Chicago uninstructed, so they will naturally be guided by the complexion of the convention after the first ballot; and again doth loom the dark horse. With the exceptions of Grant, Taft and Roosevelt, all of the Republican candidates since the Civil War have been either those who had hitherto been but lightly spoken of or else nominated from the floor of the convention, as were Hayes and Garfield. So thus far, the bookmakers are still at sea; so is Wall Street.

* * *

Concerning Pancho Villa

This impeccable mercenary and bandit is still preserving his wonted vanity in his own importance as the self-appointed liberator of Mexico, but now there would appear to be considerable doubt in his vaccilating mind as to whom he is to liberate from in the present state of affairs. Outlawry, assassination and kidnapping seem to agree with him, however, for he is reported as being strangely active, in spite of the accretion of fat, and has granted interviews to correspondents, some of whom seem to quite agree with his views, most of which are, of course, "bunk," to adopt the phrasing of a gentleman already quoted on this page. He denies that he has murdered or maltreated Americans; that he has confiscated no property of Americans, and has appropriated no funds except under the "infallible rules of war." He disavows any connection with such Americans as have been assassinated, on the ground that they were ordered by subaltern commanders during his absence. In fact, he is frank to state that he hates no American but President Wilson, whom he accuses of bad faith and broken promises. He is, of course, much delighted over the fate of Carranza, whom he claims to have elevated from obscurity to the presidency. With reference to the present revolution, he refuses to retire to private life until the leaders have satisfied him as to the correctness of their government policies. It is sincerely to be hoped that their predominant policy will be to get Mr. Villa and put him out of the way permanently, for he will continue to menace his country's peace no matter who governs it.

* * *

Whose Bad Business Management?

San Francisco has a Mayor who is good enough to be made historical; the Mayor has a rather competent Board of Supervisors, and that body has what is presumed to be good legal advice awaiting the telephone call to quickly respond. But in view of all of this official and legal equipment, it is most amazing that so egregious a blunder could have been made with reference to the tenancy of that part of the Marina that is not public property. With deep interest in anything that may add to the benefit of the city which they apparently govern so well, San Francisco was offered to the proposed aviation lines as a terminus, and the offer was accepted. Arrangements were made and the work begun for the erection of adequate hangars for the mail and passenger airplanes. Now, lo and behold, without any warning whatever, the city is notified by the living heirs of the Fair estate to vacate such part of the property as is owned by them and which the city has occupied for some years, not only rent free but it has not been wise enough to hold a lien against the property by the payment of the annual taxes of $25,000! Now there is consternation in the camp of the city fathers, and the engineers are scurrying all over the suburbs to find a substitute aviation landing field, for we must not lose the terminal of the commercial air lines, which are almost ready to begin operations. Unfortunately, however, there is no available substitute, except perhaps in size, anywhere in the County of San Francisco which could possibly be as appropriate or as accessible as is the Marina, which is ideal in every way. Bad business indeed has been the whole matter of the city's aviation field, and it will be interesting to learn who was responsible for it.

"When I Am Dead"

By Rennell Rodd

When I am dead, my spirit
Shall wander far and free,
Through realms the dead inherit
Of earth and sky and sea;
Through morning dawn and gloaming,
By midnight moons at will,
By shores where the waves are foaming,
By seas where the waves are still.
I, following late behind you,
In wingless sleepless flight,
Will wander till I find you,
In sunshine or twilight;
With silent kiss for greeting
On lips and eyes and head,
In that strange after-meeting
Shall love be perfected.
We shall lie in summer breezes
And pass where whirlwinds go,
And the Northern blast that freezes
Shall bear us with the snow.
We shall stand above the thunder,
And watch the lightnings hurled
At the misty mountains under,
Of the dim forsaken world.
We shall find our footsteps' traces,
And passing hand in hand
By old familiar places,
We shall laugh, and understand.

The Equity Benefit

By Josephine Huff

On Sunday night, May 10th, there took place at the Metropolitan Opera House one of the most interesting benefits ever seen in New York. It was given by the Actors' Equity Association for the purpose of erecting an Actors' Co-operative Theatre. Over $40,000 were realized from the entertainment. The audience filled the theatre, even standing spaces being occupied. The performance opened with an immensely funny "rehearsal sketch" by George V. Hobart, in which figured Florence Moore, Louise Drew, Blanche Yurka, the Tobin Sisters, pretty Miss Elsie Mackaye, Jobina Howland, Blanche Ring, Margaret Wicherley, John Drew, Bruce McRae, Charles Cherry, Vincent Sorrano, Ernest Truax and others.

The popular Miss Ethel Barrymore had only to appear to receive an ovation. There is no sweeter personality upon our stage, and Miss Barrymore never looked more charming than when she stood before this audience in the mature beauty of her womanhood. Her interesting speech was received with enthusiasm, and she was cheered to the echo.

Mme. Frances Alda sang with great success. Then followed a dance number in which all the well known dancers of Broadway figured, culled like perfect flowers from this show and that. Wilda Bennett, as Pierette, was charming, accompanied by a ballet of fifty. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson easily carried off the honors among the other couples.

Then came Tessa Costa, who was Trilby to Wilton Lackaye's Svengali. And in charming costumes, songs were given by Christie MacDonald, Adele Rowland, Peggy Wood, Irene Bordoni and Irene Franklin.

"The Equity Circus" followed, in which Tom Wise, Fred Stone, James Barton and W. E. Fields were the high lights. Then came the Shakespearean pageant, cleverly staged by Hazzard Short. John Charles Thomas, as "Art," lent his fine personality and his delightful voice to the introductory music of the prelude, and the curtain arose upon a beautiful scene. It was set in a terraced garden, and down a stairway on the left, into this charming setting, moved, one by one, all the famous heroines of Shakespeare. Each held the stage alone for a brief space, acting the general character of the one she represented, mutely, while Miss Nance O'Neil, standing far off to one side, recited appropriate lines that bore upon each part. Beauty followed upon beauty, one more delightful than the other. To the watching eye of the audience, it seemed impossible the next could be more beautiful—and still they came.

In no other city of the could could just such an event take place, for every heroine was enacted by a famous star. New York is the abiding place of stars, it is the theatrical heaven in which stars, great and small, are set, some fixed and some movable. New York is the nest from which all stars move to outer parts, the homing town to which they all return; Broadway, the throne room where they are crowned, their diadems the electries of fame. Here then was available a star for every heroine. Jane Gray was a charming Imogene, Martha Hedman a delightful Desdamona, Peggy Wood was Cordelia; Chrystal Herne, Olivia. Margo Gilmore as Juliet was entrancing, a fledgling star to whose pulchritude the audience paid tribute. Florence Reed was Cleopatra, and Blanche Ring Rosalind. The Merrie Wives of Windsor were Helen MeaKellar and Francine Larrimore, a happy selection. Ethel Barrymore, wonderfully gowned, played Portia with such dignity and appeal that she received again an ovation. Marjorie Rambeau as Ohpelia was surely the personification of youthful beauty and grace. Helen Ware gave a remarkably able rendition of Lady Macbeth, and adorable Jane Cowl quite brought down the house as Katherine from "The Taming of the Shrew."

* * *

The Triumph of Lillian Russell

Then came Miss Lillian Russell as Queen Catherine in "Henry VIII." As she entered and moved majestically into view, the first impression upon her audience was her astonishing beauty—she was dazzlingly beautiful. The serenity of her spirit and the nobility of her soul shone like a radiance about her, as with exquisite grace she descended the stairway, her royal robes of black velvet and gold bullion a perfect setting to the gem of her beauty. A sudden great roar of admiration sprang impulsively from the audience as from one great throat; it held and continued into a deafening volume. Then Nance O'Neil's glorious voice spoke Shakespeare's beautiful tribute—"Thou art alone in thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness, the queen of earthly queens." The amazement of her audience that such beauty could be, merged suddenly into enthusiasm, as the artistry of Miss Russell reached over the footlights to them. Her rendition of Catherine, her majesty and queenly bearing, her mute acting to the accompanying voice of another, even though it was the marvelous voice of Nance O'Neil, was an astonishing bit of stagecraft, and lifted her so high above the heads of all her charming and beautiful colleagues as to thoroughly enthrall this immense, intelligent and stage-wise audience. Cheer followed upon cheer in an ovation such as has rarely been witnessed, an audience so wrought that it was stirred to the point of tears. It is well, when into the life of such an artist as Miss Russell comes one such great moment of rare triumph. No other woman of the American stage has ever achieved the success, nor possessed the hearts of her public, as has Miss Russell. She holds a place that is unique; she is the cherished treasure of the public, she belongs to them, and as a unit, they love her and have enshrined her in their hearts. I think an even more astonishing event took place behind the scenes. Here were gathered together the youth and beauty of the stage, all great stars. At this triumph of Miss Russell's, every eye was wet with emotion, and so well beloved is she among them all that there was no thought of place for jealousy. Her reception from this galaxy of stars, this wilderness of beauty, was no less a triumph than the one out front.

Then followed charming Elsie Ferguson as Titania, but her exquisite beauty shone dim and wan after the radiance of Miss Russell, like some pale candle behindf a calcium. Probably never before since his immortal pen gave life to these fair characters has there been gathered together just such a gathering of all his heroines at one time, in one place, of such entrancing charm and beauty. And one sensed, in these wierd ouija days, that the mute appeal of this galaxy of beauty and cleverness must have lured from the remote somewhere in which he dwells the long-absent spirit of Shakespeare, to gaze with satisfield eyes upon this fair group, which so harmoniously blended into his penned thoughts, as melody to verse.

Hatred Is Sweet, But God Is Strong

By Leo Tolstoi

In olden time there lived a good master. He had much of everything, and many slaves served him. And the slaves praised their master. They said: "There is no master better than our master under heaven. He clothes and feeds us well, and gives us work to do according to our strength; he offends none by word of mouth, and bears no grudge for anything. He is not like other masters who torment their slaves and treat them worse than cattle, and punish them whether they commit faults or not, and have not a good word to say to them. Our master has our welfare at heart, and does good to us, and speaks well to us. We want no better life than the life we lead."

Thus did the slaves praise their master. And the Devil was wroth because the slaves lived so well, and in all loving-kindness with their master. And the Devil took possession of one of the slaves of this master, whose name was Aleb. He took possession of him, and bade him offend the other slaves. And when the other slaves were resting from their labors and praising their master, Aleb also lifted up his voice and said:

"Vainly do ye praise the goodness of our master, my brethren. Try and please the Devil, and the Devil will do you good. We serve our master well, we please him in everything. Whatever he fancies that we do for him, we anticipate his thoughts. How can he help being good to us? But just cease to please, and do him evil, then you'll find he'll be like all the rest of them, and will render evil for evil even worse than the bad masters do."

And the other slaves began to dispute with Aleb. And they disputed and laid a wager together. And Aleb undertook to provoke the good master to anger. He undertook to do so on this condition: that if he did not provoke him to anger he should lose his festival garment, but if he did provoke him to anger they promised that each one of them should give him his festival garment; and besides that they promised to defend him against his master, and if he put him in irons or thrust him into a dungeon they said they would loose him. So they laid their wager, and the next morning Aleb promised to provoke his master to anger.

Aleb served his master in the sheep folds, and took charge of the costly breeding rams. And behold! in the morning, when the good master came to the sheep-folds with his guests and began to show them his dear and precious rams, the Devil's laborer signified to his comrades: "Look now, I'll provoke my master to anger instantly." All the slaves assembled. They looked through doors and over fences, and the Devil ran up a tree, and looked down from thence into

the yard to see how his servant would serve him. The master entered the yard and showed his guests his sheep and his lambs, and wanted to show them his best ram. "The other rams are good," said he, "but this is one with strong horns; he is priceless, and more precious to me than my own eyes." The sheep and rams rushed about the yard because of the people, and the guests could not distinguish the precious ram amongst them. No sooner did this ram stand still than the Devil's laborer, as if by accident, scared the sheep, and again they were all intermingled. The guests could not distinguish the ram that was priceless. And the master began to be wearied. "Aleb, my dear friend," said he, "see thou to this! Catch the best ram with the very strong horns very warily and hold him fast." And no sooner had the master said this than Aleb flung himself like a lion in the middle of the lambs and sheep, and seized the priceless ram by his shorn fleece. He seized it by the shorn fleece, and immediately clasped it round its left hind leg with one of his hands, lifted it up, and right before the very eyes of his master, tugged the leg violently upwards, and it snapped like the peeled branch of a young linden-tree. Aleb had broken the leg of the good ram below the knee. The ram began to bleat, and fell down on its front knees. Aleb seized it by the right leg, and the left leg turned inwards and hung down like a short whip. The guests and all the slaves groaned, and the Devil rejoiced when he saw how cleverly Aleb had done his deed. The master turned as black as night, he frowned, cast down his head, and said not a word. The guests and the slaves were silent. They wanted to see what would happen. The master was silent for a time, then he shook himself as if he wanted to shake off something, raised his head, and fixed his eyes to heaven. Not long did he look, his wrinkles disappeared from his face, and he smiled and cast his eyes upon Aleb. He looked at Aleb, smiled, and said:

"Oh, Aleb, Aleb! thy master bade thee anger me. But my master is stronger than thine, and thou hast not angered me, but I have angered thy master. Thou did'st fear that I would punish thee, and thou didst wish to be free, Aleb; know, therefore, that I will not punish thee, but as thou didst desire thy freedom, look now! in the presence of my guests I release thee, thou art free to follow thine own will. Depart whithersoever thou wilt, to the four corners of the earth, and take thy festival garment with thee!"

And the good master went home with his guests. But the Devil gnashed his teeth, glided down the tree, and vanished through the earth.

The Spectator

Think It Over, Candidate W. J. B.!

Ambrose Bierce in his brilliant essay, "Cartooning," wrote: "I once sat reading a Republican newspaper. The whole upper half of the page consisted of a cartoon by a well-known humorist. It represented Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the presidency, standing on his head in a crowd (which I think he would do if it would make him President) and I don't know that it would not."

That was written in the early era of the perpetual Bryan candidacy. In the year 1920 Mr. Bryan standing on his head might at least win him the Democratic nomination, for in these stirring days, people all over the world are responsive to the spectacular. Mr. Bryan has tried every conventional means to be elected. Here is a suggestion from a great authority, one of the greatest writers of modern English literature, which the perpetual candidate might think seriously about. Bierce, in "Who Are Great?" said: "If there were no writers how would you know that there was a Washington or a Lincoln? Suppose the writers of this country had in 1896 agreed never again to mention the name of William J. Bryan; where would have been his greatness"' Where indeed? Perhaps Mr. Bryan would not be threatening us in the Civic Auditorium in June, 1920.

Bryan's Dry Plank

The country seems convinced that Bryan is going to introduce a dry plank in the Democratic platform. Will history repeat itself and find him addressing an assembly "in its own mood of vehemence and revolt"? Yes and no. For he will be endeavoring to force in a radical plank, as in 1896, but this time there will be "vehemence and revolt," for California does not want prohibition, nor does any sensible free-born American want legislation about what he shall eat and drink and wear. There is no reason whatever why the American people shall retrograde to sumptuary laws. The Republicans are doubtless eagerly waiting for Bryan to ruin his party's chances for election by introducing the dry plank. It looks as though William J. Bryan, at last is convinced that when he looks at the White House, "Thou shalt not enter here" is written in letters of fire; and therefore that he will do his Nebraskan best to keep out another representative of the Democratic party.

Woodrow Wilson's Compliments to the "Silver-Toned"

President Wilson's account in his "History of the American People" gives a glowing description of Bryan's national debut as an orator, when Bryan blazed into the limelight with the slogan, "Crucified on a cross of gold," during the silver excitement of 1896. Mr. Wilson wrote:

"Mr. Bryan, though he had been a member of Congress and had spoken in the House upon a coinage question, had made no place of leadership for himself hitherto, was unknown to the country at large and even to the great mass of his fellow partisans, and had come to the convention with the delegation from Nebraska, unheralded, unremarked. A single speech made from the platform of the convention had won him the nomination, a speech wrought, not of argument, but of fire, and uttered in the full tones of a voice which rang clear and passionate in the authentic key of the assembly's own mood of vehemence and revolt. It was a thing for thoughtful men to note how a mere stroke of telling declamation might make an unknown, untested man the nominee of a great party for the highest office in the land, a popular assembly being the instrument of his choice. His strong, musical voice carried his message to the utmost limits of any throng, and rang in a tone which warmed men's blood." And we can do better than that with a "bouche d'or" of our own at the Democratic Convention next month.

Our Own St. Chrysostom

As we are to send forth to the nation the next Democratic nominee for President, why not do it with native California oratory? The candidates from distant states will arrive with clarion tongued advocates to herald their splendid worth and fitness to occupy the White House. At the risk of being called egotistical, San Francisco announces that we have, right here in this city, the most eloquent, golden voiced orator in America. Or, if there be another, he has not yet spoken. Our orator is a Democrat, too, though he does not participate in political affairs except as a patriotic citizens. He is John J. Barrett, the prominent attorney of the Hobart building. He does not speak on many occasions, but whenever he has done so he has made a profound impression. The city is full of his admirers who have not hesitated to declare Bryan, Bourke Cochrane, Martin Littleton and Delmas (in his zenith) distinctly deficient in the oratorical accomplishments for which John Barrett is distinguished. But, before all else, it is the beauty and resonance of his voice that make him eminently fitted to reach the hearts of men.

In 1915, at the Exposition, Mr. Barrett delivered an oration on St. Patrick's Day before an immense audience gathered from different parts of the world. There were representatives of all countries and religions, but there could not have been one hearer unmoved by the speaker's eloquence, one heart untouched by the stirring appeal of the golden voice which addressed them. As San Francisco, out of the fullness of its heart, desires the wide world to participate in the glories which are indigenous to our splendid state, let us hope that the delegates to the Democratic convention will have the good fortune to hear John J. Barrett nominate a candidate worthy of his voice.

Mr. Barrett, during the war, addressed assemblies whose hearts beat high with patriotism as they listened to the sentiments pronounced in tones which aroused their most sacred emotions. When word has come back to San Francisco of profound impressions made in the great eastern cities by orators, John Barrett's friends in San Francisco have said to one another: "If they could only hear John Barrett in such a convention!" Now we have the convention and Mr. Barrett together. Quien sabe?

Protect the Motormen's Backs

The motormen on the San Francisco street cars are strong-looking fellows. Indeed, from their appearance they are probably selected for their physical fitness. A weakling wouldn't last three days handling the controller-bar of a street car. These men have to register a high degree of mental activity; for, even with tracks, signals and strict rules, a scatter-brain could cause disaster after disaster. It is really a matter of wonder that they are the cause of so few accidents. I presume they are adequately paid. If they were not, we would probably hear about it, as there is nothing backward about employees making the inadequacy of their salaries known. But their health is flagrantly neglected by the municipal government and the United Railroads. For these motormen have backs—wide, strong backs, to be sure; but against them the draughts through the street cars blow. On all trips passengers may see the look of agony on a strong young motorman's face, a mute appeal to close the door behind him. A sympathetic conductor often heeds the protest and strives to keep his motorman protected. But the constant change of passen-

gers makes his efforts almost useless. Until a few weeks ago, the men were permitted the protection of a movable curtain as a shield against our sharp breezes. But then an order was issued to raise the curtain at Taylor Street, to permit the motorman a backward look. Well and good—a motorman should have an unobstructed view on all sides. But he is only a human being and draughts blowing on his back and neck cause rheumatism, headache, pneumonia, kidney disease and other undesirable complaints. Why not build him a movable sentry box, with glass in the upper portion? Maybe it would displace one passenger in the rush hours when the unfortunate public allow themselves to be squeezed, crushed and tramped upon. The U. R. would probably find that loss compensated for in a diminution of their hospital expense. As for the Municipal roads, they report large profits. As the public receives no consideration in the matter of extra cars to accommodate the working business people who, owing to H. C. L., are compelled to use street cars instead of automobiles, why not spend some of the income making the motormen comfortable? Ask any of these men if they would like their backs shielded from the winds of the Pacific, and learn what discomfort those salubrious breezes do cause.

J. D. Spreckels Fights Back

With singular regularity, back through the years, memory can conjure up instances where there is always some sensation-loving person in every community to scandalize and abuse those who have been most active in building up its progress. This time San Diego is the alleged scandalized community, John D. Spreckels the victim of the attempted scandal, and a certain Rev. Lincoln A. Farris of the First National Church of that city the scandalizer.

It made no differnce to the reverend gentleman that John D. Spreckels has done more for the building up, the advertizing and the expansion of that beautiful city to one almost of the first class; it mattered not to him that the munificent millionaire, out of pure love for the climate and location of San Diego, had made it his permanent home; built hotels and railways, business blocks, theatres, factories and docks; and that his initiative and financial backing made the beautifully artistic San Diego Exhibition possible. But there had arisen in the sanctified inwardness of the reverend gentleman that there was a festering sore about fourteen miles from his bailiwick, whose banful influence might spread into it to contaminate the youth of his flock as well as those of other denominations. One James W. Coffroth, a racing man, and one Baron De Long, a hotel and cafe proprietor driven out of business by prohibition, hied across the Mexican border to Tia Juana and opened race tracks, hotels and gambling houses, protected by unrestricted licenses granted to them by Governor Cantu of Lower California. These enterprises were unexpectedly successful, and attracted thousands whose sportive instincts led them to snap their fingers at the pleasure-destroying laws of their own land and flock to another near at hand, where they might exploit their appetites and their desires to the full with no fear of interference.

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Manufacturing a Case

The Rev. Farris regarded these exercises of personal liberty as being a horrifying menace to the morals of San Diego, plunged into a violent state of virtuous indignation, and constituted himself the cleansing agent of this soul-rotting sink of iniquity, with the soulful purpose of closing it up. But the alleged festering sore refused to heal; its creatures were encouraged by due exercise of the privilges granted to them by the Mexican authorities; they laughed at the instrument of Divine authority, and continued in their nefarious and highly remunerative enterprise. But the Rev. Farris refused to be discouraged. The main facts were before him, refused to be subvertive, and he would delve into his fertile imagination for others that might, by an ingenious process of deduction, arrive at the great financial root that must have fed and otherwise fostered the Monte Carlo of Lower California. In his mental vision there must have been some great financial force whose backing had made Tia Juana possible. Whose backing then? Ah! It came to him life a flash: John D. Spreckels!

Spreckels had stood behind any enterprise anywhere near worth while that had ever come to San Diego, and being a worldly man with inclinations toward sportive pastimes instead of a truly religious one, he it must have been who stood behind the Coffroths and Barons of the quiet little border town in its baneful evolution. He would begin at once the dissemination of literature in addition to his launching of holy venom from his pulpit, and enlisted in his campaign one James MacDonough, editor of a radical sheet known as "The Socialist."

The result of their combined efforts was a pamphlet bristling with villification, abuse and misstatement of facts, of which Mr. J. D. Spreckels was the principal target for the shafts of virtuous indignation. He it was whose vast financial resources stood behind the race tracks and gambling dens of Tia Juana; directly at the door of this great millionaire must be laid the responsibility for the debauching of the blind and easily led youth of both sexes resident in San Diego and its suburbs.

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Publication and Retaliation

This pamphlet was distributed by many hundreds through the mails, and finally reached Mr. Spreckels. The district attorney was appealed to, with the result that Messrs. Farris and MacDonough were arrested for criminal libel, since it was shown by the complainant that not one of the many libelous statements bore the slightest semblance of truth. At the first examination of the prisoners Mr. Spreckels swore that he had no acquaintance whatever with either James Coffroth or Baron Long; that he had not invested a single dollar nor spoken a word in the interest of any business or other enterprise in Tia Juana, and that a half ownership in a railroad having a station at that point constitutes his only interest, financial or otherwise in any of its activities. At this point the defense asked for a continuance, on the ground that they had been misled as to the accuracy of the information leading to the publication of the alleged libel, and the district attorney consented. It then developed that this came of a statement by Mr. Farris to the effect that Mr. MacDonough had grossly exaggerated the information furnished him in the writing of the alleged libelous pamphlet, which so enraged the latter that he now threatens to testify for the prosecution.

The outcome of the second examination will be awaited with keen interest. There are said to be very few who have any doubt that a mischief-making clergyman stands in great danger of conviction for criminal libel, and the discomforting possibility gains credence from friends of Mr. Spreckels, who state that several of Mr. Farris' parishioners have written letters repudiating him as far as the pamphlet is concerned.

Women's Approval of Shortridge

A group of representative women, active in public affairs, were recently discussing the candidacy of Samuel Shortridge for the U. S. senate. One of the ladies said: "Of late, it seems to be the fashion to omit reference to a candidate's domestic life; but it seems to me a very important point to emphasize as to how a man who seeks to represent his countrywomen and their children looms in his own domestic situation. In this regard Mr. Shortridge is a credit to American manhood. To his lovely wife, he is chivalrously devoted, and he is an ideal father to his family of splendid young sons Too many men who reach eminence in public affairs are so imbued with a sense of their own importance to the public that they neglect their obligations to their own families, but I believe the women of California ought to be told that in his home life Samuel Shortridge is a shining success. A man like that is almost certain to urge legislation which will protect and elevate the family interests of his country. A good husband and father does not forget, when he is in public office, the demands and rights of other men's families."

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Mrs. I. Lowenberg's Tribute

Mrs. I. Lowenberg, one of the women to whom California owes a debt of gratitude for her services in maintaining a high standard of mental and moral culture in San Franicisco, was one of the ladies present. This brilliant woman, though born in Alabama, has lived the greater part of her life in California, and everything pertaining to its interest is dear to her. She said:

"Samuel Shortridge, a man high in the estimation of the Republican party, has allowed his name to be put forth as the candidate for United States Senator from California. His eloquence would easily place him in the list of the triumvirate of 'the golden age of American oratory' —Webster, Clay and Calhoun. But it is not for his oratory that I call attention to him as the coming Senator from California—from all indications his election seems an assured fact—but for his probity of character. He needs no flowers of rhetoric to embroider his escutcheon. When seated in the chamber of the Senate he will not be animated by party spirit. There will be no north, no south, no east, no west, no Republicans, no Democrats; but faithfulness to duty, which implies everything. He will not only promote the best interests of California, but of our beloved America, by adhering with patriotic devotion to the institutions of our country on the lines of Washington and Monroe, which, combined with the force and popularity equal to that of Andrew Jackson, will enable him to assist in preserving America from foes within and without by words or acts that require no interpretation—'that all who run may read'—allegiance from all and protection for all who are actuated by the spirit not only of loyalty to the government, but of allegiance to America."

Raise the Letter Carriers' Pay

By all means encourage the U. S. government to compensate the letter carriers to the extent of their earning power, which one can't describe more adequately than to call "some earning power." The Letter Carriers' Mutual Aid Ass'n has addressed communications to the press and business community, urging the people write to the Postal Wage Commission in Washington to request that action be taken at once to increase the salaries of postal employees. Senators James D. Phelan and Hiram Johnson, Representative Bell and Congressmen Julius Kahn and John I. Nolan are members of the committee. They are all interested in the welfare of federal employees, and will doubtless double their efforts to have the postal wage matter settled. The commission has been considering it for fourteen months, without results. Congress may adjourn in June, H. C. L. will still be high, the letter carriers'

work just as hard. In the meantime, if more remunerative jobs are offered the men, they will probably leave the postal service, which will then be at the mercy of inefficient temporary employees.

In San Francisco our letter carriers are a body of fine men. Steady as the sun, they go about their daily work with marvelous fidelity. All the complaints of inefficient service are directed against the P. O. adminstration but never against individual letter carriers. They are cheerful, obliging—their hearts seem to be in their work. If there is a word we can say to "speed up" the commission, by all means let us say that word. If retrenchment be necessary somewhere, let us urge our representatives to lop off some of the top branches of the P. O. salaries, but to increase the monetary nutriment to the heavily-laden lower branches which carry the bulky mail sacks and deliver the precious missives within. Town Talk suggests that householders and business heads ask their individual letter carriers: "What is your monthly salary? How long have you been a carrier? How long did you prepare yourself for your position?" The small salary and the amount of detail to be mastered will both be revelations. Let us get busy and supply the P. O. department with excess mail addressed to our senators and congressmen, asking them to raise the letter carriers' pay and to be quick about it.

Postmen's Burdens

It is difficult to understand the psychology which urges a man to undertake the arduous work of mail distribution. The carriers go to work at 6:15 A. M., and they must toil for eight hours. Toil is the right word, for their packs are cruelly heavy. In San Francisco the mail per man is so much overweight that frequently it has to be sent out in machines and parked where a carrier can work round it; that is, where he can return to the machine for relays.

Our local authorities admit that our force is from ten to twelve per cent undermanned, which is attributed to inadequate appropriation.

Previous to 1907, Congress fixed the carriers' wage at $600, $800 and $1000 a year, according to grade. In 1907, it was changed to $900, $1000 and $1200 In 1918 there was a war reclassification from $900 to $1400, and in 1919 another from $1000 to $1500; last September a further but temporary bonus of $150 was allowed. At the present time, the maximum of a carriers' pay is $1650. The men ask that a permanent compensation be given them equaling in purchasing power their pay of 1907.

The letter carriers, hard worked and underpaid, are a cheerful body of men. They will tell you that there is a fascination about their work. There is a human contact, that great force which lightens all heavy burdens, which makes a horse buoyantly carry upon his back a man whose deadweight equaled in iron would prostrate the animal. The carrier's coming is awaited expectantly—he is welcomed, his small indidividual burdens contain so much of cheer and comradeship that their combined weight fails to oppress him. He learns to know and like the clients on his route, life turns before his eyes like the pages of a picture book; and so the letter carrier toils on in all weathers, until he is too old to be the medium of love, or friendship, or joy, or sorrow, or debt, or piled up wealth. Let us pause long enough to give him something more than a cheerful smile or a pleasant "Good morning"—let us write to Washington today and say, "Please don't let Congress adjourn without a favorable report from the Postal Wage Commission."

Senator Phelan recently, speaking on airplane mail service, made a strong appeal for the letter carriers. Julius Kahn and John I. Nolan have been zealous, too. Let us urge them to imbue constituents from other states to hasten the Postal Wage Commission.

The Passing of Rincon Hill

The proposed leveling of the present arid waste known as Rincon Hill, to make room for business and manufacturing enterprises, as well as to improve the square foot value in the interest of the owners, recalls the amazing change that has come to that one-time populous and fashionable neighborhood within the past fifty years or so, and what grew out of some of the changes. It was once almost the center of social activities of the better class, and from its northern base on Folsom Street to its summit on Harrison, it held the residences of many of the city's very finest. Mayor Thomas H. Selby's residence was at the highest point, with P. B. Cornwall's—whose daughters were among the most favored belles of the day—almost opposite. Nearby was the stately home of Capt. Daniel Hanlon; while that of William C. Ralston of tragic memory lay to the eastward on the corner of Second Street. The expensive and, as it afterwards proved, financially disastrous "job" of a deep cut through Second Street left the Ralston residence high in the air as far as the street on which it fronted was concerned. Accordingly he very soon moved to a new and unhandsome residence on Pine Street Hill, and when the palatial Ralston home at Belmont was built (to be of little use to him before his tragic death by accidental or intentional drowning of North Beach) his Pine Street house was bought by the Shawhan family and later by P. A. Finnegan. Ultimately, it became a boarding house. The Belmont Ralston place is now Gardiner Sanitorium.

Will Taxes Rise?

With reference to the proposed grading of Rincon Hill to a utilitarian level, and the dumping of its rock upon low-lying properties and tide lands, thereby vastly improving the former and making the latter marketable, there would appear to be no grounds for economic doubt. It would, of course, vastly improve the properties concerned and make room for important private ventures. But as to the public benefits to be derived, there is ample rom for serious doubt; and it is to be hoped that such of the city's property as may not be directly benefited by the proposed work will not be taxed for improvements in which they can have no possible interest. It is recalled that when the Greater New York was created, property owners at the Battery were taxed to pay for roads, street work and other improvements on Long Island, twelve miles away; which, it is sincerely to be hoped, will not be adopted with reference to the shaving down of Rincon Hill.

Expanding the Olympic Club

If there be any such animal in California as a detractor of the genius of Mr. William F. Humphrey, surely the blindly blatant being must haul in its horns and cease prodding when made aware of that gentleman's numerous activities and tremendous energy. In spite of an unusually large practice; in spite of the dictations of exhaustive briefs and their argument in court; in spite of advising upon the destinies of the Old Mission Portland Cement Company and securing for the North American Construction Company the final acceptance of its Hetch-Hetchy contract, he has found time for the initiating and perfecting of the most important enterprises in the history of the Olympic Club, of which he has been considerably more than a dozen times president. It will be remembered that some time ago the club, through its president and directors, prevented the tenancy of the fifty-vara lot to the east of its building by an oil supply company, but at that time no indication was given of the purposes behind the strenuous and successful opposition. This became a public matter when a deed of the property to the club was recorded, and it became known that the Olympians had purchased it for the purpose of expanding the present somewhat restricted accomodations of junior and junvenile members. To pay for the cost of these improvements, the

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corner of Post and Mason Streets was leased for a sufficient term of years to make the sum total large enough to pay for them. Having completed these arrangements, the club entered upon the development of its country club at Lakeside, with the intention of making it the most complete in the country, both as regards acres and the conveniences that will further beautify them. Negotiations are in progress with the Spring Valley Water Company which will permit of the addition of a second eighteen-hole golf course, a nine-hole flat course, an athletic field and extensive handball and tennis courts, together with a sheltered bathing beach, which shall be open at all times to the families of members. When these negotiations shall have been completed and the work done, all San Francisco should be thankful to the Olympic Club and its energetic president and board of directors for having supplied it with a country club that is sure to become one of its chief attractions to visiting strangers.

San Francisco's Potentialities As the Main Pacific Seaport

If only the shipping capitalists could get going with their projects! Recently some of them have moved to and fro between New York, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle with practical enterprises which, however, are hanging fire for the opportune time. It seems that there is a good deal to be said for the Fabian policy. Perhaps the situation will be easier by next fall. The prospect then may not warrant an enthusiastic outburst in chorus, "A ship, a ship, a kingdom for a ship!" It is hoped, however, that when they make their bids to the government, who, it is computed, will have over 1700 ships on hand by the end of the year, the authorities will not descend to the level of hucksters at a fair. It is unthinkable that they will go past their own countrymen in an open market and sell out under the baneful effect of some such myopia as results in the spoiling of a ship for a dime's worth of tar. This imposing fleet of ships is nothing, if it is not just public money materialized; and so long as our capitalistis are able and willing to strike a reasonable bargain, they should have the privilege of the first refusal. Sage advice has come from one of the delegates to the recent Foreign Trade Convention, to the effect that the government should be prepared to share the hazard of America's maritime venture in the world's trade. The result of that deal will be the criterion by which we may judge whether or not the government is willing to encourage the undertaking in view.

The meeting of the Foreign Trade Convention synchronized with the bi-centenary of England's historic South Sea Bubble. Apart from the augury for good or ill, certain it is that the captains of industry, who have identified themselves with the epoch-making movement in San Francisco, are no mere dreamers or blowers of bubbles in the air.

Great Britain knew all along that her mercantile marine formed the very vitals of the British constitution. Today her tonnage is greater than it was before the war, and still, with an unerring eye on the main chance, it will be said, she is building apace in both private and admiralty yards. This is as it should be in the case of a great maritime power.

We will surely be acting in our best interests and above reproach if we set out with a serious effort to establish, once for all, a fleet of freighters in such an array as will be commensurate with our status as a great and beneficent nation with interests in every part of the globe.

In that event, San Francisco need not worry about her position in the near future. With the additional tonnage, the consequent expansion of our ocean services, and further facilities on the railroads, we are confident that the industries will come our way with proportionate compensation to us, the men will be attracted in sufficient numbers by a natural law, and San Francisco will forge ahead to a complete realization of all the purposes to which our enterprising leaders are devoting themselves with all their gifts of head and heart.

A Strange Present

One night last week the employees of the Marchant-Calculating Machine Company, of Emeryville, descended en masse upon Oakland and held a fox trot. In the course of the festivities a spokesman arose bearing a gift from said employees to a retiring officer of the corporation. This gift consisted of a silver tray upon which was an empty bottle enclosel with a lattice-work of silver, and around the bottle were eight little glasses, also silver-shrined. An expert, after due scrutiny, stated that the larger receptacle was originally intended to contain whiskey for beverage purposes, the small glasses being used by guests. At the same time he declared that presents of this nature are out of date in the year 1920; likewise useless. The recipient, in his speech of acceptance, assured the assemblage that the gift was altogether timely, appropriate and necessary; and that if the set should ever wear out he would be in a position to accept another. He lives in that part of Oakland where the cellars are long, wide and deep. I wonder if these once well-known sets are still being presented around town. It would also be interesting to know if the manufacturers are still making them.

The Mexico Fiesta

Some people think that the Mexicans ought to have a law against revolutions. Apparently, though, an upheaval of government among them is as popular as the bull fight. This is hardly an exaggeration, when we read that after winning independence from Spain, Mexico was the scene of more than two hundred and fifty revolutions. These were not all revolutions of the first class; some were fiascos, some fizzles, and some were piffle; yet all were famous in their day. The George Washington of Mexico was General Iturbide. In 1822, after defeating the Spanish army, he saw nothing wrong in accepting the title of emperor. In this he differed from George. The imperial court lasted about a year, when the Mexicans decided on a republic. If Iturbide had preferred to be president, he would have been no better off, for his fellow citizens would have demanded royalty after a few months; as subsequent events proved. In less than forty years, fifty men followed as head of the government. Emperors, presidents, dictators, generals and various provisional executives took turn with the laws and the treasury. It has been said that much of Mexico's discontent to due to a troubled monetary system. Perhaps it is that, or the manner of collecting it in the form of taxes, or the shares received by high officials. It may be something they put in their chocolate. At any rate, internal strife seems necessary to the Mexican's peace of mind.

A Stranger and the Metric System

Yesterday afternoon a friend of mine guided me (I am a sober stranger) to the "Pig'n Whistle" for light refreshment. "This is a good place," said he, "if only for the pleasant association of old names." Ah, those old names! We had wandered over the same ground in England, and talk of the "Pig'n Whistle," reviving old desires, led to a pleasant conversation about such happy resorts as the "Coal Hole," "Dirty Dick's" and "The Spaniards" of old London—so beloved by all Britishers and attractive to thousands of American visitors.

For centuries after the flood, when thirsts could be slaked with impuity, publicans knew what they were doing in ordering their distinctive sign boards at the painter's.

In the course of conversation, I mentioned that I intended to write on the subject of the universal adoption of the metric system. Said he: "Surely you know better than to carry coals to Newcastle. Do you know Aubrey Drury of the Foreign Trade Club? Go to him; he will offer you more literature on the subject than you can conveniently carry away without arousing suspicion in the street." I have a holy horror for pamphlets and leaflets. I avoid them as Thackeray kept out of the way of "thorn-letters" that were the bane of his editorial existence.

However, I must admit that, although I have always been in favor of the metric system, and, until yesterday, had prided myself on a fair knowledge of the subject, I had something more to learn. I had been under the impression that the French were first in the field as far back as 1670, and that such men as Picard, Huygens and La Condamine had taken it up later, and that Tallyrand, in the nineties of the eighteenth century, was instrumental in securing the adoption of the system by the French National Assembly. I find now that James Watt, the British inventor, is entitled to a good share of the credit. I find, that India, Ceylon and "all the Africas" have come into line on the side of the system. Till I read up the subject yesterday, as far as British possessions are concerned, I was in ignorance of the change—ignorance that I myself do not con-

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sider "blissful" in a matter of such worldwide importance.

The triumph of the cause is inevitable in these days when we have come to adjust our views and our very lives in the light of improvement all round. The British, in their conservatism, are slow to change. Their inate capacity for "muddling through" is proverbial. Americans have a reputation for adapting themselves to innovations, particularly in business, that make for improvements. Both Britishers and Americans have taught themselves, and have been taught, some excellent lessons in the past five years. However many wrinkles we have had from the Germans, some of which we will allow to grow older with us, this one cumbrous old German method of calculations is an athema.

Among the English-speaking peoples, both the numbers and the influence of those in favor of the adoption of the system are preponderating. The change will come about ere long. The marvel is that it has been delayed for such an unconscionable length of time. Soon, however, we will have only relics of our obsolete methods in numismatic and other collections in the great museums.

The movement which is being coupled with the metric system, to bring about a change in English orthography, may not, however, have as triumphant a course. Our orthography is shocking. Our speech, which I shall touch on presently, is deplorable. In the matter of phonetics, is it agreed that a particular sound has the same uniform effect on every human ear which that effect produces the same uniform impression on every understanding? Perhaps one of the first words trotted out in the display of phonetics is "thru." That may be the result of the effect of the word on Jack, but Tom and Harry may feel effects that will prompt them to other combinations of letters, such as "throo" and "threw." The confusion which, it is feared, will result from the change to the metric system will be temporary. Supposing the adoption of phonetics, will there be ways and means to save ourselves and all posterity from a perpetual state of bewilderment in the study or casual perusal of literature that will then be in Old English? What percentage of the English-speaking peoples can read Chaunccr and Spencer in the way they read the daily newspapers? Have a care!

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The English Language

What is more practicable is an education to the excellence of correct speech. This remark is equally applicable to the United States and the British empire. Accents, brogues and twangs, as far as the generality are concerned, are, perhaps, past all remedy. A Tyke from the Yorkshire moors will always be amused with the Cornish dialect but never enlightened for all practical purposes. Irishmen and broad Scotchmen cannot easily mix in conversational English. An "Aussie" or New Zealander will get a Londoner "crookamillion." An American may delight in jarring an Englishman's nerves while he may condemn the Oxford accent as affected and good old Billingsgate (the roughest stuff) as utterly vile. It is all a point of human nature.

What is the objection to an exchange of teachers in the public schools of the English-speaking countries on the lines on which professors are exchanged among certain universities? Will it not be some aid to uniformity even in the matter of accents? At least, it will certainly help us to a better understanding of the good in ourselves as well as in the language, the idiom of which has undergone some marvelous changes in its passage over the globe.

Failing this, whatever our accents are, let us cherish them by all means, if it is a source of self-satisfaction, and let the opinions of "foreigners" go hang. Consistently, let us have a due regard for idiosyncrasies that are not our own. A Swiss professor once exclaimed to me: "Oh, the vagaries of your language! You spell 'London,' and, horrible dictu, you pronounce it 'Constantinople'."

This cannot be helped. What can be helped and ought to be promptly remedied is the damnable stuff that passes, with perhaps an occasional mild protest, in our daily conversations in every circle. Teachers in the British empire and in America are truly a sadly neglected class and need to be properly appreciated and compensated by their communities It is also a painful truth that many of them have not given due attention to their charges, at least in this one matter of correct, intelligible conversational English. With speech carrectly developed, we need only to coax ourselves to write as we speak in order to circulate creditable correspondence. Perhaps many an unfortunate teacher of today may fairly blame somebody else for culpable negligence in the past.

Only a few days ago, passing down Market Street, I heard a little boy say to his companion, "Bluebeard ought to be hung." The child did not know that, as I passed him, he had unwittingly flashed my own thoughts back to the year 1895, when I was as young as he is now. It is one of the freakish memories which, like other men, I retain. I, too, had been neglected as a youngster. I had evidently made a similar remark about an incident that had happened at the time. An elderly gentleman, who had overheard me, gave me this admonition: "Little boy, remember this: A coat is hung but a man is hanged." I remember it. But enough of this. I do not fear that I shall give offense where none is intended. If I have departed from the Golden Rule of considering other people's feelings, I have done so unwittingly. I make it a point, like "the rural dean and rector" in the Parish Magazine, to try to

> "See all from men's point of view,
> Use all men's eyes to see with,
> And never preach what anyone
> Could ever disagree with."

Back to the Farm

Whoever has seen Kolb and Dill in their screaming Weberfieldian stage bank sketch could not have been otherwise but impressed by the appearance of Clarence Kolb counting out currency and segregating a huge pile of checks at the S. U. Bank and Trust Co. last Tuesday afternoon. "Put in or take out?" was the question which little Dill used to ask his tall partner in the good old Fisher days. Well, last Tuesday, it seemed to be "put in" with a vengeance. Nearby stood Samuel Rucker, president of the Rucker-Fuller Desk Co., who was also counting out his money, with an evident view of heavy financial deposit. The tall comedian and the genial Olympic Club director paused long enough in their adding-up processes to discuss the charms of country life, for both are enraptured with life on the farm.

Clarence Kolb closed the Kolb and Dill show last Saturday night in Portland, Ore. In November the favorite comedians will open with a new show. Mr. Kolb has a beautiful place in Centreville, Alameda County, which he purchased from J. A. Bunting, a Southern Pacific brakeman who made a fortune in oil and immediately spent $125,000 on improvements upon the Centerville property which the lucky actor later acquired. When Kolb is in town he can hardly wait for the season to close to rush back to his country place.

"I don't deserve any stage success," he vows, "because I don't like the stage. As a boy, I was raised on a farm in Ohio, and I am never happy away from the country."

In his pocket he carries views of his apricot orchards; drying machines; of his rare breeds of fowl, including wild ducks and pheasants roaming gladly in luxurious captivity; of his aviary; his pretty house and lovely gardens, and the most enticing outdoors. No wonder the contrast lures him from the wilds of the stage, this glorious spring weather.

Frank McGlynn, who has this season a magnificent triumph playing "Lincoln" in New York, writes home: "My principal joy in my success lies in the fact that it makes possible my dream of sitting on my own front porch on my own ranch in California."

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Sam Rucker in the Country

Mr. Rucker declares that he finds business life and city gaities exceedingly tame after a visit to his country place in Saratoga. He has also recently purchased the C. T. Ryland estate in Los Gatos. Fruit raising is Mr. Rucker's hobby. He was, before coming to this city, the most popular mayor San Jose ever had, and his long residence in Santa Calara County has made the sunny and fertile adjacent country far more alluring than the delights of city life. With the example of gay and dashing actors and clubmen going back to the farm, the rural youths of California who live on farms should need no coaxing to stay there. However, boys will be boys, and it does not require a vivid imagination to fancy their saying: "Of course the farm is all right after you've had a gay time on the stage and in clubs and big cities. But suppose Kolb and Rucker had never had a chance to see the gay world, do you think they would be satisfied with Saratoga and Centerville? There is nothing like variety in this world."

Milton Schmitt Welcomed Home

Milton Schmitt, Paris delegate to the Foreign Trades Convention last week, received a welcome home that ought to have made him very happy. Mr. Schmitt lived in San Francisco until 1916,

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when he left for Paris. He practised law here, where he was esteemed and popular. He represented the 31st Assembly District in the Cal'a Legislature for a few terms, making an excellent record as the people's representative, and where he won several good fights for their interests.

When he arrived in town for the convention it took him an hour and a half to make the pilgrimage from the Clift Hotel to the Merchants' Exchange, so many were his old friends and acquaintances who stopped him to say "Hello!" As both sides of his grandparents' families were listed in our first city directory, 1851, and as their descendants, including "Milt," were brought up here, it is not surprising that so many people know him. His grandfather, B. L. Schmitt, was one of the fifty survivors of the ill-starred vessel Manzanillo, which was wrecked off the Golden Gate in 1850, losing 700 souls.

Mr. Milton Schmitt returned during the convention to interest the delegates in "Paris, the World's Mart." He exhibited maps, drawings and descriptions of a magnificent group of buildings, which will be a meeting place for the world's producers and buyers, the aim being to give the whole world the facility hitherto unobtainable, to perform all their transactions in one place with the minimum effort, expense, inconvenience and time, with the greatest profit. It will have a land area of 516,000 square feet, a height of 97 feet (the maximum permitted in Paris), and will have five thousand shops with all public services, including banks, transportation and consulates.

Mrs. Schmitt did not accompany her husband on his late business trip, as she was not very well. The Schmitts have a charming apartment in Paris. Mr. Schmitt claims that there are more home comforts obtainable in Paris than in America, and that the servant problem scarcely exists there. A cook there is obtainable for $20 per month, of the same class who demand $80 here. A second girl asks $18, and the two form a serving executive not approachable in America at any price.

Life in gay Paris is not very gay now, the cafés closing at 9 P. M on account of the coal shortage. Mr. Schmitt says that the people of Paris amaze him by their seriousness and indefatigable industry and sacrifice to rebuild France.

"How about the French girls and how do the American girls look to you?" asked the Spectator. Mr. Schmitt smiled a flashing smile, and said that the French women are splendid but that girls of any country would have to be "going some" to look as well to him as American girls.

He left this week for New York, where he will visit his father and sisters. While here he was entertained all the time when he wasn't on duty at the Auditorium.

Social

By TANTALUS

General and Mrs. Barnett of the U. S. Marines are being overwhelmed with attentions. It is a long time since San Francisco society has had the exhilerating influence of such a charming woman as Mrs. Barnett, who is beautiful and dashing, with an infallible taste in dress. For many years she has been a leader in the exclusive innermost social set in Washington, D. C., and she enjoys the enviable distinction of being "popular" in the official as well as the social strata in the capital city.

Mrs. Liggett's tea at Fort Mason, for the War Memorial, was a big success, socially and financially. The hostess, the magnetic and indefatigable Mrs. Sydney Cloman, with their charming reception committee, had arranged a fête champetre of incomparable beauty. Many of the ladies came in diaphonous garden array, but others wisely chose sport suits, as the winds blowing in through the Golden Gate were a bit chilly.

Inspirational dances by beautiful wood nymphs were given on a knoll silhoutted against the sky. Guests danced on the tennis court to the music of the Marine Band. Rare orchids and other flowers were auctioned. So were cakes, one going at $45. The affair was notable for the numbers of pretty women present. A stranger could not help noticing, in the dazzling daylight, the fine glowing complexions and even white teeth of our California women.

Mr. George H. Burr, prominent New York banker, is a guest at the Palace, and is being entertained to as great an extent as he has time for by his many San Francisco friends who have enjoyed his hospitality and that of his charming wife in their New York home.

Miss Blanche Murray and Miss Dorothy Rankin were entertained at a delightful tea on Thursday at the Palace by Mrs. Sanborn Backus (Marjorie Boynes). The two lovely young girls are leaving San Francisco on June 11th for London to visit Miss Murray's aunt, Mrs. F. Charlton Wall.

Dorothy Rankin, who shared the honors as guest of the occasion, will accompany Miss Murray on the trip, and remain for the year. They will go from London with Mrs. Wall to her handsome estate in Surrey, and later on make a visit to the continent.

The other guests at the tea were Misses Charlotte Marsicano, Elizabeth Lane, Ruth Wetmore and Mrs. James Boyd. Miss Murray and Miss Rankin are both being feted by their numerous friends at many dinner dansants, luncheons and other affairs.

Trap Shots at Del Monte

To get an idea of the difference in the various sporting competitions, a good illustration was furnished in the golf tournament of the California Indians. Many of the leading trapshooters of the coast tried their hand at the royal and ancient game for the first time, and became personally acquainted with the difficulties in hitting the little white pill along the green fairways Lem Hawxhurst, champion shooter of the Indians, took a club in his hand for the first time and ran into all sorts of problems At one hole he required fifteen shots to negotiate the distance. Inasmuch as Lem missed only four shots out of a program of three hundred registered targets, he was impressed with the efficiency necessary in golf.

Trapshooters were aided in their golf play over other recruits in that they have a well trained eye for sighting objects and they therefore did not have so much trouble in concentrating on the ball as their less experienced sportsmen had.

Frank M. Newbert, president of the California Fish and Game Commission, distinguished himself by winning the qualifying honors on the links. He ran into a lot of hard luck on his first nine holes but came home with a very creditable 40, which is just two strokes above par. Frank is quite a good golfer besides being a Class A shooter.

There were some remarkable scores set at Del Monte during the shooting tournament. The trapshooting grounds were thoroughly overhauled, and perfect targets were thrown. There was a field of forty-six shooters, who set the high general average of almost 93 per cent. Frank Mellus, the crack Los Angeles shooter, went through the program of 150 targets with a record of only six misses.

In the two men tram races, Los Angeles, represented by Frank Mellus and Heine Pfirmann, and San Francisco by Toney Prior and L. S. Howxhurst, tied with 588 out of 600. In shooting it off there was the high score of 98 to 99. Los Angeles annexed the honors.

H. R. Everding, prominent sportsman of Portland, made the trip down to Del Monte especially for the Indian pow-wow. He declares that next year he will bring down a full squad from the northwest. Sam Sharman, a crack shot from Salt Lake, was also in attendance. Nevada was represented by two good shooters, Frank Stall and J. H. Miller.

Mrs. Emma Hunt has sent out cards for a tea on June 1st. Mrs. Hunt is the mother of Mrs. Harry Bostwick, Mrs. Edward N. Short and Harry Hunt Her two lovely granddaughters, the Misses Maroney, will assist at the reception.

Miss Marie G. Griffen and Julius G. Trescony were united in marriage at a nuptial mass in St. Mary's Cathedral Wednesday morning. The lovely bride was until recently a student at U. C. The groom, a wealthy resident of San Lucas, is a descendant of an old Spanish family

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Mrs. Daniel Hanlon was a luncheon hostess last Thursday at her charming Clay Street home in honor of her mother, Mrs. Mark Sheldon. After leaving the beautifully decorated table, where a delicious menu was discussed, there was an impromptu musicale by the hostess and some of her guests.

Mrs. Charles Derham of Washington Street entertained at luncheon on Thursday, the guests principally being ladies who, like the hostess, have lived in the Philipipnes.

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Miss Mignon Callan of Broderick Street received about one hundred guests at her home on Wednesday.

Miss Hélène Comte will accompany her mother, Mrs. A. Comte, to Los Angeles in June.

The good sisters of Mary's Help Hospital, after an eight o'clock mass last Monday, entertained the members of the hospital clinic at breakfast. Mrs. A. P. O'Brien, president, made a beautiful address, as did Mrs. Bonfils (Annie Laurie). Archbishop Glass, the guest of honor, spoke touchingly of the noble work of the hospital clinic. Among the ladies present were: Mmes. Eleanor Martin, J. J. O'Toole, Bernard Flood, John R. Hanify, M. E. Unger, Frank P. Helm, Misses Agnes Regan, Mollie Merrick, and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Marcus left last week for a motor trip to Los Angeles and San Diego. They will return to town within a fortnight.

Del Monte

Mr. A. S. Murphy of Menlo Park, who is a popular member of the California Indians, has figured prominently in all of the sport events of the week. He won the prize for the biggest catch in a fishing competition the other day, was the winner in a swimming event at the Roman plunge, and won his way to the finals in the first annual golf tournament of the California Indians, who held their pow-wow at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy and party have been at Del Monte for the past week or ten days. Mrs. Murphy is fond of horseback riding and has been exploring the interesting trails in the vicinity of Del Monte.

Mrs. John M. Williams and Mrs George Coleman of San Frnacisco are also enthusiastic riders. Mrs. Williams rides very well and prefers the side saddle.

One of the interesting parties visiting Del Monte from the east is that of Mrs. B. W. Fredericks and Miss Fredericks of Brookline and Miss D. Henry of Newton, Mass. Miss Henry and Miss Fredericks are seen frequently enjoying the Roman plunge. Miss Henry is an exceptional swimmer and is also a clever angler. She is planning fishing parties for salmon trolling while at Del Monte.

Mr. D. Scott Chisholm has registered at Del Monte from New York, but San Francisco claims him also as one of her citizens. He is a familiar figure on the golf links of the various clubs, and has come to Del Monte to "live on the course," as he says.

Mr. L. J. Christopher and Mrs. Christopher have come to Del Monte from Los Angeles. They are well known in social and business circles there.

Dr. C. D. McGettigan and family of San Francisco are enjoying the week-end at Del Monte.

Other San Franciscans who find much to interest them at the popular resort are Mrs. William B. Tubbs and Miss Tubbs, Mr. Ward A. Dwight and Ward A. Dwight, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie Barneson, accompanied by Miss Lulu Beeger and Mr. Henry Beeger of Redwood City, are at Del Monte to participate in the opening celebration of the Del Monte Fishing Club. Mr. Barneson and Mrs. Beeger spent Saturday afternoon out in the launch "Del Monte" off Stillwater Cover. The ladies of the party were greatly interested in the marine gardens. Tea served at the Lodge, where groups were seated on the porch ovrlooking the bay, formed the always interesting diversion of the afternoons.

Captain John Barneson is building a beautiful power boat, which will be added to his fleet of pleasure craft at Stillwater Cover. Guests at the Lodge are looking forward with interest to the arrival of the "Invader" in the cove within the next day or two.

Mrs. William F. Perkins and her daughters, Mrs. Alfred Oyster and Miss Margaret and Miss Helen Perkins, and her son-in-law, Mr. Alfred Oysters, are at Pebble Beach for the summer.

Interest among the smart set has centered upon the arrival of Consul General and Madame Edilberto Anderson and a party of friends for a stay of a week at Del Monte. They are spending a short time in California after being for two years in the diplomatic service at Hongkong. They expect to leave soon for South America.

American golfers have been watching with interest the results of the golf tourney in England, and some followers of the game pinend their faith upon Miss Marion Hollins of Long Island. She was the last of the Americans to be eliminated. Miss Hollins is well known at Del Monte and Pebble Beach. She has purchased an attractive home site at this popular resort.

Casa del Rey

Much interest is being taken in the golf tournament to be held at the Santa Cruz Country Club during the Decoration Day holidays, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Some very pretty cups are on display at the clubhouse.

Messrs. C. S. Tobin and G. A. Hener of San Francisco motored down to the Casa del Rey for the week-end, spending most of their time on the golf links, which are considered one of the best in the state.

Dr. and Mrs. Hubert E. Law stopped at the Casa del Rey for a few days on their way home from Los Angeles, where they went to witness the golf tournament. Mrs. Law was unable to be a contestant this year, much to the disappointment of her many friends, as she had not fully regained her stringth since her illness last winter. She leaves for Tahoe on Friday to spend the summer months at the Hartland Law home.

The Casa del Rey seems to be the goal for honeymoon couples this spring. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Bruett, who were married in San Francisco last week, spent several days at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs T. J. Okey of Los Angelyes were honeymooners at Casa del Rey last week.

Dancing Delights of Techau Tavern

Probably no one city in the United States has a greater fondness for the arts and wiles of the fair goddess Terpsichore than the citizens of San Francisco.

Techau Tavern employs in the creation of symphony and harmony an irresistible lure, with its splendid dance orchestra, artistic surroundings, comfortable and spacious dinig room. A scientific system of ventilation permits dancing in absolute comfort with the maximum of pleasure.

Each Saturday afternoon finds shoppers enjoying the fragrant, refreshing "Tasse dde thé," an afternoon composed of dainty, delicious, specially selected offerings, who, between dances, form a picture of life and color typical of the cosmopolitan attractiveness of this city. The latest song hits and dance numbers are always to be found in the up-to-the-minute medleys at Techau Tavern on Saturday afternoons. Also every day of the week, in connection with a celebrated artists' revue and ballet.

An Alien Painter of Californiacs

There is a notable exhibition of paintings by an English artist, Geoffrey Holt, in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont, which all Californians should see. He flatters all of us in that his subjects are all Californian, all full of variety and charm, added to which he has clothed many California scenes and forms with new colorings and compositions that should surely attract and interest all lovers of the truly inspirational in art. Within the memories of the oldest of us, there have been dozens upon dozens of native and adopted knights of the brush who have painted California scenery, each one with different eyes, palette and brush, until it began to be a matter of serious speculation as to which of them was right, for each one has tried to teach us that we should look upon him and him only as the true exponent of California as she should really look.

But Geoffrey Holt has seemed to transfer his scenes to canvas with as many different eyes as he found subjects, which was very nice of him indeed, for he now assures us that all of those eyes of the past were right, and the colorings and compositions must have depended upon the moods and not the visions of their respective painters. All of these moods Mr. Holt has seemed to have grasped and understood, for he too has shown many moods and many vastly different handlings of material, with the result that we have an exhibition, not only of good, sometimes exquisite painting, and, as has been said, as great in variety (almost) as the number of canvases.

Perhaps the most attractive of the lot is "Eucalyptus Trees," recalling memories of the lamented Cadenasso, who, until the arrival of Holt, has not been equalled in subjects of this nature. This artist also appears to be a portrait painter of distinction, for there is one very attractive portrait of the artist's daughter and another of a nice of Mayor James Rolph, Jr.

Woman Has Another Face

Anthony Drexel, millionaire, society man, horseman, and otherwise all-round good sport of Philadelphia, New York and elsewhere, as well as devotee at the shrine of beauty everywhere, has appeared in print to protest against encouragement of poker playing by women, on the ground that it gives them a tense, cruel, sordid, mercenary sort of expression which he has been pleased to call "the stony poker stare." He has just returned from Paris, where, after many years of bezique, and, later on, bridge whist, both refined and more or less convivial games, the women in nearly all walks of social life have adopted the American game with such persistence and earnestness that the chic coquetry of the French female expression has almost entirely disappeared.

"Poker," he says, "spoils a woman's looks completely. The intense concentration of the facial muscles required to keep from betraying joy or disappointment at one's hand is surely a destroyer of feminine beauty."

He also reports that the old-time fascination of betting on the races has been almost entirely supplanted by this newest craze, and men generally disapprove of it for women on the grounds given, although it is still as popular as ever with their own sex.

We have already become familiar with "the bicycle face," "the automobile scare" and "the aviator shiver," but this latest discovery is a new one on us, and we should at once satisfy ourselves as to how right "Tony" Drexel is.

Or a Pitchfork

"How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a gramophone."

"You don't say! If I smoked two hundred of those cigars I wouldn't want a gramophone; I'd want a harp."—London Tit-Bits.

The Stage

Glorious Concert of Ysaye and Elman

A feast of pure tonal beauty was given at the Auditorium last Sunday when Eugene Ysaye and Mischa Elman, poets of the violin, played together for a delighted multitude. These two great masters, both of whom have been extolled the world over for their mastery of their godlike instrument, played together as if conscious that the harmonies their genius evoked created a new essence offered at the shrine of Orpheus. It was impossible for the musician to sit under the spell of these great artists and not to realize that the music sounding in the vast auditorium was a tangible thing that would never die while musical memory remained.

The program was as chaste and flawless as the lines of an Ionic temple. The two masters, for whom the intricacies of florid execution do not exist, played the lovely legato of Mozart and Bach reverently, never for a moment allowing the singing tone to vanish—a wonderful feat to accomplish with stringed instruments in the echoing spaces of the Civic Auditorium.

Ysaye and Elman, artists of our own time, seem so near to us, so vividly interwoven with musical history as we have known it, that they semed nearer to us, and seemed also to be giving rein to their own personalities when they played the very human Moszkowski number, with its answering messages sighing, singing and blending in beauty and soulfulness.

The attitude of the audience was reverential. Indeed, nearly all of our local musical culture was represented, with a conspicuous absence of the "nearly" musical. The youthful hero worshippers, I am glad to say, were there in numbers who waited without for the great artists to ride triumphantly away in their limousines. That is, they saw the majestic Ysaye do so, but I fancy that the mercurial and modern Elman walked down Market Street to his hotel.

Ysaye and Elman will play another superb concert this Sunday. These are events that are of untold benefit to music students.

Helen M. Bonner.

"Potash and Perlmutter"

That 100 per cent efficient purveying of what the theatre-going public wants most to see—namely, the management of the Alcazar Theatre—has not in many moons suppled a better laughter producing program than has been that of the great international success, "Potash and Perlmutter," during the past week. At the outset it may as well be admitted that comparisons are inevitable in this instance, but there can possibly be nothing odious in the bringing in of the Alcazar company as part of it, because it is good enough to score with any old comedy or any new comedy almost anywhere.

I have seen the original New York cast, which rehearsed diligently for six weeks; I have seen the Alcazar cast, which rehearsed a week, and in very truth, barring a few of the minor details that grow out of constant repetition and long training, the hastily made production is quite as satisfactory as the old. At all events, it tells the same story very capably, lends the same laughs with nearly all of the original punches, and the scenery to be used only for a week is quite as complete as that which had to stand more than two or three seasons' wear and tear. Naturally the self-contained and ever-confident New York theatre-goer will consider all of this as being little short of downright heresy, but then the Californian is ever apt to be more or less heretical where Californian achievements are concerned; and the present reviewer is quite prepared to argue the cause to a conclusion, the outcome of which he is not afraid of.

First and foremost comes Henry Shumer as Potash. Barney Bernard was supremely delightful in this role, but so is Shumer, and the only notable difference between them is merely a matter of race, for Bernard's dialect is to the manner born and Shumer's an exhibition of the art of imitation. Clay Clement's Perlmutter is quite as good as Jules Tannin's was in all but this one particular, and even excelled it in places where earnestness was required. Sam A. Burton, a valuable addition to the company, was most amusing as Marks Pasinsky, the buyer; and Brady Klines was a litle better than usual as the Russian lover, Boris Andrieff. All of the other male characters were more than adequately played, and, as to the women, all of them were quite as good as the originals, notably Belle Bennett as the designer heroine, Anna MacNaughton as Mrs. Potash, Jean Oliver as Irma Potash, and I could not but find myself congratulating talented Emily Pinter for her good nature in playing so colorless a part as the stenographer.

The audiences continued large during the week, and there seemed to exist an impression that this excellent performance deserved another week. But then, Manager Ed Price knows his business backwards, has a clientele to suit and proposes to do it in his own way. Good for him!

Clay M. Greene.

Next Sunday afternoon, at the Exposition Auditorium, at 2:30 o'clock sharp, Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, and Mischa Elman, preeminent Russian, will give their final joint recital in California. Incidentally, this will be the last appearance in California of Elman for several years to come, for immediately after the completion of this tour with Ysaye he will sail for Europe and be gone at least three years.

Sunday's program of the great master musicians will include the world's greatest masterpieces, and it is hoped that each of th great artists will play a group of smaller pieces, in the playing of which they are truly famous.

Orpheum

The Orpheum list of attractions for next week is well worthy of careful perusal.

Blossom Seeley, known as "the queen of syncopation," and who is an artist of the purest ray sreene, will present a novel jazz offering entitled "Miss Syncopation," in which she sustains the title role. She is assisted by Bennie Fields, famous as a delineator of coon songs. Sam Miller and Gene Case are also included in the cast of "Miss Syncopation."

Henri Scott is not only an opera singer of the first class, but is also equally at home in oratorio or the concert platform. His voice is a bass-baritone of exceptional range and power, and he has sung successfully in the leading Italian theatres and also with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Beth Beri, a California danseuse who created quite a sensation in New York, will return to her home state covered with eastern glory. She is young, pretty, nimble and graceful, and her natural talent for dancing has been fully developed by industry. She is assisted by Jay Velie and Paul O'Neil in a dancing specialty, with words and music by Lee David.

Ned Norworth, a popular composer, many of whose melodies have been used for musical productions, believes there is a real purpose in comedy, and indulges in a display of an eccentric variety to demonstrate how a piano can be turned into a comedian. He manages to make it portray all kinds of levity, farce, burlesque and straight comedy. His best known popular songs are "Poppies," "Witch Hazel" and "Pals."

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will appear in "The Village Lawyer," another of Mr. Cressy's successful plays. Mr. Cressy will also relate more of his experiences with the A. E. F. in France.

The Rosellas entitle their contribution "A Musical Stew." They are two versatile and talented instrumentalists who play the violin, saxophone, bassoon and harp. Miss Rosella also sings sweetly and Mr. Rosella is a clever eccentric comedian.

A special feature of this novel and extraordinary bill will be those much loved artists, Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler, in a new one-act play by Porter Emerison Browne, entitled "Married." Mr. Mason and Miss Keeler lend distinction and strength to any program they participate in. They have done more to popularize smart farce than any other players on the vaudeville and legitimate stage.

Curran Theatre

Owing to the tremendous success of Louis Mann and "Friendly Enemies" at the Curran, and the insistent demand for seats, arrangements have been made that will permit this unusually attractive play to remain in San Francisco a third week. It is not always easy to provide for the extension of an engagement, although, curiously enough, Mr. Mann has been face to face with this same situation several times during the sensational carer of "Friendly Enemies." It was through the office of A. H. Woods, producer of the play, that the machinery was put in motion which finally made it possible for Mr. Mann and "Friendly Enemies" to remain another week in San Francisco. Mr. Woods, therefore, announces one more week of Mr. Mann and the delightful Shipman-Hoffman comedy at the Curran. Playgoers are reminded, however, that any further extension of time is impossible, and that next week offers the final opportunities to see Mr. Mann in the character that held Broadway by the ears for more than a year.

Alcazar

"Potash and Perlmutter," furiously disputing cloak and suit partners and wholesale providers of laughter and pathos, retire from big business at the Alcazar this week, to be followed new Sunday matinee by a holiday surprise in the form of a double bill combining comedy and music. The Alcazar Company will give the first Pacific coast performance of the Shuberts' recent New York farcicial hit, "A Sleepless Night," a snappy, piquant satire upon emotional young radical maids who defy "old fashioned" conventions. The fun becomes uproarious in the Du Barry boudoir scene, where the whole household assembles before misunderstandings are cleared up. As an added attraction the Ferrier Opera Company will perform Fourdrain's comic operetta, "The Jealousy of Le Barbouille," with Andre Ferrier, Marion Vecki and Anna Young in the cast. A special Memorial Day matinee will be given Monday.

"De Luxe Annie," a psychological play of mystery, full of suspense, thrills and laughter, will be acted June 6th.

The Jolsons

Since Paris was in a fervor over Fannie Hurst's two-day-a-week marriage, no doubt all the foreign capitals are more or less excited over the probable reconciliation of Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson. Al is now in Oakland, his wife is with her mother in Piedmont, and the action for divorce is on the court calendar. It is too bad that these broken romances of the stage celebrities cannot be held in abeyance until after election. A recent divorce in the movie world not only contended for publicity with presidential aspirants, but was discussed in church sermons. Now, Mr. Jolson has been seen in Mrs. Jolson's company. I don't know what stand the high critics will take on that point. The paths of Oakland and Piedmont, where the couple have actually met, lead into the balmy realms well known to hikers and loving couples. If the path should lead back to renewed marital vows, well and good. Everybody will be satisfied.

But there is one fact which Mrs. Jolson has continually complained of. The comedian's "circumambient ether" consists largely of beautiful women scantily clad (on the stage), and this, together with loud-laughing audiences, is said to have affected that calm state of mind which every husband should have. He planned a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, but went to Catalina instead. So did Mrs. Jolson. They returned with all the Catalina calm upon them; and there you have it.

San Francisco and Oakland adore Al Jolson and claim him as our own, even if local audiences didn't know that he was one of America's greatest comedians when he played in local stock. We know it now, and when we go to New York we pay top-notch prices to see him. Besides being the funniest comedian in American musical comedy and the most magnetic, he has the best singing voice. Indeed, had Al received the right kind of encouragement in the beginning, he might be today a grand opera baritone. But musical comedy would have lost a star. Because we like Al, and because he married an Oakland girl who enjoys the reputation of being a lady of charming qualities and irreproachable character, we take a personal interest in the Jolson menage, and venture to hope that they will make up and be happy ever after. If they don't, we shall not be so fond of Al as we are now, for we can't help believing that success has spoiled the brilliant actor whom rumor used to credit with being a devoted husband when he was poor and climbing.

William Dean Howells

William Dean Howells, venerable and beloved above all other American authors, is dead. In his vast work he proclaimed the American worthy, with all his faults, of the favor of the high gods. His intent, somewhat satirical, impressed but never seared. He presented character searchingly, without probing the fouler depths, the ultimate meannesses. His hand was gentle, but sure, in his surgeries, and he was more prone to pity than to despise the humans whose frailities he had to condemn. There was gracefulness in his ethics as in his wonderful, clear style, and his dramatic sense was felicitous. Howells was one realist who kept his realism calm as well as keen and made it serve a spiritual idealism of sympathy for all souls in trouble. He discovered nuances in American life unsuspected by others and revealed charms lurking in its crudities. He had a steady, bright, pure power of delineation and could effectively suggest abysses beneath his delicately described superficialties. One thinks better of human nature after reading Howells. And, after all, I suppose the best in Howells' literature, in all its forms, was Howells himself; so sane, so wise, so cultured, so penetratingly percipient and yet so inveterately kind. Vastly lovable he was as author and as man. At news of his death, tears came to eyes that had never looked upon his face. Somehow the thought arises of Lincoln. For like him, Howells had come to stand in the consciousness of most of us as a benign, tender father and friend, understanding all, but loyal to the best behind appearances even of the worst. And light perpetual shall shine upon his words as it shall gleam and glow from his memory.—Reedy's Mirror.

Some Things John McCormack said at a banquet tendered him in New York, May 4th, 1920. John is now an American citizen:

"On the very beautiful and artistic menu card I find three reasons, but the more I study them the more unworthy I feel, and the more unworthy I feel the more grateful I am to you, my friends. Such is human nature. I notice that I am honored in the first place for my patriotic services to America during the war. But, my friends, I was honored by being in a position to do my bit; and that position I owe entirely to the American people; so would I not be the most ungrateful of beings if I did not put my poor gifts at the disposal of my country in her hour of danger? And why should I be honored, knowing, as I do, that without the whole-hearted co-operation of my audiences my work would be vain? The poet says: 'Mario with the tenor note could soothe the souls in purgatory.' Well, if I succeeded in soothing one poor soul in pain here in America during those days of sorrow and stress I am happy. If I succeeded in charming a few dollars out of the pockets of my audiences into the coffers of the war charities I am proud. If I am thought worthy of being named amongst the army of those to whom America says, 'Well done, you good and faithful servants,' then I am repaid a thousand times and the honor is all mine.

"As to my 'transcendental abilitiies of an artist,' I can only stand here and blush. God has been kind enough to bless me with a voice and a little intelligence, and I have tried to make the most of them. I think I should also very reverently thank Him for having been born in a certain part of the world, for I have a kind of sneaking feeling that the place of my birth and the name tacked onto me had something to do with my success. How could I help singing, inspired by the wealth of folk songs that we have in Ireland? She pours forth in song her joys and her sorrows, her hopes and aspirations; and I pray that I may hear floating over the broad Atlantic the 'Te Deum' of thanksgiving for the realization of all her aspirations. I have sung good music and bad—bad only when judged according to the highest musical standards—but if I have made the world the slightest bit the better place to live in, if I have made one member of my audience one whit the better for having heard me sing these simple ballads—and I am bold to claim that—I have then fulfilled at least one obligation of my art. I have always felt that the principal aim of all art, especially the art of music, should be to raise men's minds above the sordid things of everyday life. To make us forget the bitterness, the rancour, even the hatreds that may for any reason arise, and make us look on the world in a more tolerant and charitable spirit. And, in my humble way, I have always felt that songs which, according to the accepted canons of musical art, may perhaps be counted as cheap, have accomplished the really high purpose of art, if they make the audience the better for having heard them. That is the principal reason I sing the simple ballads. Of course, there is another. We have an old saying in Ireland, you know, 'the man that pays the piper has a right to call the tune.'

The last reason given for this great honor you do me tonight is the one that touches me most. I did my best during the war, but I felt it a duty and a privilege, and I refuse to accept thanks. I am proud, as I said, to have had the opportunity to do it. As an artist you honor me every time you sit literally at my feet at the Hippodrome

(Continued on Page 15)

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WEEK OF SUN., MAY 30—DOUBLE BILL
MEMORIAL DAY MATINEE NEXT MONDAY
The New Alcazar Company
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market continued its downward trend, with here and there new low records made in stocks that have always been considered of the highest class.

Sentiment was more bearish than for some time past, and professional traders took advantage of all the minor rallies to sell stocks, and the buying power was such a limited sort that prices yielded whenever the bears attacked the market. That stocks did not sell lower than they did is surprising in view of the array of bearish news that came on the market day after day.

The credit situation is causing the most concern to the business world at present, although there are a number of other factors that a somewhat disconcerting.

It might just as well be declared at the outset that there is going to be no panic. Talk of this character is being heard, but it comes from those who are ignorant of fundamentals or who are actuated by ulterior motives. There may be a possibility of contraction of business in some lines, but there is an equal possibility of greater expansion in others.

In response to a revolt on the part of the public, as well as to ideas of thrift and economy which are gradually making headway, the demand for certain classes of textiles has been seriously checked, so that, in some of the eastern milling centers, factories are being closed down for one, two or three days a week. This may be something of a blessing in disguise, so far as the industry is concerned, in giving labor something to think about besides a quest for higher wages.

Another factor that is still hanging over the market is the soldiers' bonus tax plan. This loomed up rather promising in the early part of the week, and as it is considered an extremely bearish factor, it had something to do in shaping an already bearish sentiment. Later it looked as if this matter would be postponed until the next session of Congress, and stocks rallied somewhat, but the rally was again short lived.

The break in Liberty Loan bonds to new low records furnished more ammunition for the bear element. The decline was due to the attitude of the banks in calling upon merchants to take up their loans; and the merchants who had Liberty bonds sacrificed them rather than sacrifice their goods on a market that was gradually being undermined by forced sales of merchandise.

The railroad congestion with the outlaw strike is given as an excuse for the high cost of living and the high money rates. Millions of dollars' worth of goods are tied up in transportation, and good that have been sold cannot be realized upon until they have been delivered. This condition is applicable both to the raw and finished article, and it has kept too much money tied up in what is known as "frozen credit" that would otherwise have been turned over several times. The Interstate Commerce Commission have the matter in hand now, and it is expected that transportation conditions will show some improvement in the near future, which should help credit conditions and make for an easier monetary situation.

The market has stood the shock of all the bear news of late, and while prices yielded somewhat, yet we believe that the bulk of the liquidation is over and, while we are not looking for a bull market yet, conditions as we see them warrant a purchase of stocks at this level.

Cotton — Notwithstanding extremely bullish news from the growing belt, the cotton market was subject to liquidation of long contracts, due to the wave of price cutting in the finished article throughout the country.

Growing crop conditions were anything but favorable, and one of the leading crop experts predicted the government would make the first condition report of the year around 64, which would be the lowest condition report at this season of the year on record, and would indicate a crop of below eleven mililon bales.

The situation in the raw cotton market is entirely different from that existing in the finished goods market, as finished cotton goods appear on the wane, and opinions are freely aired to the effect that the peak of prices had been reached and that prices would decline steadily.

This argument is used to some extent by the bears in the raw cotton market, but the fact remains that conditions in the raw cotton market are much the same as those existing in the cereal markets, where the lack of labor is holding down the farmer to an extent that bids fair to work into a serious shortage of necessary foodstuffs.

Labor conditions are such that planters are finding it difficult to get laborers, and the high prices paid in the cities for common labor, with the short hours, are taking them away from the plantations.

The heavy rains throughout the belt have delayed cultivation, and now that the weather promises more favorable conditions, the grass has gotten such a start that it means extra work and lots of it. In some sections there is no labor to be had, and farmers have given up the idea of raising any more cotton than they can take care of themselves.

There is a difference of opinion regarding the acreage planted this year; some are expecting a reduction in the acreage while others are claiming an increase of from 5 per cent to 8 per cent.

Spot cotton is firmly held in the south, and while there was some decline in price, there was no collapse in prices; which was rather disappointing to the bears, in view of the general reduction in finished goods throughout the country. Finished goods can stand a considerable cut, as prices have been abnormally high compared with the cost of raw cotton, and while it is just possible this wave of bearish sentiment may have some further effect in depressing prices for future contracts, yet the fundamentals are so strong and futures are selling at so great a discount under spots that we believe advantage should be taken of these reactions to buy the new crop futures.

Having been singing in the gloaming for some time without getting a hand, the big mosquito alighted on the fat man's neck and jabbed his stinger into the soft, palpitating flesh. "Pardon me if I bore you," he said. With a well directed slap the man retaliated, remarking casually, "How does that strike you?"

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Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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STAGE

(Continued from Page 13)

and attentively listen to me while I sing of home, of mother and all the simple things that make life worth living. But when you give such a banquet as this because you like me as a man, I would that I had the gift of oratory of a Demosthenes (indeed, the gift of a Henderson or a Larkin would do) to make you feel how deeply I appreciate the compliment you pay me.

"The artist may amass fortune, his career may be one long series of triumphs, his picture may be in the papers and the columns of the press filled with the praise that warms the cockles of all our hearts when we are conscious of work well done; but I would rather have the warm handclasp of a friend, who would say, 'John, you have made a h—l of a success, but success has not spoiled you, and you are still a regular fellow.'

"I would rather, my friends, have that tribute than all the praise that could be written about me as an artist. The horrors of this terrible war will all be forgotten in due time, and all that will remain will be the memory of the noble and valiant deeds of those who fought and bled and died 'over there.' Time will dim my powers as an artist and I shall join the long train of forgotten ones; but I hope that when that day has come, when I shall have said farewell like the old Irish harper to his harp, and have laid it aside because my songs have all been sung, I hope, I pray, that your affection for me as a man, so beautifully expressed tonight, may still go on."

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 106,578. Dept. 16.

In the matter of the application for change of name of ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH.

WHEREAS, ISRAEL LOVICH has filed his petition with the Clerk of this Court for permission to change his name from ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH.

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the matter aforesaid appear at Department 16 of the said Superior Court, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 15th day of June, 1920, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they may have, why said application should not be granted.

It is furthere ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: May 11th, 1920.

BERNARD J. FLOOD,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 11, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By A. L. GOLDMAN, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. MORRIS,
Attorney for Applicant,
900 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif. 5-15-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 105658

In the Matter of the Application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a Corporation, TO DISSOLVE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. A. CANALIZO & CO., a corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 13 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that before said hearing, any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH D. REDDING,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Building
San Francisco, California. 4-10-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights o all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
5-8-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Selective Primary System Discredited

The more recent developments with reference to the wholesale squandering of prodigious sums of "slush money" by the backers of the more prominent presidential candidates, more than ratify the assertion made in a recent issue of this paper that the selection of preferential candidates by the voters at large is a stupendous failure. It is more cumbersome, more expensive, a stronger excitant to the cupidity of the element that lives only to benefit through bribery, and it does not represent the preferences of the party voters any better than did the erstwhile delegates elected to conventions for that express purpose. In those days delegates were chosen in the interest of certain candidates, and while at times their instructions were violated, as a rule the nominations foreshadowed by public opinion were generally made. The selective system was inaugurated primarily to disarm the grafters, the wishes of the people being, after all, a secondary consideration. But the Senate inquiry now in progress, if it has done nothing else, has demonstrated that the selective or preferential system has the old one quite backed off the map as far as pickings for the grafter are concerned. It is the right of an independent newspaper to wonder what was expected by the managers of General Wood in the event of his election, when they expended more than $2,000,000 in his interest, in face of the fact that Hiram Johnson has made a better showing with perhaps one-tenth of that sum; it is its right to speculate with deep suspicion on the direction taken by more than $300,000 of Hoover money in California alone. But when it is developed before the Senate investigation committee, on the testimony of reputable witnesses, that a plot has been on foot to spend the amazing sum of $10,000,000 for the "selection" of William G. McAdoo as the Democratic candidate, the thumbs of all fair-minded spectators in the prolitical arena should be turned down for all time to express permanent suspicion and disapproval of the selective system. The fact that the voters themselves fell for the dangerous plan as soon as its evolvers set it before them ought to be sufficient indication that as a rule the voter at large does not know what he wants, and would be just as well satisfied to return to the old system and vote for candidates selected for them by party leaders who have educated themselves into knowing whom their constituents and the country need to govern them.

* * *

Excellent Judicial Farce

This whole matter of the Grand Jury inquiry into the selection of trial juries and the alleged bare-faced unlawful manipulations of them and the court officials by profiteering bond brokers, is either a grim tragedy or an amusing farce. If such an amazing subversion of the ends of justice have had any existence in fact, it is a lamentable tragedy which tears the blinding bandage from the eyes of Justice and throttles her with it; if such a condition really does exist, and the manipulation of juries have been permitted to lift the bandage far enough for those eyes to peep from under it and see what Justice is told to see, then our whole trial system is a mocking farce, only to be laughed at. The matter should be sifted out at once, and the trials of those accused hurried to speedy judgment, instead of delaying them by the dilatory methods up to now thrust into prominence both by the grand jury and those people whose duty it is to see to it that the guilty shall not escape full punishment. The most amazing feature of the whole incongruous mess is the nature of the evidence and the principal source of it. The complaining witness, and it is not yet made quite apparent whether his complaint was made out of revenge or because of a promise of immunity for exposing his associates—told a strangely convincing story, in which he did not hesitate to reveal the part he played in it as one of the chief manipulators. When the Grand Jury was assured by court officials and the city officers who are supposed to know all about such matters, that the selection of a jury that would make decisions at the bidding of the Ring was impossible, he immediately offered to fix a jury under the eyes of the Grand Jury foreman, and did it to his utter satisfaction. That gentleman now says that he is going fishing for a few days, and this amazing exposure will be set aside to rest, awaiting future developments to be made by the other gentleman who has established his own guilt while fastening equal guiltiness upon his late associates. Why, in all conscience should it wait? Why are the trials of the principal offenders delayed, for no "good and sufficient reasons" that are apparent, when there would appear to be enough evidence already recorded to render it impossible for even a fixed jury to dare to render a verdict of not guilty? Perhaps we have been mistaken after all in our belief of the old maxim to the effect that the way of the transgressor is hard, and we must be now convinced that he who is the transgressee is the one who must trudge along the rocky road where even confessions of the guilty can be discredited. At any rate, whatever the reasons, whatever the influences behind this unbelievable delay in the administration of justice, all fair-minded men of this city have cause to be indignant, and many of them have lost no opportunity to say so.

* * *

Why Are Cities Bad Speculators?

Once on a time, with veritable altruistic spirit, our City Fathers passed a resolution that surrounded them with the radiance of commendation on the part of those who suffer. The need for a sanitorium for the care of tuberculosis patients had been set before them by diligent workers for the control or suppression of the plague, and the decision was at once made to draw upon the most available emergency fund and purchase one. The committee got busy without delay, and within a short space of time, considering that the laudable effort was at the expense of the city, decided upon a location in the most salubrious district of the state, namely, on the borders of Santa Clara Valley, near the town of Saratoga. Here were found twenty-eight acres planted to fruits, flowers and vegetables, in the center of which was just the house for the intended purpose. This would still be in full operation as a suburban hotel but for the baneful results of prohibition, and it was surrounded by several cosy cottages, easy of access, that might have been designed and constructed for the wealthier class of patients. Negotiations were immediately begun for the transfer of Nippon Mura—for that was the name of the place—to the city of San Francisco, for the sum of $75,000. Then, to their amazement, the altruistic gentlemen of the committee discovered that they had uncovered a bees' nest, the occupants of which were impertinently antagonistic, the same being real estate experts, taxpayers, and, no doubt, also the owners of properties which, in their opinions, were far better adapted to the stated purposes. It was shown to the surprised com-

mittee that they had agreed upon a price for the future sanitorium that was nearly 100 per cent above its actual value; that the property was assessed for $140 per acre, the improvements at $9,200, and, calculating on the basis of assessment at 60 per cent of its fair valuation and adding the other 40 per cent for good and just measure, the property was not worth a picayune in excess of $35,000. It was further demonstrated that the fruit on this property was not equal, either in quantity or flavor, to that of any of the surrounding orchards; that aside from the fruit land and a small area of hay acreage, the property was heavily wooded and, of course, valueless in its present state. Now these merely technical objections may or may not reduce the value of Nippon Mura as a sanitorium. But the figures agreed upon for it is quite a different matter, and suggests again the query: Why do nations, states or city governments almost invariably pay twice what it is worth for the property they buy? Supervisor McLeran declares that $75,000 is a fair price for the place, but neglects to say which of the two parties would get the best of it. Now, as a matter of fact, aside from the protests of those who oppose this deal on economic grounds, and those of the wealthy neighbors, who naturally object to the existence in their midst of a tuberculosis hospital as being a downright menace to health, to say nothing of its being a social nuisance, Nippon Mura is, in the opinion of a noted physician consulted, not at all the proper location for an institution of this nature. It is low-lying ground, both the main building and the ornate little Japanese cottages are not at all adapted for hospital uses, especially for those afflicted with the "white plague." If a hospital of this kind is needed, which it undoubtedly is, then it should be located on the hilltops back of Saratoga and Los Gatos, not in the low ground of the valley. There, not only would the patients enjoy the most rarified and equable temperature in the state, but their remoteness from a residential neighborhood would free them from the opprobrium of being regarded as a public menace.

* * *

Fears for Mr. Ibanez

He is a forceful writer, this Mr. V. Blasco Ibanez, and he knows how to furnish quite as interesting copy for newspapers as he does for the publishers of his successful romances. Fresh from poor treason-torn, bandit-infested little Mexico, where he has resided for some time enjoying the best of opportunities for observing conditions there, he has been able to supply the freshest news obtainable, and tells his story with a daring that shows a marvelous courage. He spares neither persons nor political parties, and wantonly exposes conditions there which we on this side of the border never suspected. Mr. Ibanez has a large circle of friends in San Francisco, mostly of Spanish blood, and many of them are said to be living in a state of constant dread lest in order to put an end to his damaging exposures, some enemy may assassinate him, which seems to be about the only method of dispensing justice that the Mexican patriot seems to know anything about. As a matter of fact, at a large luncheon given at the Fairmont last week by one of the leaders of Pan-American circles here, this formed the main topic of conversation, and one Hispano-American present confidently expressed the belief that unless an end were put to these daring exposures, some dark night Mr. Ibanez would be "lured into a dark alley and stuck in the back." These letters were freely discussed, and even those whose connections, business and otherwise, in Mexico cause them to sympathize with the overthrown Carranza government, said with deep regret that none of them has yet contained a statement that was not true. This writer has given us enough to create the positive conviction that Mexico never has been in a condition of complete peace except during a very few years of Diaz' long career as president, and that it never will be in any such condition. It would seem to be an undeniable fact that the peoples of all of the Pan-American states north of Panama are incapable of continued peaceful government. Jealous ambition is their dominant characteristic and the desire to rule is a trait which apparently is born in all of them. Every soldier wants to supplant his captain, every captain wants to be a colonel, every colonel a general, and every man of education and refinement believes that he ought to be president. Just at present Obregon is the man of the hour, but once in the presidency it will only be a matter of a few months before a rebellion is inaugurated to drive him out. It is devoutly to be hoped that the fears of Mr. Ibanez' friends for his safety may not become realized, for at last we are learning something quite worth while about Mexico.

* * *

Mr. Gompers Debates

Last week, in Carnegie Hall, N. Y., pursuant to a challenge formally made and accepted, Governor H. J. Allen of Kansas and Samuel Gompers, president of the A. F. L., met in serious debate. The great hall was jammed to overflowing by admirers of both speakers, who were to discuss the labor question, especially with reference to strikes, and the dispatches announced that the cheers and applause were about evenly divided. It appears that the cause of the meeting was a desire on the part of Gompers to dispute the constitutionality, or even fairness, of the new Kansas law, which makes the ordering of a strike by walking delegates or other labor officials a felony, in that, with criminal intent, the working people are thus incited to rebellion and anarchy. The great labor leader was said to have been more eloquent than usual, but Governor Allen met his earnest sallies with great dignity and a forceful, quiet eloquence that won for him unstinted applause. Gompers shouted out that Kansas was making slaves of her workingmen; that those are slaves whom masters command to work against their will, and those only are free who are guided by their own wills and desires. There was great applause after this mushy aphorism, and when Governor Allen replied that the law did not dispute the right of men to work whenever they pleased, but it made felons of those hirelings who tyrannically commanded men to strike against their employers when they wished to work, there were thunders of applause greater than those accorded Gompers. But the debate did little else than please those of the respective sides, for it was a contest without decision and so availed nothing as a lesson or a rebuke. But it revealed to the thin-skinned legislators of the Empire State that far-away Kansas, while it had no power to force men to work against their will, found a way to most effectively muzzle the walking delegates, and soon will be calling to its sister states, "Come in, the water's fine!"

From "Yosemite"

By George Sterling

O domes and towers and stupendous walls!
O voices of auroral waterfalls!
Sierran thunderheads of cloud or stone
That share the heavens as a realm o'erthrown!
How high your ancestry in Nature's art!
Here once the unfathomable granite lay
Ungraven to the day
And burdened with deep rivers of the ice.
But age by age slow billows rent apart
The cold foundations and the chiselled flanks,
Till pinnacle and tower
Told from their westward ranks
Where sank the abysmal quarries of the Power.
O patient centuries
That with so vast device
Frame strongholds such as these!
O battlements arisen to the sky,
Whence gods might chant to the departing sun
Hymns of oblivion,
Or iron litanies of worlds that die!

Polygamy and Divorces

By David Hume

As marriage is an engagement entered into by mutual consent, and has for its end the propagation of the species, it is evident that it must be susceptible of all the variety of conditions which consent establishes, provided they are not contrary to this end.

A man, in conjoining himself to a woman, is bound to her according to the terms of his engagement; in begetting children, he is bound, by all the ties of nature and humanity, to provide for their subsistence and education. When he has performed these two parts of duty, no one can reproach him with injustice or injury. And as the terms of his engagement, as well as the methods of subsisting his offspring, may be various, it is mere superstition to imagine that marriage can be entirely uniform, and will admit only of one mode or form. Did not human laws restrain the natural liberty of men, every particular marriage would be as different as contracts or bargains of any other kind or species.

As circumstances vary, and the laws propose different advantages, we find that, in different times and places, they impose different conditions on this important contract. In Tonquin it is usual for the sailors, when the ship comes into harbor, to marry for the season; and, notwithstanding this precarious engagement, they are assured, it is said, of the strictest fidelity to their bed, as well as in the whole management of their affairs, from those temporary spouses.

I cannot, at present, recollect my authorities, but I have somewhere read that the republic of Athens, having lost many of its citizens by war and pestilence, allowed every man to marry two wives, in order the sooner to repair the waste which had been made by these calamities. The poet Euripides happened to be coupled to two noisy vixens, who so plagued him with their jealousies and quarrels, that he became ever after a professed woman-hater; and is the only theatrical writer, perhaps the only poet, that ever entertained an aversion to the sex.

In that agreeable romance called the "History of the Sevarambians," where a great many men and a few women are supposed to be shipwrecked on a desert coast, the captain of the troop, in order to obviate those endless quarrels which arose, regulates their marriages after the following manner: He takes a handsome female to himself alone; assigns one to every couple of inferior officers, and to five of the lowest rank he gives one wife in common.

The ancient Britons had a singular kind of marriage, to be met with among no other people. Any number of them, as ten or a dozen, joined in a society together, which was perhaps requisite for mutual defence in those barbarous times. In order to link this society the closer, they took an equal number of wives in common; and whatever children were born were reputed to belong to all of them, and were accordingly provided for by the whole community.

Among the inferior creatures, nature herself, being the supreme legislator, prescribes all the laws which regulate their marriages, and varies those laws according to the different circumstances of the creature. Where she furnishes with ease, food and defence to the new-born animal, the present embrace terminates the marriage; and the care of the offspring is committed entirely to the female. Where the food is of more difficult purchase, the marriage continues for one season, till the common progeny can provide for itself; and then the union immediately dissolves, and leaves each of the parties free to enter into a new engagement at the ensuing season. But nature, having endowed man with reason, has not so exactly regulated every article of his marriage contract, but has left him to adjust them, by his own prudence, according to his particular circumstances and situation. Municipal laws are a supply to the wisdom of each individual; and, at the same time, by restraining the natural liberty of men, make private interest submit to the interest of the public. All regulations, therefore, on this head, are equally lawful and equally conformable to the principles of nature; though they are not all equally convenient, or equally useful to society. The laws may allow polygamy, as among the Eastern nations, or of voluntary divorces, as among the Greeks and Romans; or they may confine one man to one woman during the whole course of their lives, as among the modern Europeans. It may not be disagreeable to consider the advantages and disadvantages which result from each of these institutions.

The advocates for polygamy may recommend it as the only effectual remedy for the disorders of love, and the only expedient for freeing men from that slavery to the females which the natural violence of our passions has imposed upon us. By this means alone can we regain our right of sovereignty; and, sating our appetite, re-establish the authority of reason in our minds, and, of consequence, our own authority in our families. Man, like a weak sovereign, being unable to support himself against the wiles and intrigues of his subjects, must play one faction against another, and become absolute by the mutual jealousy of the females. To divide and to govern is an universal maxim; and, by neglecting it, the Europeans undergo a more grievous and more ignominous slavery than the Turks or Persians, who are subjected indeed to a sovereign that lies at a distance from them, but in their domestic affairs rule with uncontrollable sway.

On the other hand, it may be urged with better reason, that this sovereignty of the male is a real usurpation, and destroys that nearness of rank, not to say equality, which nature has established between the sexes. We are, by nature, their lovers, their friends, their patrons: would we willingly exchange such endearing appellations for the the barbarous title of master and tyrant?

In what capacity shall we gain by this inhuman proceeding? As lovers, or as husbands? The lover is totally annihilated; and courtship, the most agreeable scene in life, can no longer have place where women have not the free disposal of themselves, but are bought and sold, like the meanest animal. The husband is as little a gainer, having found the admirable secret of extinguishing every part of love, except its jealousy. No rose without its thorn; but he must be a foolish wretch indeed that throws away the rose and preserves only the thorn.

But the Asiatic manners are as destructive to friendship as to love. Jealousy excludes men from all intimacies and familiarities with each other. No one dares bring his friend to his house or table, lest he bring a lover to his numerous wives. Hence, all over the East, each family is as much separate from another, as if they were so many distinct kingdoms. No wonder then that Solomon, living like an Eastern prince, with his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, without one friend, could write so pathetically concerning the vanity of the world. Had he tried the secret of one wife or mistress, a few friends, and a great many companions, he might have found life somewhat more agreeable. Destroy love and friendship, what remains in the world worth accepting?

The bad education of children, especially children of condition, is another unavoidable consequence of these Eastern institutions. Those who pass the early part of life among slaves are only qualified to be, themselves, slaves and tyrants; and in every future intercourse, either with their inferiors or superiors, are apt to forget the natural equality of mankind. What attention, too, can be supposed a parent whose seraglio affords him fifty sons, will give to instilling principles of morality or science into a progeny with whom he himself is scarcely acquainted, and whom he loves with so divided an affection? Barbarism therefore appears, from reason as well as experience, to be the inseparable attendant of polygamy.

To render polygamy more odious, I need not recount the frightful effects of jealousy, and the constraint in which it holds the fair sex all over the East. In those countries, men are not allowed to have any commerce with the females, not even physcians, when sickness may be supposed to have extinguished all wanton passions in the bosoms of the fair, and, at the same time, has rendered them unfit objects of desire. Tournefort tells us that when he was brought into the Grand Seignior's seraglio as a physician, he was not a little surprised, in looking along a gallery, to see a great number of naked arms standing out from the sides of the room. He could not imagine what this could mean, till he was told that those arms belonged to bodies which he must cure, without knowing any more about them than what he could learn from the arms. He was not allowed to ask a question of the patient, or even of her attendants, lest he might find it necessary to inquire concerning circumstances which the delicacy of the seraglio allows not to be revealed. Hence physicians in the East pretend to know all diseases from the pulse, as our quacks in Europe undertake to cure a person merely from seeing secretions. I suppose had Monsieur Tournefort been of this little kind he would not, in Constantinople, have been allowed by the jealous Turks to be furnished with materials requisite for exercising his art.

In another country, where polygamy is also allowed, they render their wives cripples, and make their feet of no use to them, in order to confine them to their own houses. But it will perhaps appear strange that, in a European country, jealousy can yet be carried to such a height that it is indecent so much as to suppose that a woman of rank can have feet or legs. Witness the following story, which we have from very good authority: When the mother of a late king of Spain was on her road towards Madrid, she passed through a little town of Spain famous for its manufactory of gloves and stockings. The magistrates of the place thought they could not better express their joy for the reception of their new queen than by presenting her with a sample of those commodities for which alone their town was remarkable. The major domo, who conducted the princess, received the gloves very graciously; but, when the stockings were presented, he reprimanded the magistrates for this egregious piece of indecency. "Know," says he, "that a queen of Spain has no legs." The young queen, who at that time understood the language but imperfectly, and had often been frightened with stories of Spanish jealousy, imagined that they were to cut off her legs. Upon which she fell to crying, and begged them to conduct her

back to Germany, for that she never could endure the operation; and it was with some difficulty they could appease her. Philip IV is said never in his life to have laughed heartily but at the recital of this story.

Having rejected polygamy, and matched one man with one woman, let us now consider what duration we shall assign to their union, and whether we shall admit of those voluntary divorces which were customary among the Greeks and Romans. Those would defend this practice may employ the following reasons.

How often does disgust and aversion arise after marriage from the most trivial accidents, or from the incompatability of humor; where time, instead of curing the wounds proceeding from mutual injuries festers them every day, the more by new quarrels and reproaches? Let us separate hearts which were not made to associate together. Either of them may, perhaps, find another for which it is better fitted. At least, nothing con be more cruel than to preserve, by violence, an union which, at first, was made by mutual love, and is now, in effect, dissolved by mutual hatred.

But the liberty of divorces is not only a cure to hatred and domestic quarrels; it is also an admirable preservative against them, and the only secret for keeping alive that love which first united the married couple. The heart of man delights in liberty; the very image of constraint is grievous to it. When you would confine it by violence, to what would otherwise have been its choice, the inclination immedaitely changes, and desire is turned into aversion. If the public interest will not allow us to enjoy in polygamy that variety which is so agreeable in love; at least, deprive us not of that liberty which is so essentially requisite. In vain you tell me that I had my choice of the person with whom I would conjoin myself. I had my choice, it is true, of my prison; but this is but a small comfort, since it must still be a prison.

Such are the arguments which may be urged in favor of divorces; but there seem to be these three unanswerable objections against them: First, what must become of the children upon the separation of the parents? Must they be committed to the care of a stepmother, and, instead of the fond attention and concern of a parent, feel all the indifference or hatred of a stranger, or an enemy? These inconveniences are sufficiently felt where nature has made the divorce by the doom inevitable to all mortals; and shall we seek to multiply those inconveniences by multiplying divorces, and putting it in the power of parents, upon every caprice, to render their posterity miserable?

Secondly, if it be true, on the one hand, that the heart of man naturally delights in liberty, and hates everything to which it is confined; it is also true, on the other, that the heart of man naturally submits to necessity, and soon loses an inclination, when there appears an absolute impossibility of gratifying it. These principles of human nature, you will say, are contradictory; but what is man but a heap of contradictions? Though it is remarkable that where principles are, after this manner, contrary in their operation, they do not always destroy each other; but the one or the other may predominate on any particular occasion. For instance, love is a restless and impatient passion, full of caprices and variations; arising in a moment from a feature, from an air, from nothing, and suddenly extinguishing after the same manner. Such a passion requires liberty above all things; and therefore Eloisa had reason, when, in order to preserve this passion, she refused to marry her beloved Abelard.

"How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made;
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his lighta wings, and in a moment flies."

But friendship is a calm and sedate affection, conducted by reason and cemented by habit; springing from long acquaintance and mutual obligations; without jealousies or fears, and without those feverish fits of heat and cold which cause such an agreeable torment in the amorous passion. So sober an affection, therefore, as friendship, rather thrives under constraint, and never rises to such a height as when any strong interest or necessity binds two persons together, and gives them some common object of pursuit.

Let us consider, then, whether love or friendship should most predominate in marriage, and we shall soon determine whether liberty or constraint be most favorable to it. The happiest marriages, to be sure, are found where love, by long acquaintance, is consolidated into friendship. Whoever dreams of ecstasies beyond the honeymoon is a fool. Even romances themselves, with all their liberty of fiction, are obliged to drop their lovers the very day of their marriage, and find it easier to support the passion for a dozen of years under coldness, disdain and difficulties, than a week under possession and security.

We need not, therefore, be afraid of drawing the marriage knot, which chiefly subsists by friendship, the closest possible. The amity between the persons, where it is solid and sincere, will rather gain by it; and where it is wavering and uncertain, that is the best expedient for fixing it. How many frivolous quarrels and disgusts are there which people of common prudence endeavor to forget, when they lie under a necessity of passing their lives together; but which would soon be inflamed into the most deadly hatred were they pursued to the utmost under the pospect of an easy separation?

In the third place, we must consider that nothing is more dangerous than to unite two persons so closely in all their interests and concerns as man and wife, without rendering the union entire and total. The least possibility of a separate interest must be the source of endless quarrels and suspicions. The wife, not secure of her establishment, will still be driving some separate end or project; and the husband's selfishness, being accompanied with more power, may be still more dangerous.

Should these reasons against voluntary divorces be deemed insufficient, I hope nobody will pretend to refuse the testimony of experience. At the time when divorces were most frequent among the Romans, marriages were most rare; and Augustus was obliged, by penal laws, to force men of fashion into the married state; a circumstance which is scarcely to be found in any other age or nation. The more ancient laws of Rome, which prohibited divorces, are extremely praised by Dionysius Halicarnassus. Wonderful was the harmony, says the historian, which this inseparable union of interests produced between married persons; while each of them considered the inevitable necessity by which they were linked together, and abandoned all prospect of any choice or establishment.

The exclusion of polygamy and divorces sufficiently recommends our present European practice with regard to marriage.

CAPTIVE CANARIES NESTING

In "The Scotsman" last week there was a paragraph about a canary nesting naturally and without artificial aid, writes a correspondent. It may interest readers to know that some years ago we had a similar experience in the case of a couple of canaries. At holiday time we used to take these two back and forwards from Edinburgh to the Island of Mull. In Mull, having a large house, we allowed the birds the freedom of a lumber room from July to the end of September. The cage door was left open, and generally the pair used it as a roosting-place at night. For some days I missed the hen bird, and was at my wits' end to know what had become of her. After searching diligently amongst the various articles that littered the room, I discovered the zealous little mother by the tip of her yellow tail sticking out of an old big-bellied silver cream jug in the darkest corner of the mantelpiece. The clever little creature had gathered together quite a large bundle of groundsel twigs, fluff and feathers, and bits of wool, and had built a nest in the cream jug, in which she had deposited five eggs. I left the jug in its position until the five youngsters appeared—and healthy birds they were—and then being over anxious to secure a photograph of this interesting subject, removed the jug into a new position where the light was better. Thereupon the mother left her five little ones. By no coaxing could she be prevailed to return and feed them, and as hand feeding failed, they died, much to my regret.—"Edinborough Scotsman."

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The Spectator

Liberty Bonds from a Croesus' Viewpoint

One of the visiting financial majesties who arrived en tour from the Orient the other day, speaking of Liberty bonds, said: "There are so many of them and they are so widely distributed that I feel there will be a slow, steady liquidation (selling) for many years to come. People who hold them, as they need money, will have to sell out. While they are attractive as investments, I believe that ultimately they will settle down on about six and a half per cent income yield. The bonus bill, if passed, will bankrupt nine-tenths of the business concerns of the country and cause untold misery and confusion. Business cannot stand another atom of taxation. This does not mean, of course, that every nerve should not be strained and every possible dollar devoted to the care and rehabilitation of the wounded soldiers, but the soldier returned home in health and strength must be content to wait a while longer. What the country needs is a wholesale reduction in government and municipal expense, a cutting down of all proposed expenditures for public improvements and public works. These things can wait until the world gets on its feet again.

* * *

Fictitious Idea of World Wealth

"It is a popular delusion,due to ignorance, that the world is congested with wealth. It has never been so poor as now. Most people are living on their capital, spending their savings for living expenses. Pampered labor and un-American profiteers are the only ones who have profited by this world upheaval. Investors, as a class, have lost heavily, and this is the class to whom we look for supporting investment values. A period of hard times always follows a great war. Imagine what it will be after this greatest of all wars! You have had a business boom on the Pacific coast. It is quite different in the east. Times are not good by a long shot. Everything is out of joint. Labor has gone mad. They have taken advantage of a prostrated world to push their demands for higher pay and shorter working hours. In every way have they shown lack of patriotism and disregard for the country's best interests."

S. F.'s Budget Going Wild

The distribution of our budget for municipal expenditures, as published at length in "The Chronicle," affords enlightening reading matter, if not particpaly calculated to console the taxpayers for their $3.18 assessment. Of course the extra ten cents is tacitly and unjustly blamed upon the defenseless school teachers, just as everyone knew it would be. "You wanted your teachers raised; well, they've been raised. Now pay for it," is the meaning of that extra ten cents. But it need not have been so if the supervisors had an efficiency expert who could have pared off a few thousands from various departments. For instance, such an authority might look into the matter of our flock of official automobiles. We don't need so many, nor such costly ones. Gasoline is high and scarce, repairs expensive and new cars prohibitive in price—but our officials must have them. The mayor is understood to be in need of a new car. He owns one personally, but he requires yet another for his office. The cost will be $6,900. Therefore it is announced that the old office Pierce-Arrow will be turned in for $1500. Wouldn't an efficiency expert demand and receive more? It is a great bargain for someone; a souvenir collector would appraise it much higher, even if it were quite out of date. For in it last year rode President Wilson, General Pershing, their Belgian majesties and numerous other celebrities. Couldn't officials patronize the taxi companies at less expense to the city?

An efficiency expert would label these high-priced cars conspicuously, to dissuade city officials from riding about upon their own private business, as our resident federal officials do not presume to do. An efficiency expert would advise that parking municipal cars in the sun in the Civic Center for hours at a time is conducive to rapid depreciation. Wouldn't he reduce the salaries of the city's chauffeurs from $2100 a year? Perhaps. He would doubtless say that it is about time the city ceases paying $21,000 a year for theatre firemen, and he would see that the theatre men pay the city that sum. Possibly he might advise discontinuing the Lemare organ recitals if the deficit continues to remain at the $7,000 level. It is not beyond credence that the expert might, by pruning here and there, find sufficient money to maintain well equipped emergency hosptials, instead of allowing Dr. Hassler to have his way placing the injured public at the mercy of inexperienced internes in street ambulances.

* * *

Hassler Autocracy

Dr. Hassler behaves as if he has set up the ex-kaiser Wilhelm as his prototype, and the supervisorss seem to be afraid to oppose him. Well, it is to be hoped that in a short time the taxpayers will form an Allies' Association, depose Kaiser Hassler and make the supervisors behave. It is, perhaps, not an unhappy idea to allow our officials an unlimited supply of rope in order to illustrate forcefully to the dullest taxpayer that economize as he may, the city officials intend to spend the city's money in any extravagant manner they desire.

Besides, efficiency experts are very scarce. Witness the case of George Gallagher, whose resignation the board of education refused to accept when he tendered it to work for Liebes & Co. at a higher salary. The board has not been able to find anyone to take Mr. Gallagher's place, so that gifted gentleman is obliged to perform his municipal duties in addition to keeping Liebes & Co. in a prosperous commercial condition, a feat for the performance of which even the sum total of his two salaries can hardly compensate him.

* * *

And the Judges

We do not require sixteen superior judges. Ask one of the sixteen and he will admit it; but he would hate to step down. Just how an efficiency expert would proceed to eliminate a few at $3,000 a year each would be hazardous to say, but it could be done.

What's In a Name?

Is the good name of Gallagher become the stormy petrel of cognomens? But a little while back and a Gallagher was the center of torrid discussion relative to sealing weights and measures, casting into exterior darkness contracted milk bottles and consigning to hungry flames those convex bottomed berry baskets that, notwithstanding, still are with us. That worthy man wanted work and gave up a perfectly easy supervisorial position for one wherein he might labor amain and incur the lasting enmity of merchant shortweighters—all for merely a life job and an increase in salary. (Incidentally, an automobile.) This issue still holds fire with simonpure civil service devotees clamoring for a reckoning, the board of supervisors bidding him a perpetual god-speed and Gallagher gaining "experience" that will stand him in good stead on that final day in the dim future when the "examination" will be held.

Now intrudes another Gallagher—George, president of the board of school directors—whose case is the antithesis of his namesake's; he is not seeking work, but, according to the conspirators or critics, he is accused of actually working, but only for a couple of hours some days.

Why select the president of the school board as a target for the shafts of I. W. W.'ism? Is he the oasis of inaction set in a broad desert of political superactivity?

Or, again, what is work? Is the patrolman at work when he walks his beat and all is well? Or is the fireman working when he is not working at a fire? If these queries may be answered affirmatively, "work" is a misnomer, and, this settled, the latest storm-tossed Gallagher may, with advantage, taunt his adversaries with a challenge to define the meat of their accusation.

A Stranger and Prohibition

During the six months which I have spent in Canada and the United States I have enjoyed a good deal and have also missed somewhat of the pleasures of life.

There is one subject, however, which has come up for almost daily discussion in my sojourn. It is that of prohibition. I have had that subject before me ad nauseam. When I read of the flying visit paid to the New World by Mr. Bernard Tuchey, one of Lord Northcliffe's A. D. C.'s, to investigate the conditions obtaining under pro-

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hibition, I just "smoled" a smile. Some time last summer Mr. Tuchey, who is "top hole" socially, handled the wine list for a small dinner party of which I was a member, at the Piccadilly Grill. That man struck me as being an epicure in the highest sense of the word. However fairly he may have described the situation for the British press, it is inconceivable that he has suggested that Britishers should plump for prohibition.

The other day I read a reporter's interview with the Earl of Kerry at the Fairmont Hotel. It was said that his Grace was here to study, inter alia, the effect of prohibition. No such thing. To my mind the noble earl was here to enjoy a well-earned rest after many years of downright soldiering. As an Irish guardsman, he was my superior officer and at one time commanded the battalion of Irish Guards in which I had the honor of serving. I will hazard the opinion that he drinks like a gentleman and is, perhaps, interested in prohibition only as an observer and not as a so-called reformer. I cannot imagine the earl as a rabid teetotaler; at least, I am sure he will always be prepared to stretch a point for his beloved "Mieks" on Patrick's Day.

Temperamentally, Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen, as well as the Colonials, cannot look upon tea and bun gatherings as anything more than innocent pastimes. They can never be national institutions in the way in which the so-called reformers are trying to make them. Fancy St. Patrick's day being dry and sultry in Ireland! Or Hogmanay without a drop of mountain dew in Scotland! Or any festive occasion with milk and water in England! The average man will have his drink, be it whiskey, wine or beer, when he feels like it, and is justified in the opinion that it is a grateful stimulant that is indispensible to conviviality. Politicans in England know better than to take away the workmen's beer. To use an Americanism, he will not stand for it. However seriously the Britisher may view the strenuous effort that is being made to make his country "dry," with all due respect to the apostles of prohibition, he cannot refrain from a smile at the thought that there is somebody earnestly trying to persuade him that there is only one man who can do things right in this world—and that man is not a Britisher. You will always touch his heart with the sentiment that red ruin is slowly but surely devastating the land and that a nation can only be saved by pulling down public houses and building new homes worthy of the name. He will listen sympathetically and then refer you to his next door neighbor, because he is convinced that his own country is safe, his home is secure and the beauty of British womanhood is unimpaired while men exercise their liberty in the matter of their recreations and individual habits. He is a good fellow who is ready to shake with every other sport.

Hays Likes Chances of Republicans

The way Republican Chairman Will Hays feels about it, the Democrats must be going to unnecessary expense in holding a convention to nominate an opponent for the Chicago candidate. But this expense is so small, compared with the money the G. O. P. aspirants are using against one another. And the language! Hoover's friends would hardly call a Democrat the names they have applied to Johnson. And what is more, I don't think a Democrat would stand for it. Hays is willing to predict that a Republican will win; but when it comes to picking which Republican, his prophetic soul is mute. Judging from what the G. O. P. candidates themselves say of one another, they are a bad lot, each one trying to buy his way into the White House. The Republicans always have sacks and barrels and tubs full of money to spend on an election; and this year they will need it all if President Wilson should run again or Governor Edwards ride the donkey for him.

That Third Party

Ever since the presidential candidacies of the ambitious began to be openly discussed, Town Talk has persisted in the belief that the so-called progressive elements in both great parties would bolt their respective conventions and unite in the formation of a new party. There seemed to be a large element in both parties that was dissatisfied with whatever candidate might be suggested, and the Hearst papers were all encouragers of it. The purpose of this has not been quite apparent until Saturday last, when a meeting—said by those papers to have been "large and enthusiastic"—was held in the city of Brooklyn, the nucleus of a party to be known as the American Constitutional Partyt duly formed, and the name of William Randolph Hearst thrust forward as its candidate. This meeting was eloquently informed that when some time ago Mr. Hearst was asked to permit the use of his name as the standard bearer of the proposed new party, he replied that a good man might better be selected from one of the great conventions whom the bosses had turned down. This did not satisfy the Constitutionalists, however, for they decided unanimously that none but the name of Hearst would satisfy them. That gentleman has not yet expressed a willingness to make this great sacrifice to principle, and no doubt before giving his final answer will wait for the turning down he seems to have been expecting. On top of this meeting comes an outspoken declaration from some of Hiram Johnson's campaign mangers about which there can be no mistake, to the effect that arrangements have already been perfected to bolt the Chicago convention in case he is not nominated. Senator Johnson has stated his determination to stand by the Republican colors, nomination or no nomination; but he might so change his mind as to make the usually egregious blunder of placing himself in the hands of his friends. This would, of course, mean that a Democratic candidate would be elcted, and just at present indications seem to point toward that frankly wet and already popular candidate, Governor Edwards of New Jersey.

Six Hundred Dollars' Worth of Nothing

Talk about the law of supply and demand and all that sort of thing—what lesson can be learned from Walter Hazen's driving six hundred golf balls into the sea from the deck of the Mauretania? For a week, the American champion gave daily exhibitions, and transoceanic passengers improved their knowledge of the game. Hazen, at the end of each remark, swatted the little sphere, and plunk went a dollar into the deep and dark blue, which is still rolling, as Byron commanded it. It can roll on ball-bearings, after Hagen's exploit. Yet it seems to me that the cost was too high for these days, when the price of milk is high, and ice for easten kiddies is not given away on every corner. Six hundred dollars tossed into the slums would make a greater hit than when swished into the ocean. Nevertheless, it speaks volumes for the passengers of the Mauretania that with all the booze they wanted on board they still had a mind to attend so uplifting an entertainment as a lecture on golf.

Panic Among the Motorists

The shortage of gasoline, especially among those owners of automobiles who use them only for pleasure, has brought about a condition which falls but little short of being a veritable panic, and what is more alarming still, there seems to be not the slightest indication of any improvement, even within the visions of those who are producing and dispensing it. The fact of the matter is that automobile ownership has assumed such vast proportions—so far beyond the wildest dreams of builders ten years ago—that there are far more moters in use than there is gasoline to feed them. The latest calculations of the supply depots and those who furnish them with the volatile fuel, are to the effect that fully 30 per cent

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more demand exists for it than the wells can possibly hurry to the refiners, and that at the present time stored gas is being used, and the absurdly low limit placed upon what will be furnished to customers, because there is no way of avoiding it. The present three-gallon allowance is merely an experiment, in the hope that this distressing economy may result in replenishing the rapidly depleting stores of the refined product of the wells. During the holidays on and about Memorial Day I saw dozens of cars stalled along the crowded highways with oil tanks empty, and offering all sorts of extravagant prices for enough of the precious fuel to carry them to next supply station. There were one or two motor trucks—commercial cars are not restricted to the three-gallon order—who kindly offered to "help out" the sufferers with a little gas a dollar a gallon, and nobody complained nor made indignant protests against profiteering, for the truckmen were regarded as being true Samaritans. But arrival at the next supply station developed the alarming fact that they, too, had exhausted their entire supply long ago and new no way of replenishing it within two or three days. It has since developed that the Samaritan truck drivers, not being limited as to supply, made many trips to and from stations known to possess gas and reaped a small fortune for their somewhat questionable altruism. Car owners are asked to be patient until economy shall have added to the storage supply, but even then the most optimistic seem to foresee a recurrence of the trouble at no distant day. It is becoming a bitter contest between business and pleasure and those to whom motoring is a luxury will have to make up their minds that business must win.

Shooting the Moon

Professor R. H. Goddard is said to have invented "a multiple-charge high efficiency rocket for exploring the unknown regions of the upper air." So far, rockets have not reached beyond about 2,000 yards, writes "Atom" in Everyman. But the moon is some 240,000 miles distant, and the force which would carry anything a thousandth of that distance is difficult to compute. There have been and are multiple rockets used to carry a line to a ship in distress; but the distance so far achieved is only about 400 yards. The principle is similar to that of a relay race, the second charge being timed to fire automatically when the force of the first is spent. For the parabolic curve of the life-saving apparatus, it is so arranged that the second charge is ignited at the highest part of the trajectory. It will be remembered that the eary speculations as to the gun which fired into Paris during the great German offensive of 1918 discussed the possibility of some such arrangement for the firing charge. It is, of course, comparatively easy to compute a body of known weight against the action of the height to which any given charge will carry gravity, and therefore it should not be difficult to arrange that a new charge will take up the work at that point. But nothing has ever been sent from this earth into the atmosphere beyond nineteen or twenty miles.

American Crews Set High-Priced Pace

Our American precedent in payment of seamen has caused all kinds of friction in foreign shipping circles. Naturally, seamen of all nations want remuneration equal to that given on American ships, which, for instance, is about six times greater than the Japanese pay and three times as much as the Dutch, British and Scandinavians give their men. Besides, the American seamen exact demands that astound the offices of foreign ships. For instance, a Dutch captain recently related to an American traveler that an American captain being piloted into Soerabaya gave the signal to drop anchor when he heard the bells which announced the noon hour. The pilot protested that dropping anchor was out of the question. The captain said: "But it is the noon hour, the men insist upon having their dinner, they absolutely won't postpone their meal for half an hour until we are in." Whereupon the pilot was obliged to signal for a tug to drag the ship out of the fairway, while the pampered crew appeased their appetites. The owners had to pay for both the pilot boat and tug, which was all the same to the crew.

Mad, Mercurial D'Annunzio

"All poets are nuts and D'Annunzio is the worst of the bunch!" asseverated an Italian barber the other day, with an emphasis that almost caused the scissors to snip a slice from my ear. I replied that a lightning thumb-nail calculation of the characteristics of such poets as I could recall an acquaintance with, proved him to be quite sagacious, and as far as concerned the career of the great Italian poet-soldier, he was inelegantly but forcefully correct. And this same barber knew his D'Annunzio backwards. How he always quarrelled with the publishers who printed his books and the managers who produced his plays; how he fell desperately in love with Eleanora Duse, swore that he never would write another play except for her, and how after a year or two he forgot all about it and found new targets for his temperamental explosions. There was hope for a taming, or at least a modification of this mercurial nature when he entered the army and soon establish an enviable record as an intrepid soldier and a patriot who was sure to keep something doing all the time. Everyone is familiar with the rest of it, how explosive temperament and an inordinate vanity asserted themselves again and with true poetical license he thrust himself into the anomalous position of fighting his own government, which accepted the dictum of the allied diplomats that Italy must surrender Fiume. He was not going to permit it to do anything so foolish. Since that time he has been practically the dictator of Fiume, and with an army that at no time exceeded 3,000 men and has now and then fallen even below 1,000. Strange to say, the people of Fiume are not with him, every branch of the Italian government is against him, he is still gaining in wild recklessness and is said to be now almost on the point of responding to his ambitious little army's cry of "On to Rome!" Any notion of what he proposes to accomplish when he gets there he has secreted in his poetical soul, and his present attitude reminds one of nothing so much as a mad dog who keeps the entire population of a village in terror, or a single lunatic who successfully defies a combined police force to arrest him, and whom they do not wish to shoot but are afraid to lay hands upon. Before I left the barber's chair that afternoon, he handed me what he explained was the latest photograph of the poet, with the remark: "Don't he look like he is bughouse? Dey ought to catch him and lock it up or pretty soon he's goin' to hurt somebody."

Taxing Bachelors

The French Natality Commission, at a meeting held under the chairmanship of J. L. Breton, minister of hygiene, definitely approved the proposal of M. Correard for the establishment of a national fund for large families. This fund will be raised by taxes imposed upon bachelors and upon heads of families who have reached a certain age and have fewer than three living children. The object of this plan is merely to assure compensation for the loss of public revenue involved by remitting taxes which would be due normally from persons having large families.

The commission also gave its approval to the recently proposed family suffrage system.

After all, the French bachelor will have nothing on his American brother in single blessedness. We don't call it a tax, but the American bachelor knows it is when he makes up his income tax report and finds family exemption a minus quantity.

Poesy and Gardening

Major Mark Daniels, who used to be one of the principal landscape architects for the U. S. national parks, and later became noted in the laying out of the grounds of many palatial city and country homes, closed his offices during the world war and accepted a commission in a division of engineers. The war over and his business of landscape gardening being at a standstill, he entered into an agreement to devote his mechanical energies to the development and perfecting of a buzz-saw. Be it understood that this was not the kind of buzz-saw familiar to lumber mills, nor the emblematic one which so many inquisitive people saw off their hands monkeying with; but one which you could wheel over hill, valley and forest like a wheelbarrow, and saw down anything in sight, from a sapling to a giant redwood.

But Mark is nothing if not a poet, and when not dreaming out metrical imageries, he is an ardent devotee of poesy's running mate, music, principally of the kind expressed by the harp and the saxophone.

So the buzzing, and scraping, and humming of a saw naturally began to pall upon his melopoetical nature, even though it was a saw that almost performed miracles of hewing. There-

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upon his dilletante muse drew him away from the consideration of commercial buzz-sawing, back into the world of sunshine and flowers, of formal gardens, undraped statuary and splashing fountains. The result has been that he has effected a complete evolution in the meaning and form of gardens. In his future, every suburban estate shall be a book of poetry, with every flower bed a poem expressing some particular ideal or mood. Any person who has surrounded himself with this system of landscape poems may enter one of these gardens when moody and find his environment suited to the particular mood then gripping his soul. For instance, there will be the religious garden, full of sombre shadows, towering trees and only the colors that suggest spiritual things; the thoughtful garden, with no emotion-exciting reds in it, where the owner may create ideas and solve problems; and he will be careful to plant this garden with trees free from thought-disturbing rustles. Then, too, there will be the sensual garden for lovers and the beginnings of honeymoons. Here there will be statues of Cupids, with flowers that emanate only such perfumes as are to be found in Moorish gardens, and a perfumed path will lead from this into the creative garden which will be—to use the words of Mr. Daniels—full of bigness, ruggedness and size, in both trees and bloom, and Roman statuary would suggest the massive strength that typifies creative thought. Last of all there would be the playful garden, a riot of color and perfume, and song birds, with statues of Greek dancers and perfumes that are excitants of revel and soul-inspiring rest.

Mr. Daniels declares that he is serious indeed about this "garden of moods" idea; and we agree with him that the idle rich will fall for it, greatly to his profit.

Where Is the Small Change?

Among the news notes from Paris there comes a statement to the effect that small silver coins have almost completely disappeared, and while pursuing diligent inquiry as to where they have all gone, substitutes have been provided by the authorities in the shape of fractional paper money, and that postage stamps are also used as such.

It will be recalled by many old-timers of the Civil War days that the same mystery existed with reference to the ten, five and three-cent pieces, the last named being a coin that has long since passed from memory except among the antique minority. Whether they were hoarded or used up in the trades no one ever knew, but disappear they did, and the tiny greenbacks, which were at once dubbed "shin plasters," were printed by the ton to fill the demand for small change; and it will also be remembered that there used to be as much mystery as to where the clean "shin plasters" went as in the case of the small silver coins of France. Postage stamps were also used in the absence of this fractional currency. Shopkeepers were glad to receive them, for the hot New York summers sweated the stamps, they often stuck together, and as only the stamp in clear sight was accepted as the value of the entire mass, considerable profit accrued when it was soaked in water and the concealed stamps again brought to light.

No one has ever presumed to decide where all the pins go, and there will always be the same difficulty with reference to the disappearance of the small change in war times.

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Commercial Aviation in France

Comemrcial aviation is developing rapidly in France, according to a statement issued by the government air navigation service, covering the activities of three recently established lines during the first three months of 1920. These lines connect Paris with London, Toulouse with Rabat (Morocco), and Toulouse with Bordeaux. According to the statement, a total distance of 81,707 miles was covered by planes plying between these points. One hundred and one passengers were carried, as well as 5,700 pounds of freight and 402 pounds of letters. These totals do not include the freight and mail carried between Toulouse and Bordeaux.

Between Paris and London, seventy-six trips were made, over a total distance of 18,970 miles, forty-one passengers being carried, in addition to 4,570 pounds of freight and 182 pounds of letters. Over the Toulouse-Rabat line, the total distance covered in forty-seven trips was 52,962 miles. Forty passengers were carried; 950 pounds of freight and 220 pounds of letters were transported. eBtween Toulouse and Bordeaux, 9,775 miles were covered and twenty passengers carried.

Russian Trade Suspended

Following the arrest in Russia of members of the Central Board and the discharge of other representatives of the co-operative societies now in Europe, the committee which was later formed to Copenhagen to negotiate for the resumption of commercial dealings with Russia has advised the government in Paris that for the present the pourparlers in Copenhagen and in other countries have been suspended.

Compensation and Surgical Care

A bulletin entitled "New Provisions for Compensation and Medical Surgical Care and Supplies Under the War Risk Act," and officially listed as "LD-30," is announced by Director R. G. Cholmeley-Jones of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance as ready for distribution.

If you were injured or contracted disease while in the service, even though the injury or disease was of a minor character, be sure to apply for a certificate of injury before one year after the date of your discharge or resignation, in order to protect yourself and your dependents. Act now!

Do not fail to get this certificate if you sustained injury or disease in the service which, even though it may not bother you now, may become aggravated hereafter. Apply to the nearest district supervisor, Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., giving your full name, serial number and organization and rank at the time of discharge or resignation.

The compensation and insurance claims division of the bureau has approved 147,081 claims for compensation on account of disability through service, and now is making payments thereon each month to the extent of $4,488,058.31-.

Bureau of War Risk Insurance

Director R. G. Cholmeley-Jones of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance announces that applications for the conversion of war risk insurance into the permanent government life insurance aggregate 133,242, or more than $400,000. Regardless of how long a service man's insurance has lapsed or been canceled, and regardless of how long he has been discharged from the service, a special ruling permits him to reinstate it at any time before July 1, 1920, upon application and payment of only two monthly premiums on the amount of insurance he wishes to reinstate, together with a satisfactory statement of health.

German Cattle for France

The treaty of peace obliged Germany, so as to reconstitute the cattle stolen or destroyed in the liberated regions, to deliver immediately on its signature a certain number of animals, 500 stallions, 30,000 mares, 2,000 bulls, 90,000 milk cows, 1,000 rams, 100,000 sheep and 10,000 goats.

On the 1st of April, 1920, shipments from Germany had reached 14,000 horses, 3,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 4,000 goats, which have been distributed over the departments of the Aisne, Ardennes, Marne, Meuse, Nord, Oise Pas-de-Calais, Somme and Vosges.

French Industry and Agriculture Association

That the restoration of prosperity in France depends mainly upon the development of her taxable resources through reconstruction of industry and creation of new sources of wealth, rather than through extreme fiscal legislation, was the theme expounded by Senator Touron at a general meeting of the Association de l'Industrie et de l'Agriculture Francaises on May 17th.

After listening to Mr. Touron's speech, the association unanimously adopted two resolutions, the first requesting the government to uphold the right of France to integral reparation by Germany of all damages in France and to put forth every effort to obtain co-operation of the allies with a view to exerting pressure upon Germany in case of default. The second resolution urged immediate measures for speeding up production, mining operations and particularly transportation, and opposed countenancing any tendency in the direction of reducing working hours.

Conquer thyself. Till thou hast done that thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as thine own.—Burton.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Lieut.-Col. Ernest K. Johnstone has sailed again for the Orient for a short visit. He returned very recently from another Oriental tour, but received orders to go again after a few days here. Upon his last arrival in San Francisco he received the news of his promotion from the rank of major.

Mrs. Johnstone will remain at the St. Francis during her husband's absence. Mrs. Johnstone went abroad with her husband a few years before the war. They were in Sicily at the outbreak, when Major Johnstone at once offered his services to the British army; he was transferred to the American service as soon as our country entered the war. From 1914, Mrs. Johnstone was indefatigable in war work in Europe, so it is a logical desire for her to wish repose among h r family and friends in her home city.

A Japanese Legend

Colonel Johnstone, who is a mine of information regarding the many foreign countries which he has visited, relates a pretty story which was told him on his recent trip to Japan.

Several hundred years ago a Japanese merchant returned to his mountain home in the interior from a visit to Tokyo. He brought as a gift to his wife an exquisite hand mirror, and a doll for his little three-year-old daughter. The child had never seen a doll before, but she knew at once what it was, and began delightedly to play wtih it. The young mother had never seen a mirror either, and beholding her fair face reflected therein, she exclaimd: "What a pretty face!" "That is your face," said the busy husband, and then went off about his affairs, without vouchsafing further explanation. His wife thought it was a picture of her face which some artist had painted. She looked long at it again. "How strange!" she said. "It moves and smiles." It seemed weird, too nearly like life, so she wrapped it carefully and put it away in a secret place, never looking at it again, for it frightened the simple woman. Years passed. The little daughter outgrew the doll and in the years to come became the mother of a little girl whose birth cost her her life. The grandmother reared the child to womanhood, and then fell ill of a mortal malady. On her deathbed she called her lovely young granddaughter and presented her a carved box. "Within, my child," said the old lady, "is my face when I was young. Sometimes when you think of me, look at it. It was my face when I was alone and beautiful like you." Weeks after the grandmother's death, the desolate old grandfather came upon his granddaughter gazing into the mirror which he had given his wife so long ago. "Look!" said the girl, "it is my grandmother's face when she was young. See, she weeps! Poor grandmother! How lonely she must have been when she was young!"

Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Marcus have returned from their southern motor trip to their home on Green Street.

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Del Monte

Judge and Mrs. Hiram D. Tuttle went to Del Monte from San Jose to participate in the Decoration Day golf tournament.

Mrs. Harold Havens of Peidmont is among the interesting visitors at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. L. D. Ricketts have been visiting Del Monte Lodge, having come from Arizona. Dr. Ricketts enjoys a game of golf on the Pebble Beach course.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Emmert and their daughter, Miss Barbara Emmert of Detroit, who have been at Del Monte for the past six months, have gone to Eureka to see the redwoods. The Emmerts have purchased a home site in the Pebble Beach residence colony and expect to have work started very shortly on the picturesque Spanish house, which they will occupy next winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Granville Moore of San Francisco visited Mrs. C. H. Staver at Del Monte. Mrs. Staver and Miss Alice Staver are from New York. They plan to stay at Del Monte for several months.

Miss Laura Hay Chapman, accompanied by her father, R. H. Hay Chapman, were among those at Del Monte for the Decoration Day holidays.

An intresting group of the younger set who enjoyed the dancing in the palm grill at Del Monte the other evening comprised Mrs. Alvah Kaime, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Alena Folger, Eric Pedley and Byington Ford, Tirey L. Ford, Jr., and Jerome H. Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Prentice and Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Savage formed a congenial party who spent the week-end at Del Monte. Mr. Prentice was the winner of a beautiful trophy at one of the recent tournaments at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, Count and Countess Audrey de Limur, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds Lyman of Burlingame are other visitors at Del Monte.

One of the palm grill parties was that of Dr. and Mrs. Louis S. Constine, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meigs and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stimson, who came down from San Francisco for a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lestock Gregory are making another visit to Del Monte.

Another enthusiastic golfer well known on the coast is Mr. F. M. Hunter of Pasadena, who, with Mrs. Hunter, stopped off at Del Monte for the Decoration Day week-end, en route for the east, where they plan to make an extended visit. Mr. Hunter is president of the Annandale Golf Club and one of the most active workers in the interest of golf. He has been spending much time over the two courses at Del Monte, indulging in his favorite pastime.

Mr. Richard McCreery of Menlo Park, who was at Del Monte and the lodge recently with Princess Hatzfeld of London, plans to spend the summer abroad. She will visit her daughter, Mrs. Denis Prideaux Brune, wife of Colonel Brune of the British army. Princess Hatzfeld will accompany Mrs. McCreery.

Casa del Rey, the luxurious hostelry of Santa Cruz, has never entertained so many guests as over the last week-end. Recent guests have been Supervisors Mulvihill and McLaren, Messrs. and Mmes. J. K. Steele, J. Birmingham, McKenzie Gordon, J. B. Avison, E. P. Farmer, Corbett Moody, F. T. Walker (Menlo), Mrs. V. Beede, Misses Murtagh and Betty Defendorf.

Mrs. Emma L. Hunt announced the engagement of her two beautiful granddaughters at a reception in her home on Tuesday. Miss Ethel Maroney will wed John Bandini Winston, Jr., of Los Angeles, a member of an old Spanish family, and Miss Marion Maroney will become the bride of Augustus Warner Bliss, son of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Bliss. Mrs. E. N. Short, mother of the young fiancees, and Mmes. Winston and Bliss, their prospective mothers-in-law, assisted Mrs. Hunt in receiving the large numbers of guests who called to offer their best wishes to the happy brides-to-be. They are nieces of Harry Hunt and Mrs. Harry Bostwick, and daughters of the late Frank Maroney. Besides beauty, the Misses Maroney are the fortunate possessors of many charming qualities and accomplishments. They are favorites in society. Miss Ethel is a graduate of U. C. and Miss Marion of the Dominican's, San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kelham of Sea Cliff will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Harrison Fisher announced that one reason of the beauty of San Francisco girls is the characteristic strain of Spanish blood. Dear Mr. Fisher would be amazed if he knew the very small proportion of our population which can lay claim to Spanish blood. Most of our "dark Rosalines" are of Irish descent.

Mrs. Paul Verdier has returned from a motor trip, to her home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. J. O. Gantner and family will spend the summer at San Ysidro Rancho, Santa Barbara.

Misses Katherine and Cecile Mohun have sent out invitations to a tea on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent have returned to Burlingame from Monterey.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained a gay house party at her ranch in Inverness for her daughter and son, Mary Julia and Harry. Misses Schmidell, Adams, and Messrs. A. and W. Hendrickson, L. B. Walker and O. Goldaracena were guests.

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The Sherman Rose Tree

June romance is not yet dead. To prove this assertion a move was made the other day in the old Spanish town of Monterey to destroy the Sherman rose tree and the Sherman rose cottage to make way for the progress of commerce.

There is a legend connected with the Sherman rose. The story runs that General Sherman, when stationed at Monterey, became enamored of a dark-eyed, beautiful daughter of the dons. Together—it is presumed after a preliminary love-making under the argus-eyed scrutiny of some wrinkled duenna—they planted a rose slip. When the first rose bloomed General Sherman promised to be on hand to lead the fair senorita to the altar. But alas for promises! she died not so very long ago full of years, and unwed; and the rose slip, now a strong-stemmed veteran, blooms, season after season, mute testimony to a promise unfulfilled.

This rose tree, accordingly, has been viewed by thousands who have listened attentively to the story unfolded to them and have taken an interest in the touch of romance.

The other day, however, the property on which the old landmark stands was purchased by the First National Bank of Monterey and plans for the wrecking of the cottage and destruction of the rose tree were announced, to make way for the cutting through of a new street and the erection of a new bank building. A storm of protest from all over the state resulted. The Monterey Chamber of Commerce and other civic bodies have been stirred to action to raise the money necessary to preserve the historic old landmark.

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Mr. and Mrs. George J. Lambley, after a delightful visit to Los Angeles and San Diego, motored back to town on Saturday. They left Thursday for their charming summer home in Shasta Springs, where they will remain about two months.

Mrs. Charles L. Acherman has returned to Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. William T. Hess was a recent bridge hostess at her residence on Sixth Avenue.

Mrs. Herman H. Helbush returned from Honolulu last week and is receiving a cordial welcome from her friends, who are delighted to see her looking so well. Her sister, Miss Barry, remained in Honolulu, visiting their sister.

Mr. L. A. Gamboin, publicity editor of the Southern Pacific R. R., is enjoying a six months' leave of absence after an uninterrupted period of nine years' service. G. P. Beaumont, hitherto his associate editor, will assume the duties of active editor while Mr. Gamboin enjoys life in the high Sierras.

Footprints on the Sands of Rockaway Beach

Psychologists who write on the subject of "Modesty" had better go no further with their manuscripts until they have had a chance to interview Deputy Police Commissioner Ellen O'Grady, who controls the psychological and sex situation at Rockkaway Beach. Miss O'Grady has decided a long-standing controversy. It has always been pointed out that modesty demands, in an evening or afternoon reception, a costume different from that worn in and about the ocean. "Why is this thus?" demands the iconoclast; "where do you draw the line?" Well, Commissioner Ellen O'Grady has drawn it; that is, she has drawn two lines—one along the beach, beyond which the fair bather may not stroll in her bathing togs; and another line on the female figure beyond which there shall be no liability to sunburn. Heretofore some of the wild, wild women hearkened to what the wild waves were saying, and then ambled through the summer resort streets chatting about it. It made wild men of the good townsmen, some of them fathers of families. For several years the town officials bungled in repressing this evil. Now the nymphs from New York Ctiy will be at the mercy of twenty-five Rockaway policewomen, and it looks as if psychology and sex attraction will at last be given definite standards of what's what. Neither will an automobile, racing or limousine, be tolerated as a dressing room. This is Article X of the League of Nations. Another thing: After taking a siesta in the sand, the habitue of the beach must be careful in shaking the sands aforesaid from her person. The copette suspects that it is the shimmy rather than the seashore that is being shaken, then there will be trouble, and the Associated Press will telegraph the facts around the world, and the citizens of Kansas will rejoice that they have no ocean to bring about such improprieties.

No Gasoline Today

The shortage of gasoline has worried not only 't'he man who owns one," but those hopeful citizens who, for the last year, have been investing their money in oil fields. Some rich and racy literature came from the promoters' offices. For a time it looked as if the only trouble would be that the supply of gas would exceed the demand. Most of the gas and gushing was done on paper. Evidently truth does not lie at the bottom of an oil well. Aside from that, one must pity the poor rich man who hangs around the service station and plaintively begs the white-clad dispenser for a few extra gallons. "I got to get to Los Gatos," he explains. Neither the bar-keep nor the Standard Oil Company sees any particular reason why anyone should go to Los Gatos; and so the adventurer buzzes around to find what other oil corporations think about it. I never knew so many people agreed on the statement that a corporation has no soul.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derham flew from San Francisco to Boyes Springs in twenty-seven minutes last Thursday. Mrs. Derham remained there to visit her mother. Mr. Derham made the trip back in twenty-seven minutes. When Charles

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 25917. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29518. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29519. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA D. BOOTH Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29520. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

Derham, their uncle, sailed on Saturday for Manila, the young couple flew in separate planes about the departing ship.

Concert for St. Anselm's

Society of Marin County will turn out to hear Tina Lerner, Russian pianist, who will give a farewell concert in Saint Anselm's Auditorium, San Anselmo, on Sunday afternoon, June 13th, at 3 o'clock. Tina Lernar leaves for Europe in early July to concertize in Europe.

Horace Britt, violoncellist and a great favorite in Marin County, will be heard in some of his favorite pieces.

Mrs. Frank Howard Allan, Jr., one of Marin County's popular society matrons, will be heard in violin selections.

Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop and Rev. Edgar Boyle, tenor, will also appear.

Mrs. James Kendall Armsby of Ross is head of the committee of arrangements, assisted by Mmes. William Kent, J. Kittle, Wasket Derby, John McKee, George Brooks, Joseph Roos, H. Johnson, Gerald Stratford, James Moore Sheehan, Mary Manning, Kirby Crittenden, and Misses Maude Fay and Margaret Mee.

Those who desire to come over from town can take the 1:45 P. M. boat, Sausalito ferry, and get off the train at Bolinas Avenue station.

The Stage

John McCormack's Concert

It is undoubtedly true of John McCormack, the famous lyric tenor, who will be heard in concert at the Expjosition Auditorium Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, that his audiences are made up of a greater variety of people of all classes than those of any other artist on the concert stage. They are all there—the master, the connoisseur, the enthusiast, the dilettante, the rich, the poor, the famous and the unknown. He has won his way to this merited appreciation through the natural and beautiful lyric quality of his voice, combined with the whole-hearted warmth and sincerity with which he sings. He is one of the few operatic singers who, on the concert stage, does not sacrifice both art and voice by a constant unvarying style of dramatic expression. We must have contrast, and Mr. McCormack exemplifies and employs this contrast with powerful color and true artistic style and finish. Whatever he sings he interprets in his particular style that is irresistible, be it an aria, a ballad or a folk song; it receives the same consideration, the same wonderful concentration, and the same inimtable delivery.

Here is the program:

Recitative, "Imperial Solomon"; air, "Sacred Raptures" (from "Solomon") ..... Handel
Mr. McCormack
Variations Symphoniques ..... Boellmann
Mr. Kennedy
"La Caravane" ..... Ernest Chausson
"Go Not, Happy Day" ..... Frank Bridge
"Love's Secret" ..... Granville Bantock
"L'Alba Separa" ..... Paolo Tosti
Mr. McCormack
Irish Folk Songs—
"The Harp That Once" ..... Arr. Page
"The Next Market Day" ..... Arr. Hughes
"Bendemeer's Stream" ..... Arr. Scott-Gaty
"Drumin Donn Deelish" ..... Arr. Hardebeck
Mr. McCormack
"Romance" ..... Saint-Saens
"Tarentelle" ..... Popper
Mr. Kennedy
"Only You" ..... Edwin Schneider
"Thank God for a Garden" ..... Teresa del Riego
"Ah! Moon of My Delight" ..... Liza Lehmann
Mr. McCormack

Tickets are on sale for the McCormack song recital today at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Sunday at the Exposition Auditorium.

Orpheum

Bothwell Browne will appear at the Orpheum next week with his bathing beauties and the Browne sisters in a Twentieth Century Revue. The Browne girls are two beautiful, youthful and artistic entertainers who are seen throughout the revue, and in addition come out before the huge plush curtain and simply "stop the show" with their jazz accordeons. They have appeared in the big-time vaudeville houses ever since they were children, and they are both still under twenty. They have been engaged at various times in some of New York's most stupendous productions and have always made good. Mr. Browne appears in the finale of his revue and is discovered in a huge Oriental setting, in which he is assisted by the bathing girls adorned in gorgeous Egyptian apparel.

Albert Lloyd and Clay Crouch, known as the "two southern gentlemen," will offer a bit of clever and amusing foolery, the sole object of which is to amuse. They are well known vaudevillians who have firmly established themselves in public favor.

In "Home Sweet Home," Ernest Anderson and Marjorie Burt are admirably fitted with a medium to bring out their pronounced ability. Miss Burt appears as the clinging vine type of an adoring wife, who submits to the frequent morning grouch of her stern and exacting husband. How she manages to take the affairs of her home into her own hands, conquer the temperamental spouse and set her house in order must be seen to be appreciated.

George Fox and Zella Ingraham have selected a number of the things they do best, and put them together in a melange of music and song. Mr. Fox looks after the mirth and Miss Ingraham the song.

Texas and Walker, a man and a woman, natives of New Mexico, present a comedy talking, fancy rope spinning and knot-tying offering, which they call "Pastimes on Three Cross Ranch." A special scenic setting descriptive of western ranch surroundings, and electrical effects that give a most beautiful sunrise and sunset, are features that help enhance the number very much. Tex Walker is a champion roper and broncho buster, having made a record at the Pendleton Roundup of a 104 loop spin.

Henri Scott, the famous bass-baritone from the Metropolitan Opera House, will be heard in new numbers. Ned Norworth, assisted by Evelyn Wells, and Blossom Seeley and her company in "Miss Syncopation," will be the remaining numbers in one of the best programmes presented in vaudeville.

"Keep Her Smiling"—Curran

Comedy in its best and most wholesome sense will be found in "Keep Her Smiling," the brilliant and gently satiric comedy of American modern domestic and social life, by John Hunter Booth, author of "The Masquerader," which Richard Walton Tully will present at the Curran Theatre, week beginning Sunday night, June 6th.

"Keep Her Smiling," which Mr. Booth founded on the series of stories by Edgar Franklin, has enjoyed long and successful runs in New York, Boston and Chicago. It is in three acts and the action transpires in a New York office and a residential suburb near that city. The plot revolves around Henry and Polly Trindle, who have been recently married. Henry is the plodding, overworked and underpaid cashier of a firm of big contractors in New York. Polly has persuaded him to buy (on installments) a villa in an exclusive residential suburb. Henry is made a dummy director and figure-head secretary-treasurer of a new corporation promoted by his firm, and is given the usual one share of stock. His new position creates no increase in salary. However, Polly imagines otherwise, and braces herself to further her social ambitions. Henry's pride prevents him from undeceiving his wife, and in any and all cases, his one aim in life is to "keep her smiling" at whatever cost or effort. He is quickly and overwhelmingly involved in financial obligations to pay for things Polly desires—and gets—without any idea of where the money is to come from under normal conditions. Henry's apparent Waterloo occurs when Polly decides to give a big fashionable party to their millionaire neighbors, and engages grand opera singers and Russian dancers as entertainers, with Fifth Avenue caterers and florists as mere incidentals. On the day of the festivities Henry has evaded an overdue payment on the house, and during the party is presented with a bill for the entertainers, etc., amounting to $6,000. His entire wealth is $5. While the audience, exhausted with laughter, is betting evenly and impartially on the sheriff or suicide, Henry by blind luck, emerges triumphantly and to his own amazement, as an acknowledged financier and the social and business equals of his neighbors and employers. The large cast of twenty-five includes such splendid players as the noted English comedian, David Miller, whom Mr. Tully brought over from London to assume the leading role; Isabel Withers, De Witt C. Jennings, Lincoln Plummer, Lillian Concord, Rose Emerson, Ethel Conroy, Vira Rial, W. A. Whitecar, William T. Hays, John M. Washburne. The scenic settings are said to be very beautiful and exceptionally massive and elaborate for a comedy production.

Alcazar

This weeks snappy, sizzling, satirical comedy, "A Sleepless Night," followed by the musical farce, "The Jealousy of Le Barbouille," sung by Andre Ferrier, Marion Vecki and Anna Young, will be replaced next Sunday matinee by the immensely popular psychological play of mystery by by Edward Clark. It is replete with surprises and thrills that seem never ending, and is illuminated at every turn by vivid flashes of brilliant comedy. Great ingenuity is shown in this dramatization of Scammon Lockwood's fascinating story about the band of New York confidence operators, who conceived a gorgeous swindling scheme while assembled in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car; developed it at their New York headquarters, and came to grief while attempting its operation in a wise little town in Connecticut, a state famous for its own wooden nutmeg invention. Belle Bennett personates Annie, a high class crook to all appearances; Clay Clement, the gentlemanly swindler Jimmy Fitzpatrick; Emily Pinter, the original confidence queen; with Brady Kline, Henry Shumer, Clifford Alexander, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Sam A. Burton, Walter Belasco, Frederic Green, Jean Oliver and the well-beloved character actress, Emelie Melville.

"Johnny Get Your Gun," first presented on any stage at the Alcazar, will have oft requested revival Sunday, June 16th. Since acted here it

has become one of the most popular and profitable of farcicial plays.

Blanche Bates (Mrs. George Creel) is playing the greatest part in her career, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," at the Henry Miller Theatre. The house is packed at every performance and the universal verdict of the audience is, "Best play I have seen this winter." Miss Bates' performance is perfect in every way. Her professional friends consider it the greatest artistic success of her life. Miss Bates has been the life and leading spirit of the Monday night dances at the Club de Vignt this winter. These dances commence at eleven and end at two. The set is composed of prominent professional people and artists.

Mrs. de Wolf's Marriage

The marriage of Mrs. Edgar de Wolf and Richard Hudnut in New York this week interests many people here, where Mrs. de Wolf has an admiring clientele for her artistic skill in home decoration.

Her late husband was a brother of Elsie de Wolf, the actress, and manager of the Pleasanton Hotel here before the fire.

Mr. Hudnut is reputed to be worth ten millions. He retired from business as a pharmacist about seven years ago, selling to a syndicate his entire business and the right to use his name. He is about sixty-five years old, well preserved and good-looking. He owns a handsome camp at North Creek in the Adirondacks, which the artistic taste of his bride will doubtless transform into a sylvan paradise, as she has devoted herself for several years to the art of home decoration.

Frances Carson, leading woman with Willie Collier in his great success, "The Thunderbolt," is in private life Mrs. John P. Boiardi and lives with her husband in a charming little apartment in East Twenty-fourth Street, N. Y. They are very popular and entertain their friends frequently at the most enjoyable little teas given in New York.

Annie Laurie's Descendant

The origin of a famous song is recalled by the announcement of the engagement to Major V. W. Eyre of Miss Esme Fergusson of Craigdarrock, a descendant of Bonnie Annie Laurie, remarks the Morning Post. Annie was a daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelltown, and the lover who wrote so fervently of her beauty and his devotion was one William Douglas of Finland, who composed the song, according to tradition, shortly before he was killed in active service in Flanders two centuries ago. The original song, however, was very different from the familiar version, which we owe to Lady John Scott, who not only revised it, but added a third, and most beautiful, verse.

Curran's New Press Agent

Homer Curran of the Curran Theatre has engaged a new press agent, who has in his three weeks' incumbency made a very favorable impression. His name is William J. Murphy, a good-looking San Francisco boy and former U. C. student. He began his career in the Curran box office before going overseas. He was a second lieutenant of the 141st Aero Squadron, whose beloved captain was "Hoby" Baker. The 141st's insignia is a tiger playing with a Hun helmet—the tiger in honor of Captain Baker, was was a Princeton graduate. The squadron qualified for its insignia by bringing down three German planes. After the armistice Captain Baker was killed in a plane accident.

Mr. Murphy is a brother of Leo J. Murphy, who will be remembered as one of Tait's orchestra leaders and who is now playing in Chicago.

A good press agent is of inestimable value to a theatre, and is a cheerful medium between the artist and the public. Mr. Murphy has the equipment to make his mark. Good luck to him!

Hotel Cecil

Col. and Mrs. Roger Fitch, U. S. A., have closed their quarters at the Presidio and are residing at the Cecil.

Mrs. W. H. Garlich leaves next week for Lake Tahoe to visit her sister, Mrs. W. N. Gabriel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Atkins of Watsonville have been entertained a great deal during their visit to town.

Miss K. E. Leach, who arrived recently from Shanghai, gave a bridge luncheon Monday at the Cecil.

Mrs. A. S. Arnold and Miss Arnold are Cecil guests, as are also Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Slade and Miss Grace Slade. Mrs. W. S. Thompson and Miss Marian Thompson have returned from the Orient and are stopping at the Cecil.

French Government Denies Bad Behavior of Colored Troops

The French government is protesting energetically concerning the accusations which have been made against the colonial troops who took part in the recent occupation of certain German Rhine cities. The government sees in such attacks nothing more than an effort on the part of the Germans to erase the remembrance of atrocities committed in France during the war by German officers and soldiers, the perpetrators of which have never been punished. The French Foreign Office, in effect, has evidence that an active propaganda campaign was launched against these colored troops in neutral countries.

At the same time, the French government takes occasion to comment on the devotion to duty manifested by the troops, without distinction of color, during the occupation. It declares that the presence of colonial troops on French soil gave rise to no disorder whatever and that the complaints made against the colored troops in the area have not been justified by investigation. The governments statement declares that of 85,000 men comprising the army of occupation, only $23,440 were colonial troops, and among these but 7,490 were negroes, the remaining 15,950 being Algerians and Moroccans. The colonial regiments of France comprise 20 per cent of European troops, and according to official statement, the colored men are under perfect discipline, and their behavior towards the civil population was absolutely without reproach. The statement further declares that evidence can easily be obtained from unprejudiced inhabitants of the Rhine country that excellent relations existed between them and the French colonial troops.

A Glorfied Doll's House

In 1675 Mme. de Thiange presented to the Duke du Maine a toy, which has long ago disappeared, and for the recovery of which I would gladly exchange many a grand composition of painting and sculpture. It was a sort of gilded doll's house, representing the interior of a salon. Over the door was written, "Chambre des Sublimes." Inside were wax portrait-figures of living celebrities: the Duke du Maine in one armchair; in another La Rochefoucauld, who was handing him some manuscript. By the armchairs were standing Bossuet, then Bishop of Condon, and La Rochefoucauld's eldest son, M. de Marcillac. At the other end of the alcove Mme. de La Fayette and Mme. de Thiange were reading verses together. Outside the balustrade, Boileau with a pitchfork was preventing seven or eight bad poets from entering, to the amusement and approval of Racine, who was already inside, and of La Fontaine, who was invited to come forward. The likeness of these little waxen images is said to have been perfect, and there can hardly be fancied a relic of that fine society which would be more valuable to us in re-establishing its social character. We know not what became of it in the next generation. No doubt, the wax grew dusty, and the figures lost their heads and hands, and some petulant chatelaine doomed the ruined treasure to the dustbin.—Edmund Gosse in "The French Moralists."

ALCAZAR

This Week—Comedy and Opera
"A SLEEPLESS NIGHT"
"THE JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLE"

Week Commencing Next Sunday Matinee, June 6
Edward Clark's Psychological Mystery Play
"DE LUXE ANNIE"
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Belle Bennett—Clay Clement
SUNDAY MATINEE, JUNE 13—A Great Comedy
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MATINEE EVERY DAY
BOTHWELL BROWNE, with his BATHING BEAUTIES and the BROWNE SISTERS, in a 20th Century Revue; LLOYD & CROUCH, Two Southern Gentlemen; HENRI SCOTT, the Famous Bass-Baritone; NED NORWORTH, assisted by Evelyn Wells; ANDERSON & BURT, in "Home Sweet Home"; GEORGE FOX AND ZELLA INGRAHAM, in "Song Showers"; TEXAS & WALKER, Pastimes on Three Cross Ranch; BLOSSOM SEELEY & CO., in "Miss Syncopation."
Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Matinee Prices—25c, 50c, 75c.

John McCormack Sings

Tomorrow at 2:30 p. m.
Exposition Auditorium

Tickets on sale today at Sherman, Clay & Co., Sunday at Exposition Auditorium
Best seats, $2.50 and $2. Others $1.50 and $1.
Steinway Piano Used.

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WEEK STARTING SUNDAY, JUNE 6
RICHARD WALTON TULLY
Offers the Sparkling Comedy
"Keep Her Smiling"
By John Hunter Booth, author of "The Masquerader"
Superb Cast of 25

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The favorable factors to which Wall Street trading element point have been numerous the past week, and these have caused a decided change in sentiment.

Among the events which are considered of most importance is the resumption of gold imports from the Orient, together with a change in the movement in exchange on Argentine, which indicates a movement in gold in favor of this country and is entirely the reverse of that which existed a month back, when Argentine was taking the gold sent here from England as fast as it was received from the other side. Another factor was the decision by the anthracite coal miners not to strike and the belief that the switchmen's strike will soon be settled.

Speculation, however, was rather quiet, owing to the fear of continued high money rates and the warning by the Federal Reserve Board that banks must discriminate in their loans and speculation in stocks, as well as commodities, must be held in check.

The country is fast waking up to the idea that the great orgy of extravagance should be brought under control. Far-sighted economists have been preaching the doctrine for months and have given warning over and over again that reckless spending could not continue indefinitely. Sentiment not only in banking circles but throughout the country is gradually changing, and the people themselves are giving a little more attention to thrift and economy.

It is true that we are not only at the beginning of what we are trying to accomplish, but those who are capable of reading the signs of the times are convinced that the tide has actually turned. Naturally, the financiers must take the lead in the effort to bring about new conditions, and they are doing this to the best of their ability.

The credit situation, of course, is uppermost in the minds of those who come in contact with banking affairs. The demand for capital is greater than has ever been before experienced in the world's history, and world conditions have to be studied in connection with it and the financial world disregards geographical lines. We are now about through the worst of our financial troubles, and sentiment that was so pessimistic and predicting a panic has had time to take a more sane view of conditions, and the trade is gradually getting around to the point where they are willing to believe that there can be no panic. We are simply at a point where we have got to check up our assets and our liabilities in order to find out where we stand.

Business generally has shown a tendency to slow up, but this is still due to the transportation troubles. Every effort is being made to move large quantities of grain held in the middle west before the new crop begins to move, and railroads are giving all their attention to this class of freight. Consequently, other lines must wait until the grain congestion is relieved.

With every prospect of a large increase in freight rates, which will in turn mean an increase in wages to the railroad employees, the freight situation that has been one of the most serious menaces to general business promises to again become normal, or at least show a decided improvement in the near future.

After all, most of the causes of the increase in the living cost can be directly laid to the lack of distribution, and once this is remedied a better feeling will exist in all lines of business; and with the credit situation expected to improve a little later on, fundamental conditions are such that present prices are on a sound basis and with a little encouragement a higher range of values would be witnessed.

Cotton—Sentiment was more bearish than for some time past and prices average lower. The wave of price cutting throughout the country, as well as a spell of more favorable weather, were the factors.

With a month of unfavorable weather, according to the law of avarages, planters have a right to anticipate a spell of good weather for awhile, but even this would not give the crop the start necessary to insure ripening in time to escape the boll weevil pest.

In regard to the deflation popularly supposed to be in progress, a student of cotton economics says: "There was a time when the trade thought that deflation was brought about by increased production and reduced buying. Now we cut production and invite buyers to come in and help themselves. We are trying to substitute hysteria for sound orthodox methods, and the ultimate result is likely to disclose depleted stocks and diminished reserves."

Wages have advanced in textile centers. Railway employees are insisting on another increase. This does not foreshadow a diminution of buying power. Conservatism in purchases is not stimulated by offers of bargains.

The public is evidently thinking in terms of lower prices. That is all right as far as it goes. It will have to think in terms of increased production in order to give permanency to a lower level. Buyers cannot rush in and clean up stocks and then spend their time in wishing for another decline.

We believe that this line of reasoning will prove correct in the long run, and the same general principles will apply generally to raw cotton. Purchasers have been perfectly willing to see raw cotton selling prices work lower, but how can they be expected to work lower unless steps are taken to insure a larger crop, thus actuating under the natural laws of supply and demand.

The only possible way to bring raw cotton prices down is to help the farmer bring down his production costs, bring down labor costs, fertilizer costs, and furnish him with better transportation facilities and then ask him to reduce his selling prices.

The present state of labor in the south not only means that the farmer has to compete with the high wages offered in the industrial towns and the better social conditions existing in these towns, but also has to face an actual shortage of labor, which precludes the hope of a bumper crop.

Weather conditions to date have been such that the planter will be doing very well if he exceeds last year's short crop.

With the above conditions in mind, we believe that the present prices for the distant futures of the new crop are low, taking everything into consideration, and before the crop is available we expect much higher prices. We will not raise as much cotton this year as last, and with last year's crop selling well above the 40-cent level, believe there is very little risk in buying the new crop futures at the prevailing discount.

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December 31st, 1919

Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29516. Dept No. 10.

Estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858 Phelan Building, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Supcrior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desrtion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are herehy notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.

JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 106,578. Dept. 16.

In the matter of the application for change of name of ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH.

WHEREAS, ISRAEL LOVICH has filed his petition with the Clerk of this Court for permission to change his name from ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH.

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the matter aforesaid appear at Department 16 of the said Superior Court, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 15th day of June, 1920, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they may have, why said application should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: May 11th, 1920.

BERNARD J. FLOOD,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 11, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By A. L. GOLDMAN, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. MORRIS,
Attorney for Applicant,
900 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif. 5-15-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that therea.ter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-8-10

In peace time as in war time we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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President Wilson After Charlatanry

The expressive though somewhat inelegant phrase, "the Big Stick," as applied to political acts, at one time seemed to have been created especially for the lamented Theodore Roosevelt. But our worthy President may be said to have appropriated it in the promulgation of his own acts and theories, and to have used it with a courage and effectiveness which proclaims him in the same class with his illustrious predecessor. Wilson has wielded it effectively both here and in France; its impact has been catapulted from the seclusion of the sick room, and each time those against whom it has been directed have found no way to uppercut its blows sufficiently to render them impotent. The latest swat of this worthily wielded inheritance has been directed against no less a person than his erstwhile Secretary of State, that prince of eloquence and pauper of achievement, William Jennings Bryan. Doubtless he has harked back to that memorable convention when "the Great Commoner" was first nominated in a very riot of mad enthusiasm, because in his efforts to sidetrack a gold plank in the Democratic platform, his brain framed what was perhaps one of the most gracefully poetic metaphors that ever emanated from the mouth of an orator. In this he declared that "this Crown of Thorns must not be placed upon the brow of labor, nor shall it be crucified upon this Cross of Gold." The result of this admirable burst of rhetoric was his selection as the candidate of the Democratic party, and the same mistake was made in two successive conventions, the party not having yet awakened to the fact that a gold standard had not produced the threatened horrors upon the brows, hands and feet of labor. The grandiloquent Bryan has been ever since propounding theories and riding hobby-horses calculated once more to kick his party into the mire of defeat. He has been the most effective mouthpiece in over-riding the liberties of the people with the steam roller of prohibition; he has been working with his habitual eloquent enthusiasm to build a prohibition plank into the Democratic platform, and with an impertinence and daring hitherto unheard of, he has announced that he will be present at the Republican convention in Chicago, to lobby for a similar plank in a party not his own! He further proposes to strengthen these planks by introducing one supporting a league of nations with reservations, in direct opposition to the wishes of the leader of his party, President Wilson. This roused the President to action, and the edict went out that there was a right eye in the party to be plucked out at once and that those who have the interests of the Democratic party at heart must "get Mr. Bryan at once." If the big guns of the party will consult their hearts and not their ears, this can be done and this destructive element eliminated for good. But if they should permit themselves to be again stampeded by this silver-tongued master of metaphor, and nothing else, instead of by the far-seeing wisdom of President Wilson, then the good Lord help their chances of success!

* * *

Beware the Sorehead, Republicans!

By the time this newspaper has been placed on the news stands the selection of the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President will no doubt have been made. Until similar action shall have been taken by the Democratic convention at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium, the politically independent can discuss platforms, candidates or the chances of either of the great parties from the viewpoint of positive indifference and without bias of any kind. As far as the selection of preferential candidates of either party is concerned, the Democrats have much the cleaner slate. In its stricter sense there has been no contest at all; possibly because they have very wisely chosen to await the two-thirds majority vote of their assembled delegates before hoisting their banners and beginning the shouting, after their good old fashion of time immemorial. So much cannot be said for the Republicans, whose methods for the selection of preferential delegates have been most deplorable. The fight has been so full of bitterness, so marked by personal animosities, and so blind in its money extravagances as to place the stain of "bought" upon whatever candidate will have been chosen, which will lose him many thousands of voters who may follow a Democratic candidate. At this juncture it would appear to be worth while speculating as to whether the somewhat prodigal employment of the steam roller by the Republican National Committee in refusing seats to many apparently elected delegates will or will not result in the uprising of the soreheads and the selection of one of the defeated presidential candidates to head a third party. Such a move would surely write another chapter dealing with the unwisdom of soreheadism into the history of the Republican party. This party has not a walkover in prospect by any means, in spite of the general belief of all Republicans and many Democrats. "United we stand, divided we fall," and other kindred Americanisms, apply to them now with quite as much force as they ever did, and, if the lessons taught by them should be once more set aside, the next President of the United States will be named by the first presidential convention ever held west of the Rockies.

* * *

Actors' Equity Retaliates

Much of the surprising success and power in the artistic world of the Actors' Equity Society is due to the energy and executive sagacity of its first president, Francis Wilson, the actor, who, for some time, has been enjoying the fruits of his long and successful career. His last official act on retiring from active work in the organization was to resent the action of a convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church in reviving a blue law which forbids the attendance at theatres of all true devotees of that sect, in addition to another law recently passed forbidding dancing. This other good President Wilson regards this as being nothing less than an unwarranted insult to the dramatic profession, which has at all times been willing to proffer its valuable services to religious or charity organizations without reference to sect or creed. The Methodist Church has often been the beneficiary of these gratuitous services, and received the money without any protest against the sinfulness of its sources. It is suggested that the dramatic profession, through its Equity Association, shall pass a resolution forbidding its members to participate in any entertainment in which the Methodist Church shall be interested, directly or indirectly, and the rule was entered upon the records without opposition. This incident recalls one of many years ago, where at a church fair, a beautiful young woman, finding that her booth was not earning the money expected of it, offered to sell to men privileges of kissing her at five dollars each. The effect was electrical, and the five-dollar gold pieces poured into the booth purse by dozens. There was no protest then, for the cause needed money, and it was not for the lady managers to question whence it came. But the fair over and the profits counted and banked, the sacrifiing young woman found that she had scandalized the whole parish to such an extent that none of the elect could possibly associate with her. Francis Wilson's action is justified by another patch from the same piece of cloth, and

few there be, outside of the orthodox churches, who will not approve of it.

* * *

Ibanez Still Safe

None of the threats of violence intimated on this page last week as possible reprisals against his readable exposures of the Mexican methods of government by Ibanez have been carried out, perhaps for the reason that he has made a getaway to report the Chicago convention. Such other reprisals as have manifested themselves, however (and there have been several), were evidently made by such Mexican propagandists as believe that the pen is mightier than the stilletto, for they appeared in the form of indignantly defensive letters, written to the daily newspapers and, no doubt, to Ibanez himself at his temporary Chicago address. One of them, published in *The Chronicle's* "The Safety Valve" is almost pathetic in its protests gainst the wanton inaccuracies of the correspondent's articles, and declaring with as much vehemence as a daily newspaper could be expected to print, that he has not only been misled by information secured from revolutionists, but that the information so secured was with malice aforethought because of his bitter enmity against Mexico and her institutions. The gist of this particular letter was to the effect that Ibanez intentionally falsified when he declared that the pay of Mexican soldiers was the principal source of graft for Mexican officers, since the money is all handled only by them. The writer declares that all monies intended for the military forces of Mexico are in charge of civilians of irreproachable character, and that every dollar under their control reaches the patriots for whom it was intended. Everyone who has taken the trouble to interview such men as are not sympathetic with the Mexican government for reasons best known to themselves, knows that this is not true. For many years well posted informants have made it known that the grafting by Mexican officers has been a notorious scandal which many of the officers themselves have not ventured to dispute because it was an established custom. It is known that this was one of the main causes for the recent almost bloodless revolution, and the fact that so little blood was shed ought to be ample proof that the federal soldiers themselves were not in sympathy with to the Carranza government.

* * *

Nippon Maru Has a Precedent

Town Talk feels inclined to indulge in a little crowing over the fact that it first published the true reasons why the Nippon Maru resort was not at all adapted, either in location or the construction of its buildings, for a tuberculosis hospital. There has resulted a veritable war between a majority of the board of supervisors on the one side and residents of Saratoga and Los Gatos, public-spirited citizens, and one or two really on-the-level supervisors on the other. It is recalled that there was once in San Francisco a similar job railroaded through, in the case of the purchase of a site for the present postoffice on Seventh Street, only that this time is was the U. S. government that disregarded the protests of public-spirited citizens. When it became known that the site had been selected there was a storm of adverse opinion, to the effect that a building of the proposed size and weight could not with safety be erected upon it. Affidavits were sent to Washington to the effect that the building would be founded upon sand dumped on a quagmire, for here there was once a muddy marsh and running streams. The Washington authorities sent an expert to survey the site carefully and render a report. The "expert" was not an engineer, not a real estate man, not a diplomat, and had never even held a public office, but only Clarence Heritage, an actor out of a job. It was then the summer time, when nearly all actors were resting, and his brother-in-law, who was in the P. O. department, thought it would be a pleasant vacation for him to be sent to San Francisco to decide upon a P. O. site. This "expert" held meetings, carefully surveyed the site, read the affidavits and had personal interviews with citizens who knew the ground before it had been filled in and were sure it should not be bought because it was unsafe. But the "expert" returned to Washington, recommended the purchase, which was made, and everyone knows what condition the postoffice foundations were in after the calamity of 1906.

This case seems likely to be made a precedent in respect to Nippon Maru, despite the objections of people who know what they are talking about. This would seem to have been foreshadowed by a published statement from Supervisor McLaren, alleged to have been made some time ago, to the effect that the Nippon Maru matter was of no further interest to him, for he considered the deal closed.

* * *

Let the Taxpayers Decide

There are thousands of taxpayers who are intelligent real estate appraisers though they are not in the real estate business. Many of these individuals have motor cars and drive down the peninsula, lured by this grand weather. Why not have a look at Nippon Maru now? With other resorts to choose from, the low-lying buildings, of material apparently not at all of recent origin, have not a strong appeal even to the healthy seeker for a place of rural abode. The name is its most attractive feature, which was perhaps suggested to its proprietor through her former activities in Japan as a missionary. If the deal to purchase the place for a tuberculosis hospital is finally brazenly achieved, it might be a worthy idea to crystallize the original plan and erect all the necessary buildings with Japanese sliding walls. The existing old structures would, of course, have to be demolished.

A tuberculosis resort located high in the hills can do no harm (appreciably) to Los Gatos; but in the lowland, in the heart of the town, it would spell extinction to the attractiveness of the place for miles around. It would be an outrage perpetrated upon the residents of that city and surrounding towns.

That Unbelievable Dry Decision

No free and independent American citizen, born and reared under the impression that the Constitution of the United States was framed to protect and perpetuate that independence, could possibly have foreseen the decision of the country's court of last resort, making both the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead enforcement act the law of the land. Such undeniably great lawyers as Elihu Root and William Guthrie, were so positive in their convictions that at least the Volstead act would be declared unconstitutional, that in two or three instances brewers began to prepare for a resumption of business. Several California vineyardists made their wine as usual, confident, under expert legal advice, that the cheap, narrow and chemically preposterous provisions of the enforcement act could not possibly be upheld as being either just or constitutional. But just that happened and more. Not only were history's two most pernicious and liberty-throttling governmental acts written into the fundamental law, but suits to enjoin the United States from applying the enforcement act, entered by Rhode Island and other states, were peremptorily dismissed. The decision will, of course, delight the cohorts of the drys and their golden mouthpiece, Mr. Bryan, but it will bring bitterness and resentment to the millions who, while welcoming the abolishment of the saloon, will never bow in humble submission to a law which, if it could, would prohibit the use of alcohol in its very mildest forms within the homes of the working poor who need it, and the rich, who will persistently resist such wanton interference with innocent privileges that have always been their vested right as free-born Americans. This is a bitter and resentful rebuke of the drastic and impirical action of the supposedly wise men whom we have elected to frame our laws, and it is so intended. This law will never be obeyed, either by those to whom some mild stimulant is a necessity, or by those to whom it is merely a luxury. As long as the vast stocks of wines and liquors at present manufactured shall continue to exist it will be reached in one way or another, and consumed, no matter what it costs or how illegal the method by which it will be secured. When these stocks are gone millions upon millions of people will manufacture beverages in their homes, as a vast number are already doing and will continue to do, despite the efforts of dry spies and sleuths. But there is still a way left by which such a deplorable infraction of the law can be avoided. The same enacting body that brought the eighteenth amendment into being, namely, the Congress at Washington, can either abrogate or modify it, provided that a Congress be elected that will be more thoughtful of the liberties of the people. This decision has not ended the matter my any means. The war is still on, and the upholders of true American independence will not retreat until another amendment be passed that will make them law-abiding citizens instead of secret violators of it.

Elias

By Leo Tolstoi

There dwelt once upon a time in the Ufimsk government a Bashkir named Elias. The father of Elias had left him a poor man. His father had only gotten him a wife a year before, and then died. In those days Elias owned seven mares, two cows, and twice ten sheep. But Elias was now the master, and began to spread himself out; from morn to eve he labored with his wife, rose up earlier and lay down later than all other men, and grew richer every year. Five-and-thirty years did Elias continue to labor, and won for himself great possessions.

Elias now had two hundred head of horses, a hundred and fifty head of horned cattle, and one thousand two hundred sheep. Many men-servants pastured the studs of horses and the herds of Elias, and many maid-servants milked the mares and the cows and made kumis, butter and cheese. Elias had much of everything, and everybody round about envied the life of Elias. People said: "Ah, what a lucky fellow that Elias is! He has everything in abundance, he has no need to die." And good people began to know Elias and make his acquaintance. And guests came to him from afar. And Elias welcomed them all, and gave them to eat and to drink. Dhosoever came to him found abundance of kumis, and tea, and sherbet, and the flesh of rams. Whenever guests came a ram or two was immeditely killed, and if there were many guests they killed a mare.

Elias has three children—two sons and a daughter. Elias had provided his sons with wives, and had given his daughter in marriage. While Elias was poor his sons had worked with him and guarded the herds and the studs of horses themselves, but when the sons became rich they began to amuse themselves, and one of them took to drink. One of them—the eldest—was presently killed in a brawl, and the younger son fell into the power of a stuck-up wife, and this son no longer listened to his fatherm, and Elias had to give him his portion and get rid of him.

So Elias paid him out and gave him a house and cattle, and the riches of Elias were diminished. And shortly after this a disease fell upon the sheep of Elias, and many of them perished. And then came a year of scarceness—no hay would grow—and many cattle starved in the winter. Then the Kirghiz came and stole the best part of the horses, and the estate of Elias diminished still further. Elias began to fall lower and lower, and his natural forces were less. And when he had reached his seventieth year things came to such a pass that he began to sell his furs, his carpets, his covered wagons, and then he began to sell his cattle, down to the very last one; and so Elias came to naught. And he himself perceived that he had nothing left, and he was obliged in his old age to go with his wife to live among the common people. And the only things which Elias could now call his own were the clothes he had on his body, his fur cloak, his hat, and his shoes; and his wife, Shem Shemagi, was also an old woman. The son whom he had bought off departed into a distant land, and his daughter died. And there was none to help the old folks.

Their neighbor, Muhamedshah, pitied the old folks. He himself was neither rich nor poor, but lived at his ease, and he was a good man. He remembered that he had eaten bread and salt with Elias, and he was filled with compassion, and said to Elias:

"Come with me, Elias, and live with me along with thine old woman. In the summer thou shalt work for me according to thy strength in the melon fields, and in the winter thou shalt feed my cattle, and let Shem Shemagi milk the cows and make kumis. I will feed and clothe you both, and whatever ye want tell it me and I will give it you."

Elias thanked his neighbor and dwelt with his wife in the house of Muhamedshah as one of his servants. At first it seemed grievous to them, but soon they grew accustomed to it, and the old people continued to live there and work according to their strength.

It was profitable to the master to have such people, for the old folks had themselves been masters and knew how things should be rightly ordered, and were not idle but worked according to their ability; the only thing which grieved Muhamedshah was to see people who had been so high fall to such a low estate.

And it chanced one day that distant relations came as guests to Muhamedshah, and a Mullah came also. And Muhamedshah bade Elias take a ram and slay it. Elias skinned the ram and cooked it, and set it before the guests. The guests ate the ram's flesh, drank as much tea as they wanted, and then a-drinking kumis. The guests sat with their host on down cusihons on the floor and drank their kumis out of little cups, and conversed together, and Elias went about his work and passed by the door where they were sitting.

Muhamedshah saw him and said to one of his guests: "Didst thou see that old men who passed by my door?"

"I saw him," said the guest; "is there anything extraordinary ahout him?"

"There is this much extraordinary about him —that he was once upon a time our richest man —Elias they called him; perchance thou hast heard concerning him?"

"How could I help hearing of him?" replied the guest; "seen it all I have not, but the fame of him was spread far and wide."

"Well, now he hath nought, and he lives with me as a servant; and his old woman lives with him and milks my cows."

The guest was astonished. He clicked with his tongue, shook his head, and said: "Ah! 'tis plain how fortune goes flying round like a wheel. One she raises on high, another she thrusts down below. Tell me," said the guest, "is the heart of the old man sore within him, perchance?"

"Who can tell? He lives peaceably and quietly, and looks well."

"May one converse with him?" said the guest; "I should like to question him concerning his life."

"Certainly, it is possible," replied the host, and he shouted from behind the "kibitka, "Babad," which signifies grandfather in the Bashkir language, "go and drink kumis and call hither the old man!"

And Elias came to them with his wife. Elias greeted the guests and the host, recited a prayer, and squatted down on his knees at the door, and his wife went behind the curtain and sat down with her mistress.

They gave Elias a cup full of kumis. Elias drank the healths of the guests and the host, did obeisance, drank a little more, and then placed the cup aside.

"Now tell me, grandfather," said one of the guests, "I suppose it grieves thee looking at us, to call to mind thy former life, and to recollect how fortunate thou wert, and how now thou dwellest in misery?"

And Elias smiled and said: "If I were to speak to thee of good fortune and ill fortune thou wouldst not believe me—far better it would be if thou didst ask my old wife concerning this thing. She is a woman, and therefore what her heart feeleth that her tongue speaketh; she will tell thee the whole truth about this matter."

And the guest spake, turning towards the curtain: "Speak now, old woman! tell me, how judgest thou concerning thy former good fortune and thy present ill fortune?"

And Shem Shemagi answered from behind the curtain: "This is how I judge: I and my old man lived together for fifty years; we sought after happiness and we could not find it, and only now this is the second year in which we have wanted for nothing, and we live as working folks and have found real happiness, and we want nothing else."

The guests were astonished and the host was astonished; he even rose up and threw aside the curtain to behold the old woman. And there the old woman stood with folded arms, and she was smiling, and she looked at her old man, and he smiled also.

And the old woman also said: "I speak the truth, I jest not: we sought happiness for half a hundred years, and while we were rich we did not find it at all; now that we have nothing left and live among working people we have found such happiness that we need nothing better."

"And in what, then, does your present happiness consist?"

"It consists in this: while we were rich I and my old man had not a single quiet hour together, we had no time to talk, no time to thing of our souls, no time to pray to God. So many cares were we saddled with. At one time guests came to see us, and it was a worry what to set before each and with what presents to gratify them lest they should speak scornfully concerning us. Then there was the trouble of seeing to it that the wolves did not rend the lambs or kids or that thieves did not chase away the horses. Even when we lay down it was not to sleep, for we feared that the sheep might overlay the lambs in the night. You might get up and go about at night, and no sooner would your mind be at ease than a fresh worry would arise: how to find hay or pasturage in the winter time—and so it would go on. And all this was nothing to the disagreements between my old man and me. He would say: 'We ought to do this, and then I would say: 'No! we ought to do that!' and we began to curse each other, and that was sinful. Thus we lived, and went on from care to care, from sin to sin, and we found no hapipness in life."

"Well, but now?"

"Now I and my old man rise up together, we converse lovingly and agree in all things, we have nought to quarrel about and nought to trouble us—our sole care is to serve our master. We come to the house—there is dinner, there is supper, there is kumis. If it be cold there is the fuel wherewith to warm ourselves, and there are furs. And there is time, when we wish it, to talk together, to think of our souls, and to pray to God. For fifty years we sought happiness, and only now have fe found it."

The guests began to laugh.

But Elias said: "Laugh not, brethren! this is no jest, but human life. And at first my old woman and I were fools and wept because we had lost our wealth, but now God hath revealed the truth to us, and now we also reveal it to you, not for our amusement but for your good."

And the Mullah said: "These be wise sayings, and Elias hath spoken the real truth, and all this is written down in the Scriptures."

And the guests ceased to laugh, and they pondered these things in their hearts.

A Padre's Ministry

By Rev. J. S. Stirling, F. R. G. S., Chaplain at the Dardanelles

I had left the lines of tents and wandered to the fringe of sand that separated us from the sea. Over the distant hills the setting sun was gathering a few straying clouds, and I stood wondering whether the golden lamp would make them radiant with glory or whether blood-red fires would burn up the day. Over the water echoed the dull thunder of the guns.

"Padre," asked the Camp Commandant, who had stepped up to me, "a signal message has come through saying that —— a man is dying, and wishes to see a chaplain. It is four miles across the water; if I get a boat will you go?"

Where the Apostle Paul Sailed

At eight o'clock I stepped into a small single-sail boat managed by two Greeks, took my seat at the helm, and put out into the deep for the unknown shore. It was a silent and impressive journey. Conversation was impossible. Whether or not my mission was understood by the two who were throwing all their strength into their labor I do not know, but I imagined from the expression in their eyes that they felt it was some urgent mission of mercy that was before us.

We passed under the iron arms of the grey battleships as if they were spread in protection over the little boat that rose and fell on every wave. We crossed the crescent of emerald and ruby lamps that hung from the bow to stern of the hospital ships. We saw the shadowy outline of the destroyers. Overhead twinkled the early stars. Far away on the dark beach flared a single light, and towards it we steered. I think I felt then the emotions that thrilled the hearts of the disciples when at their Master's bidding they rowed him to the farther shore of the Galilean lake, and I remembered that it was over this very sea that the early apostle heard the cry from Macedonia and went forth, possibly carried by the fellow countrymen of the men with me, with the gospel message on his lips.

Reaching the shore, I found a water barge moored and scrambled over it on to the rocks. I had no details as to the man I was seeking beyond the fact that he was somewhere on that shore and needed me, so seeing the lamps of an ambulance wagon a few yards away I ran towards it, hoping for some guidance, only to find myself entangled in barbed wire and challenged to halt by a watchful sentry, while the Red Cross van passed on its way.

A Kind Australian

Wiping the blood from my hands and knees, I struck out for the rough track of the wagon and discovered a wounded Australian who might have been one of Bunyan's characters, so greatly was kindness personified in him. He would not direct me, he would go with me, he would make inquiries for me, he would not leave me until I had found his wounded comrade, and then he stood aside waiting in the darkness, perchance he might in some way be needed. He would take some message to the boat for me and again return to inquire if I had any place to sleep. I do not know his name nor his address. I met him in the night and he passed into the darkness, but I believe his name was written that night by the hand that records all goodness.

It was getting late when I reached at last a small group of tents, in the open centre of which was a table surrounded by doctors deep in conference. My approach was soon announced, and the colonel came forward, and taking me by the hand said, "Padre, we have a lot for you to do." No time could be lost. We exchanged hurried greetings, and I passed on to seek the soul who was awaiting my coming.

"You Will Tell My Mother"

The tent I was seeking was feebly lighted; its canvas was thrown as widely open as possible to catch what little breeze was blowing. It was so silent that at first I thought the men were sleeping, but when I entered I beheld a sister kneeling on the ground holding up the head of an Australian soldier. How he smiled as I kneeled beside him! How he clenched his teeth as spasms of pain twisted his injured body! How he clasped together his hands and searched my face with his eyes as I spoke to him of the Saviour. "Sir, you will tell my mother." I knew all his heart desired. He closed his eyes and rested in sleep. I lifted my eyes, and found those in the nearer beds had drawn themselves still closer to catch the words of peace, and I was compelled by the appeal in their eyes to go into other tents and find others who were still awake waiting for someone to unveil the presence of the Lord and give expression to His own benediction.

The Kindness of Brothers

At eleven o'clock I turned into a tent and rolled myself into a blanket and fell asleep, to be waked at half-past five by the words, "They are starting to land 900 more wounded, sir, and some of them are very bad." I learned that two doctors had been sleeping on the shore all night waiting for any wounded who might be brought ashore. Throughout the day, regardless of the growing heat, unceasing effort was made to ease the pain and save the lives of these heroic men. Where life was lengthened for a few brief minutes the doctors with all the kindness of brothers took me to the side of the suffering men that I might give the guidance and consolation that belong to Heaven.

At length an Australian padre arrived, and I was released to return to the British lines and to carry with me a still greater admiration for the men who formed the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

The Spectator

Save the Marina

San Francisco has within its grasp an opportunity to possess an Airdome Park, bordering on the Bay Yacht Harbor—an ideal location for landing both land and seaplanes. No group of house parkings could ever have a setting so beautiful as that awaiting it upon the Marina, with its ornaments of the lagoon and Art Palace. For attractiveness, it could be made to eclipse any single point of interest in the bay region. This plan was conceived some four years ago, but our city administration has been apathetic to its great possibilities. They talked of leasing —for a municipal air field—that portion of it owned by private interests, but ignored the taxes which were conscientiously paid to the tune of $25,000 annually by the owners, Mmes. W. K. Vanderbilt, Theresa Oelrichs and Herbert E. Law, who now wish to make the property income-bearing. They will probably subdivide it for building purposes, and the chance of San Francisco's possession of an unrivalled air field vanishes into thin air. Naples has its plane field at Monte Carlo, but by far the most attractive feature is the bay or inlet upon which, and from which, seaplanes arrive and depart. With the Marina for land craft, the harbor for the seaplanes, we could have an unequalled site. Does anyone know of another place which boasts the combination of a city and harbor park and air field?

* * *

Inestimable Advantage to San Francisco

At a recent meeting of the Airport Committee, objection was raised to the Marina as a landing field on account of the Normal School's proximity, a point which Mr. Matt I. Sullivan, the distinguished attorney, made much of recently in speaking for the Preservation League.

How would the Normal School students suffer if a magnificent Airdome Park were located in its immediate vicinity? Not at all. On the contrary, it could not fail to have an educational influence upon the student teachers as well as the young pupils under their training. Think of the stimulus to the growing imagination of the young who would have constantly before them the departure and arrival of airships!

The western terminus of the continental U. S. mail service must be determined by September. The choice lies between San Francisco and Los Angeles. The latter for a year has been trying out its landing field and sending out propaganda that they have been landing mail there by air route, when, as a fact, they have sent it by air only to Redwood City, delivering it in San Francisco by auto.

Before the government makes its choice of the city which is to be the western terminus, there must be an entire winter's tryout, to determine climatic conditions. If we lost the Marina site, what else have we to offer? Bay View, the substitute site, is boggy and inaccessible. Besides, it is divided into sixty to eighty small holdings, and before there could be unanimity obtained the stipulated time between now and September would have elapsed. The city would have to pay a fortune for filling in and another for transportation means, while the Marina is solid ground and the Municipal car line goes directly to it.

Bay View is under water during a portion of the winter, and through a dip in the hills a hurricane blows so strongly as to have blown two machines from the road.

Without knowledge of what the attitude of

the present owners of the Marina property would be, it is not hazardous to prognosticate that we have sufficient talent in our local administration to induce the co-operation of sale to the city. Once owned by the city, it would be exempt from taxation on account of being used for public purposes.

If cash is not available, wisdom would dictate the issue of bonds by the city. The accretion of this Marina property should flow and be the heritage of San Francisco. In forty years it would have paid for itself ten times in its future increased value. It is ours now for mere intelligent handling of opportunity. Where are the Napoleons to urge its acquirement?

San Francisco has hundreds of sons wealthy, travelled, alive to artistic and comemrcial opportunity for the Golden Gate city which they call home. These men, and thousands like them, carry investments and will be alive to the chance to make still another purchase which will increase their own bank accounts and rebound to the commercial glory of San Francisco, the logical metropolis of the Pacific.

Election Predictions

A retrospective glance at the presidential convictions of the past is more or less productive of the impression that, as a rule, someone or other has succeeded in foretelling who the candidate would be. There were glaring exceptions in the cases of Pierce, Hayes, Garfield and Bryan, but these were all unforeseen stampedes, and so have but small bearing on the general rule. With reference to the two conventions of this month, however, at least so far as the Republicans are concerned, the "slush-money" selective primaries entirely confused the situation, in that changes came about which quite altered the calculations of the prophets. With reference to the Democrats, however, it is still anybody's fight, with the chances in favor of either President Wilson himself or a candidate of his selection. If he should, has been a rumored probability, attend the San Francisco convention, it will require all the scheming finesse of the lukewarm Democrats to bring about any other result, for he is, after all, the dominant figure of his party and proposes to rule it. This paper predicted some time ago that Mr. Wilson would hold a leading position in the running, and it finds no reason up to the present time to alter its opinions, except to say that he will control the nomination. In a recent issue a bet made by a prominent lawyer of this city was mentioned, to the effect that unless Johnson or Hoover were nominated by the Republicans, McAdoo would be elected President of the United States. At the time the bet was jeeringly scouted, but now there seem to be rather fair indications that the attorney was not a bad prophet, for, in spite of his reported $10,000,000 slush fund, the late Secretary of the Treasury and later Director General of Railways has loomed up as the most prominent Democratic candidate, and the Wall Street betting books place him at even money or nearly so. Governor Edwards of New Jersey comes second in the general calculations and the betting, and will be a dangerous antagonist for McAdoo, unless Bryan succeeds in forcing a prohibition plank into the platform.

The Call of the Ward

Politics, like water, seeks it own level. With the coming of civil service, civic leagues and kindred interferences the old-time preserves have been opened to the public, and now citizens actually tread with shod feet in the sanctum where once were wont to pussyfoot the soft-heeled aspirate-voiced guardians of governments. To this condition the old-school politican cannot grow accustomed—too much sunlight, spotlight and light of reason now break through the miasmas clouding the bailiwicks of stereotyped oratory where once only the procession torchlight guided the stumbling feet of the uninitiated who would rashly venture therein.

The Missourizing of the people has been accomplished to a point where citizens now irreverently inquire what becomes of their tax money; they have on occasions even unleashed the recall to pull from off the throne of authority governmental servants deemed to have been negligent in their stewardship. These and similar acts have so altered the face of political nature that a dyed-in-the-wool and departed old-timer, should he through some agency yet to be invented come from beyond to view his former stamping ground, would be shocked back whence he came on witnessing the changed order of things

But now, just as vox populi is beginning to peep audibly amid the din of modern bustle, come the hard-pressed survivors of the past from out their hibernating quarters to plea for a trial of the ward system in politics. And the people, enervated by the manna of nearly-honest government now obtaining, American-like and bearing out the prophesy of Barnum, sigh for the flesh-pots of graft. Of course the ward system of electing aldermen has been tried and found wanting; but advise to voters being about as welcome as a "flu" visitation, some morsel might be thrown in to appease the hungry after change.

It is asserted that there are too many supervisors, that the supervisoral work is a side issue in the lives of the legislating eighteen, that the "let George do it" inclination among the dozen and a half is an epidemic, that only a couple of wheel animals strain their Auroch's thews to keep a-going the ponderous chariot of state! Now most of this is not untrue, and the worst is unrelated; so why not reduce the number of supervisors to six, triple the remuneration of theme, make it incumbent that the half-dozen work eight hours and beat their Pierce-Arrow automobile into a time-clock, as there would no longer exist a reason for its being? This would suit the ward fans, promote efficiency and edify those who earn their bread laboriously.

Disgraceful Disclosures

The accusation of corruption by Riccardi, the police court lawyer, against the judges of the police and superior courts, the county clerk's office and other departments have reached such a stage, notwithstanding the status of the accuser and the palpable fact that he is proceeding from a desire for revenge, that his charges demand investigation of a most searching kind. Measures ought to be taken at once to prevent his escaping from the city if the persons he accuses succeed in persuading him to be silent. A man who would stoop to the dishonest practices he confesses to would not hesitate to change the complexion of his testimony for a consideration. If the officials whom he accuses are guilty, they will doubtless use every endeavor to shield themselves and make his stories appear false.

In the meantime, the courts of San Francisco are held up to the laughter and scorn of the rest of the world. Litigants feel unsafe, unprotected. If our political organizations are too weak or corrupt to make a thorough probe of the affair, it is time the Bar Association did something drastic.

County Clerk Mulcrevy is very sensitive to criticism of his method of conducting his department. He has been in office a number of years, and perhaps he is too trusting of his subordinates. Possibly a searching investigation of his office would inspire confidence in his régime. If he has nothing to fear, he will doubtless court inquiry.

If, through technicalities and procrastination, this investigation is allowed to die a natural death, guilt will fasten itself upon the accused as firmly as if the charges were proven. "Consider the source" will not be an exoneration in the eyes of honest people.

Our Girls the Most Beautiful

Harrison Fisher, the artist, is with us once again, and has gone on record as saying that the young women (that is to say, all women) of California are more beautiful than those of any other state in the U. S. A. Mr. Fisher has said the same on previous occasions. In fact, there is a suspicion that he makes periodical visits to the coast for the express purpose of reminding us that our damsels are just what they are. Or, maybe he comes here on business, and is preoccupied with his industry that he can't think of anything else to say when the reporters arrive. We can imagine the newspaper man entering as follows: "Hello, Fisher; I gotta interview you. Whatcha gotta say?" The artist meditates on what the local population would find interesting, but his thoughts desert him, as thoughts will do when reporters interrogate. Finally the scribe suggests, "Well, how about saying that our girls are the most beautiful in the country?" "Old stuff," replies Fisher. "Well," persists the reporter, "it's just as true now as it ever was. If you don't hand it to them this time they will think that they are growing ugly, or that you have found more fascinating chicks in some other state. You began the thing, and you gotta keep it up." Now, this may not be far from the truth of the actual interview. It has happened in innumerable cases, when the visitor put his trust in the reporter to go the limit in the glad stuff. I don't know just what Harrison Fisher said to the reporter; but I am ready to bet a bottle of the eighteenth amendment that the reporter's heart was not filled with sunshine, fruits and flowers when he departed for the local room. I'll also tell the world that the city editor did not feel that he had made a scoop in the day's news. The only question that remains is: Do readers of the dailies rejoice in this sort of compliments? Such flattery may be a mistake all round. It thrills no one. It is only a custom of the Pacific dailies. The California girl is beautiful; yet there are beauties in the other states, as I've heard tell; and we should be content with the knowledge that we have a full quota—especially if there be one per male capita. Let's hope that there is.

Low Necks Easy to Look At

There is one question of ethics that will never be decided, and that is whether women dress for women or for men. One thing is now certain, though: they do not dress for Queen Mary of England. I refer in particular to those charmers who display as much of their charms as their modistes assume to be within the law. The general feeling is that the law is being stretched year by year; also that some of the more daring women are just a little outside the legal requirements. Still, there is nobody with sufficient cruelty to enforce the law. On the streets of San Francisco are to be seen all the different degrees of modesty and the reverse, as far as dress is concerned. Some critics go so far as to say that it is not a question of modesty at all; merely the climate and the personal whim of the wearer. This seems to be the better view. The worst of it is that on the streets one can catch little more than a sidelong glimpse of the lady. Among the ferryboat crowds there is more leisure; and if a remarkable specimen should happen to sit opposite, you can study the facts for about twenty minutes. Some of these low necks have a stop-look-and-listen effect that almost console the spectator for the loss of beer and light wines.

We are therefore sorry for the Englishmen who have been deprived by Queen Mary of looking at this sort of thing. The queen has detailed certain gowns for court functions, and presumably all the women will have to do as they are bid. The queen has not been too severe. She has offered a compromise. At the same time, we feel that the wish of a debutante should be paramount in this respect. The debutante's will should be a royal one. If she wish to display her imperial back she should insist imperiously on the right. All men would be behind her in this respect. There has been too much magisterial interference with the fashions. Nevertheless, it may be noted that the ultra costume is becoming more ultra, and therefore the women of style must, in some subtle way, be maintaining their will and way after all.

Legs Have Their Day

And let us not overlook legs—which, indeed, are asserting themselves forcefully beneath the hem of the modern skirt. It is just as well that they should have their day, for they were in eclipse centuries enough.

"I've a left elbow which people come miles to see," declares Katisha the hideous, in "The Mikado." When an ugly lady has even but one pulchitrudinous feature, who can blame her for proclaiming it? Many otherwise plain-looking women have pretty feet, ankles and nether limbs. Short dresses bring them into view; but if the owner knows how to stand and walk gracefully they lose their effectiveness unless the lady remains motionless, say in a reclining position. Activity is the keynote of the day; hence if milady has not a graceful walk she must perforce acquire one; if she walks far and correctly, her health will profit. If she doesn't walk gracefully, the effect of her beautiful nether extremities will be lost upon the observing world. Perforce she will walk, never fear. Witness the efficacy of the short skirt as a health promoter.

The Great American Game

What is the first thought when this expression is used? Baseball? Poker? Baseball indeed has a strong claim to the title, but to poker it was probably applied most often in jest. The late J. P. Morgan is recorded as saying that he resented the thought that a game which was based on deceit should be considered typically American. The fact that the names of two games come to mind suggests that, properly enough, there might be two great American games. Baseball, of course, can have no rival out of doors. The American boy pledges his allegiance at every opportunity and the grown-ups gather at the ball parks in ever increasing thousands. Professional baseball is in good hands. The elements that have hurt the truly grand sport of racing have found no welcome in baseball. The game has its own language and it knows no joker.

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Three-Cushion Caroms

To be taken up whole-heartedly by Americans a game must have "plenty of action" for player and spectator. We have adopted and created many forms of indoor amusement, but until recently no game has been pre-eminent in national favor.

The game of three-cushion caroms, one of the creations, fills every requirement. It is a wonderful game to play and a wonderful game to watch. It furnishes the comparative novice with frequent opportunities to earn sincere applause. It has its superplayers, of course, but that great class which we find in all games of skill, the average player, knows of the thousand and one opportunities for spectacular performance which may lie in a game of only a few points. Who doesn't want to be a hero, if only for a moment?

Its Popularity

If any San Franciscan doubts that "three cushions" is the great American indoor game, let him seek his club or any of the public billiard rooms. At any time after eight in the evening, "waiting check number fifteen" will be the response to his request for a table. And if it be thought that the presence here of the world's champion and a serious contender for his title are the cause, let the San Franciscan write to his cousin in New York, or Chicago, or Dallas, or in any of the thirty-two large, small and smaller Springfields of the country. The demand for billiard equipment is greater than the supply, and over 90 per cent of the games played are for three-cushion points.

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A Young Game

The game dates back only twenty-five years, and had its first recognized champion in 1902. For every player ten years ago there are a hundred today. Age is not a factor. Father and son compete on even terms. The man from Maine meets the man from California without any preliminary discussion, because there is only one set of rules. The Cobbs and Speakers and Matthewsons of three-cushion caroms are gentlemen. It's a great game and an American game —why not the Great American Game?

College Town Shocked Again

In a town of 60,000 inhabitants, the capacity of the conservative citizen to be shocked has been demonstrated time and time again. When we add to those elements a few thousand fraternity men, the effect of their pranks must be intensified on the nerves of a boarding house mistress, for instance. The little episode at the fraternity house of the Delta Kappa Epsilon seems to strike a well-known chord of the memory. There is a prevalent idea that college men give dinners where nude nymphs dance on tables amid champagne bottles. Cavorting on the floor amid beer containers does not have the same lure to the imagination. On all sides, we are told, that the Deke windows were open for all Berkeley's amazement. This fact spoils somewhat the marvelous tale as it appeared first in the news. History states explicitly that there is such a thing as pulling down the blinds. Since the blinds were up it is more than likely that the aforesaid boarding house mistress, wearied by her vigil from dewy eve until 6 a. m. next day, was not in a physical or mental state to know just what actually did happen. This, of course, is merely my theory. The lady may have witnessed scenes that nature never intended a landlady to see with equanimity. Among other charges, it was said that the students and their sweethearts played strip poker. This is an innocent diversion, as nobody with more than a child-like mind would dare suggest the thing. It is pure fun, and nothing else. We could go further into the psychological details of the game, were it not that the students claim they did not play it. Strip poker, according to Hoyle, is manipulated this way: You sit at the table in your hat and coat. You draw your coats in the ordinary way. Every time you lose you divest yourself of one garment. Suppose you are a gentleman. You have a losing streak. You take off your hat, your overcoat, your collar, necktie, etc., etc. Then, again, suppose you are a lady (and all experts agree that perfect ladies play strip poker, having an equally firm confidence that Fate will protect them at the critical moment); at any rate, a lady undergoing a streak of losses, would lay down her hat, her cloak, her necklace (which nowadays is a garment), and so on—or rather off. We lack the space to go into details of what the lady would take off should the gods of chance be unkind to her. For a complete list, you may read the advertisements of the dry goods houses. In the present case, the insinuation was that, having lost all but their honor at strip poker, the girls did a Salome on the tables. This does not sound plausible. Nobody feels like dancing after a poker loss. No poker player would believe the story for a moment. However, something at variance with the rural mind took place at the fraternity house. We have heard several accounts of the festivities; all were different. The truth bids fair to remain a mystery, growing with college traditions. There is, for instance, a moss-

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grown legend in benighted rural districts that whenever gaiety is at fever heat, the participants dance on table. One survives in this city today that when Adelaide Neilson, the marvelously beautiful English actress, played at the Baldwin Theatre in the late '70's (or was it the early '80's?) she was the motif for many parties at the Cliff House, "where she danced" (here describing her absence of costume) "on the billiard tables." The people who described the performance had not seen it, but they drew upon their imaginations, so the story was handed down to succeeding generations The facts will change from year to year; and that is the same with all interesting events, especially those that take place in Berkeley.

President Barrows made a thorough investigation of the Deke affair. As his penalty to indiscreet students was merely suspension, common sense dictates that he found the violations of decorum not so reactionary as "dancing on tables to the popping of champagne corks." How could the spectators across the street differentiate between the sounds of popping champagne corks and ginger ale corks? Memory sometimes plays tricks upon those who watch without.

The Former Things Which Have Passed Away

A new cause of dissatisfaction is looming on the horizon. The war has not created, as was expected, a new heaven and a new earth. Things are reverting to their former state, as we try to settle down.

War, while in one sense revealing the art of camouflage, in another removed it. Realities were faced—not only on the battlefields. Ceremonial and formality were banished with calling-lists and evening dresses into the lumber room—their hiding place could not possibly have been farther away. Marriages were solemnized sans wedding dresses, bridesmaids and "the voice that breathed o'er Eden," in the registrar's office, that the bridegroom might catch the next train back to duty. And the honeymoon was crowded into a week-end's leave. The lady of high degree fell in love with the sergeant whom she had nursed in the hospital, and married him before she let him out of her sight. And a world that talked about the beauty of young love now talks about the divorce court.

Now slowly, ingratiatingly, we are told, the old order is creeping back. The card case is being hunted out of obscurity, and social ranks are being resumed. The duchess no longer scrubs the floor. (On the other hand, if she did, she'd be found fault with for robbing some poor woman of her daily bread. It is hard to be a duchess!) The lady of high degree has begun to notice that her plebian husband drinks his tea out of his saucer—and wishes he didn't. She may even, by now, have reached the stage of gently suggesting that he shouldn't. Perhaps the divorce court may restore to her her real affinity. The bride again advances in procession, suitably accompanied, to the interrupted strains of bridal music. Indeed, formalities are being picked up all round, like dropped stitches, and under all the drapings and flouncings and trappings, the things that really matter, like love and heroism and sincerity, tend to get crowded out. Life is short! There isn't time for everything!

* * *

Lost in the New World Maze

They tend to get crowded out, for in this tangled world, which the war has left us, the state of "as you were" cannot be resumed with the alacrity that military discipline demands. The housing problem is militating against it. It takes both heroism and love to inhabit the back bedroom under the scrutinizing eyes of mama-in-law. Nor is it a particularly appropriate place for holding a typical pre-war "at home." The clothes problem is militating against it. In wartime it was not only permissible, it was patriotic, to wear old clothes. And when they got really too threadbare, we could always don the uniform which was equal to covering a multitude of deficiencies. Neither subterfuge can be resorted to nowadays. The chief thing about the costumes of the moment is their disinclination to make an acquaintanceship on anything like intimate terms; their chilling aloofness is indicated by their price tickets. Similarly, one may sigh in vain for the new spring hat, whose dreamlike qualities—see price ticket again!—threaten to detain it indefinitely in the land of dreams. The mathematical problems that tortured our school days were as nothing to these that the war has left us. They, at least, had an answer lurking somewhere. But who shall whisper the magic word that lays bare the exit from this maze?

* * *

What About a Female Shakespeare?

For to get right back is beyond the possibilities of most ordinary people. Of course, there will always be the fluffy, befrizzled, "clinging" woman, ready to snatch at the line of least resistance, always equal to appropriating all the cushions and chocolates that come her way. And, inevitably, woman en masse comes in for all the scoldings. It is a curious thing that while the term "man" is wide enough to embrace Shakespeare and the scoundrel who commits the foulest murder—who, presumably, calls himself a man—no similarity of mind is necessarily conferred by the term, whereas "woman" only includes people whose minds are modelled on one pattern. A male Shakespeare is taken as a concrete example of all that is best and noblest in man. But did a female Shakespeare suddenly arise, the first objection launched against her would be that she was unwomanly, and immediately she would be found to be deficient in this quality and that other one which the perfect woman, nobly planned, is expected to possess. Why this discrepancy? And how many more centuries must elapse ere it is eradicated?

The women novelists of the day are refusing to avert their eyes from real things. It is the real life of the mind that is pictured now. Not life as we see it in our dreams, rose-pink with romance; not life as a former generation deemed they must describe it, sweetened to the palate, pleasant and agreeable; but life as it is, with its loneliness and disappointments mingled with its ecstacies and joys, its beauty and its ugliness, its little forward darts and its retrograde slippings. Childhood saw it as a straight line. Youth came to see that it might be slightly crooked. Experience only reveals the reality of its knottings and twistings, which a pre-war insane pursuit of camouflage never mentioned. Jane Austen painted superficial life minutely, perfectly, but she neglected the inside of the mind. Charlotte Bronte did similarly—with wider sweeps. But Rose Macaulay, Stella Benson, May Sinclair, Agnes Hamilton, chose for their mise-en-scene the battlefield of the heart. (Nice phrase!) Their tales would ring strangely in Victorian ears, for they dare to take for their heroines women who never marry, to make them interesting. One has even ventured to accompany her heroine from infancy to the fiftieth milestone, and there, unfinished, to cut the thread of the theme. Inartistic, if you will, but, on Browning's authority, true to life, only heaven supplying "the perfect round."

Let the dominant note—did you know it?—be reiterated; there can be no going back!—Edinborough Scotsman.

Thyroid Gland Marvels

The secret of perpetual youth and renewed vigor, the determination of sex, and the curing of certain human diseases are some of the problems illustrated by a series of discoveries now being unearthed, principally in laboratories in Oxford and Liverpool.

Actual achievements in the last few months include:

The change of tadpoles into frogs within three weeks.

The production of a new sort of creature.

The restoration of a flatworm to youth.

The control of the sex of frogs' eggs, producing 90 per cent males at will.

Two Englishmen of science, both with famous names, have now associated themselves together to hunt down the clue. One is Mr. Julian Huxley, a Fellow of New College, Oxford, one of the most brilliant of our young biologists; the other Professor Perkin, a synthetic chemist of world-wide fame.

Mr. Huxley discovered in December last that by giving a preparation of the thyroid gland (from any animal) to tadpoles he could change them into frogs in three weeks or so instead of three months odd, which is the natural period. On the other hand, by removing this minute gland he could keep them as tadpoles till he gave them thyroid, when they begin to develop into frogs.

He has now done a second and more difficult transformation trick. He has given thyroid to the axolotl—a Mexican tadpole-like creature that has only two or three times in its known history developed into a sort of frog or salamander. But Mr. Huxley by his thyroid diet has easily persuaded it to make the complete change and even to produce certain joint characteristics never before seen. The creatures thus treated were shown to the Linnaean Society.

* * *

A Chemical Concoction

Mr. Perkin, who is a chemist, not a biologist, has taken the marvel a step further. He has concocted in his laboratory a chemical that is similar to the thyroid, and this chemical—chiefly iodine—can bring about very much the same transformation as does the living gland. A mere chemical can bring about a vital change.

An American, a Danish and a Hungarian chemist have independently and nearly simultaneously arrived at similar results with the thyroid gland, though not with its chemical imitation. An American has actually restored a certain rudimentary animal known as the flatworm to youth, and it has lived in this recovered youthful state through eighteen generations of worms descended from its sister.

The astounding effect of the application of thyroid gland in certain human diseases, especially on cretinous children, has been known for

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some time. The whole face can be changed by its application, as well as the mind and health. But with this application Mr. Huxley is not directly concerned, though doctors will follow his researches with close attention.

It is argued that the energy and vital power of a man may be increased several per cent by an application of no more than the 30,000th part of an ounce of this "elixir of life."

Yellow Attack on Lady Astor

There is in London a weekly newspaper known as "John Bull." It is not a well appearing or dignified looking sheet, for it is poorly printed on equally poor paper; but there is a good deal of it, in that there are many pages and advertisements, and in order that the advertisers may be attracted to its business office, its reading matter is of the yellowest personal stripe. But, as its name would imply, it is stubbornly patriotic and as blatantly British as it is bitterly opposed to all things American. The latest exhibition of this nature was directed against Lady Astor, whose election to the House of Comomns and her somewhat spectacular success there has exicited much critical comment from her fellow members and an unusually vicious attack from "John Bull," mainly, no doubt, because she was of American birth. A bill was recently introduced in the House of Commons whose object was to alter the English laws with reference to divorce, so that it would greatly simplify the severing of the nuptial knot between uncongenial couples. This bill was opposed with much eloquence by Lady Astor, whereupon "John Bull" came out in an issue, upon the two center pages of which was displayed the most venomous attack ever made upon a woman in any country, emblazoned with the following headlines:

"Lady Astor's Divorce! The Marriage Certificate—A Hypocrite of the First Water! The Poor and the Rich.—By the Editor."

The article began with a sort of apology to the effect that the editor hoped he would not be lacking in the sense of chivalry due to a woman, especially since that woman is the only member of that sex in the House of Commons. Then followed the acriminonies, beginning with the statement that during her campaign she had declared herself against prohibition, while on the floor of the House she had said that she hoped the time would come when the workingman will go dry. Next comes a tirade attacking Lady Astor's attitude on the subject of divorce, quoting her as saying, among other things: "I am not convinced that making divorce more easy really makes marriage more happy, or makes happy marriages more possible. Shall we help women, and children, and men by making divorce easier? I think that the world is too loose altogether. What we need is tightening up." Thein follows the full venom of the editor's attack, beginning with this paragraph: "But now comes the startling and appalling fact that every word I have quoted must have been spoken with 'her tongue in her cheek,' and was indeed rank hypocrisy." Then, unfortunately for the distinguished American lady member of the House of Commons, he sets forth to prove his case by accusing her of falsehood in the statement made in her marriage license to the effect that she was "single and unmarried," when in truth she was the divorced wife of Robert Gould Shaw, an American. Then the amazing statement is made that the said divorce was obtained in the state of Virginia, "where the divorce laws are more lax than any other place on the face of the earth." He then demonstrates that the divorce was secured by unlawful collusion with her husband, and that the trial was rushed through with unwonted speed and the decree granted with not a soul interested present except the attorney for the plaintiff. Following this is another apology for being rude to a woman, but he must first consider his public duty and proclaim Lady Astor to be a hypocrite of the first water, in the belief that her constituents wilfully agree with him in all particulars. It is further claimed that in Burke's Peerage Lady Astor is duly registered as "the divorced wife of Robert Gould Shaw," notwithstanding that investigation has shown the said Robert Gould Shaw to be still alive. The apologetic editor goes on to describe how painful to him this exposure has been, but the lady had forced it on herself, and he has always considered it the mission of "John Bull" to "draw aside the veil in whatever form it cloaks hypocrisy in public life."

Some Scottish Pioneers

The great explorers, Mungo Park, Livingstone, Grant, and Gordon Cumming, the mighty hunter, are well known to fame; also Bruce, who in his day was laughed at. The explorers of Australia and other lands who were Scots by birth or descent are also known. The pioneers of the great west, Houston, Bowie, Crockett, Carson and Elias Bean, are names well known. These men are termed Scoto-Irish, but by race they were Caledonians, many of them of the type described by Agricola, known in modern times as the Cro-Magnon type. Houston and Bowie represented the two types, black and red, so well known in Scottish history; in stature and athletic build they were typical Scots. Captain M'Dougal, born in Scotland, may be termed a pioneer. As captain of a U. S. warship, he taught the Japanese the "art o' war" in the fifties of last century.

But there were many pioneers unknown to fame, like the companion of Daniel Boon Clarke, who broke trail to the Pacific and was of the blood. John Borne, ex-trooper in the Scots Greys, was sergeant in the Texas Rangers in the early fifties, and for four years fought the wild Indian tribes and helped to make Texas safe for settlers. The names Wallace and M'Donald are well known on the Mexican frontier.

* * *

Helped to Make Canada Greater

It would take a volume to name the pioneers of Canada—the men of the Hudson Bay Company and the Scottish emigrants who helped to make Canada a great nation. It is probable that few persons have read of Daniel Ross, born in Inverness, who joined the Cherokee Indians in the later years of the American Revolution. Captain John M'Donald was agent for the tribe under George III. He married a Cherokee half-blood. Their daughter married Daniel Ross; their son, John Ross, was born in 1790 in Georgia. He became head chief of the Cherokee nation, and held office for forty years; he died in 1866. He fought in the war of 1812-13, as adjutant of the Cherokee Regiment, and was in the battle of Horse Shoe Bend in 1813. Sam Houston, distinguished for his berserker courage in the battle, became the lifelong friend of Andrew Jackson, general and president, who was also of the blood and a pioneer. Chief Ross founded a college and schools in the nation; he travelled far into what was then a desert and was a real pioneer. His father, Daniel Ross, built the first schoolhouse in what is now the state of Tennessee, and sent to Scotland for the tutor of his youth, who was the first to teach the children of the most civilezed tribe of Indians in the world.

* * *

Freed Texas From Mexico

The pioneers were wonderful men, and were not to be judged by modern standards; the ruthless forces of nature were in their blood. Houston, when governor of the state of Tennessee, suddenly disappeared, joined the Cherokees in the west, and lived the Indian life until called to lead the Texans to independence of Mexico; this they achieved at San Jacinto. In fifteen minutes 700 Mexicans were dead, the rest of the army of 1600 wounded or prisoners, including Santa Anna, president of Mexico. This was done by 700 Texans, with a loss of eight men killed and thirty wounded. General Houston was wounded: he became president of Mexico. Bowie and Crockett died fighting to the last in the Alamo previous to the battle. Texas joined in union with the states. Houston was governor, and was loyal to the old flag, a credit to his country and his race as a Caledonian.—R. Graham Ferguson.

Will Monarchism Return?

Perish the thought, say all Americans except the somewhat too numerous mass of naturalized ones, who from purely mercenary motives hyphenate themselves to us, still tenacious of the systems of monarchy from which many of them have migrated under pressure. Some of these asserverate in a curious Babel of dialects that Europe cannot possibly exist under so many forms of democratic government as are now in what they are sure is but an ephemeral existence. Those who believe in the luminous fallacy that all the United States went into the World's War for was to create and perpetuate these numerous democracies, will, of course, flout this, at least to them, absurd fairy tale. But every now and then we hear that in some of these "governments by people and of people" there exists a sentiment to the effect that a change must come through a return to monorchy, or they will soon perish from the earth. Recently the Associated Press, which very seldom sends out news that has not some potency in its, however trifling it may appear, gave publicity to the prediction of a certain Hungarian seeress, known as Hungary's national soothsayer. She warned the world that probably within a year the whole of Europe will have established monarchial thrones. This portentive horoscope of the destinies of nations includes France, Germany, Austria, Poland and Hungary, and is said to have created much excitement among such of these countries as have already been made sorely aware of the failure of democracy and the hopelessness of peace.

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By TANTALUS

Mrs. Hiram Johnson

Now that Hiram Johnson becomes a national aspiring figure, his wife's personality is dragged into the limelight. If Senator Johnson achieves his ambition, his wife will be exploited in the press, with or without her acquiescence. So far, she has remained in the background, but let no one fancy for a moment that hers has not been an influence urging her ambitious husband on the onward path. She has a sense of values which consciously or unconsciously has been of unhounded value to Hiram Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson is a real home woman. Her home has always been to her a shrine to which she gives her most devoted energies. In Sacramento, in San Francisco, the Johnson homes have been place of comfort, where the art critic could find nothing to cavil at, and where friends were made welcome. In Washington, she has received impressively in an historic mansion whose lares and penates she has the excellent judgment to leave in their original environment, not attempting to conventionalize or restore to 1920 models. There Hiram has found a peaceful atmosphere after his encounter in the political arena.

Mrs. Johnson is a tactful woman, the best sort a politician could have for a wife. She makes no enemies, she does not struggle to achieve supporters for her husband; but she wins people. Indeed, there are opponents of the ubiquitous Hiram who, having encountered Mrs. Johnson socially, have become less antagonistic to him. He shares with the average American man the fine distinction of being a wonderful husband, "awfully nice to his wife."

Mrs. Johnson always had an unassaible position in her home town, Sacramento, California. One of her most admirable traits is that she still has a very strong "prejudice" in favor of her own home-town folks. She has not had to climb into popularity anywhere through her later political prominence—she has no social past to eliminate nor, late in life, social education to acquire.

Senator Johnson was early in his career fortunate in his choice of a wife, for many an ambitious leader has come a cropper through his assertive wife's bold blunders—James G. Blaine, for instance. Mrs. Johnson is simply a refined, independent American woman who all through life has chosen friends because she liked them. She did not go out of her way to climb—she was secure and happy in her own medium. Now she does not have to suffer by eliminating undesirable social attachments.

If she becomes the first lady of the land, California will be proud of her, not only as a typically devoted wife and mother, but as an American woman who, with characteristic independence, has been able to aid her husband in his life's endeavors without submerging her own individuality. If there is anything pitiable it is the sight of a free-born woman torn with doubt as to whom to cultivate or "cut" in order to conform to her husband's scheme of success. Usually such a creature finds herself in time hopelessly isolated; for an ambitious husband not infrequently seeks and finds a feminine mind capable of directing his own overwrought energies.

If Hiram Johnson eventually hecomes President of the United States there will he no one who ever knew her who will begrudge his splendid wife the honor and glory of being mistress of the White House.

Mrs. Helen Stephens of Detroit is at present in Paris. Her engagement to Henry Rainsworth was announced recently. The marriage will take place during the winter in New York City. Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Rainsworth's three beautiful daughters are devoted friends.

Mrs. Arthur Banks was hostess at a dinner dance at Tait's-on-the-Beach Thursday evening.

Mrs. Lillian Donnelley is expected to arrive soon from Washington, D. C., to visit her brother, Dr. Maurice O'Connell. Later she and her sister, Miss Agnes O'Connell, will either go to Coronado or to Hawaii for a few weeks.

Miss Maye Colburn is occupying her pretty home in San Rafael, wher she usually spends the summer months.

The marriage of Ruth Mary Pollak and Charles Gibson on Wednesday, at the First Presbyterian Church, was an exceedingly pretty affair, and the reception afterwards at the home of the bride's parents sparkled with youthful gaiety.

Mr Alphonse Sutter was host at a luncheon at the Palace on Sunday to his musical friends, later taking them to the McCormack concert. Mr. Sutter, who is a grandson of General Sutter, is one of our best amateur pianists.

Mrs. Jonathan Crooks was hostess at a jolly picnic in Lagunitas recently, her guests being the ladies of the "old families" of Ross and San Rafael, among them being the Boyds, Cushings, Webster Jones, Evans, Coffins, Oges and Fosters

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Mrs. Frank Judge will visit Mrs. Samuel Monseratt at Lake Tahoe soon.

Hopkins-Tourtillotte Marriage

The marriage of Edward W. Hopkins and Mrs. Arthur D. Tourtillotte, in Menlo, on Monday, was rather a surprise to society, for the reason that it was generally believed that the groom's children, though heads of families themselves, were opposed to their father's marrying another wife, especially as their own mother, after years of invalidism, passed away but a few months ago. However, their father, who has been accustomed to having his own way in family affairs as well as business matters, was not to be thwarted. After all, why should a man of his years await the conventional year if thoughts of another life companion were in his mind?

The lady of his choice, Mrs. Arthur D. Tourtillotte, is a charming woman, cultured, artistic, amiable and beloved by a circle of warm, admiring friends. She is attractive in appearance, with soft gray hair and a sweet, motherly expression, and an infallible taste in dress. She has one son, George, who is married and resides across the bay.

Mr. Hopkins' daughters are said to have manifested their displeasure at the approaching marriage to such an extent that the bride-to-be became indisposed, necessitating a postponement of the marriage. Later they met Mrs. Tourtillotti, fell in love with her, and decided that they would receive her cordially, which they did. Also, they were all present at the marriage ceremony in Menlo Episcopalian Church.

The capitulation of E. W. Hopkins to his bride's charms of disposition is a tribute to her, her friends believe, for the millionaire clubman and financier has not been noted for amiability in his family or social life. He is generous to a fault, but not the type that scatters smiles along life's pathway.

After the death of her husband, some years ago, the former Mrs. Tourtillotte sold her attractive home on Union Street and went to Alameda County to live until recently, when she came to San Francisco to reside on Hyde Street, to be near some of her old friends. She is an accomplished woman with a genius for entertaining.

Mr. Hopkins' daughters, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor and Mrs. John Cheever Cowdin, are all handsome and prominent socially. Samuel Hopkins is his only son, and another daughter, Mrs. George McNear, died a few months ago.

Lady Columbia Points the Way

A visiting Irishman recently said to an American lady in San Francisco: "I read that Archbishop Hanna is quoted as saying, 'Here we have given women a position that she has never had elsewhere in the world, and we are very proud of it. Anything that would conflict with the chivalrous California spirit would be in opposition to the most cherished traditions of our country.' I take issue with His Grace. You have no women in your Senate, but England has seated a woman, Lady Astor, in her Parliament. How do you account for it?" "Well," answered the San Francisco woman, "Lady Astor is an American. Her husband is an American; her father-in-law, who went over to live in England, was an American. It is all very simple. The position in Parliament was there for the taking, so the American woman just naturally took it. Her American husband did everything to encourage her ambitions, as American husbands have a way of doing. Had her husband been a Britisher, he might have placed stumbling blocks in her way. I don't know."

The out-of-town hotels nowadays, since the reign of prohibition, have lost most of their smart patronage. After all, prohibition has done a great deal to make home attractive. Without a home, there can be no wine cellar. It is amazing to observe the fascination which one's country home has for the city dweller, especially for those who know no other domicile than the fashionable hostelries.

Formerly the society families gave as their reason for going religiously to the country early in the year that country life is so good for the children. Whatever reason is given now, the

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real one is that people still long to be free and to dictate the details of their home diet.

Marriage

"Of course," said Janet, throwing away her cigarette, "you mean well."

I protested vehemently.

"But," she went on, "you are talking rot. The girl who is fitted for no career, and who has no money, has got to get married. So she must attract, dress prettily, and all that. She prattles children, practises cooking, and so on. In short, she does everything to make herself marriageable—desirable.

"And, moreover, in these days of man scarcity, it is probable that she takes the first comer and risks repenting at leisure. That is what the girl who has no career must do. It is what she has done through all the ages. But the girl with a career, who is therefore independent, has to be won. She does not throw herself at a man's head. She does not take the first comer from fear of very starvation. Why, the desire for marriage does not come to a girl—a nice girl—until loves awakens it. The average girl even feels no instinct for motherhood until she is a mother.

"Look into the future of these girls who wish so ardently for marriage. Their alternative is perhaps starvation, perhaps a colorless home life. Educate a girl, give her a career, and then let her be won. There might be fewer marriages, but there would certainly be fewer divorces."

"And so," I murmured, "in spite of your professional income and your own little flat, there might come a day—"

"It's fixed for next week," said Janet. "Would you like to see his photograph? You see, we are both doing research work. Yes, isn't he a dear?"—Elizabeth Marc, in the Daily Mail.

Engaged Widow's Dilemma

"I am about to be engaged again," said a young widow; "what am I to do about my wedding ring? When a widow becomes engaged again, on which finger does she wear her new engagement ring? Does she still wear her first wedding ring? After her second marriage, does she wear two wedding rings?" These questions are occupying the minds of many young war widows who are about to marry again. According to several women, it is correct for a widow to wear her first wedding ring until her second marriage. She may then remove it or wear it on the third finger of her right hand. The new engagement ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand above the first wedding ring. Every woman has her troubles.

San Francisco, as far as society is concerned, is getting out its summer furniture. The strangers who will be here for the Democratic convention won't notice the absence of society because there will still be a big population in evidence. But our local smart set will not be in evidence, because political conventions haven't the lure of country life in summer. So if there are any smart setters in the convention, they will be whisked away in motors to out-of-town palatial country homes.

The Nicholas Longworths are coming to the convention, and of course will be the center for as much entertaining as their schedule will permit

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Bunker Hill Day

The 145th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill will be commemorated in Golden Gate Park, at 2 p. m., on Thursday, June 17th. The Park Band will give a special patriotic musical programme.

It will be over fifty years that the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill has been commemorated, year after year, by the Bunker Hill Association, which was organized by Mr. William G. Badger in 1861 as a sanitation commission during the Civil War; which organization raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for the sick and wounded, their work corresponding to the work of the Red Cross organizations of today.

Many will remember the past celebrations and patriotic words of California's eloquent orators, such as Walter M. Leman, the veteran actor; William S Barnes, son of Gen. W. H. L. Barnes; Belcher and the Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge; also the patriotic poems of the veteran school teacher, Prof. Ebenezer Knowlton.

There are thousands who remember the beautiful tenor voice of Alfred Wilkie, who sang at so many anniversaries of this memorable day.

A cordial invitation is extended to every patriotic citizen to attend these exercises.

Casa del Rey

Many San Franciscans are taking advantage of the balmy weather at Santa Cruz Beach, making the Casa del Rey their home while there. Among the guests are Messrs. and Mmes. John Hubert Mee, Charles E. St. Goar, Charles W. Musser, Selby Oppenheim, Sylvan Schnaittacher, Frank Pries and Mrs. G. S. Blair and her daughters.

Techau Tavern

The Artists' Revue, which is one of the big features of the evening's programme at Techau Tavern, is one of the really big attractions to the pleasure of being a San Franciscan.

Every evening, in the comfortable surroundings of this artistc restaurant, to the melodious tones of the Techau Tavern dance orchestra, which, with an array of solo players, lures the dancing public with an irresistible appeal. When added to this the epicurean delights so skilfully served from a cuisine par excellence, one does not hesitate to recommend Techau Tavern as a delightful place for dining, dinner or entertainment.

Duval's paste rouge, in attractive boxes, a splendid preparation for lips and skin, which is appealing to many of the lady patrons, is another attraction during tea time, when it is presented as a gift to those attending.

Lucky dances in the evening are merely one of the many individual offerings which make Techau Tavern so popular.

Many interesting events are being prepared for convention week for the entertainment of the visitors and delegates.

Teddy hated to wash his face more than once a day. Just as vehemently he liked to use the hose to sprinkle the flowers. Father had to remonstrate with him for over-sprinkling his flowers.

"You'll make them wilt if you sprinkle them at any time except in the morning," he told him.

A few days later mother was trying to persuade him to wash his face for lunch. Then grandmother tried to use her influence.

"Why, I always wash my face before lunch," she told him. Then Teddy looked at grandma's wrinkles and remembered the flowers.

"Yes, and just see how wilted it is," he retorted.

HAVE YOU HEARD IT?

They are not so slow in Russia as many of us imagine. An American relates that while in Moscow before the war he saw a crowd gathered around a little fellow who was bawling at the top of his lungs. Many asked him what the trouble was, but he kept on crying, and the crowd increased; then all of a sudden he stopped and said in a clear, loud voice:

"I am lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Tobinsky, the champion clothier of Moscow, who has a full supply of autumn overcoats, suits, neckties, hats and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than anyone else in the city?"

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No. 25917. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29518. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29519. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA D. BOOTH Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29520. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

The Stage

When John the Beloved Sang

John McCormack has had many great recitals in San Francisco, each one of which was an artistic triumph and a manifestation of the affection which the public has for the Irish artist. But last Sunday's recital had the added distinction of bringing out a new note from vox populi. —they let themselves go in expressing their approval of the singer. There has never been any doubt of the sincerity of our admiration for McCormack's voice and art, but when attending his concerts we have behaved as if our sentiments were too deep for utterance. Inexplicable, with so many of us Irish, too! Why, oh! why should we not make lots of noise to overwhelm the singer with our adulation? Last Sunday we did much better in this regard. Besides strong applause and many recalls, there was whistling, a bit of shouting and a gathering of admirers close up under the stage where the great singer stood. As many as had the slightest excuse of acquaintance with him pressed their way back stage to congratulate him. They were rewarded by a near view of the bard's smiling countenance, a few words of his luscious speaking voice and a sight of his bonnie brunette young wife, his two handsome children, Gwendolyn and Cyril, and his adoring young brother, who looks like John's pictures taken a dozen years ago.

The concert was superb—composed with broad cosmopolitanism and rendered with brilliant artistry and fervor. There is nothing left to record of McCormack's perfection of technique, nor of his dramatic insight and his magnetic appeal. The dear voice of him! Lovely as ever, pure, clear, high, fine—searching heart and brain. The tonal pictures he painted took his vast audience through the gardens of home, the pathless places of distant lands—they revealed episodes in human lives, made us look back with longing to happiest scenes and aspire and yearn for future happiness. When John McCormack sings, "This is what our life is, must be, now and forever" is the message the listening multitude hears.

Until he had explored most of his second song group, evidences of a slight cold were visible in the glorious voice, but by artistry or sheer will power all traces of it departed, and the lovely tones flowed out and on with beauteous clarity.

McCormack is as great as any singer has ever been in impeccable technique; his interpretations of the grandest musical compositions are flawless —he can achieve all the triumphs which any other great artist can. Besides and above all, he can do something more dear for those who speak the English language. He can sing Irish folk songs as no one else ever can—he can make the strongest, the most pathetic appeal for the little green isle with those same songs. Its history will live, its appeal never die as long as John McCormack's voice trolls the lays of his native land. If he would only sing more of them for us!

Edwin Schneider, the world's greatest accompanist, covered himself with glory, as usual, holding the musicians in the audience spellbound by his masterly voyaging with the singer. We owe Mr. Schneider a big debt of gratitude in that McCormack is absolutely free to give the best of his resplendent voice to his hearers, for he knows that every nuance will receive its full value with Edwin Schneider to accompany it on its way. After his beautiful song, "Only You," Schneider received an ovation from the audience. Lauri Kennedy, a handsome youth, played the 'cello in a manner which proclaimed him worthy of the distinguished company he keeps.

Helen M. Bonnet

"Keep Her Smiling"

I have always associated business offices with things prosy and dull—regarded them as a bit of necessary routine, essential in the extraction of money to pay bills for things which make life glad. I change my mind when I saw "Keep Her Smiling," Richard Walton Tully's delightful dramatic production, at the Curran. For the hero of the play, in his endeavors to keep his little wife smiling, got himself into such a merry tangle downtown in one of the most prosaic business offices, that I laughed at stocks-tape and typewriting machines, and telephones and office furniture. As for the inhabitants of the office, the mere recollection of their behavior makes me laugh. The pompous corporation president, clients waiting to pounce and in turn getting pounced upon, the faithful, imposed-upon head clerk, the shirking, happy-go-lucky assistants, the dressed-up lackadaisical stenographer with her rote learned efficiency jargon—they were all there, and each one contributed to the merriment.

As a contrast, there was a refreshing country home scene, with all the moods and tenses of social climbing interwoven. I shall never again think that business offices do not furnish entertainment. I hope every business man will see it, so his sense of humor will be aroused when he observes his staff—not overlooking himself as the center of risibility (on occasions).

David Miller as the downtrodden but triumph- and clerk was excellent, playing with an unusual, unctious sort of humor. De Witt Jennings, as the unmannerly, selfish head of the firm was as nasty as the exactions of his role demanded him to be, and his partners were equally life-like but less disagreeable. "Something in trade" must have been inspired by behavior akin to that of the business men in this farce But I desire to believe that in their offices all good business men are patient, generous, considerate and amiable. I'm sure that those who have not been in the past will reform after seeing "Keep Her Smiling."

Isabel Withers, Lillian Concord, Vera Rial, Ellen Cable, Wanda Nell Gwynn and many others played their humorous roles excellently, and looked exactly as if Mr. Tully had kidnapped them from real desks in real offices. Perhaps he persuaded them that an excursion into stageland is the best way of spending vacation from business life.

H. M. B.

Alcazar Does It Again

Here is another home run for this very efficient management. I should have called it the cleanest one yet, only that the story is not without blemish in a moral sense, and I dodge the superlative because I have a sort of Puritanical prejudice against "crook plays" in general. I do not believe that the present day's strong liking for the glorification of the evil-doer and the putting over of the laugh on the criminal code teaches a good lesson either to the refractory young or the still impressionable old. But this is only one opinion against a couple of million to the contrary, which is not a drop in the bucket as far as criticism is concerned. And this particular "crook play" was a real de luxe hit on Sunday last and continued the bunching of hits during all the week. As I followed the development of this well constructed plot—provided the modern notions of dramatic construction are the correct ones—I gathered the conviction that it should have been called "De Luxe Belle" instead of "De Luxe Annie," for, to my mind, Belle Bennett was very nearly the entire show, and was such an adorable confidence woman that it was a simple matter to concede that bunk like hers can hardly fail of success. This somewhat sweeping assertion is not intended to in any degree detract from the merits of Clay Clement's very fine portraiture of her polite, plausible and extremely crooked confederate Ferguson, which causes me no little regret that he will be so soon leaving us. By the bye, the behavior of these two admirable Thespians toward each other was so cordial, so exceedingly chummy and team-like, as to create the impression that the recent published articles concerning the bloody rouge spots, "cave-man stuff" and threatened libel suits was nothing more nor less than some of Manager Price's notoriously efficient press work. The conscious and subconscious elements of human nature, together with the psychological power of one mind over the other, is the motif of "De Luxe Annie," but the story is not nearly so dull as its theme would imply, for it is full of situation, climax, character drawing and suspense, with a comedy element which is always to the fore. In this our own Emelie Melville, whose star still continues in the first magnitude, is easily the leader as the garrulous boarding house keeper, and is ably aided and abetted by that giant of versatility, Henry Shumer, and Walter Belasco. Rafael Brunetto was a little better than usual as the sanitorium proprietor, and Kline and Cunningham were capable but not very keen detectives. Emily Pinter was just as careful and convincing as the deposed confidence queen, Mrs. Archer, as though the entire play depended upon her; and, to conclude, let it be said that there was not a weak spot in the cast, and that Frederic Green is about as good a "double up" actor as I can recall. Congratulations all, Alcarzareans, once again, for devotion to Hamlet's advice to the players goes with all of you!

Clay M. Greene.

Orpheum

The Orpheum will present a great new show next week.

Nellie V. Nichols, recognized throughout the land as an actress of exceptionally fine quality, who excels in character portrayals, song and story, will appear in an entirely new act which has won golden opinions from all sorts of people. She is sure of an enthusiastic welcome, for she is an immense favorite with Orpheum audiences.

"Last Night" is the title of one of the merriest and most melodious musical comedies of the season, and has as its principal ingredient that excellent comedian, Earl Cavanagh, who, assisted by Anna Francis, Earl Miller and several congenial companions, succeed in making it a pleasing recollection that will linger in the memory of theatre-goers indefinitely.

Bert Hanlon is an eccentric, singing and talking comedian, whose songs, although mere musical recitations, enable him to do a fine piece of comedy acting. His patter is original and he delivers it in a sure-fire manner.

Oliver Smith and Company will appear in "A Touch in Time," an admirable example of what a comedy should be. The scene is placed in a handsomely furnished apartment, in which a pearl necklace is responsible for most of the difficulties which beset the characters.

A clever act will be presented by the Werner and Amoros Trio, called "Love's Follies." Primarily these people are jugglers, but not in regular classification. Their performance is surrounded with Bohemian atmosphere, supplemented by some exceedingly good music and a bit of clever acting.

An aerial apparatus, made to resemble an enormous pince-nez and hung before a black cyclorama, will be used by Emil and Willie for the

introduction of their latest novelty, called "Just a Pair of Eeglasses." The bridge is placed on the bar of the trapeze and in the frames Emil and Willie present an astounding and extraordinary routine.

Baxley and Porter will contribute an act which is arranged solely for amusement purposes and is thoroughly successful in its object.

The only holdover in this remarkable bill will be Bothwell Browne with his Bathing Beauties and the Browne Sisters, in their Twentieth tury Revue.

The Santa Clara Passion Play

It has been decided by the Jesuit fathers of the University of Santa Clara to rivive Caly M. Greene's Passion Play, written for the university's golden jubilee in 1801, on a scale of greater magnitude than has yet been attempted in any of its several productions. It was so successful at the time that it received two other productions at Santa Clara, and then it was announced by the faculty, that it would continue to be revived periodically, following the custom of the peasants of Oberammergau. But its fame attracted the attention of other religious organizations in the east, and the author consented to its production by Jesuit institutions in Boston, Philadelphia and Buffalo. These productions did not meet the approval of either the faculty or the friends of the University of Santa Clara, who believed that its natural home was in that institution, that it should not be produced elsewhere, and so further productions in its birthplace were discontinued. But at the banquet of the Alumni Association held at the university on Saturday evening of last week, Mr. Greene, after a speech apologizing for having led it away from its natural habitat, conveyed all right, title and interest in the play to his alma mater forever, with the understanding that it shall never be produced elsewhere than in Santa Clara, or at least outside California. This action resulted in the promised revival of the play, probably in April next or earlier; and no doubt many thousands of Californians and visitors will again make the short pilgrimage to the state's earliest educational institution to witness a production which was generally pronounced as being more acceptable than that of Oberammergau, because it is an acting drama rather than a pageant and can be played within the three hours customary for dramatic performances.

Alcazar

The thrills, tangles and twists developed so cunningly in "De Luxe Annie" at the Alcazar, will be followed next Sunday matinee by a restoration of the uproarious farcicial fooleries of "Johnny Get Your Gun," originally staged at the Alcazar four years ago. It went direct east to keep New York in hysterics of laughter for a solid year at the Criterion. Since then its fame as a fun maker has grown as wide as the continent, and many have been the requests by Alcazar patrons for its revised restoration. Its rib-cracking absurdities begin in a California motion picture studio and are continued at a Long Island country house. Clay Clement closes his six months' engagement of varied and artistic work, appearing in his favorite role of Johnny Wiggins, the turbulent cowboy movie actor who chivalrously goes east to "save the girl, and creates a tumult in a horrified society set. Belle Bennett personate Jordan, the captivating lady's maid, who tames her cowboy admirer and puts her brand on his heart. Laughter-compelling characters of picture plant and more polite society require a long cast, including Brady Kline, Henry Shumer, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Gladys Emmons, Stella Warfield, Rafael Brunetto, Sam Burton, Al Cunningham, Clifford Alexander, Frederic Green, Walter Belasco and others.

George M. Cohan's recent immensely popular New York comedy hit, "A Prince There Was," on Sunday, June 20, will introduce to San Francisco the Alcazar's new leading man, Dudley Ayres, as the dashing Broadway prince, a role that Cohan personally acted with brilliant success.

At the Curran

One of the most wholly delightful and artistically successful attractions of the season, "Keep Her Smiling," announces the beginning of its second and last week's engagement at the Curran Theatre, Sunday, June 13. With this sparkling comedy, the Californian author-producer, Richard Walton Tully, has scored a triumphant success not surpassed by even his previous achievements with "The Bird of Paradise," "Omar, the Tentmaker" and "The Masquerader." In his latest offering, "Keep Her Smiling," Mr. Tully has exploited one of the most amusing and alluring attractions of the season. The admirable company which Mr. Tully has engaged to interpret the play's characters under the happiest conditions include David Miller, the inimitable English comedian; Isabel Withers, the charmingly attractive comedienne; De Witt C. Jennings, an actor of sterling worth and compelling personality; Lincoln Plummer, whose naturalness and raditating geniality make him an outstanding figure, and many others to the number of twenty-five.

Another McCormack Concert

John McCormack, the renowned tenor, will give his final concert in America for two to come on Sunday afternoon, June 20, in the Exposition Auditorium, and a few days thereafter he will sail on the Sonora for Australia on the first lap of his tour of the world. Before the McCormack recital the acoustics of the great hall will have been improved by G. Albert Lansburgh, who has been engaged by the Auditorium Committee to do the work in preparation for the Democratic National Convention, and practically the same seating arrangement that is to be used by the Democratic National Convention will be utilized at the McCormack concert.

The programme McCormack will give at his farewell appearance, assisted by Lauri Kennedy, 'cellist, and Edwin Schneider, accompanist, follows:

Aria—"A te fra tanti Affani" (from "Davidde Penitente") ..... Mozart
Mr. McCormack

Largo ..... Handel
Rondo ..... Boocherini
Mr. Kennedy

"In Summer Fields" ..... Brahms
"When Night Descends" ..... Rachmaninoff
"A Fairy Story by the Fire" ..... Merikanto
"Before the Dawn" ..... Chadwick
Mr. McCormack

Irish Folk Songs—
"The Falling Star" ..... Arr. Stanford
"The Soliloquy" ..... Arr. Somervell
"The Irish Love Song" ..... Arr. Stanford
"In Dublin's Fair City" ..... Arr. Page
Mr. McCormack

Prelude ..... Von Goens
Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Popper
Mr. Kennedy

"Bonnie" Wee Thing" ..... Liza Lehmann
"Sweet Peggy O'Neil ..... Uda Waldrop
"Your Eyes" (by request) ..... Edwin Schneider
"The Lord Is My Light" ..... Frances Allitsen
Mr. McCormack

Medical Care

The fashionable doctor threw a glance up the snow-covered road, and rubbed his hands gleefully. His trunk was packed, his professional attitude was laid aside, and his machine was due. But the assistant who was to act as administering angel during his absence did not share his master's good spirits. To him Christmas loomed as a season of medicine, muddles and mistakes. "I hope everything will go well while you're away, sir," he said, nervously. "Sure to—sure to," replied the great doctor, seizing his coat as the car drew up. "I've—I've had such little experience," stammered the young man desperately. "Nonsense! You don't need experience with fashionable patients," exclaimed he who knew their ways, grabbing his hat. "They're as simple as A B C. Find out what they've been eating and stop it. See what they've been doing, and tell them not to. And ask 'em where they're going for the holidays—and send 'em somewhere else."

"Poetry," said Wordsworth, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . . In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs—in spite of things gone silent out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all times. . . . Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man."

ALCAZAR

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Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall Street refused to be stampeded last week because of the advance in the rediscount rates of the New York federal reserve banks and other reserve institutions throughout the country. When three previous raises were known, the street suffered from fright, and security prices fell precipitately under severe and widespread liquidation, but in this instance the latter did not appear, and the street feeling was easier and near normal.

In view of the fact that a drop in money rates in all the market was apparently pending, the increase gives additional ground for surprise Certainly the indications of an easing money market were strong, and there were evidences in number of hesitation on the part of borrowers in anticipation of a break. This expectation of easier money in all the markets was evidently responsible for the sudden advance in the rates.

The stock market was clearly about to take wing, and it seems that the advance in the rates was intended to nip that flight in the bud as well as hasten the deflating process, which has not been developing as rapidly as the partisans of the panic had hoped for.

Some of the best bankers and economists in the country maintain that increasing the discount rate, under existing conditions, will do no good, and as their view has been verified by events, it remains to be seen what will happen next.

The increasing prices in investment securities indicates a buying movement based on an expectation of an early approach of normal conditions, and there is more and more evidence that efforts are being made to force the country into an industrial reaction. However, unless the deflations have more power than they ought to have, they will not accomplish their purpose, for, despite everything they do, the nation will not get back to normal until it brings production up to the demand and restores its wornout productive and transportation equipment.

The higher prices that will result from the increase in the discount rates will merely increase the burdens of the defenceless and result in increased unrest.

Trading was generally of a professional character throughout the week, and while there were numerous items of news favorable to the constructive side of the market that ordinarily would have helped the market, yet they invariably fell flat, or only had a temporary influence.

The dominant factor is the money situation, and as long as money rates continue to harden we can expect nothing more than an occasional rally due to the technical condition of the market from an oversold standpoint. However, stocks are not high, and it is to be hoped that the credit situation will soon a-right itself, and when it does it will be quickly reflected in an advancing security market.

Cotton—Notwithstanding the extremely unfavorable condition report issued by the government, making the average condition 62.5 up to May 25th, the cotton market failed to respond to it, and while there was a fractional advance, it was soon lost and prices were generally lower throughout the week.

Other factors seemed to have more bearing on the market, such as the big decline in silks, the decline in wool and the sudden let-up in the domestic demand, as reported by the mills. It seems that the public suddenly refused to buy cotton goods even at concessions in price, and mills received cancellations for goods from all sections of the country.

The poor export demand, as well as the financial troubles in Japan, were also factors that were not ignored, and selling became quite genertal.

The government figures would indicate a crop of slightly below ten million bales, but there is plenty of room for improvement should the weather take a turn for the better, and this was probably uppermost in the minds of traders when they ignored the bullish figures.

Some who are bullish are not altogether ignoring the threatened shortage in food crops in this question, and the question of the prospective buying power of the people if food prices should mount to very high levels.

What threatens the cotton crop threatens the grain crops—that is, a shortage of labor with a cold, wet spring. Labor is entering the big towns and cities. The gregarious instinct of the human race, a marked characteristic throughout historic times, is accentuated now by the dazzling wages and easier life offered by urban employers.

Bulls in cotton, on the whole, however, are strongly inclined to believe that whatever else the people may have to give up, they will insist on buying adequate supplies of clothing and food. luxuries may have to go—that is, jewelry, automobiles, costly furniture, silks, etc., but cotton is indispensable.

We may see further decline from this wave of pessimism, especially should we get a period of favorable weather with no demand from abroad, but it will take good weather from now on to insure a portion of the crop now planted, and it must not be forgotten that we are still to go through the most trying months of the crop, July and August. Therefore we believe advantage should be taken of these bear drives to accumulate the distant futures.

He Didn't See It

A country minister tells a funny story of an incident that happened in his church the other day. During the sermon a baby began to cry, and its mother immediately picked it up and began to hurry towards the door.

"Stop!" the minister exclaimed. "Don't go away; the baby is not disturbing me."

The mother continued her way to the door with the very audible remark:

"Oh, 'e ain't, ain't 'e? But you're a-disturbin' of 'im."

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Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29516. Dept No. 10.

Estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858 Phelan Building, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.

JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION FOR CHANGE OF NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

No. 106,578. Dept. 16.

In the matter of the application for change of name of ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH.

WHEREAS, ISRAEL LOVICH has filed his petition with the Clerk of this Court for permission to change his name from ISRAEL LOVICH to IVAN LOVICH,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the matter aforesaid appear at Department 16 of the said Superior Court, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California, on the 15th day of June, 1920, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they may have, why said application should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published in TOWN TALK, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: May 11th, 1920.

BERNARD J. FLOOD,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, May 11, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By A. L. GOLDMAN, Deputy Clerk.

LEON E. MORRIS,
Attorney for Applicant,
900 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Calif. 5-15-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth tbe facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-8-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnett.....Editor

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The Republican Nominations

From an independent viewpoint there would appear to be a serious doubt as to whether the long-talked-of and generally accepted walkover for the Republican party has been made any more certain by the result of the tenth ballot on Saturday last at Chicago. As a matter of fact, it came to the voters at large, who had expressed their opinions in the selective primaries, very much in the nature of a Zeppelin bomb attack at night, because it was utterly unexpected. The good vote-getter is a man whom the public knows and has listened to, and outside of the state of Ohio, the Senate chamber in the nation's capitol, and the inner circles of the party's leaders, no one knows who Warren G. Harding is or what he has done for his party or his country. The still lamenting followers of Theodore Roosevelt's principles, however, know that the present Republican candidate was the man who, in 1912, bitterly assailed their idol as being "the Benedict Arnold of his party," and recollection of this will create a lukewarm following, if indeed it does not result in downright opposition. Candidate Harding is a man against whom nothing derogatory can be said, but the fact exists also that very little can be said in his favor which will reach the remoter districts from which most of the party's votes are expected to come. With reference to Calvin Coolidge, his principal claims to attention lie in the fact that the tremendous majority by which he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and his fearless attitude during the Boston police strike caused him to be named as a possible candidate for the first place, and his acceptance of the second bears on its face the marks of some sort of a deal. Moreover, the fact that the three only candidates voted into prominence at the selective primaries were ignored altogether and snowed under, apparently at the command of a sick man at one end of a private wire in Philadelphia, is sure to have its negative effect. There seems to be a widespread elation among the Democrats in respect to the Chicago nominations. Mr. Bryan declares that they have the chance of their lives, provided that a strong prohibition plank be injected into the platform. Other party leaders, however, while being equally optimistic, seem to think that such a plank will be a boomerang. This brings Governor Edwards again to the fore, and another threatening cloud on the Republican horizon is the fateful Frankenstein of a third party, which will not down despite the alleged "sure thing' 'outlook for Harding and Coolidge. The coming week will no doubt develop something in this direction, and in the meantime every Democratic delegate who has come to San Francisco so far seems to have triumph tattooed upon his countenance.

* * *

Housing the Convention

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Bonifaces of San Francisco, not to say the many householders who will have vacant guest rooms to rent, will not overlook San Francisco's well earned reputation for whole-souled hospitality, and boost the prices for the several thousands of strangers who within a few days will be in attendance upon the Democratic Convention, and entrench themselves behind the somewhat flimsy fallacy of supply and demand. The committee having in charge the housing of the convention army and its camp followers have discovered that there will be ample room for all, but it is noised about that in some places there seems to exist a disposition to dodge the disfavor that is opposing profiteering everywhere. That is to say, that since the city may be greatly crowded, and such an opportunity of profit may never come again, room renters would be justified in demanding as high figures as the strangers would be willing to pay. Here is a case in point. A housewife mentioned to some friends a few days ago that she had telegraphed to a friend of her husband's and a delegate to the convention to be her guest. Whereupon she was at once assured that she would be very foolish indeed to fill her vacancy without cost to the guest, when she might easily receive ten dollars a day for it. If there is one of these cases there are probably hundreds more, and for the good name of the city let us hope that encouragement of them will be strictly avoided and no attention paid to notices of such existing vacancies. It has also been reported that some hotel keepers see no reason why they should not make hay while the sun shines, because it does not shine very often and business has not been any too good. No reports of this nature seem to have come from the larger hotels, but complaints have been made that no permanent guests will be contracted with until after the convention, because the rates for those guests would naturally be lower, and advantage must be taken of the unusual call for transient accommodations. It will be a memory much to be deplored if this system of inflation should be inaugurated. Cities need publicity, advertising, boosting and good will just as much as do mercantile enterprises, and no better opportunity for San Francisco to advertise itself has occurred since the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Everything in reason should be done to encourage these delegates into the notion that San Francisco is the most hospitable city in the world, and none of them will leave us with this impression if it be clouded with another to the effect that it is an expensive place to go to.

* * *

Aut Vinum Aut Nullus

There is no longer any doubt that the most bitter battle to be fought on the floor of the convention will be between the wets and the drys. It is in the air, it is on the lips of a majority of the advance guard of the main body of the approaching delegations, and every voter in the country, Republican and Democrat, is awaiting the result. The subject of revision, or ratification, or rejection of the eighteenth amendment was eliminated from the Chicago platform, and there is no one who will not concede that if a dry plank be introduced into the Democratic platform, many thousands of that party's votes will go to Harding and Coolidge. The matter of the league of nations will be treated precisely as President Wilson wishes it to be, and aside from the usual cut and dried statement of Democratic policies, there will be nothing left to discuss at length except the liquor question. And the latest advices received on this point foreshadow that a severe contest is to be staged. In fact, Governor Edwards of New Jersey has expressed an intention to fight for nothing else on the floor of the San Francisco convention, and it may also be said that his following has been increasing in rapid strides day by day. Another outcropping which indicates that the same sentiment exists in higher official quarters points to the name of Secretary of State Colby as permanent chairman of the convention, an outspoken antagonist of Bryan and his tenets and almost as pronounced a wet as is Governor Edwards himself. The power of Bryan is still at matter of serious debate, even in the best posted of Democratic gatherings. Some seem to believe that he will carry the country delegates off their feet with his eloquence, while the greater majority seem

quite unafraid of the silver-tongued ex-Colonel and declare with apparent confidence and delight that "Bryan is through." Whichever element is right, the fact remains that alcoholic fireworks are going to form the principal oratorical exhibit in the framing of this year's Democratic platform, and its effect will be awaited with deep concern and wide speculation.

* * *

Inevitable Democratic Planks

The rejection by the Republican Convention of an approval of the league of nations pact in any form whatever, with or without reservations, and the dodging of an issue providing for the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment under the Volstead act, leaves to the Democrats an absolute monopoly of those two issues. William Jennings Bryan will be on the floor early and late in the Civic Auditorium with absolute and irreconciliable prohibition uppermost in his mind. *Town Talk* believes that the ratification or rejection of the provisions of the eighteenth amendment does not belong to the platform of any political convention, for the reason that the gathered delegates do not represent the true voice of the people. These should decide the question themselves by popular vote, and even then the issue shoud not be a national one, but voted for or against under the great principle of state's rights. As far as the league of nations is concerned, it is a different matter. It was of Democratic origin, conceived by a much beloved Democratic President, voted into the pigeonhole by a Republican Senate, and the Democratic Convention must stand unflinchingly by that President and declare for the pact in its original form, or at least with such reservations as he or his successor may decide upon. With reference to the other planks, they may be easily outlined. Of course all of the distressing certainties and uncertainties of the present business situation will be attributed to the vindictiveness of a Republican Senate, which refused to permit the President to carry out what will be named as being the greatest in the history of diplomacy for the good of the world, and the other planks will be the positive reverse in sentiment to those created last week in Chicago. It is to be hoped that the Democratic platform will be brief enough for our busy, bustling voters to read, which the Republican one was not. It was much too ponderous, much too verbose and rhetorical for anyone but schoolmasters and mental philosophers to read, and every voter should be given party policies in such brief form as will admit of his reading it; but the platform experts of the coming convention will have already learned that lesson.

* * *

That Epstein Caricature

In a recent issue of *The Examiner,* replacing the redundant but varying economics of Mr. Brisbane, who had been transported to Chicago with the balance of such part of the staff as was really efficient, some writer or other, under the caption of "The Spectator," attempted to draw an analogy between the hideous figure of Christ in bronze by the Jewish sculptor Epstein and the crying necessity of a reversal of pretty much every condition known to be now existent in the human race. His line of reasoning seems to be that in the creation of this grotesque and insulting object of unreality, not to say blasphemy, the mental attitude of Epstein may have been the correct one after all. Perhaps, argues the writer in effect, the sculptor had plunged into a psychological study of the evolution of man following the Christian era, found it steadily growing worse, came to the conclusion that it had all been wrong from the first, and naturally evolved from his distorted conscience the amazing theory that in this revolution even the visual impressions of the Cause of Christianity may have been wrong and must be changed, too. The result was that, inspired by the inherent Semitic unbelief in either the sanctity or the benevolence of Christ, he perpetrated a plastic outrage resembling no creature in human form that ever existed, with hideously distorted features, unequal proportions of limb and body, and eyes that reflected nothing if not cruel imbecility. But that part of the artistic world which usually attributes its lack of fame and success to the possibility of having been fishing in mistaken channels, took it seriously because it might mean something, just as they attempted to jolly themselves into the mistaken belief that there must after all have been something worthy of artistic analysis behind the untranslatable and indefinable cubist and futurist pictures. But how the writer of the article referred to could possibly have deducted from this creation of a mind already warped by prejudice against Christian tradition that this reversal of that tradition had anything in common with the world's inevitable economic revolution it is difficult to conceive. How it can be taken as the symbol of the transmutation in human affairs which he seems to foresee; what it has to do with the amelioration of the condition of labor; how it is going to affect the reduction of taxes, or the supplanting of universal war by a permanent peace, are points which he frankly leaves to conjecture to argue for itself. But, as the indescribable Epstein creation will soon have passed into oblivion, so will the economic revolution have come and gone and the world be in a state of at least intermittent peace, which is about the best that can be expected of it.

Humors and Pleasantries of the Field

Maj. Ben. C. Truman's "Field of Honor"

One of the most humorous of all the many humorous incidents of duelling is the following: Monsieur Mary-Lavour, while bathing one day, in the Marne, saw a man named Gaillard disappear, as if drowning, and hastened to his relief and saved him. So grateful was the person afterward that he many times sent nosegays to his noble rescuer, and in various other ways betrayed promiscuous manifestations of never-ceasing gratitude—to such an extent that Monsieur M. requested his admirer to desist. Instead, however, Gaillard became, if anything, more zealous in his demonstrations of love; which so enraged his rescuer that he threw a plate of strawberries at him, one day, in a restaurant, and was hit with a decanter of water by Gaillard in return. A duel was the consequence of this rupture, and Mons. M., hoping to get rid of his pertinacious adorer, took good aim, but missed. Gaillard also missed, and cried, "O mon père! mon père! I am so glad you are unhurt." Mary-Lavour only replied by saying, "Will you mind your own business, sir, hereafter, and molest me no more?" "O mon père! I can never—" "Load again," repoined Monsier,—and Gaillard was buried upon the following day, at Mary-Lavour's expense.

Romieu, the French poet, once received a challenge from a rival in these words: "Sir, I enclose with this note a ballad which I beg you will peruse with attention, and if you think you can add a few appropriate words, and they suit me, I will accept you as a collaborateur." He replied as follows: "Sir, I have perused your ballad with great attention. I leave you the choice of weapons." When Voiture, the French poet, was challenged by a rival, he replied: "The game is not equal; you are big and I am little; you can fight and I cannot; you are brave and I am not. However, if you want to kill me, I will consider myself dead."

In the duel between Fox (who was a very stout man) and Adam, so soon as the ground had been measured, Fitzgerald (second of the former) said, "you must stand sideways, Mr. Fox, as much as you can." "Why so?" asked the statesman; "I am as thick one way as the other." In his duel with M. Charles Meurice, M. Perpignan had the first shot and missed. Meurice then advanced, placed his pistol within three feet of his antagonist's heart, and asked, "What were you thinking about just now?" "I was thinking that if I were you I would not fire," replied Perpignan. Meurice spared the fellow; and in a short time afterward met a notoriously heartless person, who likewise fired first and missed. Meurice again advanced; and as he did so he heard his adversary muttering something, and said, "You uttered a prayer just then, didn't you, thinking your last moment had come?" "Pardon me, Monsieur Meurice, but you are mistaken; I was making a vow to the Holy Virgin never again to aim at the head." He never again aimed at the head.

For seizing and bearing away the false hair of one of the ladies of James' Court, in 1606, James Lowe, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, was challenged by Lord Herbert, who had recovered, with some difficulty, the ambrosial appendage aforesaid. The parties were arrested, however, on their way to Hyde Park, and taken to the Tower, where they were cooled off during a stay of two months. In 1852, in Boston, James C. McKie sent a challenge to William O. Eaton, in which he wrote, "Were you a gentleman I

would send a friend to wait upon you," etc. For this note McKie was arrested, and held to answer bail in the sum of two thousand dollars.

In 1806 Tom Moore, the charming poet, got into a great rage with Francis Jeffrey (since Lord Advocate of Scotland), who had written an article for the "Edinburgh Review" attacking Moore's poems with some severity, and wrote the latter a letter, calling him a liar and demanding a meeting. Jeffrey accepted, of course. On the day of the "encounter," on which it had been arranged to have the Bow Street officers rush upon the combatants just as they were about to fire (which was carried out with precision), and while the seconds were loading their pistols with paper pellets instead of bullets, the two principals approached each other, and Jeffrey exclaimed, "What a very beautiful morning this is, isn't it?" Moore replied calmly, with a smile, "It is, indeed, a very beautiful morning—much too beautiful for scuh purposes as we have met for." They were then permitted to chat together until the minions of the law put in their appearance. Moore and Jeffrey became great friends afterward, but the former alienated himself from his second for thirty years for "giving the thing away."

The Earl of Pompet, who lived in London from 1740 to 1800, was a monomaniac on challenging—that is, challenging parties who generally did not care to fight. On one occasion, however, he picked up the wrong man (General Woyston), whom he had callenged for making faces at him in court. The General made a prompt denial, but insisted on a meeting; which the fiery earl, however, crawled out of, crab-fashion.

One Zephaniah Reeve, a Quaker, once became so unmindful of the lessons of his religious training as to issue a cartel of defiance, in 1735, to the Lord High Chancellor of England, Robert Henley; who not only declined the challenge, but apologized to Reeve for unprofessional conduct, and invited his belligerent "Friend" to dinner; and the latter demonstrated his cordial acceptance of the apology by accepting Henley's invitation to dine. One of the most eminent foes ever arrayed against the custom of duelling in England was Richard Steele, who, afer publishing many anti-duelling articles in the "Spectator," fought and dangerously wounded an officer of the British army. Thiers, the illustrious French statesman and author, early deprecated the custom; but, in 1849, challenged Monsieur Rixio, an eminent statesman and diplomat of France. After fighting nearly a score of duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto, a Neapolitan nobleman at last admitted that he had read the works of neither.

There is a story told of Colonel Breaute, of the French army; how he had been repeatedly called out by a stripling lieutenant (who had become disturbed by some fancied offence), and had as often declined the call, until at last the youngster had denounced the old Colonel as a coward, and had actually slapped him in the face; and then, as the story goes, how Breaute met the young officer and wounded him, and cut off a piece of court-plaster from his face; and how the veteran kept on calling out and wounding the poor lieutenant until the fifth time, when he informed the doomed youth, gravely, that he was going to kill him—which act of polite murder Breaute performed, even to the evisceration of his victim. Louis XV. once lectured two officers who had fought and wounded each other about an Angora cat, in the course of which his Majesty remarked to the offenders that they "should have fought with claws, not with swords."

In the duel between Mr. Tierney and Mr. Pitt the parties met on Sunday, at Putney Heath, and fired once at each other without effect. At the second fire Mr. Pitt discharged his pistol in the air, when the seconds interfered and terminated the affair. No sooner was the result known than squibs, epigrams, pasquinades, and caricatures appeared on all sides.

There was humor—even if of the most devilish kind—in the short dialogue between Antragues and Quelus, just before their fight. "Thou hast both a sword and a dagger," said Quelus, "while I have only a sword." "The more thy folly," said Antragues, "to leave thy dagger at home. We came here to fight, not to adjust weapons."

When Lord Harcourt was English ambassador at Paris, his secretary, Sir John Blaquiere, was applied to, one day, by Major Bushe, a noted Irish duellist, for an introduction to the king of France. Sir John responded by asking the Major if he had ever been presented to his own sovereign, and he replied that he never had been. Sir John then remarked that, such being the case, he could not reasonably comply with his request. The Milesian then got fiery, and denounced Blaquiere as wanting in manners, and wound up by challenging him to fight. The duel took place near Paris; and Bushe, who was considered by many as the most famous shot in Ireland at that time, missed his man and got winged himself. Upon his return from France, Bushe said that he wanted to pay his respects to the king and got shot for it.

Equal to Curran in pure wit and humor was William I. Ferguson, of California, who was mortally wounded in a duel on Angel Island (San Francisco Bay), in 1858, by George Pen. Johnston. The combatants had exchanged two shots, and Ferguson had fired his third, when, looking right into the jaws of death, he exclaimed, laughingly, to his second, "I'm a gone community." Mercutio was not gamer.

In his duel with General John Cadwallader, near Philadelphia, on the 22d of February, 1778, General Thomas Conway received his antagonist's bullet in the mouth, and fell forward on his face. He then raised himself and humorously addressed Cadwallader as follows: "You fire with much deliberation, General, and certainly with a great deal of effect." It is a noteworthy fact that Cadwallader challenged Conway—a bristling young Irish-American—for his persistent calumniations of General Washington, and that the hostile meeting between these two distinguished general officers of the Revolutionary army occurred upon the birthday of the illustrious object of their dispute. Conway, as soon as he was able to sit up after his wound (from which he recovered), wrote to his commander-in-chief a letter in which he expressed great grief for all he had said or written, and asked Washington's forgiveness for any and all of his offensive acts.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his sketches, relates a number of good stories. Of his own duel with Richard Daly—"who had the greatest predilection for a single combat of any person (not a society fire-eater) I ever recollect," says Sir Jonah, "having fought sixteen duels in three years"—he admits that, while he was conscious of never having spoken a word against the fighting barrister, he felt the necessity of accepting the challenge—it being his first invitation, and public sentiment at that time in Ireland being such that he could not reasonably decline. "It being," as Crosby (Barrington's second) said, "my first blood, I lost no time, but let fly without a single second of delay and without taking aim. Daly staggered back, put his hand to his heart and said he was hit, and Crosby gave me a slap on the back which staggered me, and a squeeze of the hand which nearly crushed my fingers, and cursed the underloading or damp powder; while I was extremely glad to discover that Daly was not seriously hurt." A short time after this affair Barrington was challenged by Leonard McNally—who had been refused by Henry Deane Grady, a superior shot—and promptly accepted. In his second letter to Barrington, McNally wrote: "I hope you won't disappoint me as that scoundrel Grady did." In the duel Barington's bullet hit the buckle of McNally's suspenders; and Henry Harding, Sir Jonah's second, in addressing McNally, shouted: "Mac, you are the only rogue I ever saw that was saved by the gallows!" Curran, in his account of this affair, says: "His distress at not being able to induce anybody to fight him at one time was truly pitiable. McNally being, it seems, under some cloud, Harry Grady, who wounded everybody with whom he fought, refused that favor to him. Everybody followed this inhuman example. The poor man could get nobody to shoot him, and was the picture of misery. In vain he fumed, and fretted, and affronted. All seemed determined on being 'guiltless of his blood.' Never was an Irish gentleman so unfortunate. At length Sir Jonah Barrington, out of Christian charity, accepted his cartel, and shot him into fashion. McNally was a man again. McNally himself used to say, afterward, that Barrington's shot was his salvation."

One of the most singular (and in some respects humorous or ridiculous) incidents connected with duelling transpired in India some years ago. Two officers, accompanied by a second each (all of the Queen's Regiment), engaged in mortal combat with pistols, and one of the principals was killed. The survivor was brought to trial; and the two seconds, who were subpoenaed as witnesses, declined to testify, on the ground that they would criminate themselves, and the prisoner was acquitted for want of evidence. The seconds were thereafter arraigned; the survivor was subpoenaed as witness, and assumed that he, too, would incriminate himself. But the court ruled that the witness would not criminate himself, as he could not be held again for the same offence. He then proceeded, reluctantly, of course, with his sworn statement of the unfortunate affair, and the seconds were convicted of manslaughter.

The following illustrates the proverbial punctiliousness of the Louisiana Creole of ante-bellum days. For the account the writer is indebted to a gentleman of San Francisco, a former resident of the Crescent City. Messrs. A and B and Dr. C (we will call thm) were one evening at the St. Charles Hotel (New Orleans) conversing together, when Mr. A indulged in vulgar and otherwise ungentlemanly language; at which Dr. C, an old French Creole, quietly remarked to Mr. B, "Sir, you will please excuse me if I take my leave, as I cannot listen to such language. Mr. A is not one gentleman, and I cannot associate with him," and the doctor departed. Upon the following morning Mr. A sent Dr. D (the son of an old and intimate friend of Dr. C) to Dr. C with a challenge. The latter received the young gentleman very warmly, and exclaimed: "I am very glad to see you, Doctor; I knew your honored father very intimately, my young friend; but what affords me dees great pleasure of your visit?" "My dear Doctor," rpelied the other, "I am the bearer of a challenge from Mr. A." "A challenge from Mr. A! Non, sir! Mr. A is not one gentleman; and pardon, sir, I can only fight with one gentleman. You are one gentleman, my dear sir; and I will fight yon with pleasure—now or tomorrow—with one rapier, sword, pistol, or cannon, if you like. But fight with Mr. A? Why, Mr. A is one blackguard! Must I fight with one blackguard? Non! Never! Jamais!"

Many clever stories are told of Pat Power, of Ireland, who was not only a famous shot, but a charming, chivalric fellow. He was fat and intemperate, and as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. Among many of his affairs of honor was one with Bill Brisco. When taking aim he said he had still a warm friendship and a natural tenderness for such a gentleman of honor, and would show it. So he only shot off Brisco's whisker and part of his ear. On one occasion he ordered

supper in a coffee-room, and, while waiting for it, he read the newspaper. After waiting some time, the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such fare. The waiter pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and, directing him in Irish what to do, quietly supped off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, and assured him they were at a very pleasant distance for a close shot, and if one fell he was ready to give satisfaction to the other. The parties rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons from an adjoining box.

Incomparably witty, as well as sarcastic, was Abraham Lincoln's remark when—after accepting a challenge and agreeing to fight, he was shown the spot selected for the hostile meeting (which was on the Missouri side of the Illinois River)—he said that the site was singularly appropriate, as it was within convenient distance of the penitentiary. It is well, by the way, that the gentleman selected by Mr. Lincoln for his attendant in his threatened duel was a man of infinite jest; for he arranged that the combat should be fought with dragoon-swords, which put a ridiculous termination to the affair, as Mr. Lincoln's adversary (General Shields) was a much shorter man that himself. We can just see the immortal Father Abraham going for the eminent Missourian with a dragoon-sabre. The ebullitions of Lincoln's wit continued to effervesce, however, even after the dragoon-sabres had been anointed with the oil of peace, for the illustrious Railsplitter then proposed to Shields that they play a game of "Old Sledge," to see which should pay the expenses of the trip—and Shields "pungled."—From "The Field of Honor."

Mr. Bryan's Single Standard

By William Marion Reedy

Mr. William Jennings Bryan wants the single standard of morals put in the United States Constitution by means of another amendment. More of the tedency to the Puritan theocracy! More of the meddling in the intimate life of the citizen! More spying and snooping and informing! What a government we should have! "Holy Willie's" rule in Scotland was nothing to it.

Where does Mr. Bryan get the idea that the people of the United States are so sexually immoral as his proposal leads us to believe he thinks we are? Is it not a fact, within everyone's knowledge, that the decent, moral people vastly outnumber the lechers and libertines? The Bryan inhibitions would seem to be manifesting themselves in a complex indicating that he is the victim of an obsession of that from which he has, for three score years and more, so desperately held himself aloof. The dogs in his cellar are loose and famished.

When the Nebraskan formulates his single moral standard idea for women for their own protection he makes no showing at all to prove that women need a constitutional protection. They have been very well protected with nothing about sex morality in the constitution. They have not been discriminated against in the law of the land when they have sinned. Such discrimination against them as exists in such circumstances is social and not legal. If Mr. Bryan thinks he can change the public or private mores in this regard he imagines the vainest of vain things. No woman will be one white the better off because the constitution declares that men and women shall be judged by the same moral standards. The women themselves will not judge women so. For women know that what destroys the woman who lapses is not the opera- of the law or even of public opinion but something in the lapse itself which tends somehow to make her careless of those inhibitions which she has once thrown off. This is a general proposition to which there are, of course, exceptions, but it holds good throughout the world.

It is not clear what Mr. Bryan has precisely in mind. Presumably it is prostitution, chiefly. But if Mr. Bryan is looking to constitutional amendment for a cure for prostitution he seeks in the wrong quarter. Prostitution is a vice engendered by economic conditions. Women sell their bodies because, as they find themselves after one lapse, their bodies are the only thing thy can sell, in order to live. The cure is to destroy the market—to change economic conditions so that women can live without selling themselves. If the women cannot serve other than sexually, it is not because of our laws, but because first of social customs and traditions, which the law cannot change but which proclaim the woman who has loved not wisely but too well to be "damaged goods," and then because the world is as largely a closed shop and there is not employment enough to go around. The woman who can make a living some other way will not sell herself. Find her some other way and she will not take "the easiest way." Will a constitutional amendment declaring the single standard of morality do that? It will not. It cannot.

I think, myself, that the emancipation of woman has somewhat worked out this problem. As woman has come to be able to do more things and do them well, there is more demand for her services in decent lines of effort, and now more than ever in the world before, the woman who may once depart from the strictest lines of conduct is not necessarily doomed to resort to the most ancient of female professions to eke out a subsistence. The double standard of morals no longer operates so powerfully against the woman as it used to do. All of which means, I am well aware, that the single standard of morals is working in exactly the opposite way to that in which Mr. Bryan would have it work. It is bringing the woman to the men's rather than the men to the women's standard. Maybe it is this that Mr. Bryan would change by a constitutional amendment, but he cannot do it, for the force against which he would direct the law is stronger than the law. Granted that the change is desirable, what is to be done when people insist upon living their lives in their own way and refuse to ostracize themselves or damn themselves because they have surrendered without benefit of clergy or of the state's approval to that instinct which preserves and perpetuates the race?

And as to men who are libertine, who will say that one of them is the better for being known as such? Can any man be elected to office who is known to be loose in his dealings with women? Does not a woman-case defeat the man who figures in it? Is a man not less trusted in business affairs today when he is known as an addict of the sex? The experience of the ordinary observer gives answer to all these questions, negativing the absolute immunity of men from unpleasant effects of too much love of loving. The "gay Lothario" is now ridiculous, distrusted, despised. The world holds it a blemish on the greatest when they are of too libidinous inclination. And men exposed in love affairs suffer more from being made absurd thereby than they ever can be made to suffer by such punishment as juries are likely to mete out to them. More and more today the man who would get along in the world must "come clean" sexually, even as, long before prohibition came, he had to cut out the drink if he wanted to succeed in the struggle for existence. In this regard social and economic conditions, with no aid from law, have worked for an approximation to the single standard of morality.

How is Mr. Bryan's law to deal equally with men and with women offenders? He would probably send both to prison. Does Mr. Bryan think that would better the position or condition of the woman offender? When did prison ever better anybody? Not once in a hundred thousand times of experiment. Is it equal punishment as between a man and a woman to put both in prison? No one who knows anything either of physiology or psychology would say so. And after the woman has come out of prison what use will other women have for her? Will anything prevent

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women from being kinder to the man who has not atoned than to the woman who has atoned? Nothing yet discovered can do that. Men will give a woman a thousand chances to make and to be good where women will not give her one. A constitutional amendment will not accomplish any change in this condition.

What is to be the test of purity? Shall we have an elaborate system of medical examination of all women at stated intervals? How sweet and lovely a prospect is held out by this! Shall we have a Volstead enforcement act for the proposed constitutional amendment establishing a percentage of purity below which no one shall fall, man or woman—a sort of 1:75 purity, as it were, for standard? Shall we all have to wear a government tag guaranteeing us as pure, under a pure people act? All very fanciful, of course—yes, but granting a man and woman are caught, how is a jury to be made to punish the man equally with the woman? It may punish him with the full legal penalty, true; but how about the social penalty, which is really what counts—how will that be enforced? By the women? Hardly. By the men—not at all. There have been many convictions under the Mann act. Has any man suffered under it as the woman has, though the act is directed against the man and not against the woman? Can the government hope to catch all sexual offenders, punish all sexual offenses? Not at all. It can capture and punish a few, but in the doing so it leaves the way open for the play of the blackmailer and pursuer of private vengeance. We shall need ten times as many sex-snoopers as there are booze-snoopers. W shall have social life poisoned with suspicion and hysterical or hallucinant accusations. Mr. Bryan would let loose upon us worse social evils than irregularities of sexual conduct.

The single standard of morality! Our law now recognizes but one standard. What custom does is a different thing and law is helpless against it. We have the single standard as to murder in the law. Do juries enforce it? They do not. Nothing is safer to do nowadays than for a woman to murder a man she claims to have wronged her. Are women as severely punished for other crimes, as a rule, than men? They are not. Surely Mr. Bryan is not insisting that women be equalized with men in this respect.

The single standard of morality cannot be more securely established than it is by more legislation. It can only be enforced by public opinion and custom. And the women can't do it at the ballot box or in the legislatures. They will have to do it, if at all, in their attitude and conduct towards men and women both who offend against the code. If they should be more severe against the men offenders—what! shall repentance not avail? If they be more lenient socially towards the women—what becomes of the code? And what is to become of all of us if Mr. Bryan has his way and each of us has on official "doppelganger" trailing him day and night to spy out our eatings and our drinkings and snap-shot us as we sport with Amoryllis in the shade or twine the tresses of Naereas' hair? And why stop where Mr. Bryan stops now in this matter—why not put into the proposed constitutional amendment definite specifications of what shall constitute continence within the marital relation? "Thorough" should be his moral motto.—Reedy's Mirror.

The Spectator

Another Farmer Boy Candidate

History repeats itself again, and once more is the city-bred and big university-educated American reminded that he has not a chance in the world ever to become President of the United States; but that the countryside, and preferably the farm, is the only ground whereupon to forage for presidential timber. Lincoln was a farmer boy of the poorest class, and so was Grant. Then followed Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley, all either farmers or at least from rural districts far remote from the centers of great population. The only exceptions were Arthur and Roosevelt, both from the city of New York, and both presidential accidents, in that each of them was inducted into the presidency owing to the assassinations of their chiefs. Now again comes the farmer boy to the fore in Warren G. Harding, who was born in the never before heard of village of Blooming Grove, Morrow County, Ohio, in 1865, the eldest of the eight children of a struggling country doctor, who, like most country doctors, probably never received a fee larger than $1.50 and most likely was compelled to be satisfied with farm produce in satisfaction of many of them. It is said to be claimed by the Hardings that their forebears fought in the Revolutionary War, but so many Americans can make this claim that, after all, it is of but small consequence. Strange to relate, however, this particular farmer boy, destined to be the presidential candidate of a great party, did not become a village lawyer and gradually rise to a judgeship, the legislature and Congress. After attending the public school in his home town, he entered the Ohio State College at Iberia, there became the editor of the college paper, continued a newspaper man after graduation. His father bought him "The Star," a country paper in Marion, Ohio, after he had risen from printer's devil to linotype man and managing editor of his first job. This paper he still owns, and in all the years he has managed it, it is claimed that there was never a strike in his office. In the meantime, he devoted himself to politics, in which his paper gained him such prominence that after a term in the state legislature he served a term as lieutenant governor, and in 1914 was elected U. S. Senator by a majority of over 100,000. Everyone knows the rest up to the present time, and if it shall come about that the Chicago convention was obeying destiny in making him its nominee, the voters will do all the rest that is left on the horoscope of Senator Harding to be finished. What that is has become a matter of vastly differing opinion between Republicans and Democrats, but it should not be forgotten that farmer boy candidates have been almost invariably lucky.

* * *

The Enviable Publisher

Owning a newspaper is a great help to a youth on his upward career, even an unpretentious newspaper in a small town. This is a fact patent to even a casual observer. It has not been overlooked either by architects busily building their own fortunes. The trouble is that it is one thing to establish a paper and quite another to keep it through the years. Experience the world over proves that it is the exceptional man who succeeds in holding his paper. Warren Harding did that, and it has proven in his case the goose that laid the golden egg.

The readers of the Marion "Star" had their opinions guided by it doubtless, and learned to honor its editor to the degree of sending him to the U. S. Senate.

The choice of a newspaper proprietor for presidential candidate will doubtless give impetus to aspirants for journalistic honors, and the office of every periodical in the country will be besieged by a new flock of would-be purchasers. Some there are so insistent that they propose leasing papers for a period, with the privilege of returning them (probably damaged in reputation and prestige) after the lessee has convinced himself of his unfitness for the calling.

Something About Calvin Coolidge

Like Candidate Harding, Calvin Coolidge, the Republican candidate for vice-president, was a farmer boy, born at Plymouth, Vermont, in 1872. His rapid rise from village school to public positions of trust and confidence was much like most of the other farmer boys, but, unlike his associate candidate, and like all the others, he adopted the study of the law. Nothing of any material importance with reference to his earlier public life ever escaped beyond the borders of Massachusetts—to which state he moved early in life—or, for that matter, very far from his home town of Northampton, where he served in several of its local offices and was then elected to the state senate.

He served the state as president of the senate, then as lieutnant-governor, and, later on, as governor. Even then he does not appear to have been much discussed until the time of the Boston police strike last year, when the name of Calvin Coolidge became one of nation-wide importance. The fact that a great city's police force, by striking and refusing to serve until its terms were accepted, should endanger its peace and quiet and permit crime to stalk the streets unbridled awoke the fighting instinct within him, and it proved to be the kind of fighting that has a lasting punch in it. He declared that law and

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order must be maintained at all hazards, and that a police force affiliated with the labor unions would not be countenanced in the state of Massachusetts. The police were ordered back to their posts; they refused; the state militia was called out, and after a night of rioting and several days of a threatened return to it, almost an entirely new police force was organized, and a stern dictum went forth that none of the old force should be reinstated. Then the name of Calvin Coolidge began at once to be discussed as that of a presidential possibility, and even Senator Lodge offered to present his name before the national convention, notwithstanding that he expressed a disinclination to enter the race. Coolidge's acceptance of the second place on the Republican ticket was obviously prompted by a desire to further the Republican cause, and the fact that he will do so in a high degree is evidenced by the openly expressed belief in several quarters that the ticket might have been stronger wtih the names reversed.

A Much-Needed Precedent

Gov. Coolidge's action gave other political heads of departments much-needed courage to fight for the nation's rights against the Bolshevik demands of labor unions, which, through such ill-advised behavior as the Boston police exhibited in striking, were seeking to establish a tyrannical reign beyond any that capital could devise. The police, many of them, were forced into striking against their own patriotic desires; but the labor unions in Boston sought to stifle a sense of obligation to the country in order to get at the root of liberty. It was Governor Coolidge's well directed hand which snatched away the poisonous axe. For this act he deserves elevation to a place where his courage can uproot evils and bring the charlatan-led mob back to think for itself what it owes to the U. S. government. It is deplorable to have to state that the majority of our state and city officials are in a state of abject fear of the American Federation of Labor, because they have votes in mind instead of their country's welfare.

The Elimination of Johnson

"Town Talk" was first to make the prediction that Senator Johnson would never be found acceptable by the old-line Republicans. This paper pointed out that the Senator in his later manifestations was neither Republican nor Progressive nor Democrat. While the California delegates stood solidly for him at Chicago, the former Governor had lost much of his popularity with the people of the state, and there were distinct murmurings against him in the workingmen's councils and among workers at large. The business men were never in love with his policies, whatever they were. At the present time, his policies seem nothing more than a wholesale denunciation of President Wilson. Eastern politicians knew him for his real value. Although as a Progressive candidate he might make a better display of something or other, it was obvious from the outset that the Plymouth Rock Republicans did not want him. We trust that the state will have better luck with the Democratic winner right here in San Francisco.

The Clans Are Gathering

A considerable number of distinguished strangers are beginning to gather in knots about the lobbies of the big hotels, and most of them are pointed out being the advance guard of the coming Democratic convention. The word "distinguished" is employed in a general sense, for while none of them may be wearing the facial insignia of that kind of greatness that is always in the public eye, they are certainly that in personal appearance, in cordiality, and that savoir faire which marks them as being men of affairs and good fellows. First among them should be mentioned Homer S. Cummings, the national chairman, who, although he has been with us but a few days, has found time in the rush of perfecting advance arrangements, to exhibit those personal charms that have stamped him already with the flattering cognomen of "a perfect peach." The same may be said of his associates in this preparatory work, and word has been spread about from the clubs and hotel apartments to the effect that none of them will take any part in the incorporation of a plank in the party platform endorsing the eighteenth aemndment to the constitution. It may also be stated that none of them appears to share the somewhat widespread impression that the Democrats "haven't got a living chance," for all of them preserve an air of confidence the reason for which is causing no little speculation. Particularly optimistic is Senator Owen of Oklahoma, himself a candidate for the presidential nomination, who seems to be "downright tickled to death" over the choice of the Chicago convention, and declares that "we will beat him as easily as rolling off a log." Everyone is wondering why. Can it be that the party has something up its sleeve with reference to which the public is not yet informed, are they merely bluffing, or is it our cool and salubrious climate instead of the stuffy, smothering atmosphere of Chicago? The advance agents of Candidates Palmer and McAdoo have already opened headquarters, as has also Senator Owen, and the recent spacious habitat under the Palace Htoel of the boom of the late lamented Hiram Johnson is now one of the meeting places of the Democratic National Committee, as well as that equally important one having in charge the housing of delegates, guests and camp followers, which they are sure of being enabled to do expeditiously and satisfactorily. Altogether there is a hopeful and business-like atmosphere surrounding the preparation of the Democratic convention, with no sign of perfunctoriness or that ominous quiet that arises from doubt. When any of this advance guard is asked who the nominee is going to be, the reply is in the shape of a knowing wink, and the remark that it is "not time to spring that yet." It is quite confusing, this reticence, and speculations are as varied as the flowers on our hillsides. Something has been printed to the effect that General Pershing—but of the General, later on. At all events, gentlemen of the advance guard, "Town Talk" welcomes you to San Francisco!

Seats for the Convention

Nothing so exasperates a San Franciscan as does any attempt to curb his freedom and independence with reference to the entree to any public function, or public gathering, or entertainment, and there are now thousands of indignant ones who are decrying after the true California combative spirit the stern dictums of those who have in charge the allotment of seats to the rapidly approaching Democratic convention. They asseverate that while they do not wish to be accused of lack of the much vaunted California hospitality, but that the decision to furnish seats first to strangers knowing that there will not be room enough left for anywhere near the great number of residents who believe themselves, for many reasons, entitled to them. I investigated a rumor this week to the effect that seats were being freely sold at the extravagant price of $100 each, which proved to be—as rumors generally are—entirely without foundation. I discovered that such seats had been promised to subscribers to the convention in the ratio of one for each hundred dollars subscribed, which was a perfectly fair and legitimate arrangement. Each supervisor, city official, judge or any other person in the employ of the city vociferates that he should have seats for himself, his wife, and his most loyal constituents, and Postmaster Charles Fay, expert figurer though he is, finds himself far out at sea as far as the keeping of local promises or press obligations is concerned. The accusation that influence is being used in the allotment of seats is probably justified by the facts, and there is no way to avoid that either, for "pull" has its potency in every walk of life, business or profes-

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sion, and he who has none is unlucky, that's all. Mr. Fay says that as soon as the delegates, alternates, visiting Democratic government officials and their wives have been attended to, as both politeness and hospitality demand, the San Franciscans decided to be entitled to seats will receive them "while they last," as they say in department store bargain sales, and from that decision who shall say there should be any appeal? What good would it do anyway if one were entered?

Some officials have large families to seat, and this is our first national convention, where such families can be displayed in full voting force, as they were at all functions connected with President Wilson's visit to San Francisco. Deletion would cause dissension, and peace in the family is of more consequence than what the public thinks.

A Modern Cinderella

The little story told "The Chronicle" by ex-Lieut. Reynolds, U. S. A., about the Prince of Wales dancing six dances out of eight with a beautiful stenographer in Balboa, instead of treading royal measures with young women enjoying the distinction of moving in the innermost circles of Panaman upper society, shows that scion of British royalty to be a prince after every girl's heart. When the heart is young and beauty mantles the soft, round cheek with roses and crowns a shapely head with glistening curls, be the sentiments of the girl the most radical, she can't help being delighted when singled out by a happy young prince to dance with him in a ball room while other pretty girls look on, not to speak of young men in her own sphere who are envying the prince. The story of Cinderella is the most appealing fairy story ever written, and in this practical age, it is refreshing to know that a real prince seizes the opportunity to make a modern Cinderella radiantly happy even for one evening. Evidently, the prince has the good judgment not to allow himself to be hedged about by ridiculous prejudices of station.

* * *

The Duke of Edinborough and an American Whistler

Herein his great uncle, the Duke of Edinborough, resembled him slightly. At a magnificent reception in his honor in London, grand opera stars and high priced dramatic luminaries were engaged to entertain. Also the leading violinist of the day, in honor of the duke's own skill upon the instrument. As a novelty, the host summoned from a vaudeville house Tom Browne, the American whistler. His Highness was presented with a programme and requested to make a selection for the opening number. He chose Tom Browne. Later, as the evening progressed, the royal musician astonished people by saying at frequent intervals, "I say, why not have the whistling chap again?" Such a question being really a command, Mr. Browne monopolized the evening, to the chagrin of the famous singers and actors.

* * *

The Duke in Australia

In Australia, the duke was, with much ceremony, domiciled at the home of a chief justice of wealth and distinction. During the progress of an evening's brilliant reception, when all the social and political elect of the antipodean city were presented to the duke, one of his suite, seeking the moon-lit terrace for a breath of cool air, happened unexpectedly upon the host and a vulgar looking, flashily dressed companion who, slapping him boldly upon the back, exclaimed in loud accents: "This is rich, this is. You and me sent over from 'ome for life. And Lord! what a life! We changes our names, we do, and 'ere you are a big bug entertainin' the queen's own son and me livin' in luxury all these years to keep me mouth shut about the arrow you've got on ye—yes, ye even presented me to 'is royal 'ighness. It's such a good joke that I'm going back and take another quart of champagne."

the duke's attaché lost no time in reporting the incident to him. The result was a short council of war ,followed immediately by the exit of the Duke of Edinborough and his entourage.

The real reason of the royal flight soon got about. The larrakins (hoodlums) of the city carved arrows upon the gates of the justice's residence and he and his splendid family of children were persecuted. The story followed his sons to college in England, where they were made to suffer humiliation upon account of it. To make the matter more heinous, it transpired that the offense for which the culprit suffered transportation was a trifling one, the result of a youthful escapade. The great country of Australia gave him the chance of self-development, and by industry and perserverence he educated himself and became a power in the land where he, his lovely wife and children were sought after in the most exclusive circles, until the revelation through the duke's visit.

It does not require a high power imagination to fancy the young Prince of Wales of these days of enlightenment declaring in such a situation: "I will remain her as his guest and give him a lift. Whatever he did wrong in England when he was a boy, he has expiated out here. He has made himself a credit to England. I will not drag him down and cause his innocent family to suffer. I know what I will do instead —I will dance a dozen dances with his daughter." The prince is young, but he is imbued with the progressive spirit of the times.

Prices Coming Down at Last

Shoppers cannot be otherwise than elated at the joyful legends in the shop windows, "Reduced one-third," "one-half," and so on. Of course, big reductions are usual at this time of year even in normal times, but prices have been so ridiculously high that the present ones seem unduly welcome. Even as they are, goods are marked way beyond their value. The wealthy women, the all-the- year-round purchasers of finery, are to be thanked for the present attitude of the shopkeepers; for these women, having a plentiful supply of wearing apparel of past seasons, remade or in one way and another made it serve their purposes. The families of working men and salaried women were the ones who had the ludicrously high priced garments delivered at their homes. These women had money which they never dreamed of having before, and many of them spent it upon the principle "easy come, easy go." Now when they see garments similar to their own reduced many times over, it must make them regard merchants as a class as eager to gouge the last penny out of the poor working man's family. Never mind, while the clothes lasted, these ladies looked like millionairesses and were correspondingly content. It is regrettable that the materials out of which the expensive garments were made were fragile and that the deceived wearers therefore can't remodel them for the present season's modes. One can scarcely blame these ladies for their extravagance, for no clothes were obtainable but very high priced ones. Rich women had reserve stocks in their wardrobes upon which to draw, so it was really not so great a virtue for them to pass by the temptation of ultra priced garments. Merchants are raising money by sales at reduced prices and the conviction is general that price levels will not rise again. Indeed, many experienced purchasers are awaiting still greater recession.

Shoes Remain High

We look in vain for a normal price for shoes, which are the aristocrats in costliness. It seemed the irony of fate recently when Mr. Max Sommer retail shoe magnate, addressed the distracted ladies of the Housewives' League. His subject was not shoes nor how to reduce their cost, but something about stretching the family income or about food values, the end in sight being, as a foregone conclusion, all the nice shoes the family could wear, though of course Mr. Sommer did not mention shoes.

Financial powers that be are sending out propaganda that too rapid lowering of the price levels is not expected or desired. Why not? When prices were at top notch did not the profiteering merchants pay their debts to the banks? The public wants prices to come down. And couldn't the financial powers jog up the shoe merchants along these lines? Shoes are an imperative necessity, really they are. Why should they have been left to be the last detail in profit elimination? It is all very well to talk about merchants not paying their bills and that therefore rapid deflation is undesirable. But how can parents of large families pay the butcher, the grocer, the baker if they buy shoes for the children?

Two California Writers

Helen Ellsworth Wright, the California authoress who has achieved considerable fame with short stories published in eastern magazines, has resumed her writing. For the past two years she has been obliged to abandon literary work on account of ill health. She has been living in Los Gatos at "Top Notch," where she receives her admiring friends who take the pleasant journey to visit her.

One of her latest guests was Olivia Lowe Price, who has distinguished herself in fugitive verse in "Life" and "Smart Set." Mrs. Price is the wife of E. D. Price, the Alcazar's brilliant general manager, who has also been the guiding hand of many Broadway productions and is the

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author of several sparkling literary works. Mrs. Price is a beautiful young woman. Before her marriage she appeared with considerable success in New York plays; her latest appearance was with Clyde Fitch's much discussed play, "The City." One of her six clever sisters is Caroline A. Lowe, a lawyer of Chicago, who, with Jane Addams, appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee six years ago in behalf of woman suffrage. Miss Lowe's argument favoring suffrage from the standard of the working girl has been translated into seven languages.

The following is Mrs. Olivia Lowe Price's tribute to Helen Ellsworth Wright:

★ ★ ★

To Helen

Over the shrimp pink hills at sunset,
Up through the canyon of midnight blue,
Under sapphire skies, dappled and cloud flecked,
The road leads on to "Top-Notch" and you.

Oh, the tiny white house on the mountain,
Where serenity dwells en masse!
'Tis there we find inspiration
To put life's play across.

All nature in grand orchestration,
Recalls at this dusky hour,
The stage, the entrance, the exit,
Of God's understandable law.

★ ★ ★

"Los Gatos"

is the title of these verses, which Mrs. Price wrote after her recent sojourn in the little city upon which the light of publicity has lately shown, revealing a plot which would have been its doom:

Out of the fields of want to know
Face to face with the Master:
Sunny roads, row on row
Of life and love and hereafter.

Down in the valley of dolorous woe,
Men still follow after,
Uprooting the harvest He hath sown,
With war and hate and disaster.

The mountain ever in mist,
For those asleep in the valley,
Awake, Oh man, and join the list;
In climbing we find the answer.

The rocks are stepping stones of love,
The by-ways lead to disaster;
Onward, seeking fellow mankind,
Till again you face the Master.

The Narcotic Nymph

Where now the Queen of the Opium Ring? This drug-damned lady flits from court-room to melodrama to mythology. While she may not exist in right royal fact, her ladies in waiting are many. Within recent years the country has been intermittently shocked at the number of devotees whose lives depend upon a certain amount of narcotics. The federal government having denied the right to purchase these drugs in open market, feels the responsibility of effecting a cure, and not leaving the unfortunates to their fate—a fate that is full of nightmares and agony. Federal agents have an easy time detecting the whiskey vendors compared with the mystery that surrounds a purveyor of drugs. A man can carry a large stock of cocaine in his vest pocket or sell a dose neatly concealed in a cigarette. The Queen of the Opium Ring may be directing an intensive campaign to supply her dreary subjects, and nobody be the wiser. When federal inspectors captured nearly fifty ounces of cocaine from the crew of the "Lyman Stewart," it was realized that the trade had not been nipped in the bud but in the sere and yellow leaf of an old traffic. The "Lyman Stewart" plies between here and Vancouver. The Chinese quarter of the latter city is famed for a deep Orientalism not eclipsed by our own Chinatown in its palmiest and punkest days. The Opium Queen may be a Chinese slave girl of British Columbia or an unsuspected creature in San Francisco. We should like to point a moral here; but the facts are too widespread for the grasp of a mere commentator. Gradually the use of drugs may be eliminated. But when the profit on cocaine is boasted at $25 an ounce, the temptation to handle it is strong on the part of the loose-moraled. Presumably the vice can be lessened but never entirely eradicated. Nature helps, by rendering the devotee unfit. It is another case where nature and right thinking work hand in hand.

State Scrip Auction

Surveyor General U. S. Kingsbury will hold a public auction sale of scrip in the Senate Chamber at the State Capitol, Sacramento, on July 6th, at 10 A. M.

State scrip is the cheapest land scrip on the market today. Said scrip can only be purchased by citizens of the United States who are residents of the State of California, and can be located on any vacant non-mineral government land in California.

State scrip is not transferable. No purchaser can buy more than 640 acres of scrip.

Scrip is sold in forty-acre lots for cash, personal checks received, and the surrender of the scrip is payment for an equal acreage of government land.

At the last auction sale of scrip the prices received averaged approximately $8 per acre.

Homestead and desert land entrymen can relinquish their entries through the surveyor general and acquire title to the land through the purchase of scrip. The applicant need not live on or improve the land.

All money received from the sale of state scrip goes to the support of the public schools of the state.

Philippine Resources

Natural resources of the Philippines have been exploited but little up to the present, but one of them, asbestos, promises to be the means of freeing the islands from excessive fire losses. One company is successfully exploiting its mines near Laog, Ilocos Norte, and manufacturing asbestos building materials which are finding a ready market.

The company has an experienced chemist in its employ and is manufacturing asbestos stucco for walls of buildings, asbestos board for ceilings, and minor asbestos products, including lagging for boilers and pipe coverings, which are in demand at sugar plants and wherever insulation against either heat or cold is desire. Modern machinery is being purchased from the United States, and a larger, more comprehensive and modern plant is to be erected within the next year.

The company also manufactures asbestos paint for fire-proofing buildings. The asbestos material is ground to the fineness of talcum powder, then non-inflammable oil and coloring matter are added and the whole mixture ground together, again to the fineness of talcum powder. The paint thus made can be thinned to the consistency desired and used like ordinary paint. Before the asbestos is ground it is heated to 1,500 to 2,000 degrees, to destroy foreign substances. Asbestos cannot be burned; it endures 3,600 degrees Fahrenheit without loss.

Industrial Development

One of the big difficulties which may stand in the way of extensive industrial development of the Philippines is theire apparent lack of fuel materials for the generation of motive power to run industrial plants.

It is alleged that the coal deposits are not sufficient to provide the country a continuous supply of fuel for a long period of time to sustain an industrial development which would fully utilize the present potential raw materials of the country for industrial purposes.

A study of the water power possibilities in the Philippines, however, reveals the fact that their rivers and streams offer an inexhaustible fountain of energy for the generation of electric power. Agus River in Lanao, Mindanao, has 350,000 horsepower available; Agos, Tayabas Province, 55,000; Angat, Bulacan Province, 9,000, and Agno, Mountain Province, and Pangasinan, 60,000. Moreover, there are thousands of small streams which may be developed to furnish motive power from ten to one hundred thousand horsepower or over. This is a guarantee to the stability of any systematic policy or programme to develop the industrial resources of the islands to their full capacity.

French Airman's Altitude Record

Lieut. Jean Casale, who recently established an altitude flying record, is now preparing, in Paris, to reach a still greater height. He hopes to make a new record of 36,000 feet, more than seven miles and a half. With this object he is now subjecting himself to daily exhaustion tests in a vacuum chamber. In these experiments he wears an oxygen mask, remaining in the chamber for a considerable time, and gradually reducing the air pressure each day with pumps.

Big Oil Gusher Discovered

Much interest in the international oil situation has been aroused in France by the recent discovery of two important wells in the frontier department of Haute-Savoie. One of the wells, at Sixt, is expected to gush 20,000 gallons a minute. The other is at Bonneville.

Failures are, with heroic minds, the stepping stones to success.—Haliburton.

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By TANTALUS

Miss Blanche Murray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan S. Murray, left on the 11th for a visit to England. Miss Murray and her friend, Miss Dorothy Rankin, were accompanied to their train in Oakland by numbers of friends who showered them with the choicest flowers of the season. Both girls are beautiful and popular in their circle. Miss Rankin will return home before winter, but Miss Murray will remain abroad for a year at least, visiting the continent with her aunt, Mrs. Charlton Wall of London and Surrey. For several weeks before their departure, both girls were entertained at many home and club affairs.

The exodus to Yosemite and the Feather River districts is more general this year than it has been for several seasons. Society plunges year by year with increasing ardor into the joys of the mountain climbing, horseback riding and kindred sports, with an unrelieved background of nature to roam in, not too remote from a luxurious hotel. These resorts are really the only serious rivals to country homes in the new order of things.

Mrs. Arthur Lord gave a luncheon on Monday at the Palace, in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon, recently returned from visiting her children in Europe.

Mrs. Malcolm Whitman (Jennie Crocker) looks very smart and has quite the New York air. She is very much more serious in manner than when she was, as the spoilt young heiress, the center of our gay young smart set.

The recently wedded Richard McCreerys are leaving soon to visit the groom's mother in England. Mrs. McCreery (Arabella Shwerin) is a distinguished-looking young girl of the gypsy type of beauty.

Mrs. Richardson of Portland, who has visited San Francisco for the past year to remain with her son, W. P. Richardson, who is completing his course at Stanford Medical College, returns home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kauffmann (Nancy Lane) are in town, the bride looking very chic and happy.

The Louis Cebrian family have started for a European trip. They will remain for a considerable time in Spain.

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Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier will soon leave for France.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Frank, prominent in Atlanta, Ga., are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. McPeak of Los Angeles are leaving soon for a motor trip to this city to visit their many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Holt are leaving shortly on a motor trip through Imperial Valley, where Mr. Holt will devote some time to painting some desert pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Merrillion are motoring through the state for a few weeks.

Word comes from Paris that Raphael Weill is enjoying the best of health and spirits. Friends who have met him in Paris declare that he seems impatient for the arrival of October, the time set for his return to his beloved San Francisco.

Dinner and Theatre Party

Dr. and Mrs. McKinney of Belvedere gave a dinner at the Woman's Athletic Club on Tuesday evening last, after which the guests attended the performance of Mrs. Fiske at the Colnmbia Theatre. Besides the host and hostess, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene, Madame Marguerite Barry, Mr. F. A. Greenwood and Mr. Ralph Earle. Following the performance at the theatre, the party repaired to the Greene residence at 2121 Hyde Street, for Welch rarebits and a one well known and extensively used beverage supposed to be of German origin. By this time the party had become increased by the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stolp, Miss Carmen Stolp, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Myrtle, Mr. Andrew Hemrick, Dr. Caldwell and Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond. During the supper Mrs. Bond recited her exquisite poem, "Loyal"; Madame Barry rendered some of the poems of Lawrence Hope with admirable elocutionary effect—as also did Miss Stolp with one of Service's—and the host of the evening finished the evening's entertainment with readings of his own works. Elocution is again becoming very popular in evening entertainments after a long interval, and it is said that several functions of this nature are now being prepared.

At Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hill and family and the Charles Clarks are at their Pebble Beach homes.

Mr. Charles F. Hanlon and his sister, Mrs. Arthur Banks, entertained at a dinner dance at the Fairmont Wednesday evening, later going to the Palace for supper and more dancing.

Casa del Rey

June is bringing its usual harvest of honeymooners to the Casa del Rey. Among them are Dr. and Mrs. Cavin D. Hart, who will return shortly to San Francisco, where they are going to make their home at the Cecil Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Raggio (Frances Campodonico) were married in San Francisco at St. Peter and Paul's Church, June 8th, and are guests at the hotel. They will soon motor to Yosemite.

Another good-looking bridal couple was Mr. and Mrs. T. Varney who will make their home in Mill Valley. Mrs. Varney attracted quite a bit of attention by her beauty and chic frocks.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Blum, who were married at quite an elaborate wedding at the Bellevue, are also staying at the hotel, returning to the city shortly to a pretty home on Baker Street.

Other recent guests were: Messrs. and Mmes. Chester N. Weaver, J. F. Gurley, M. H. Zellerbach, P. Gruenberg, W. J. O'Donnell, Louis E. Raisin, Julius Koshland, B. Kraus, Mrs. C. J. Doyle, Misses Mooser, Messrs. A. H. Dougall, Jr.; C. J. Basteto, Henry Hoefler.

Techau Tavern Offers Special Features

The Techau Tavern dance orchestra is proving to be one of the star attractions of the city with its unique renditions of dance music and harmonious interpretations of up-to-the-minute song hits.

The new revue, which presents the latest popular airs of the day in smart acts throughout the evening, also adds to the pleasure of the visiting guest.

Lucky dances offering Merachrino cigarettes and Hilson's toggery orders are another attraction which lure the patron to dance.

The appetizing menus, so excellent prepared and daintily served, have a charm typical to San Francisco which it is difficult to imitate.

Convention visitors are beginning to throng the Tavern, finding it one of the most harmonious and artistic rendezvous in San Francisco.

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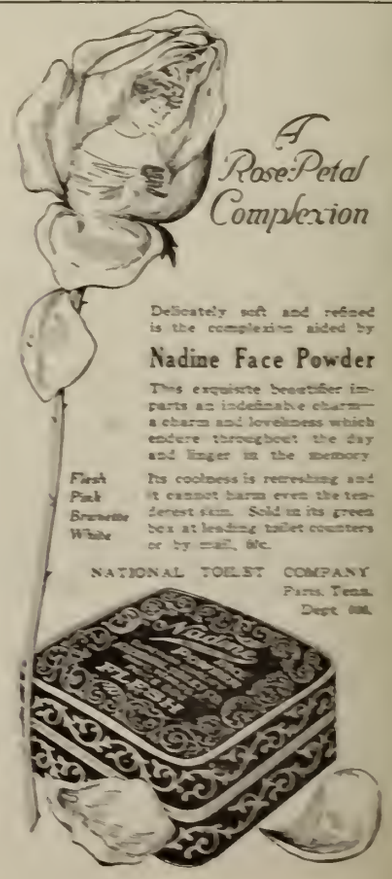

Hotel Cecil

Mrs. William Duvall and her daughter, Miss Cazenore Miller, are sojourning at the Cecil Hotel.

Captain T. A. Berryhill, U. S. N., and his sister, Mrs. P. C .Compton, who have been living for the past two months at the hotel, left yesterday for St. Louis.

Mrs. W. H. Bremer of Los Angeles is a recent arrival.

Prior to their departure of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stewart were hosts at a delightful dinner.

Other guests at the hotel are: Mrs. R. S. Crombie of Paris, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. andf Mrs. C. A. Thayer and Mrs. Stewart.

Tully Lunches With a Carpenter

Quite impressive to the American point of view is the anecdote in which Richard Walton Tully invited his stage carpenter to luncheon, against the admonition of Sir Alfred Butt, manager of the Lyric Theatre, London. Tully had some business to talk over with the man of saws, and extended the invitation to save time. Sir Alfred, overhearing the plans, gently informed the playwright that 'i't was not done in England." Despite this objection, the luncheon went through, and the "Bird of Paradise" was given all the better carpenter work on that account. I can hardly enthuse with the club men in this country when they chortle over the discomfiture of Sir Alfred Butt. If the thing is not done in England, it is still safe to say that neither is it done in the United States. American stage managers are not celebrated for taking the midday meal with stage hands nor with the foreman thereof. Most American stage managers are a little bit more autocratic than a British peer. While a playwright is not supposed to have such high-class notions, he readily acquires them. I do not know what may be the general entente cordiale between American playwrights and stage carpenters. Yet I could not help noticing one big omission from the Tully story. It failed to state that Tully is accustomed to lunch with carpenters in New York. Perhaps he did it merely to shock Sir Alfred and other Londoners. Shocking the public is a god form of advertising. "The Bird of Paradise" deserves all the advertising it can get, even if a carpenter must suffer in the good cause.

Colonial France

The colony of Senegal has an area of 200,000 square kilometers. The valley of the Senegal strongly resembles that of the Nile in methods of agriculture, irrigation, etc. The Senegal is a good breeding country, cattle, horses and sheep being successfully bred and raised there.

The natives are principally engaged in the cultivation of arachide for exportation, and millet seed for food purposes. Cocoa plantations are numerous and successful. In 1918 the port of Dakar handled seven million tons of shipping. The work of enlarging this port will shortly be undertaken. The city has now over 30,000 inhabitants.

The railroad along the coast connects Dakar and St. Louis and joins the main line of Kayes and Bamaco. The economic life of Senegal centers principally around the exoprts of arachide, but breeders are being attracted in increasing number and with the existing food shortage throughout the world the development of this industry should be rapid. Further, rice has been successfully grown and Senegal produces a surplus of this commodity for export. Cotton plantations have been started in the valley of the Senegal and have achieved considerable success.

The climate of Senegal is well suited to Europeans. They can live there for long periods in perfect health. More and more are being attracted to the country and the arachide industry will be greatly developed when modern methods of growing are introduced.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

The Opportunist

He that observeth the wind shall not sow;
And he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

* * *

A feast is made for laughter,
And wine maketh glad the life:
And money answereth all things.

* * *

If the serpent bite before it charmeth,
Then there is no advantage in the charmer.

—Eccl.

BEYOND

By Ernest Dowson

Love's aftermath! I think the time is now
That we must gather in, alone, apart
The saddest crop of all the crops that grow,
Love's aftermath.

Ah, sweet,—sweet yseterday, the tears that start
Can not put back the dial; this is, I trow,
Our harvesting! Thy kisses chill my heart,
Our lips are cold; averted eyes avow
The twilight of poor love: we can but part,
Dumbly and sadly, reaping as we sow,
Love's aftermath.

Sound Patterns

They hated the piano. They had pushed it away against the dark outside wall. Its strings were stiff with cold, and when the rain came its wooden hammers swelled so that two notes struck together in the bass. The light fell on the ragged, faded silk, and on the long scar across the lid. It was like a poor, shabby relation.

It stood there in the quiet room, with its lid shut, patient, reproachful, waiting for you to come and play on it.

When Mary thought of the piano, her heart beat faster, her fingers twiched, the full, sensitive tips tingled and ached to play. When she couldn't play she lay awake at night thinking of the music.

She was trying to learn the Sonata Apassionata, going through it bar by bar, slowly and softly, so that nobody outside the room should hear it. That was better than not playing it at all. But sometimes you would forget, and as soon as you struck the loud chords in the first movement papa would come in and stop you. And the Sonata would go on sounding inside you, trying to make you play it, giving you no peace.

Sometimes the wounded, mutilated Allegro would cry inside you all day, imploring you to finish it, to let it pour out its life in joy.

When it left off, the white sound patterns of poems came instead. They floated down through the dark as she lay on her back in her hard, narrow bed. Out of doors, her feet, muffled in wet moor grass, went to a beat, a clang.

She would never play well. At any minute her father's voice or her mother's eyes would stiffen her fingers and stop them. She knew what she would do; she had always known. She would make poems. They couldn't hear you making poems. They couldn't see your thoughts falling into sound patterns.

Only part of the pattern wound appear at once, while the rest of it went on sounding from somewhere a long way off. When all the parts came together the poem was made. You felt as if you had made it long ago, and had forgotten it, and remembered.—From "Mary Oliver; A Life," by May Sinclair.

"You must give up coffee and—" "I never drink it, doctor. "And stop smoking." "I don't smoke." "Humph! That's bad. If you haven't anything to give up, I'm afraid I can't do much for you.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 25917. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29518. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29519. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA D. BOOTH Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29520. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

The Stage

John McCormack Sings Sunday

John McCormack, assisted by Lauri Kennedy, 'cellist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist, will give his final American concert for two seasons at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon at 2:30 sharp. McCormack has prepared a splendid programme, which, with the great tenor's well known generosity, will undoubtedly be greatly augmented by extra and encore numbers.

Good-Bye, Clay Clement!

The patrons of the Alcazar will miss you for a time, Mr. Clement, very sadly indeed. You have rendered excellent service during your brief stay among us, and if you can manage to do as well in your next engagement as you have done in the very commendable one just completed, then your future will have received a considerable boost. "Johnny Get Your Gun" was an excellent medium in which to make your farewell bow, at least for the present. In these days farewells constitute most excellent press work, the public has become fond of them, and let us hope that this one is also your au revoir. Your performance of that rara avis, a cowboy of real gentleness and refinement, such as the adorable Johnny Wiggins is, was very good indeed. You suffered a little under a handicap which was no fault of your own, in that nature has not endowed you with that lustrous expression of Lou Bennison, the first exponent of Johnny, nor with the infectious smile which became more or less of a craze with the press and public of effete Gotham. But you had a conception of your own in this portraiture, which was quite as consistent as that of the original, and you suffer but little in comparison, if indeed any at all. So, felications and good will go with you, Mr. Clement, while much deserved attention is paid to your associates in this delectable cast. Belle Bennett added another work of art to her already rare collection of memories as the maid-servant sweetheart of Johnny Wiggin, and the reviewer confesses to a thrill of regret when it is borne in mind that very soon—much too soon—he will be compelled to write her farewell, too. Emily Pinter was the Mrs. Tupper of this cast, and it is only fair to say that she was vastly superior to the New York original, and creates the wish that it might be the decision of the Alcazar management to elevate her to the position of leading woman of the Alcazar after Belle Bennett has gone. Gladys Emmons again demonstrated her eternal fitness for old women roles, and Jean Oliver was of course delightful in her not very exacting one of Janet. Sam Burton was simply immense as the boob Duke of No Moor, and created the impression that soon the Alcazar will send another excellent comedian to the eastward. Henry Shumer, as was to have been expected, gave another splendid character portrait as the irascible movie director, and a young man named Hazelton was very funny indeed as the imitator of Charlie Chaplin. The balance of the cast was more than adequate in every way, especially with reference to Brunetto and Alexander, and again comes the reflection that in reviews of the Alcazar Stock Company, we may be accused by the public of indiscriminate flattery or personal bias. In reply to this, it is suggested that if our readers prefer adverse criticism, the management must supply us with a bad actor or two to pick on.

Clay M. Greene.

Lively Vaudeville at Orpheum

The Orpheum this week is a jolly place to spend an evening or afternoon. One finds it sketchy, with variety enough to make it colorful.

"A Touch in Time" is an odd skit with Eric Jewett, a refreshing change of the genus leading man. His lines are snappy utterances, his pronunciation and "different" manner a delight.

"Last Night" is another bright sketch, with rounders and girls and music, clothes and scenery, all calculated to make one think the curtain drops too soon.

Bothwell Browne and his Bathing Revue are a mixed delight. One has to see it to analyze the mixture. But there's lots of dancing and intelligent pantomime. The costumes are fetching—some more than others. For some reason, some beauties wear tights, some do not, but all have shapely legs very much in evidence, though a few are a bit too buxom. In "The Dance of Jealousy," Mr. Browne quite enraptures with his graceful dancing and fiery mien. He is made up in accordance with the time-honored tradition that harem favorites are soon deposed if they lose avoirdupois—and Mr. Browne, as the favorite, wins the Shah away from all competitors.

JOHN McCORMACK
At Exposition Auditorium, June 20, 1920

Bert Hanlon is a live wire of vaudeville. He does a line of "foolish talk" which keeps the audience in roars. His "Liberty Loan" talk by a Jewish spieler is a gem.

Nellie Nichols, the dark-eyed soubrette of music comedy fame, works hard and reaps the reward of approval in a singing sketch.

Emil and Willie perform dextrously on a huge pair of eye-glasses. Goodness! What will acrobats perform upon next?

Senator Lodge and some other famous figures in the Republican Convention are exhibited on the screen, but Mrs. William R. Hearst giving a poor children's outing is millions of times more handsome and attractive. Politicians are all brilliant, of course, but they were never made for the movies.

H. M. B.

Anna Held's Daughter Here

Liane Carrera, who arrived in town last week, is here to attend to the settlement of the estate of her late mother, Anna Held, who bequeathed her daughter her entire fortune, said to approximate $300,000. Miss Carrera and Charles F. Hanlon, her attorney and executor of the estate, leave soon for Seattle and Los Angeles, where some holdings of the Held estate are located. The property was ordered transferred to Miss Carrera on her twenty-fifth birthday, which has just occurred.

The little lady is very pretty, vivacious and in many ways remarkably like her mother. She possesses a superior education and is an accomplished linguist.

She is devoted to the stage as a career and will not listen to advice which tends to turn her thoughts into other channels. During her mother's life she signed a New York vaudeville contract while her mother was touring the west. The next season she ran away from Los Angeles, where her mother had induced her to remain with friends, and became a chorus girl in "Canary Cottage." Miss Held, finding opposition futile, gave her consent for another vaudeville season. Next fall Miss Carrera will head her own company on Broadway, surrounded, she says, by several notable stage personalities. She is staying at the St. Francis, accompanied by a friend, Miss Helen Walsh, a very charming member of Fred Stone's latest musical comedy company.

The Olympic Club Minstrels

On Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Columbia Theatre, a large body of talented amateurs of the Olympic Club will give a mastadonic minstrel show in aid of the Community Service and Recreation League, of which the club's president, William F. Humphrey, is chairman of the finance committee. This organization is the permanent successor of the War Camp Community Service and Recreation League, whose activities during the war were so successful in the co-ordination of personal, social and athletic activities among the soldiers, that a continuance of the good work was projected for the veterans, and the raising of the necessary $40,000 for the year's expenses decided upon. At a luncheon given at the St. Francis Hotel a short time ago, $23,000 was raised through the efforts of Mr. Humphrey, William F. Crocker and others, and a drive of a private nature begun to raise the balance. The Olympic Club minstrel show is part of this drive, and a programme of unusual musical and mimetic merit prepared. As an added attraction, C. William Kolb, of Kolb and Dill, himself and enthusiastic Olympian, has consented to appear as interlocutor of a minstrel first part for the first time in his professional career. The price of tickets has been placed at two dollars, which may be obtained at the Olympic Club, from members who have interested themselves in this good work, and also at the theatre on the morning of the performance. When it is known that the Community Service Recreation League has already instituted men's and women's clubs in six different districts of the city, providing music, dancing and athletic teachers, and in other ways ministered to the social comfort of our returned soldiers, there would appear to be no doubt that the public should respond to this call of the Olympic Club for aid in a worthy cause, and at the same time be instructed and amused.

Tod Sloan Rides Through Town

The celebrated American jockey, Tod Sloan, arrived in San Francisco on the evening of the 10th. He left next day for Los Angeles, as he goes into the maelstrom which absorbs all celebrities—the movies. He will make a picture which will have scenes in Tia Juana, Yosemite and other splendid settings chosen with a view to provide spectacular backgrounds for the famous rider's sensational racing performances. If events of his life are adhered to, there is plenty of material for a scenario, including his meteoric rise from humble exercise boy to that of leading jockey of the world when he became the rider

for the late King Edward. He made two millions for himself and fortunes for his patrons. He got into trouble in England for betting on his own mount, but was not, as many suppose, ruled off the turf. In France, Maitre Labori, the distinguished advocate, prosecuted and won a case for him arising from this indiscretion. During the war Sloan drove an ambulance in France.

Through ill-advised speculation and extravagant expenditures, Sloan's wealth dwindled. His present backer, a millionaire furniture manufacturer of the east (who accompanied him here), is sanguine of recuperating Sloan's fortune and increasing his own. Tod stopped off in San Francisco with his movie contract to consult Charles F. Hanlon, the attorney, whom Sloan claims has, with the late William C. Whitney and Lord William Beresford, been his unfailing friend. "If I had only been near Mr. Hanlon to consult him in business matters, I wouldn't have made such blunders," says Tod.

"Wedding Bells" at the Curran

"The most delightful comedy since 'The Boomerang'."

That was the generally accepted verdict returned during the long New York run of "Wedding Bells," Salisbury Field's new play, which the Selwyns will present for a limited engagement at the Curran Theatre, beginning Sunday night.

Mr. Field, the author, proved his merry mettle in "Twin Beds," of which he was one of the authors. In "Wedding Bells" his humor is still convulsing—but this the playgoer will see for himself. He takes a young man whose brilliant wife soared away from him like a comet—he takes the poor fellow and engages him anew, this time to a softer, steadier type of sweet femininity; and then, just as the wedding bells are about to peal forth on these consolation nuptials, he lets the first wife streak back into the bewildered Lothario's life. Like a comet this Rosalie returns, and dazzles her former her former husband again. She is in the honeymoon mood once more, and—well, this is one of the things the playgoer will want to see for himself. It is sparkling, ingenious comedy. Hence "The Boomerang" comparison.

The Selwyns understand the importance of an ideal cast. They found such a cast for "Within the Law," for "Buddies," for "Fair and Warmer," and for "The Crowded Hour," as the theatre public will remember. So they naturally chose Wallace Eddinger and Margaret Lawrence for the leading parts in "Wedding Bells." Their brilliant place on the comedy stage—Mr. Eddinger's success in "The Boomerang," for instance, and Miss Lawrence's in "Tea for Three'—suggested such a choice. And other expert entertainers joined them to make up the original company—John Harwood of "Grumpy" fame, Percy Ames, Mrs. Jacques Martin; all have created many well remembered characters.

This combination of refreshing comedy and delightful acting have made "Wedding Bells" a rousing hit, and given it a place among the conspicuous comedy conquests of the last twenty years.

Orpheum

Alexander Carr, who will head next week's Orpheum bill, is generally referred to as America's foremost character actor. He is now best identified and remembered as Mawrus Perlmutter in the dramatization of Montague Glass' story, "Potash and Perlmutter," as a play, which was probably the success of the decade. He is one of the few character actors capable of producing tears and laughter in quick succession. Mr. Carr has returned to vaudeville, where he was once very popular, with a dramatic comedy written by himself in collaboration with Edgar Allen Woolf, called "An April Shower," an appealing little sketch which is said to possess the gamut of stage emotions and in which Mr. Carr himself claims he is better cast than in anything he has ever done.

With a new array of songs, dances, sayings and gowns Elsie Pilcer and Dudley Douglas are again bidding for public approval. They are young people full of vim and talent.

The Melody Garden is a spectacular musical offering in which six young attractive women disport themselves most effectively. This sextet of loveliness is in reality a band. It is not only as instrumentalists that these girls excel, for in "The Melody Garden" they are called on to use their voices, as all of the girls can sing.

The La Zier-Worth Company, whose stage vehicle depicts "An Evening at Home," is indeed a novel affair. But they enjoy it and profit by it, and all those who witness it will do likewise.

Earl and Sunshine in "Today and Yesterday" offer a unique little contrast in characters. One is a girl of today, the other one who was young yesterday. Underneath the comedy is a delightstrain of sentiment, while the dialogue discloses the fact that girls will be girls regardless of the date in which they lived.

With a pack of playing cards and a glib tongue, Merlin offers an amazing and amusing fifteen minutes of wit and wonderment, a perfect blend of fun and mystery.

The successful musical comedy, "Last Night," in which Earl Cavanaugh, supported by Anna Francis, Earl Miller and a clever company, will be included in the programme.

A special feature of the coming bill will be Josie Heather, the famous English singing comedienne, who has been engaged for another Orpheum tour. She will be assisted by John McLaughlin, a very likable young singer and pianist, and Bobbie Heather in songs and dances. Miss Heather is still her unusual bewitching self, with blue eyes that twinkle, dimples that come and go, and a smile that pouts and beams by turns. She wears beautiful costumes, and, what is more, she wears them with a knowledge of how to display them to best advantage.

Alcazar

"A Prince There Was," George M. Cohan's all-American comedy of the Great White Way, commencing next Sunday matinee, introduces the Alcazar's new leading man, Dudley Ayres, for the first time in San Francisco, who is of splendid achievement in the east. Infusions of fresh blood in this popular company, noted for high standard of quality, quicken public interest in its brilliant productions. Keeping abreast of the times is the key to George Cohan's universal success. "A Prince There Was" is about a jaded young rounder who never had to rough it, smash his way through the crowd, battling every inch of the way. Inspired by a child, he tries the seamy side of life in a cheap boarding house, where he finds happiness in the love of a fine girl. There is a steady fire of laughter in keen Cohanesque wit and satire, and as delightful a group of characters as ever smiled across the footlights. Dudley Ayers personates the Broadway prince; Belle Bennett the young fiction writer; Ben Erway, his first appearance, the movie supe who wants to be a detective; Brady Kline the magazine publisher; Emelie Melville the boarding house mistress; Jean Oliver her slangy daughter; Emily Pinter the saleslady; Henry Shumer the old lawyer; Al Cunning the valet, and the famous child actress, Sylvia Yaffy, as the inspiring little slavey.

For National Convention week, the first Alcazar presentation of "Going Some," picturesque comedy of the Flying Heart Ranch, New Mexico, by those red-blooded American dramatists, Rex Beach and Paul Armstrong, originally produced at the Belasco Theatre, N. Y.

Not For Him

"Here's just the thing for your new mansion," said the art dealer. "Daubleigh's famous canvas, 'The Portrait of a Lady.'"

"How much is it worth?" asked the man who had recently grown rich in the Texas oil fields.

"Only $100,000."

"What! A hundred thousand bucks for the picture of a lady? Great Christopher, man! I don't even know her!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

New Poetry

Then you give me and I'll give you
More pay!
Then all will have for all they do
More pay!
And though we'll pay them higher yet
For everything we buy, you bet!
Who'll care, since all of us will get
More pay!

—Boston Transcript.

CURRAN
ELLIS AT MARKET
SUTTER 2460

Two Weeks Beginning Sunday, June 20th
THE SELWYNS PRESENT
THE JOYOUS COMEDY
"Wedding Bells"
By LAWRENCE FIELD
WITH
MARGARET LAWRENCE
WALLACE EDDINGER
AND ENTIRE NEW YORK CAST

John McCormack
SINGS
Sunday, June 20
2:30 Sharp
Exposition Auditorium
Plenty of Good Seats Now at Five Box Offices, Exposition Auditorium
Tel. Market 2799

ALCAZAR
THIS WEEK—FAMOUS COMEDY
"JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"
Originally Produced at the Alcazar
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, JUNE 20
George M. Cohan's Tremendously Successful
All-American Comedy Drama of the Great White Way
"A PRINCE THERE WAS"
With as Delightful a Group of Characters
As Ever Sailed Across the Footlights
New Alcazar Company
DUDLEY AYRES—BELLE BENNETT
SUNDAY MAT., JUNE 27—National Convention Week
Hilarious Comedy of Western Ranch Life
"GOING SOME"
By Rex Beach, Author of "The Spoilers," "Silver Horde," etc., and Paul Armstrong
Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Matinees, Sunday, Thursday, Saturday—25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum
Safest and Most Magnificent in America
Phone Douglas 70
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL Orpheum Circuit
THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE
WEEK BEGINNING THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY
ALEXANDER CARR & CO., in "An April Shower"; "LAST NIGHT," as spent in Music and Laughter by Earl Cavanaugh, Anna Francis, Earl Miller & Co.; ELSIE PILCER & DUDLEY DOUGLAS, in Smart Songs, Dances, Sayings and Gowns; "THE MELODY GARDEN," Vaudeville's Musical Sensation; LA ZIER-WORTH & CO., "An Evening at Home"; EARL & SUNSHINE, in "Today and Yesterday"; MERLIN, in Wit and Wonderment; JOSIE HEATHER, Singing Several Songs.
Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Matinee Prices—25c, 50c, 75c.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Traders who believed that the Republicans in convention at Chicago would nominate a candidate that would favor big business and would give the country an administration of prosperity, were the best buyers of stocks early in the week. When it was definitely decided who was to be the choice of the Republicans, and the candidate was satisfactory, these same traders sold their stocks, on the theory that the good news had already been discounted in the advance that led up to the final ballot.

The market was, and has been, so narrow that selling could not be absorbed by the outside buying power, and, as a result, prices were generally lower. The action of the market was no indication of what Wall Street thought of the nomination, but rather the decline was due technically to the overbought condition of the market.

It is true that many people were disappointed with the nomination, but they will be strong followers of the ticket in a couple of months, after they have been educated up to it and have forgotten their prejudice.

One of the factors that seems to be uppermost in the minds of the trade, and that shows no signs as yet of a change for the better, is the credit situation. The action of the New York Federal Reserve Board in raising the rate of discount to 7 per cent and the scarcity of time money is being felt, not so much so in Wall Street as it is amongst business in general. This has had the effect of forcing merchants that have been carrying large lines of goods to dispose of them and accounts for the numerous reports of advertised sales at lower prices throughout the country.

It has also had its effect on the manufacturer, as some report wholesale cancellations of orders received and the tendency of the buyer has been to withdraw from the market, waiting for still lower prices. Some manufacturers have shut down entirely, while others are running only three days a week; but this applies principally to the textile mills, who have been hit the hardest by the big decline in silk and wool.

The condition of the country is perfectly sound. It might be necessary to tighten up a loose screw here and there, but are no signs of general depression and even less excuse for talking panic than there was a short time ago. The probability is that for most commodities the peak of the advance has been reached. The basis for a statement of this character may be the fact that the public has determined in its own mind that prices have gone high enough and is manifesting in an unmistakable manner its determination to go no farther. It is realized that further advances must mean a further increase in wages, which, in turn, would be an excuse for still further advance in prices. The public is finally coming to understand what this means—the remedy for which immediately becomes apparent. Prices cannot be maintained if the public refuses to pay them, and this limit of endurance has apparently been reached.

The railroad stocks are acting heavy, and when the Chicago Northwestern, one of the most conservatively managed railroads in the United States, saw fit to reduce their dividend, it naturally had a bad effect on the entire list. The government's slow pay to the roads, as well as the demand for money for immediate use, was the excuse given for the cut. All railroads need money and need it immediately, and with money almost unobtainable, except at high interest rates, it was sound judgment on the part of the directors to withhold money that would go to stockholders rather than go in the market for new funds. While it was not approved by the stockholders, who were depending on their dividends, yet ultimately it should prove sound judgment.

The market at present is so narrow that it easily becomes overbought or oversold, as the case may be, and a reaction sets in. We believe stocks will continue to mark time until something more definite in the way of news will take it out of the rut.

Cotton—There were a number of bearish factors that came to light the past week that would have meant a big decline in prices had it not been for the fact that the outside public was not in the market and the professional element was not disposed to hammer prices.

The general cut in all finished articles of goods, as well as the cancellation of numerous orders given the mills, were factors that could not be ignored. The poor demand from abroad, as well as the big drop in silver, helped to create bearish sentiment.

Weather conditions were more favorable throughout the belt with practically no rainfall and an abundance of sunshine with higher temperatures put a different tone to the reports received from the growing sections of the belt.

Labor, of course, is scarce and the crop must be taken care of before the weeds get a start. Numerous reports of weevils came from Texas, and this pest will become a factor a little later on, when the crop becomes further advanced.

In view of the fact that, under prevailing conditions, the cotton farmer cannot produce cotton at the level of fall months at a cost that would give him a proper return for his labor and investment, coupled with the prospective famine in raw cotton, it seems to us that the prevailing price at which new crop months are selling will look ridiculously cheap within a few months, even if the financial pinch gets tighter and the price of manufactured goods declines drastically. However, it is natural to expect that we should have a period of more favorable weather, which will, no doubt, retard speculation on the bull side, without which big advances are seldom engineered.

We believe that the prevailing bearish sentiment that is hanging over the market will soon run its course, although it must be admitted that conditions are not just right and possibly a lower range of values will be witnessed before the market turns; but with the distant future of cotton selling at such a large discount under spot cotton and the prospects of numerous crop scares and, at best, only a moderate crop in sight, we believe cotton prices ultimately will sell on a higher basis.

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She—That is not necessary, it dropped out of your pocket just now. Here it is!

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Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29516. Dept No. 10.

Estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858 Phelan Building, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.

JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 107476. Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, to Dissolve.

NOTICE is hereby given that the application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Monday, the 26th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE is hereby given that before said hearing any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of June, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS L. ASHE,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-8-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Soldato D'Italia

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVI. San Francisco-Oakland, June 26, 1920 No. 1463

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Theodore F. Bonnett.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Is Senator Hiram Sulking?

From the close of the Chicago convention up to the present time the California senator has said never a word with reference to his opinion of the nominations of Harding and Coolidge, or whether or no he will actively support them with his vote-getting speeches, which, at least in this state, have become a household word. Some of his late supporters have been decidedly early in doing the utmost toward the election of the candidate selected, and express themselves as being certain that Hiram Johnson will be found on the tail ends of the speaking cart, with his coat off when the time for concerted action shall arrive. But he himself has not said so, and many of his pre-convention workers have been equally reticent. According to a correspondent in a local Sunday newspaper, his reply to a direct question as to what he was going to do for Harding and Coolidge was to the effect that he hoped the Democrats would have better weather for the convention in San Francisco than the Republicans had for theirs in Chicago. Further than this he had "not a thing to say," and then he thrust his right hand through the crooked elbow of a late Lowden supporter, when the two disappeared for a conference, which was afterwards declared to be merely a friendly chat. Republican voters would like to know what the substance of that conference was, and also the substance of many other "friendly chats" since the convention, for then they would know precisely where he stands, in a political sense. There seems to be a persistent public impression to the effect that something is going to be doing before very long in that quarter, and the attitude of the senator toward the candidates of his party clearly established one way or another. It will be remembered that prior to the convention he definitely stated at one of his meetings that he would support the nominee of the Republican party; and now that his word would be of some value to them, he remains ominously silent. Evidently failing in his attempt to entrap the senator into becoming the candidate of his new party, Mr. Hearst has come out with emblazoned editorials in support of the ever disgruntled La Follette for that not very enviable distinction, and still Mr. Johnson "he lay low" and says nothing. He will be in San Francisco before this week's issue of Town Talk is in the hands of its readers, and his admirers would be deeply gratified, doubtless, to have the above implications contradicted either by word or action. Up to the present time, however, it must be assumed that his attitude since his diastrous defeat in Chicago is open to Republican suspicion, to say the least.

* * *

Discrediting M. Clemenceau

Truly enough the French are a luminously mercurial people. To the onlooker of European events located at this remote distance, it would seem to be the duty of our real foreign cousins to adjust their economic slumps, rebuild their ruined cities and bolster up their enormous commercial possibilities, rather than to be busying themselves in unearthing family troubles and reviving personal animosities that should have been forgotten long ago. To us of the far west no Frenchman, with the exception of those incomparable heroes, Foch, Joffre and Petain, has been held so high in the public esteem as has the indomitably forceful Clemenceau, affectionately and admiringly dubbed "The Tiger." He it was whom the world at large placed in the proud position of being one of history's greatest premiers and executives. He ruled everything with a rod of iron, those rulings were accepted as incontrovertible in wisdom and foresight; and even by the assembled ministers from other nations in the memorable conferences that brought about the Treaty of Versailles, his strong will was very seldom opposed or even questioned. Tired of body and mind, owing to his titanic activities during all of the world's war, he announced that he sought retirement from public life and would under no circumstances accept the presidency. But even in his attempted seclusion from all matters diplomatic and economic it appears that he is not to be permitted to escape the pin-pricks of small enemies or the more destructive venom of greater ones. Now, at the end of his long and successful career, these enemies seem to have discovered malfeasances and mistakes in office that should subject him to immediate indictment and trial. In the first place, the proposed investigation will attempt to show that more than once he traitoriusly placed England's interests as paramount to those of France, according to some of the French papers. Several of these papers claim to be in the possession of letters from Clemenceau to French and English officers which will place these charges beyond the possibility of denial, and he is to be held responsible for more than one humiliation of the French army, by withdrawing them in the face of victory so that the British might reap the benefits of it by placing their armies at the front instead. The scandal is grave indeed, if true; but until it shall have been established after due investigation and trial to have been undeniably so, nearly all fair-minded men on this side of the water will not waver in their friendly feeling and loyalty toward Georges Clemenceau, the indomitable Tiger of France.

* * *

Bolshevism Defies the World

The more seriously one contemplates the deplorable condition of each and every one of the new democracies of Eastern Europe, the more he becomes convinced that the notion of a great war to make the world safe for those democracies was a mad misnomer, or, to be more exact, a hideous joke. Bolshevism, under the helpless domination of those master murderers, Lenine and Trotsky, is becoming more impertinently aggressive, and none of those hitherto grandly altruistic nations has a single word to say in protest, at least in so far as any information at present obtainable is concerned. The Bolshevist armies have invaded Persia, many of her cities are either occupied or beleaguered, and yet England, who once assumed to be a protector of Persia, interposes no objection, verbal or otherwise. Poland is repeating history by making another noble fight for freedom, and yet there seems to be a vast flood of Bolshevists crossing her borders which she seems unable to check, and none of the allies that made her nationality possible seems inclined to aid her except by the selling to her of war material. But they sell to the Bolsheviki, too, and here is the milk in the cocoanut. None of these allies really cares a whoop whether Bolshevism be crushed or no, so long as the munition factories can be kept at work, and the profiteering merchants are permitted to unload their stocks of war supplies upon the combatants, and it matters not what side is served, so long as it has the money to pay out. The world well knows that the crux of Lenine's doctrine is, "To make the world right we must first destroy it," and yet that world permits the work of destruction to continue, for no other apparent reason than that the profits of its manufacturers and their drummers must not be trimmed in any way. No argument on this point is of any value so

long as the hideous facts are so wantonly thrust into view and impertinently placed before the eyes of reason. The writer of these lines, during the past week, heard a writer and correspondent on Russia acknowledge that Lenine and Trotsky had been guilty of baser and more unbelievable enormities than has ever been recorded of the most uncivilized savage tribes, and yet there must be some good in them or else they could not possibly have controlled half of Europe for three long years. Perhaps the commercially complacent allies—and the United States is quite as much to blame as any of them—have similar views, which signify a belief that they may not be so bad after all. The deported anarchist, Emma Goldman, however, according to a recent correspondent, does not entertain any such beliefs. She is said to be sitting always with an American flag on her bureau, denouncing all of the aims of Lenine and Bolshevism and longing for the day when she may be permitted to return and exploit once more her own ideas of anarchy. In this there may be hope concealed, for "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

The outlook in Russia remains hopelessy hazy. For the allies to recognize the present farcical chaotic misrule that exists over there would be not only to defeat the purpose for which millions suffered and died in the Great War, but it would be commercial suicide.

Viewed from afar the logical solution of the Russian problem is to let the Russians fight it out among themselves. In the end right will survive, the Lenine and Trotsky forces will be exterminated. When all the bad ones are killed, it will be time enough to negotiate with the good survivors.

* * *

San Francisco Likes the Delegates

The metropolis of the west—the latest calculations have made it so—is really swelled with pride over the personnel of the advance guard of the formidable batallion of Democratic delegates that will advance in solemn column within a very few days. Busy as they have been with their assigned duties, they seem to have found plenty of time to make themselves agreeable socially, and, so far as is known, not a single supporter of the liberty-destroying ideas of William Jennings Bryan has been in ocular evidence. In wandering about the hotel corridors and listening in at the clubs, the most dominating characteristic of these advance guardsmen is their stolid belief in Democratic success next November. With the exception of the inevitable attempted control of the convention by the aforesaid Bryan, there seems to exist every indication of concordance and good feeling, which must be taken as auguries of the co-ordination that is going to mark the ceremonies at the Civic Auditorium. There will be a contest, it is acknowledged, in securing the final selection of a candidate, for the aspirants for the honor are many and the claims of all of them—except Bryan's—worthy of sincere consideration and earnest debate. The declaration of McAdoo that he will not permit his name to be placed before the convention has in a measure upset the calculations of the prognosticators, for he has been rather generally accepted as being the most likely candidate, with Cox second and Edwards third, the latter being named also as a possibility for the second place, with the Ohioan on a compromise wet ticket. But now Champ Clark looms up on the horizon again as Missouri's candidate, and will no doubt chiefly interest himself in being an opponent of anything that Bryan may attempt to do, in return for defeating him that time in Baltimore. There are almost incredible numbers of delegates who persist in continuing the McAdoo boom, in spite of his declination, and it will be interesting to note the effect of the sudden looming up on the horizon of candidacy of Senator Glass of Virginia, confessedly with sealed instructions from President Wilson, but it seems to be known that, failing in McAdoo, the President would like to see Glass nominated. However this may be, this year's Democrats are to be congratulated in that they have paid but the slightest attention to selective primaries, that they seem bound to preserve entire harmony in the party, and that nearly all of them will enter the convention committed to the principle, may the best man win. Who this may be is not now even strongly intimated; but in spite of certain people who seem to be guarding the secret of a certain executive's state of health, this paper still believes that that best man would be none other than Woodrow Wilson.

* * *

League of Nations Council Snubs America

Really, gentlemen of the Democratic convention, now that Republican wisdom has further scrambled the matter at Chicago, something ought to be decided with reference to what this country is doing to do, or not going to do, about the league of nations. The U. S. government is presumed to be one of the "Big Five" in the councils of the league, and yet the presumption is untenable and barren of serious thought because we have not yet decided upon any definite intention to remain part of that delectable body. Those statesmen who have been standing behind the time-worn Washingtonian principle of avoiding "entangling alliances" are also far behind the necessities of today. To proceed under that principle in the present state of international affairs, would place us in a state of aloofness that must embarrass us very seriously later on, despite the assurances of Senator Hiram Johnson, who managed to inject his dangerous plank into the Republican platform. As a matter of fact, there has already been evidenced a resentment of that aloofness, as indicated by the reports of a recent meeting of the league, at which Elihu Root represented the U. S. merely by suffrance, since the biggest of the big five is not yet officially one of them. It appears that the object of this meeting was for the purpose of determining what the standing of the smaller nations would be, and whether any of them outside of the five major ones should have a vote in the deliberations. It was also to be decided whether Brussels or Geneva was to be the future meeting place of the league, and Mr. Root spoke eloquently on both subjects. But when it came to taking a vote it was ruled that Mr. Root's could not be counted, on the ground that his country was not yet a member of the league. This snub has placed the country in a position that is at once embarrassing and equivocal. Either we should be out of the league or in it. If we are to be out of it why have a representative there who has no legal standing, and if we are to continue in it, which we should be as the greatest nation, by all means let us have a government that will so declare itself instead of haggling over it for purely political reasons. If the Democrats shall be wise enough to nominate a candidate that will sweep the country in November they will place the matter beyond dispute for all time, and the only logical candidate as yet mentioned who can attain that object if elected, would be the creator of it, who, after tiring of being President of the United States, ought to be president of the league of nations.

Soldato D'Italia

By Christie Tyler

We met so dearly, thou and I,
As in the blessed days gone by,
And vowed forever to be true,
While Heaven smiled down with star-kissed light—
I dreamed of thee last night.

We seemed so happy, thou and I,
Without a care, without a sigh,
For not a barrier lay between
And all was sweet with love's delight—
I dreamed of thee last night.

We prayed together, thou and I,
Beneath a banner waving high,
That flag where gleams the snowy cross,
The holy cross, so pure, so white—
I dreamed of thee last night.

The Third Term Quandry

By Lionel Josaphare

We cannot insinuate that George Washington had an idea of interfering with the election to take place in 1920. And yet, while statesmen are practicing chest expansion and trying on slouch hats for the coming fray, one cannot speak of the matter without mention of the first president.

The triumph of Washington's life is that his farewell address has never been forgotten. Friends and lovers and famous men are admired for their golden prime, and pitied for living past it. Their going is rarely remembered unless they stayed too childishly long and outprattled their former glory. Highly significant of his virtue and wisdom was Washington's renunciation of public life, so that he left us for all time kneeling to the brilliance of his adieu. The father of his country exercised much honor on infinite and infinitesimal things, and in some measure may have felt the responsibility of those presidents who were to succeed him. Emulation of his personal conduct is not so widespread as it might be; but we can match his unselfish refusal of a third term, or, what is officially the same thing, cause our supreme executive to do it for us. If such outgoing president evince a desire to accept what Washington relinquished, then we feel he must be vastly less for desiring more than Washington.

The practice has been, in prevention of any misunderstanding, not to offer the third term, thus in fact not giving the incumbent the opportunity for self-denial. So he cannot equal the first president on that score after all, but must content himself and the public by refusing what has not been offered. This is an important point in electoral ethics. We have been accustomed to demand a surrender of the third term before an election to the first. When the president-elect declaims about the greatest honor within the gift of the American people, he palpitates with the secret hope that the populace will never become bord with him and that its most prized gift could possibly be in triplicate form. At the end of eight years in the White House he manifests less antipathy against the third-term idea; may be discerned actually leaning a little toward the boon of another four year, and, like the leaning tower of Pisa, presents a puzzle whether he began that way or sank in the course of time.

Has the objection to a third term ever been explained? Is it a national policy or a point of etiquette? Men who resolutely follow precedent imply that they do not think, since precedent is a substitute for thought. Instead of repeating endlessly the acts of great men, would it not be better to imitate their greatness of action and try to make ourselves one with their sources of power, the independence with which they strove against established rule, partaking of the very means by which they acquired distinction? Were we all George Washingtons, we should not have the slightest fear of anything new and un-Washingtonlike. In his day the United States of America was a political novelty, an experiment for the sake of which he abandoned his oath as a soldier in the British army and thereby braved the gallows. An outdoor man and a student, he went to Nature for his ideas, and sometimes to Alexander Hamilton. In the main he was such a stalwart as Californians love to depict in the figures of their native sons. To show that he was not a mere abstraction, a copybook hero, a bundle of precedents, one may take the liberty of describing him in modern slang. He was full of "pep." And yet when a humorist once remarked "George Washington is a steel engraving," the words proved adequate to those who were familiar with the man through the instrumentality of a postage stamp. As such he stood for a long time in the hearts of his countrymen—obviously first in peace, yet impossibly like one who could be first in war, because there was nothing in the portrait to indicate that he possessed the fibre to move or speak. There were the steel-engraved brow, the taciturn and tight-end mouth, the steel-cold eyes and the white wig which portrait painters had gradually modeled into two sphinx-like appendages behind his ears. That is it; Washington was looked on as something prehistorically vague in the midst of history—a sphinx if not a mere pyramid, something that could not change, and rightly worshipped by unchangeableness only. Why, the old boy was a fighting chief, who could fold his arms and defy a king or kick a scoundrel downstairs with equal felicity. If his true life had been revealed to school boys, Nick Carter would not have been so popular with them; which is as much as to say that our vapid school historians can be thanked for the spread of the dime novel and the dime politician.

In his buckled slippers that seem to bear lightly on earth, in his lavender and lace, his silver-dusted wig, his mystic head partly turned askance and his eyes on us, Washington stands between us and that marvelous past when men prescribed their authority from the heavens and copied the heavenly hues in the splendior of their raiment. Had he worn a black frock coat and a smooth collar, we might not fear him to the same extent. Had the revolution come later, American would have had nothing more than a frock-coated history. Ignominious fancy! No setting for an historical noval or drama in blank verse. Please imagine a man in trousers—creased or not—vaunting his emotions in iambic pentameter, or riding in a coach and four beside a trembling heroine. (This is quite material to the issue of the next election.) We still have the heroine, but she is borne over the skyline by six gallons of gasoline. The point is that she does not tremble. There is all the difference in the world. Cynical as we are, we must needs humble ourselves to the archaic age that had a throb in its heart and a quaver in its voice, when women blushed and fainted, and men swaggered to the tilt of their swords and plumed hats. Today the man of fashion is outclassed by ancient colors. With a slick and hot-pressed figure, he shudders at the thought that a congress of tailors may attempt to start a new wrinkle on him. He scorned his place in history, and humbly asks: "Who am I to let my president do what George Washington did not do!" Washington is still president to this man.

Some day there will be a president worthy to serve for twelve years. Lincoln, according to his praises, may have been up to the mark. He is gone. His shadow also still stands and waits and so serves in dignifying the presidential chair. But what of our own times? Even supporters of the administration have been wary of shattering the third-term hallucination. They figure that a president belongs to his party during the first term, to himself in the second, and might do something so fantastic in the third as to endanger the whole party structure. During the first four years the unholy opposition have located the weak spots of the chief executive; at the end of eight they are in a rampant mood, and the party in power is nervous lest its favorite child ask for a third piece of cake. Roosevelt himself was unable to convince the public with his arguments for a third cup of coffee. Ribald ones bade him take a glass of buttermilk. What the Democrats had done with the butter, the Bull Moose said, was a shame. However, there was no acute reason for putting Roosevelt in the White House again, except that he was Roosevelt, and this fact did not appear sufficient. It was not until he returned from his South American discoveries that he found the River of Doubt flowed through the minds of his fellow citizens. The people concluded that it was not worth while for the colonel to cross. When Caesar crossed the Rubicon, or Washington the Delaware, something worth while lay beyond. And now it appears that there's one more river, and that's the river for Wilson to cross, if there is important work ahead. If there be no river, an ocean might answer the purpose. Wilson crossed it and looks like a conqueror. There is a task for him. There is more work now for a president than in the days of Washington, and eight years does not give scope to the larger problems after the multitude of minor details.

The wheel of fortune did a pretty turn for Wilson, and he on his part gracefully bolted it to the car of progress. The ordinary politician fancies it an easy matter now to put his shoulder to the wheel and help the war chariot over a revenue debate or a national park squabble. The faster a wheel moves, the less you see of it. When the newly fashioned car of progress stops for an election banquet, it is probable that there will be more discoveries than a Roosevelt could have made in a lifetime. We may see, for one thing, the figure of Hiram Johnson tied to the spokes. We may discover that he was stealing a ride or that Senator Borah roped him there.

Neither of these two men is content with playing a fife behind the big drum major. They are impetuous to make their own kind of noise by hurling stones at the bid bass drum. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, there are two of them, to distract attention from each other. That was the trouble with the Bull Moose party. There were too many bulls to be crowded into one china closet. Popular movements often gain through a leader's death. Roosevelt's apparantly had the reverse effect, even though the suddenness of it seemed a kind of martyrdom. The tenents of his party do not reverberate so well without his gestures.

Meanwhile, the democratic rule, once rated as without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, has the proud world showering it with roses, lilies and laurel. With an immortal bray it has answered Ingersoll's jibe as to past and future. It has made democracy eternal, and constitutes its own ancestors and posterity. If the Democratic mule should bray for a third term, the noise will be loud enough to draw a crowd, peradventure draw upon the imaginations of all the people, and be stilled only by the music of its own victorious followers.

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I

A railway siding, halfway between Nowhere and Somewhereelse. Noise of passing troop and ravitaillement trains. Enter Dante and M. P.

Dante—Where do we go from here, guide?

M. P.—We don't; we must wait here for several hours until the next passenger train arrives.

Dante—But I am tired and hugry, and I came here for relaxation.

M. P.—You can relax on the platform.

Dante—But can we get anything to eat.

M. P.—We could get a sandwich; but this is a meatless day, and we don't sell bread to militaires.

(Dante falls into a deep sleep)

II

Paris. The boulevards. Enter Dante with M. P.

Dante—What is this wonderful place?

M. P.—This is Paris.

Dante—So this is Paris—where's the vampires?

M. P.—They will be along presently. That's why we must hurry away.

Dante—But I like it here. I would fain listen to sweet music, eat expensive meals, and ride in costly taxicabs.

M. P.—No, no, my friend; Paris is out of bounds.

Dante—But who are these in Sambrown belts that look at me so hautily?

M. P.—Those, my friend, are American Red Cross officers. They live in Paris.

Dante (wistfully)—Ah me, would that I too were such an officer.

(Enter ravishing Demoiselles)

Demis.—Monsier, voulez-vous vous promener avee nous?

M. P.—No, my friend we must be going. (He drags Dante out, the sirens clinging to his coat-tails and making lament.)

III

Aix. Dante and M. P. once more.

M. P.—This, my friend, is the home of the American Sammy. We want you to be happy here.

Dante—Yes, yes. I'm extremely tired. I would like to go to a good hotel at once.

M. P.—Well, let's see; we take them alphabetically. Here is your card; you go to the dilapidation.

Dante—Well, I'm a sport. I don't mind taking my turn, but I should like a good hot bath.

M. P.—Um—here are the regulations: "Every man is entitled to a hot bath upon arrival, if hotel has a bath."

Dante—That's good. Has our hotel a bath?

M. P.—Unfortunately not.

IV

Aix again. M. P. and Dante as before.

M. P.—Is this not a beautiful country?

Dante—Magnificent! What is there to do?

M. P.—A variety of things. Perhaps you would like to go round to the Y. M. C. A. It was a gambling hall before the Americans eame.

Dante—Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

M. P.—Or you can take long walks, or go for a bicycle ride. You leave from the Y. M. C. A.

Dante—No, I did quite a bit of walking out in Purgatory, and it's a bit warm for cycling.

M. P.—There are many nice trips to take.

Dante—That's fine; I'd like to drop down to Grenoble, or Annecy or Avion or Chamonix.

M. P.—Those places, my friends, are out of bounds; but you can go to the Y. M. C. A.

Dante—Not just yet. Suppose we go round to the Hotel Spondulix and get a cock-tail?

M. P.—The Hotel Spondulix is out of bounds; and so are cock-tails, though you may have light wine and beer.

Dante—I don't think I should like the mixture. Is there anything good that isn't out of bounds?

M. P.—The Y. M. C. A.

Dante—Then I suppose we have got to go there. I met two awfully attractive French girls at the hotel; let's take them around and dance.

M. P.—The Y. M. C. A. is out of bounds for them.

V

The Y. M. C. A. Dante, with M. P., enters timidly.

M. P.—Welcome here, friend. Do as you please —go the limit.

Dante—But who are these that smile so sweetly, who dance so incessantly, and talk and chat so gayly?

M. P.—They are the Y. M. C. A. workers, and it is their business to entertain our soldiers.

Dante—But I thought only men belonged to the Y. M. C. A.?

M. P. (archly)—You see you were mistaken.

Dante—It must be very hard for them to be kind and cheerful all the time.

M. P.—Oh, no, it is their work. They are cheerful whether they are happy or not. They are very nice people.

Dante—That's just it. I didn't know there were so many nice people lift. I had forgotten it out there. But tell me, who are these who in khaki ride so feverishly on bicycles and sing so joyously and play the ukulele?

M. P.—They are permissionaires from the front having a good time.

Dante—Great guns, they're not the men that I know out there. It's all very nice, but isn't the kind of fun that I enjoy. There must be something radically wrong with me. He seats himself in an armchair and loosens his collar.)

M. P.—Calm yourself, my friend, and quickly—button up your collar or some officer will see you and send you home. (Dante only moans.) You are faint, shall I get you a grape-juice? (Dante shakes his head.) Or an orangeade? (Dante refuses.) Or a cup of chocolate?

Dante—No, no. If you love me, take me away. How long did you say we must stay here.

M. P.—Seven days.

Dante—But can't we leave tomorrow if we like?

M. P.—Absolutely not. No man is going to be cheated of his vacation.

(Dante is borne out by attendant M. P.'s.)

VI

An American Bar. Dante, alone, is seen to enter stealthily. He speaks guardedly to the bar-keep and gives him money in French bills. The bar-keep takes a bottle and pours out a drink which Dante downs behind a palm tree, smacking his lips. The process is repeated several times. Finally, at the last drink, there is a step at the door, and Dante turns in the act of drinking to face M. P., who expresses signs of horror. Tableau.

VII

A third class railway carriage. Dante and M. P. hunched in a corner. Several poilus snoring and eating garlic. Pinard leaking from a bidon on a hat rack.

Dante—Will we never get there?

M. P.—Yes, my friend, we are arrived. (They descend.)

Dante—And where are we now?

M. P.—Back in Purgatory.

Dante—Thank God!

Curtain (of fire)

(To be continued four months later.)

—From "Field Service Bulletin" (Paris), July 6th, 1918.

The Reality of Peace

By D. H. Lawrence

There are ultimately only two desires, the desire of life and the desire of death. Beyond these is pure being, where I am absolved from desire and made perfect. This is when I am like a rose, when I balance for a space in pure adjustment and pure understanding. The timeless quality of being is understanding; when I understand fully, flesh and blood and bone, and mind and soul and spirit one rose of unison, then I AM. Then I am unrelated and perfect. In true understanding I am always perfect and timeless. In my utterance of that which I have understood I am timeless as a jewel.

The rose as it bursts into blossom reveals the absolute world before us. The brindled, slim adder, as she lifts her delicate head attentively in the spring sunshine—for they say she is deaf—suddenly throws open the world of unchanging, pure perfection to our startled breast. In our whole understanding, when sense and spirit and mind are consummated into pure unison, then we are free in the world of the absolute. The lark sings in a heaven of pure understanding, she drops back into a world of duality and change.

And it does not matter whether we understand according to death or according to life; the understanding is a consummating of the

[illegible] in one, and a transcending into absolution. This is true of tragedy and of psalms of praise and of the Sermon on the Mount. It is true of the serpent and of the dove, of the tiger and the fragile dappled doe. For all things that emerge into being from the matrix of chaos are roses of pure understanding: in them death and life are adjusted, darkness is in perfect equilibrium with light. This is the meaning of understanding. This is why the leopard gleams to my eye a blossom of pure significance, whilst a hyena seems only a clod thrown at me in contumely. The leopard is a piece of understanding uttered in terms of fire, the dove is expressed in gurgling watery sound. But in them both there is that perfect conjunction of sun and dew which makes for absolution and the world beyond worlds. Only the leopard starts from the sun and must for ever drench himself with the living salt fire of the sun; the dove must fly up to the sun like mist drawn up.

We, we are all desire and understanding, only these two. And desire is twofold, desire of life and desire of death. All the time we are active in these two great powers, which are for ever contrary and complementary. Except in understanding, and there we are immune and perfect, are the two one. Yet even understanding is twofold in its appearance. It comes forth as understanding of death, in strong, glad words like Paul and David, or in pain like Shakespeare.

All active life is either desire of life or desire of death, desire of putting together or desire of putting asunder. We come forth uttering ourselves in terms of fire, like the rose, or in terms of water, like the lily. We wish to say that we are single in our desire for life and creation and putting together. But it is a lie, since we must eat life to live. We must, like the leopard, drink up the lesser life to bring forth our greater. We wish to conquer death. But it is absurd, since only by death do we live, like the leopard. We wish not to die, we wish for life everlasting. But this is mistaken interpretation. What we mean by immortality is this fulfilment of death with life and life with death in us where we are consummated and absolved into heaven, the heaven on earth.

We can never conquer death, that is folly. Death and the great dark flux of undoing, this is the inevitable half. Life feeds death, death feeds life. If life is just one point the stronger in the long run, it is only because death is inevitably the stronger in the short run of each separate existence. They are like the hare and the tortoise.

It is only in understanding that we pass beyond the scope of this duality into perfection, in actual living equipose of blood and bone and spirit. But our understanding must be dual, it must be death understood and life understood.

We understand death, and in this there is no death. Life has put together all that is put together. Death is the consequent putting asunder. We have been torn to shreds in the hands of death, like Osiris in the myth. But still within us life lay intact like seeds in winter.

That is how we know death, having suffered it and lived. It is now no mystery, finally. Death is understood in us, and thus we transcend it. Henceforward actual death is a fulfilling of our own knowledge.

Nevertheless, we only transcend death by understanding down to the last ebb the great process of death in us. We can never destroy death. We can only transcend it in pure understanding. We can develop it and contain it. And then we are free.

By standing in the light we see in terms of shadow. We cannot see the light we stand in. So our understanding of death in life is an act of living.

If we live in the mind, we must die in the mind, and in the mind we must understand death. Understanding is not necessarily mental. It is of the senses and the spirit.

But we live also in the mind. And the first great act of living is to encompass death in the understanding. Therefore the first great activity of the living mind is to understand death in the mind. Without this there is no freedom of the mind, there is no life of the mind, since creative life is the attaining a perfect consummation with death. When in my mind there rises the idea of life, then this idea must encompass the idea of death, and this encompassing is the termination of a new epoch of the mind.

The Spectator

An Exceedingly "Dry" Judge

Recent decisions of Judge Dooling of the Federal Court are calculated to inspire much fear and foreboding in the rank and file of the vast army of liberty-loving citizens of these U. S. who, interpreting for themselves the scope and power of the Volstead enforcement act, attempt to provide themselves in some way with beverages containing a little more than the preposterously low percentage of one-half of one per cent of alcohol. One man, for instance, purchased for himself three bottles of grape juice guaranteed on the bottle label as being non-alcoholic. No doubt some one had told him that exposure to the air and a little encouraging warmth (with no fourther culpable act on his part) would increase that percentage to a more exhilarating figure. Accordingly, he uncorked the bottles, stood them next to a group of steam heating pipes, and was awaiting the sought-for result when a "dry sleuth" arrested him. Now, to the average mind, selfish if you will, this would appear to be an utterly legitimate action and innocent of any criminal intent. The man had purchased a guaranteed non-alcoholic beverage, and why should the leaving of the bottles uncorked subject him to the ignominy of being branded for all time as a malefactor who had been convicted in the federal court? Judge Dooling thought differently, however, and fined the man $150 for no graver an offence than placing two uncorked bottles of legal prohibition beverage near a radiator. A man who established the fact that he was merely taking home to a sick wife an innocent bottle of cheap claret because the doctor ordered it, received a similar sentence, which, of course, was a graver offense since the prescribed liquid had been purchased and was being carried supposedly concealed from the prying eyes of the sleuths.

Fate of Home Brews

Now the question naturally arises as to the possible action of these sleuths, and later on what Judge Dooling is going to do in respect to the preparation of beverages at home. The law distinctly allows a householder, or a bona fide resident in a hotel or club, to entertain his friends with welcome draughts of liquid kicks, but it also makes the carrying of that class of liquid from its place of storage to his residence a criminal offense. As a result, many thousands of those hospitable "bona fide residents" are preparing their own beverages, more or less alcoholic, in their own homes, which the law also says may not be invaded except under the incontestible authority of a search warrant. What are the wet judges going to do in such cases? If these well-intentioned but technically criminal persons are going to be arrested and put in jail, a large hotel would have to be requisitioned to house them and a large body of clerks hired to collect and record the fines. The Volstead enforcement law is one which sooner or later must become inoperative through its own ineffective imbecility, and continued attempts to apply its empirical provisions are sure to lead to a popular uprising that will have far more strenuous kicks in it than any of the beverages it prohibits. The hope of these amateur moonshiners lies with the platform committee of the Democratic convention. The Republicans in Chicago probably gained hundreds of thousands of votes by dodging any decision with reference to the eighteenth amendment, and many hundreds of thousands more are waiting to hear whether or no the Democrats are going to be bullied into the adoption of a dry plank by William Jennings Bryan, as he has bullied them before to their destruction with other issues. This one really belongs to the Prohibition party, and that it may be finally decided once and for all, Mr. Bryan should be forced into a bolt to that party and let the voters decide, pro or anti, for themselves at the polls.

Branding a Baby

The Spectator remembers a willow pattern plate of childhood days which bore the legend, "Experience is a dear school but fools will learn in no other." It was an explanation of the pictured plight of a boy being thrown off the back of a pony that shied at a high stile which the child urged him to jump. The old motto, if it served no other purpose, was useful as a philosophical quotation to be sprung as self-consolation after coming a cropper from youthful folly. It also comes in handy to tack on to sage advice offered to the rising generation, or as a substitue for "I told you so" when disaster results from such advice when unheeded. Now, Mrs. Louise Q. Lyle, the kindergartner who was arrested on a warrant sworn to by Mrs. Cooper setting forth the charge that Mrs. Lyle had burned her four-year-old boy's tender wrist with a hot fork to teach him that fire burns, was pursuing the theory that precept is useless in endeavoring to guide the infant mind. "The burnt child dreads the fire" she believed; so she burned his delicate flesh with the prongs of a fork, heated by herself expressly with that cruel act in view. Is there anything in the Froebel system that advocates such methods? Or what "system" is it which Mrs. Lyle follows?

Whatever her code, she must be a woman unfitted to have the care of young children.

The motherly instinct impels woman to guard a child, not to inflict upon it herself the painful results of acts which his undeveloped judgment has not taught it to shun. If Mrs. Lyle had studied psychology, as she should have been required to do before assuming charge of little children, she would know that the reasoning

powers are dormant at the age of the little boy whom she burned and that the pain she inflicted upon him did not cause his judgment to ripen suddenly, but gave birth to a sense of fear, leaving an indellible, deleterious effect upon his sensitive brain, through a shock whose effects he may suffer from all the rest of his life. The vicarious effect upon other children who witnessed her fiendish act, as well as upon the thousands of children who learned of it and are discussing it through the newspaper reports, are exceedingly malevolent and far-reaching.

Mrs. Louise Q. Lyle is a woman of excellent education and charming personality. She will doubtless have many friends to rally round her and express confidence in her, but she has proven herself untrained in the science of infant teaching and guidance. There is no excuse for placing matches within a child's reach.

According to Mrs. Lyle's theory, if it is advisable to burn a baby in order to teach it to avoid matches, it is also a wise proceeding to dose it with lysol and then leave the lysol bottle within handy reach for disinfectant purposes. In her case, experience has indeed been a dear teacher. Mrs. Lyle, it is said, has had a thorough religious training in a convent school, but it is very doubtful if she studied pedagogy there. Did she never have impressed upon her mind the sixth verse from the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew: "He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a mill stone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea"?

Barbarity of Mrs. Louise Lyle

In further protest against the pernicious custom of some teachers who too literally obey the Scriptural injunction about sparing the rod, the following letter has been received:

My Dear Mrs. Bonnet:

Please permit me to add to those of many other indignant parents, my expression of horror and resentment on learning of the burning of little Carrol Cooper's hand by a hot fork, the said punishment having been inflicted by a kindergarten teacher named Mrs. Louise Lyle because the little four-year-old insisted upon playing with matches. I recall an incident in my first school days which is intended to show that, after all, the courts offer but small retaliation for such offenses, and that the taking of the law into one's own hands in cases of this kind is much the better plan. On one occasion in the old Mission Street public school a boy whistled during the momentary absence of the teacher, and several of the other boys, including myself, followed his example. On returning to the classroom, his eyes blazing with anger, the teacher went the rounds of the boys' side, asking each of the boys in turn if he had whistled. All of them denied it, including the guilty ones. I am frank to say that I at first denied it myself, but afterwards changed my mind and pleaded guilty. The teacher struck me several times on each hand with a cutting rattan, and when I could stand the pain no longer I held my hands behind my back. When I refused to hold them up again, stating that my own father would not treat me like that, he struck me a vicious blow in the face, which left an ugly mark across my brow and cheek. My father was highly enraged when he learned that I had been beaten for telling the truth when all of the other guilty ones had escaped, and on the following morning led me into the classroom, pointed to the mark on my face and then, seizing the teacher by the lapels of his coat, shook him until his teeth must have chattered. Anyway, the teacher sank into a faint. My father was arrested immediately for assault and battery—which it was not—and fined $50, declaring to Judge Louderback as he left the court that what he had done would be cheap at twice the money. Many years afterward, when the teacher had become a priest and grown decrepit in his holy calling, I met and made myself known to him. "Ah," he said, with a good-natured chuckle, "know you? I do, indeed, and I'll never forget the day when your father gave me that beating for marking your face. And I've always thought, my son, that he was right and I deserved what I got." This story is told by way of protest against such punishments, and to wonder why little Carroll Cooper's mother did not adopt a similar mode of punishment. I note that this offender has been arrested, and am almost willing to wager that she will escape with a polite reprimand or a minimum fine.

Very sincerely yours,
Clay M. Greene.

Jewish Relief's Crusade

The Jewish Relief Society has a salaried employee, Miss Fredrika Fox, whose headquarters are at the John Swett School and whose duties are to reach the parents through their children. She called at their homes with the intention of instructing mothers in household cleanliness and sanitary methods of caring for their children. She was not welcomed nor admitted, but instead of becoming discouraged, she sought Mrs. Fitzgerald's co-operation, and the two evolved an effective campaign. When a foreign child is absent, Miss Fox calls at the home to ascertain the cause. She meets the mother, whose favor she usually wins, and soon finds herself teaching the woman the use of broom, brush, soap, water, fresh air, etc. In a short time, she persuades the mother of the advantages of joining her parents' class, and presently the mothers are studying English "from a book" and assimilating American standards of living, greatly to the betterment of the children. What would a teacher with Mrs. Lyle's lack of patience reap in a school of the lowly if she resorted to Hun tactics in impressing ideas upon the daintily cared-for children of refined families?

Heroic Reclamation Work of Public School Teachers

The American public school teachers, women who have themselves been tenderly reared and delicately nurtured, are often called upon these days when so many foreigners of the lower classes are entering our schools, to instruct young children in matters of sanitation and to guide them from paths of lawlessness and harmful habits acquired through ignorance and sordid surroundings. For instance, the John Swett School, once a center of a better class residence district, is now the nucleus for the children of San Francisco's ghetto. Little ones from Russia, Poland, Roumania and other countries, the offspring of the poorest people, almost ignorant in the habits of civilization, are the pupils there. When they enter, frequently they and their parents can not speak a word of English. Their ideas of personal cleanliness are crude, to say the least. Do the teachers torture or mutilate them to teach them? If they dared to try it the state would prosecute and punish them. There is never a case of violence upon a teacher's part. These women are trained for their high vocation and are not given diplomas until they have passed both in theory and practice. Besides, they are under technical supervision of experts.

* * *

Crusade in John Swett School

Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, a woman of vast teaching experience and tact, is the principal of the John Swett School, and it would certainly delight the great heart of California's most famous educator could he appear from the land beyond and witness the splendid Americanization work done in the school which bears his illustrious name. Before the children can be enrolled as students, they must be clean, and the cleansing process is by no means always performed without violent objection. For instance, the school nurse examines each applicant, reports to the teacher, who sends it home with a printed form filled out set-

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ting forth what has to be done to prepare the child for entrance. Last year one little girl sent home for "pediculosis" came back with her irate mother, who demanded: "Missus teacher, why do you send me my child back home? I took her to my drug store man (he knows Latin too) and he told me that my child's feet got nothing the matter with them." Teacher explained that pediculosis is a disease whose symptoms are manifested by the presence in the hair of insects who walk. "Well, what about it—that's all right," said the mother. Teacher insisted that it was dangerous to other children. "But let other parents keep their children home if they are afraid of my girl's hair." "By no means—your child's hair must be clean. I am afraid I might get the disease myself," said teacher. "Oh, missus, such a crankiness I never heard about—believe it, these bugs won't hurt you!"

In the face of such obduracy, teachers like Mrs. Louise Lyle would perhaps consider themselves justified in burning off the hair with acid to impress upon the child the value of a clean scalp; but the public school teachers tell the parents what cleansing preparation to use—even present it to them. It is disgusting work, but noble, and goes a long way to populate our country with desirable citizens.

* * *

Something Is the Matter With Bryan

When William J. Bryan comes to town, many are the men who will ask him if he was quoted right the other day in regard to certain religious doctrines. All in all, the general opinion is that the Great Commoner has changed considerably since the evening when he charmed thousands here at Woodward's Pavilion, and was then admired even by those who had voted against him. The feeling was that Bryan survived the presidential race with the reputation of being one of the jolliest and sanest men in politics. But last week he was quoted as having declared that only Christians (presumably church members) should be allowed to hold public office; and, furthermore, that the Bible should be the only philosophy taught in institutions of learning. The peerless one has never lacked moral courage, yet this is further than he has ever gone on the moral side. The people of this nation have, of late, been so bullied out of their liberties that any fanatic is bold enough to suggest the wildest of schemes for the purpose of molding us into a uniform state of mind. The attempt to march a hundred million people along a single philosophical or dogmatic track is one that would have made the Declaration signers turn black in the face. Bryan must have strange backers if he feels secure in a statement of this sort; or else he must have run ahead of the most chimerical pussy-footers. It will be a sign worth going a hundred miles to see, when he and Governor Edwards get into a parliamentary squabble. 'Tis said that the New Jersey man is the most forceful of all anti-grape juice debaters and that his "wet" arguments are just about sufficient to stampede an ordinary convention. If he succeeds in getting a wet plank into the Democratic platform, Warren S. Harding will waste a lot of good Republican campaign coin, and Bill Bryan will be the lost sheep of the Democratic fold.

Taxing the Teetotaler

If a man cannot spend his money on liquor these days, he can certainly blow in a small fortune on taxes. The idea sems to be that good citizens should content themselves with being sober, and not try to save money besides. The tax collector is certainly meeting us at every turn. Heretofore, the saloonkeeper paid a large part of the government's revenue for us. While we assuaged our thirst, we helped keep the nation, state and city agoing. That's what made everybody so patriotic. But today, if we can't come home spliflicated and throw a salad bowl at wifie, we still have the cussedness to make a few remarks upon the soul of the tax collector. By the way, the administration at Washington is badly in need of funds with which to prosecute the chap with a bottle on his hip or behind the counter. Congress failed to appropriate the expenses for jugging the man with a jugful after the end of this month. Rumor has it that a certain rich man connected with petroleum and another who turns out cheap automobiles are each contributing a couple of million dollars to send bootleggers jailward. Big shipyards are also said to be sending in their checks. These contributions are in the interest of sobriety among employes. Besides that, extra prayers will be conducted in favor of the donees, whether they belong to a prohibition church or not. I can't imagine that these men will become popular this way. If the knowledge or rumor, whatever it is, should come to these workingmen, anger will make some of them less efficient than a drunken man. Maybe the rumor was started by some I. W. W. men as a form of sabotage.

After the Profiteers at Last!

At the Minstrel show given by the Olympic Club on Sunday last for the benefit of the Community Service and Recreation League, one of the end men told a story to the effect that he went to a grocery store, asked for five dollars' worth of potatoes, and was informed by the grocer that they were now too high to slice any longer. A great round of laughter rewarded the getting over of this joke, but as a matter of fact it has a very serious side to it. Someone has been deliberately and wantonly profiteering in potatoes in the state of California, or they could not possibly have reached their present ridiculous figure. Nobody, however, seems to have registered a complaint with the proper authorities so that the vast quantity of the necessary tubers may be released before they rot away in the warehouses. Not so, however, in New York, for a great public protest has arisen, under the guidance of the best legal advisers, and no profiteering merchant is big enough to escape prosecution. This was proved last week by the arrest of Frederick Gimble—vice-president and general manager of one of the largest and best known department stores in the world—and several others of almost equal importance. The complaint asseverates that clothing has been sold for from 300 to 400 per cent profit, and the firm has been almost equally guilty in other departments, evidence of which will be presented at the proper time. Let us hope that similar drastic action be taken on this side of the continent, and that some day a public-spirited citizen will come to the front with, "Excuse my pointing, but there is the man who is hoarding potatoes, and there is the chief offender in the marketing of strawberries in baskets with false bottoms." These are among the smaller offenses, it is true, but everyone knows what straws do when the wind blows.

War Painting

Has this war brought forth any great artist, or enhanced the reputation of any established man of genius? We may confess at once that the great storm has cast up on our shores no outstanding genius as painter.

The war has not given us a single great work in color-orchestration that sounds the deeps of the nation's souls, or even hints at the mighty impulses that guided us to the making of our vast sacrifice. The nearest thing that comes to it is a color scheme in khaki variations—the painting of the agony of sacrifice in the face of the foul crime against civilized warfare.

Sargent greatest masterpiece of the war in "Gassed," with its great central mass of men who move from your left to your right across a horizon placed low on wide canvas—this group of khaki-clad soldiery, their eyes bandaged, stumbles in single file along the duck-boards near the bottom of the canvas, each with his hands on the shoulders of the man in front of him—those hands that are now their only guide, the eyes of the blind. To the right, low down, is a more distant mass of men repeating the design of the great central mass, increasing the dramatic structure of the whole. The low horizon amidst the knees of the heroic blinded men, as they feel their way with cautious, clumsy feet, is lit with the golden light of the sinking sun; and far away football is being played. In front of all lie a-huddle the prone figures of men with bandaged eyes—the men who cannot walk. The dignity and tragedy of the thing are amazing as the pathos and horror that grip one. If the group masses had been more darkly silhouetted there would have been dramatic increase; but the whole thing is a masterpiece.—Haldane Macfall.

A Defender of Russia!

There is at present in San Francisco a woman who is evidently here for no other purpose than to speak favorably of Russia at every opportunity, which she does both forcefully and eloquently. From her point of view, Russia is being most shamefully treated by the rest of the civilized world, because she is too great and her people too thrifty, rich and progressive to be isolated from it. They are said to possess vast wealth, and it only remains for our business people to go there and get it. It is acknowledged that the present form of government is not what it should be in comparison with other governments, but it is the kind the people want, the "people" in this case being the peasantry and soldiers. These peasantry are claimed to be more intelligent, more efficient and stronger and more rugged than any people in the world, and this ruggedness is accounted for by a most amazing religious custom. For some reason or other not given, except that it is a long standing law of the church, there is a season of the year when the peasants are forbidden to use milk in any form. During this season the new-born babes are deprived of their natural food, and are fed only on such food as their parents have, in the way of heavy soups, black bread and vegetables The consequence is that all of the weak ones die, while the stronger survive, and hence the rugged-

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ness of the Russian peasant. There is also another cause which in an equally horrifying way proves the "intelligence" of this peasantry. The Russian religion prescribes that all infants must be baptized as soon after birth as possible, and the stricter sect employs baptism by immersion. In the winter time these babies of a few hours old are taken to the priest, who breaks through the ice of the river, ducks the little one into it, and it is handed back to its parents "saved from perdition." So in these cases, too, only the stronger organizations survive, which is a very good reason why the Russian peasantry contains no aenemic or feeble-minded children. And the protagonists of this "great" people actually defend the custom on the ground that it is "cruel only to be kind" and after all is beneficial to the Russian race!

Paris and London of Today

The following are extracts from a letter received from Paris, written May 30th by a prominent San Francisco capitalist who is now visiting Europe:

"We had a good trip on the "Adriatic" to Southampton. The ship behaved well, but the sea was calm most always. The table was not good, but this, as far as I know, is the only blot on the English escutcheon; but you could get along. I had as a roommate a very nice gentleman, a handsome man of thirty-eight. The very first day out he told me, for fear of alarming me, as he said, that he was a somnambulist; and sure enough, that night and the night after, he got down from his berth above me and was just about opening the room door when I awakened him. To see a man in a trance in the silences of the night is an awful sight and naturally made me quite nervous, keeping me awake every night when going to bed, alarmed at every creak of the ship which I thought came from his berth preparatory to be another ramble of the poor fellow. But fortunately none other occurred. The second rarity was an old Englishman at our table. He was eighty-five years old and traveled alone. Four times he had made a trip around the world, and since a few years, as a pastime, he has been studying Spanish. What a remarkable man!

Arriving in London, we went to the Savoy, had unsatisfactory rooms at an unsatisfactory price, five guineas per day. I managed by good luck to find at once very nice rooms at the Goring Hotel (which has been the headquarters of the American quartermaster department) at twenty-five guineas a person, which included very good board; in fact, everything was so good and clean that I have made up my mind whenever I go back to London I will stop at this hotel.

With London, I was simply delighted, but this is expressing myself unduly. It is a most beautiful, imposing city, and I enjoyed it immensely. I have the greatest regard for the Englishman. There is neither any bluff, bluster or blowing about him, and always polite. Take it from me, whosoever runs down the Englishman doesn't know him. The horrors of war left no apparent trace in London, as far as the general appearance of the city is concerned, excepting that I failed to see this time the elegant young Englishmen of former times. They are promenading there no longer; in the Elysian fields above, I presume, they are to be found. And, alas! these same remarks apply to the young Frenchmen. We remained in London about three weeks and then crossed over to England, encountering a pretty rough passage on the channel, but we did not get sea-sick, though many did.

Paris, dear Paris, I found externally prettier than ever, but internally, like in England, there is a big wound bleeding copiously. The life on the streets is the same as it was and there are here also no outward signs of a past war. But prices are very high. My room with bath, a very pretty one though, cost 70 francs a day, to which must be added a 10 per cent tax. One cannot get a lunch or dinner for less than 30 and 25 each. So with breakfast and pour boire I can count on a daily living expense of anyway 50 francs, which, figured at 8 cents—the present American valeu of a franc—would equal $12; and this will be no means permit me to indulge in my natural taste, that of an epicure. But it is all good enough; one must not be a hog. Paris itself compensates you so much in so many other ways, and I am daily charmed as I take my morning walk—sometimes with Jules and sometimes alone—with the exquiste beauty of its buildings and streets, its monuments; indeed, the eye has a continual feast. You can get almost anywhere, but some things run deeply into money. One drawback is the bread, which is not good at present, but will be again, they say, ere long."

Why Men Stay Home

"Take me out to the ball game," the pleading maiden cried,
And, though he knew the consequence, he neither winced nor sighed;
He'd been in this fix before, and, through a Sabbath day,
He'd worked as hard or harder than a farm hand tossing hay.

They took a United trolley machine and hied them out to the game,
And angels blushed as they wrote in the book the lurid thoughts that came.
He bought her a cushion—he thought she might sleep if at ease—(he figured to suffer)
Peanuts and pop, to help put a stop to her talk; but neglected to gag her.

Well, the game began, but the wit that ran, to the girl, was Greek outrageous;
When the ump yelled, "Strike!" she asked was it like a strike for higher wages!
"Four balls!" he cried; and she said he lied—that all she could see was one.
When a man got a whack in the small of the back, she called the pitcher a Hun!

But oh, how they came, those blushes of shame, when a player was knocked all about;
And she made this remark—heard all over the park—"He's all in, so why say he's out?"
She wanted to know why he walked in slow whereas he had run out so fast,
And why he came in when the ump said "Out!" and how long the ball game would last?

Then, "Jack!" she cried; and he wished he had died in the last epidemic of grippe:
(There were three on the bags and the score was a tie) "We've seen enough; let us skip!"
So they wriggled their way, for she had the say; and the angels recorded some more
When she guilelessly said (if I err, strike me dead!): "Dearie, what was the score?"

—Thomas Ashe.

The Hardening Process for Women

The subject of "woman" can hardly be brought up nowadays without some one venturing a statemen that the modern sixteen-year-old would have made last century's demure damsels jump out of their boots or crinoline or whatever they happened to be wearing. Evidently the changes in feminine temperament go on so fast that the effect is noticeable evn to the most careless observer. Of course, the innovations always begin in college towns; and we have the immortal co-ed blamed for everything that transpires in her sex. One of the Berkeley college papers has championed the female of the university species, and avers that she has not become as hardened as we are led to believed. In a well-written article, Bert C. Crum uses the phrase "hypocritical mask of innocence"—referring to grandmother's famous demeanor in the good old days. This is a brand new idea. We have always felt that, if there ever was anything truly innocent in the world (and why shouldn't there be?) it was grandmother at the age of sixteen. If she were a hypocrite, then granddad lacked the sagacity to see it. The assumption of the college writer is that the co-ed is not different from the ancestral maid. Merely the mask is off. The co-ed has an extensive knowledge of the world, and does not conceal it. She ignores criticism of her free speech, and, in the slang of the gambler, has become hard-boiled. Doesn't care any more than Eva Tanguay; that is, for what she says. The mask is torn from the mind, not from the morals. This is reassuring. The co-ed can smoke a cigarette, say "damn it" and still become a first-class grandmother, fit to take a four-year-old by the hand and lead him to a soda fountain or a movie problem play. Oh, yes; the child of the next generation will enjoy stage vamps before he is able to peruse his first reader. In fact, our children are sophisticated up to the vamp idea today. So why shouldn't the co-ed know something—and say it?

The Most Beautiful Girl

Having advertised and sent to America the woman with the most beautiful legs, Paris felt that something further was demanded; and so has discovered the girl who, in all France, is entitled to the crown of beauty, all in all. When Mme. Spinelli came across the Atlantic, bold critics declared that, while her underpinning might be faultless, her face was not immune to fault-finding. The light that lies in Spinelli's eyes gives no token of that for which she has become famous. From the photographs of Mlle. Agnes Louret it appears that there can be no

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inadequacy anywhere upon her noble bearing. Her head, the turn of her neck, the shoulders, and the picturesquely developed bosom, seem to issue a challenge for comparisons. There is, in her pose, something that might be called patriotic and exalted. All France may indeed be proud of having produced such a beauty. Upon her countenance there is no indication that she premeditates going on the stage or doing some movie stunt. I can imagine a first-nighter who would write a sonnet to Mme. Spinelli's eyebrow —but the man who would send love lyrics to the most beauteous creature in France must be courageous and clever beyond precedent. A lover who woos a woman that has received a big majority of votes in a nation-wide contest for supreme pulchritude has a difficult task set for him. More arduous than that might be his appearance with her in public. After the ovation, he would be noted meekly in the background. Then again, he might be an Adonis, a Mars, or something like that, and the superb damsel would be dangerously near a fit of professional jealousy. It is all very terrible to contemplate. Yet France is continually doing such things, and all we can do is applaud, and go back to work with a heavy heart. It woud be a good opportunity to locate the most beautiful girl in California, then issue a defi to the nations at large.

Micaela Martinez, Artist

Those who still have their doubts about heredity might do well to examine the drawing of Micaela Marie Martinez, daughter of the famous Piedmont painter. Micaela, who strongly resembles her father in feature, has been drawing since she was three years old, and even before that made serious attempts to express herself with pencil. The most remarkable phase about her work is that it contains no mere delineation of face and figure. Composition, design, organization, is conspicuous. The drawings are pictures in line and mass, and have an appeal to the esthetic faculty of the mature artist. Martinez has not directed the girl in any way, merely preserving her work; and, be it said, she is a big producer. Micaela draws meditatively and easily. She uses lead pencil and occasionally colored crayons. There cannot be the slightest doubt, after a view of these pictures, that the faculty of balance and design is instinctive in the child. True design is an esthetic value that is attained by artists after prolonged experiment. Micaela has had the advantage of a father's poetic brain studying before she was born.

Xavier Martinez, after nearly a year's rest for creative work, is about to undertake a series of oils and water colors that are bound to show a refreshed vigor and advance the art interests of the Pacific Coast. He has built another studio in the well known Piedmont bungalow, giving himself a hall of solitude where he may turn out the best work of his life.

Social

By TANTALUS

Miss Mary Phelan will be in San Francisco to assist her brother, Senator Phelan, in entertaining some of the distinguished delegates to the Democratic convention.

Society and the Japanese Peril

The society women of San Francisco and clubwomen have the opportunity to perform a valiant service for their country during the Democratic convention. They can conduct a crusade to impress the visiting easterners of the wisdom of the attitude of Senator Phelan, Governor Stephens Samuel M. Shortridge (Republican senatorial candidate) and nearly all the leading men and women out here, regarding the Japanese situation. To us who have a daily, hourly opportunity to watch the spread of the menace of Japanese land ownership on this coast, it seems incredible that the average easterner is indifferent to it. Besides, there is a great deal of projaganda spread by opponents of the California aspect. This is circulated by some mysterious force whose source is thought to be impregnated with German ambitions. Ocular demonstration is more potent than any other kind. Let these society women motor to districts where Japanese are established and convince the visiting easterner of the imperative need of excluding them as landholders. Commercialism is strongly implanted in the bosoms of many citizens, who do not seem to realize that by disposing of land to Japanese they are spreading an unpatriotic net for the United States to be entrapped in.

The true sentiment in California toward Japan is neither hatred nor distrust, but simply a well-founded conviction that the Mongolian race can never assimilate with us and we don't want them to. Why should they own land in our country? They deny foreigners the right to own land in Japan—other Mongolians as well as Caucasians.

We welcome Japanese as artists, brain-workers, artisans, laborers and servants, but we do not want them in our governmental affairs nor as property holders. We ask nothing of them which we do not reciprocate. They are a fine people, whose influence upon progress is most beneficent, but to encourage them now in their encroachments upon our territory is to pile up trouble for ourselves, our descendants and theirs. It is inconceivable how people of even mediocre powers of observation can live one month in San Francisco, or in many rural districts, without perceiving the menace which Senator Phelan and others have loyally and strenuously worked hard to avoid.

Bolinas is again the Mecca of several members of the smart set, especially old residents of Marin, who have known its attractive simplicity from childhood days. The Boyds, Kittles, Lillys, Schmidells and many others go there every year.

Miss Mary Louise Baldwin is having a gay summer season in the eastern watering places.

Judge and Mrs. Thomas F. Graham are expected to pass some time this summer at Lake Tahoe, later going to Feather River, as the judge is devoted to fishing.

The Peninsula Hotel is a scene of gaiety Wednesday and Saturday these beautifnl summer evenings. The hosts and house guests of the smart set down that way motor to the hotel for dinner or drop in to dance. Last Saturday evening, when the most perfect summer weather allured, the ladies were like delicate-hued butterflies, in their dainty frocks. One lovely young woman was the cynosure of all eyes, and word soon went about that she was Liane Carrera, Anna Held's daughter She wore an exquisite buff color organdie gown, embroidered in delft blue, with an underslip of pale blue, and having a translucent effect which is the dernier cri for eastern summer frocks.

Miss Helen Walsh of New York wore a pale blue organdie gown, blue hat, shoes , stockings and a unique blue fan.

For those who remain in town, the Peninsula is sufficiently remote to provide a spin in the country and yet not too far to interfere with town engagements.

Society at Del Monte

Among the promment society folk last week at Del Monte, enjoying the whirl of summer activities, are Vice-President and Mrs. Thomas R Marshall and party, which includes Mrs. T. F. Walsh and Mrs. J. A. Dougherty of Washington, D. C. The distinguished visitors have been taking in the historic and romantic landmarks around the Monterey peninsula and have been enjoying the out-of-door pleasures which abound at the popular and fashionable resort.

Mrs. F. F. Walsh, who was hostess recently to a party including Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. J. A. Dougherty of Washington, D. C., is the widow of a multi-millionaire mining man, and has been prominently identified with many charities, the principal one being that supplying clothing to Belgian babies. Mrs. Walsh is the mother of Mrs. Edward McLean, wife of the Washington newspaper publisher, at whose home the Nicholas Longworths spent their honeymoon. It will be recalled that Mrs. Walsh's daughter is the owner of the famous Hope diamond, reputed to bring tragedy to its possessors. Recently the McLean's seven year-old son was killed by an automobile.

The Fourth of July promises to be another gay affair at Del Monte. A golf tournament will be staged for men and women and there will be a number of social events to hold the interest

Mr. Felton Elkins has returned from a visit to New York The Elkins have taken a house in Monterey for the summer. Mr. Elkins is following his favorite pastime of polo on the Del Monte fields.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Prosser, who spent their honeymoon at Del Monte last year, have arrived from their home in Comstock, Texas. The Prossers spent much of their time while at Del Monte in motoring through the Del Monte Forest and about the Pebble Beach country.

George Barr McCutcheon, the well-known author of New York, and Mrs. McCutcheon are planning to pay Del Monte a visit next month, and will make an extended stay.

Plans are already being laid for a big social time during the California state golf championships at Del Monte in September.

A number of Los Angeles society folk will spend their vacations at Del Monte this summer. Mr and Mrs. Stuart W French and Mrs. J. H. Stevison of Pasadena and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. King of Los Angeles are at present sojourning

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at the popular resort. Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. McPeak will arrive shortly.

John Hernan, the well known and popular hotel man of Santa Barbara, and his bride, formerly Miss Florence Gross of Pasadena, are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte Lodge.

This summer is going to be especially interesting for children at Del Monte. The California state junior golf championships will be held on July 29th to 22nd, and there will be horseback excursions, picnics, cruises in the glass-bottom boats to view the marine gardens, and many other pleasures.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse have arrived at Del Monte to take in the whirl of pleasures. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Barrett and Misses Gertrude and Irene Barrett were guests over the week-end. Mr. Barrett recently won in a championship contest at Presidio Golf Club. He is enthusiastic over the Del Monte links.

Mrs. E. W. Waterhouse of Clay Street is staying at the Virginia Hotel, Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan M. Hanlon of Clay Street are, with their children, spending the summer in their beautiful ranch in Niles

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Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mitchell and family, of Clay Street, have taken a house for the summer in Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baad, manager of the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, recently took a motoring trip through the south and remained over a week-end at Pierpont Inn, Ventura. Mr. Baad was until recently one of the St. Francis managers. The Pierpont Inn, under its present regime, has become one of the most popular hostelries of the south. The new manager, Melle E. Beck, was formerly manager of Hotel Columbia, Southbridge, Mass., and the Kibler, Lakeland, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lederman have returned from Yosemite and are now in Los Altos for the rest of the season.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON GUARDIAN'S APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
Department No. 10, Probate. No. 16330.
In the Matter of the Estates and Guardianship of FELICE BORRONO and GIULIO BORRONO, Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed herein by MARIA LEONARDINI, formerly MARIA BORRONO, the guardian of the persons and estates of FELICE BORRONO and GIULIO BORRONO, Minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards, on the ground that the sale thereof would be beneficial to said wards and for the best interests of their estate;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court on Monday, the 19th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day ,in the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall (Civic Center), of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing, in the TOWN TALK, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, June 21st, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, June 21, 1920
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardians,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-4

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hessé have taken a house in Ross for a few months. Mr. Hessé is a member of Ethel Barrymore's company (in "Declassée," one of the year's greatest Broadway successes), and is also a playwright and translator. This is his first visit to California, where he arrived recently to join his wife, who came several weeks ago to visit her relatives. Mrs. Hessé collaborates with her husband in his literary work. She was before her marriage Nevada Heffron, who achieved stage success as a member of Klaw & Erlanger and Frohman companies. For several years she devoted herself to journalism. The Hessés have been entertained a great deal by Mrs. Hessé's friends here since their arrival. They are a brilliant couple whose presence insures sparkle wherever they go. Mrs. Hessé's niece is the stunning Terys Dietel, one of the most beautiful girls at U. C.

An Explanation

Jones—How did you manage to get through that crowd so quickly? It took me nearly an hour.

Brown—You remember that cigar you gave me this morning?

Jones—Yes; but—

Brown—Well, I was smoking it.—Chicago News.

The Ways of Children

Nothing can stagger a child's faith; he accepts the clumsiest substitutes and can swallow the most staring incongruities. The chair he has just been besieging as a castle or valiantly cutting to the ground as a dragon, is taken away for the accommodation of a morning visitor and he is nothing abashed; he can skirmish by the hour with a stationary coal-scuttle; in the midst of the enchanted pleasure he can see without sensible shock the gardener soberly digging potatoes for the day's dinner. He can make abstraction of whatever does not fit into his fable. . . . And so it is that although the ways of children cross with those of their elders in a hundred places daily, they never go in the same direction nor so much as lie in the same element. So may the telegraph wires intersect the line of the highroad, or so might a landscape painter and a bagman visit the same country, and yet move in different worlds.—R. L. Stevenson.

"Once when I was depot agent in the village of Iuka, Mississippi," said the late Governor Stone of Missouri, "two negroes came to my little office seeking information touching some item of freight. They asked an intolerable number of questions. I gave them what information I could and returned to my duties. They kept bombarding me with questions and finally I dismissed them rather curtly.

"As they walked away from the wicket window the older, a woolly-pated relic of antebellum days, shook his head and murmured to his companion: 'Yass, dat's de way it always is; de littler de station de bigger de agent'."

The Eagle's Flight

What is that, Mother?—
The eagle, boy.
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.
—G. W. Doane, in the "Spectator."

"And when does the wedding take place, Miss Blank?" asked the genial proprietor of the little stationery shop. "The wedding!" exclaimed the young woman, blushing. "Why, you don't think—" "Ah, Miss Blank!" rejoined the old bookseller. "When a young lady buys a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes I know there's something in the wind!"

Wife—But, my dear, you've forgotten again that today is my birthday.

Husband—Listen, love. I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 25917. Dept. No. 10.
Estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29518. Dept. No. 10.
Estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29519. Dept. No. 10.
Estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA D. BOOTH Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29520. Dept. No. 10.
Estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th. 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

The Stage

Dudley Ayers at the Alcazar

The advent in town of a new leading man for the Alcazar stock company has created more local excitement than the arrival of half a dozen delegates to the Democratic convention. For the delegates will vote for the favorite nominee of their party, flit about our city (when not occupying coveted places at the Auditorium) and some will perform oratorical feats which will be recorded by the press. Perhaps (indeed, most likely) several will be immortalized on the screen and exhibited in vaudeville houses. Thereupon, dyed-in-the-wool Republicans will say: "Dear me! why will Democratic politicians permit themselves to be screened? They don't look in the least impressive as movie stars—at least until they have had heaps of experience, like President Wilson." The moment the Republicans shall have so expressed themselves, they will be sorry; for a vision will flash into the Republican memory of how the physical appeal of their own party's leaders fell short of the mark when displayed on the screen. Politicians and statesmen are impressive in halls of state, but in theatres, without makeup, under the brilliant lights, they don't register.

What has all this to do with the Alcazar? Well, the actors of the only stock company in this city of 600,000 souls don't flit away after a week's activity, as the Democratic delegates will do; they stay in our city and we learn to know them in various moods, tenses and guises. For nearly everyone goes to the Alcazar sometimes; finding there an attractive personality, we go again, and presently we have the habit.

Now, Mr. Dudley Ayres, the leading man, who inaugurated his season last Sunday, blazed in with meteoric success, for the two initial audiences and the afternoon and evening held "thumbs up" immediately when they saw that he is young and very good looking; when they perceived that he knows how to act; when they heard his musical voice and sensed his magnetism. The crucial test is, "Can he make love?" Yes, indeed yes! Not that he had very great opportunity in the present play, but still he had a splendid chance to look unutterable things right into the heroine's eyes. There was one only caress—but Mr. Ayres managed that satisfactorily. He will be a matinee hero in San Francisco. Also, he will perhaps not like to be called one; but that doesn't matter. More and more girls will frequent the theatre; their suitors will follow to see their rival or the girls' ideal; box office receipts will increase, and—there you are! Those are the things which pursue a matinee idol.

There is a new leading lady, too—for this week only. She is Sylvia Yaffee, the cleverest child actress I have ever seen. She played an adorable role, a slavey in a cheap boarding house. This little girl is endowed with indefinable charm, with magnetism and a wonderful histrionic ability. She has an expression that reveals a radiant soul, great, sparkling, laughing eyes and the walk that only nature's noblewomen have. This superb child has a brilliant future, and no one could behold her without wishing that Fortune be very gentle and kind to her.

Ben Erway, the new juvenile man, caught the popular fancy at once. He seems to be thoroughly up in comedians' technique and found laugh-getting the simplest matter.

Belle Bennett was as pretty and appealing as always. Her many admirers are sorry to see her season close and are grateful to her for providing them with a long, varied collection of types for their theatrical portrait gallery. News of her future successes in other cities will be joyously received here by Alcazarans, who will be glad to welcome her back some day.

Handsome Emily Pinter, piquant Jean Oliver, sparkling Emelie Melville and the regular versatile male support, Rafael Brunetto, Brady Kline, Al Cunningham, Walter Belasco and Irving Grossman were all conscientious as carefully thought-out types.

This is as good a time as any to register the hope that Emily Pinter will one day, at not too remote a date, be the Alcazar leading woman. She has every qualification and as a member of the Alcazar stock company has had varied experience. Of course she is very young, but she is growing older every day and she has poise and ability. Nature fashioned her for leading roles. Why not give the city which has watched her climb the pleasure of seeing her on the topmost rung at the Alcazar? Some day she will be a star—somewhere; and perhaps her radiance will shine upon us as a member of a visiting company. Anyway, let us hold the wish: "Leads for Emily—and soon."

All this time I haven't mentioned what the play is; but of what importance is a mere play when a new leading man makes his debut? Its name is "A Prince There Was"—a George Cohan creation. Its significance to us lies in the fact that Dudley Ayres has, as the Prince, an opportunity to prove his mettle. Helen M. Bonnet

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"Wedding Bells"

I wish I could say that I enjoyed the Salisbury Field comedy "Wedding Bells," but I can't, though I tried to, as other people say they like it. Perhaps I have become hopelessly blasé, for in real life anybody's wedding bells arouse my deepest interest. There is something tragically and enigmatically appealing in wedding bells even if one is not acquainted with the principals for whom they chime. The Field comedy is written around contracting parties of the smart set, with lots of attractive furniture and fine clothes, tiresome servants, inevitable telephones and evidences of heaps of money and jolly amusements. It is mildly diverting, but would have greater appeal as a one-act sketch. In three acts an author needs rapid-fire epigram and successive rollicking situations to make a farce "a scream," which all farces should be.

Wallace Eddinger plays the gay young husband who is rescued from a second matrimonial plunge by his divorced wife. I have a dim recollection of Mr. Eddinger as young Lord Faunutleroy, and I'm sure I liked him much better as a child actor than I do now. Margaret Lawrence, a rather attractive-looking young lady, acts mechanically as the giddy but repentant young wife. Percy Ames and Charles Silvernail were the most intelligible of the cast, though Maud Andrew, as a lady's maid from Surrey, spoke distinctly.

Why will managers engage Japanese to play butlers? They are needed so much more in real houses and it does not require keen mimetic ability for a white actor to play a Japanese servant, the name of whose impersonator in the Selwyn production is distinctly Japanese; but perhaps it is a stage name. In the east, authors and managers stage Japanese valets as a novelty, but in California, where their name is legion and where they claim to be princes in exile or university students earning their way to take advanced courses in sociology, they are rather a bore.

Mrs. Jacques Martin is a most realistic dowager, who is tyrannized over by her spoilt feather-brained daughter, played by Helen Spring. The mounting of the piece is fresh, and there is no question of the sincerity of the cast, but the production, to my eyes, lacks distinction.

H. M. B.

Healy Brings Scotti Opera Company

There is light upon the musical horizon—we are to have grand opera this fall. Antonio Scotti, famous baritone of the Metropolitan, will bring his company to the Auditorium on October 4th for six nights. The company travels in special train and carries its own entire mechanical equipment, so that the Auditorium stage will be transformed into an adequate setting for the great tone dramas which will be sung The repertoire will be: "La Boheme," "Lucia," "L'Oracolo," "Pagliacci," "Trovatore," "Butterfly," "Faust" and "Tosca." Scotti sings in each a role in which he is world-renowned. He created "Chim Fem" in "L'Oracolo" ("The Cat and the Cherub"), which will have its first western performance during the Scotti engagement. Florence Easton, Marie Sundelius, Orville Harold and others who have won distinction at the Metropolitan will support Signor Scotti.

Antonio Scotti became a member of the Metropolitan forces during the Grau administration, when his co-stars were Melba, Sembrich, Nordica, Calve, the De Reskes and, later, Caruso and Schumann-Heink. He has remained all through the succeeding regimes and continues to be the favorite baritone. He is beloved by his distinguished associates and is very popular in society and club circles. He was with the Metropolitan company which sang at the Grand Opera House the night before the great fire. He sang "Escamillio" in "Carmen" to Caruso's "Jose." He has appeared here once since in a brilliant concert season.

For prospectus of the S. F. season, send self-addressed, stamped envelope (to insure safe delivery) to Frank W. Healy, 906 Kohler & Chase Building.

Orpheum

Joseph E. Howard, who heads next week's Orpheum bill, was the first to produce a song revue and when song revues were as plentiful as hurdy-gurdies the Howard revue still remained distinct. Then he turned his attention to other revues, full-fledged revues, and the result is an excellent production called "Chin Toy," which will be given next Sunday matinee at the Orpheum. Mr. Howard is assisted by Ethelyn Clark, Max Ford, Jack King, Sun Ki Gee and a bouquet of beautiful girls. Mr. Howard has gained a reputation of his own as a vaudevillian and in musical comedy His supporting company in this revue is all that can possibly be desired, and delightfully conspicuous in it is pretty and clever Ethelyn Clark, his professional associate for years.

Chester Spencer and Lola Williams appropriately call their contribution "Putting It Over." It is a little of this and a little of that, and to the delight of their audiences a great deal of Spencer and Williams.

Bruce Morgan and Franklyn Gates live up to the title of their act, which is, "The Personification of Nonsense." They are eccentric comedians, eccentric dancers and syncopated singers, and they always register a big hit.

George Rolland and Company will appear in Billie Burke's latest laughing success, "Fixing

the Furnace." It is one of the funniest farces ever presented and a skit on furnace trouble.

Eary and Eary present a whirlwind novelty, using Egyptian rings. They are the originators of this kind of act and the only ones performing it.

Bill Robinson, one of the most popular colored comedians, sings, dances and talks as only one to the manner born can.

Josie Heather, who is duplicating her previous success in this city, will sing new songs, and Alexander Carr will repeat his triumph in "An April Shower."

Inez Ragan

There has been much speculation as to the identity of the new Alcazar leading woman selected by Belasco and Mayer nearly three weeks ago from eleven candidates, all leads of eastern experience and ability. But it has never been the policy of this careful management to announce a New York engagement until the player was actually en route by westbound overland.

Inez Ragan, an American of Irish ancestry, is the young actress who will make her first San Francisco appearance as the Alcazar's leading woman. Her local debut occurs Sunday, July 4th, as "Marjorie" in the comedy of youth, love and daughter, "The Cinderella Man."

Miss Ragan has been a leading woman for only three years—in New Orleans, Boston, Duluth and with the Shubert Theatre stock in St. Paul. She recently closed a forty weeks' engagement in the latter city in a repertoire of as many widely contrasting plays, including "Everywoman," "The Tailor Made Man," "Upstairs and Down," "The Thirteenth Chair," "Fair and Warmer," "A Voice in the Dark," "The Brat," "The Woman in Room 13," "Pollyanna," "Eyes of Youth," "On the Firing Line" and "Peg o' My Heart," which ended her St. Paul season seven years ago.

Curran Theatre

"Wedding Bells" now ringing in the Curran Theatre enters upon the second and final week of the local engagement next Sunday night, with Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger heading a cast of players who give a fine performance of Salisbury Field's delightful comedy which has proven one of the best of all the Selwyn successes.

Alcazar

"Going Some," a farcical absurdity that runs high speed along the alluring road of laughter, is the Alcazar's happy choice for National Convention Week, commencing at next Sunday's matinee. It will take city dweller and visiting delegate out of the frenzied zone of politics during hours of recreation, and bring to the spoken stage the breezy, bracing humor of the broad western prairie. It is the work of those red-blooded authors and playwrights, Rex Beach and Paul Armstrong, and new to the Alcazar stage. Beach humorously describes it as "a chronicle of a certain lot of college men and girls, with a tragic strain of phonograph and cowboys." The scenes are laid at the Flying Heart Ranch and the Centipede corral. Its fun is like unto "Johnny Get Your Gun," and woven about a foot race between a college athlete and a fleet runner of the plains. Dudley Ayres is J. Wallingford Speed, Yale head yeller, with Henry Shumer in the uproariously funny character of his fat trainer, with a long cast, including Brady Kline, Ben Erway, Al Cunningham, Sam Burton, Rafael Brunetto, Fred Green, Walter Belasco, Irving Grossman, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Gladys Emmons and Stella Warfield.

Fourth of July week brings the ideal comedy romance of youth, love and laughter, "The Cinderella Man," and introduces the Alcazar's new leading woman, Inez Ragan, now en route from New York, as the adorable Marjorie who plays Santa Claus to the poor poet light-heartedly starving in his garret.

IN LIBERATED FRANCE

A New Zealand Soldier's Experience

As I passed down the broken street of the poor little village, a tired woman came to one of the doors.

"Bon soir, monsieur!" she said, with a bow.

"Bon soir, madame!"

"Monsieur," she continued, with a timid smile, "will you do a small thing for me?"

"Assuredly, madame; what is it?"

"There is a sick little one within, monsieur, and she has not seen the English enter. The other children talk of how they have seen the soldiers, our deliverers, and even ean has shaken the hand of one. Marie will not rest till she has seen one also. Could you, monsieur? But a moment!"

Five minutes later the small Marie had not only seen, but had spoken to, and shaken hands with, her first friendly soldier for four years.

"You are American, monsieur?" she inquired, looking at my hat.

"No! New Zealand," I replied; but they had never even heard of it. What is fame, after all?

The house was as all others, skinned clean of anything of any value, down to the brass door-knobs and stair rods.

"Ah, monsieur," said madame, "it is good to see you. We had almost lost hope. It is two years now since we had milk or butter; all the cattle were killed long since, and the horses had never enough to eat themselves. For bread we had this (holding up a small loaf) once in four days. We have been hungry, since everyone has been forced to work, women as well as men, and when one came home at night there was always cooking and cleaning to do for the Boche soldiers.

"The men who would not work were kept in a cellar knee-deep in water. Few could stand that. At last there were only five left, my husband among them. When they were finally allowed to go, they were doomed men. All are dead long since. There was no extra food or medicine to give them back their strength. Ah, my God!" she broke off, and rocked slowly to and fro, struggling for composure.

The other two occupants of the room were a tall, dark peasant woman and a young girl about fifteen, who smiled pleasantly every time she caught my eye.

"She is young, monsieur," said the dark woman, "and that is much."

"But you are not so old, madame," I ventured.

"Not in years, perhaps, monsieur," she said, "but I have suffered."

She paused, and I could see her strong hands lock, and her black eyes like coals glow in her pale face. Suddenly she threw up her head, and a perfect torrent of words poured from her.

"Listen! You are soldiers, you others, but what do you know of war? We had our home, our own land and stock, my husband and I. You have come at last, and we are free. But where is my husband? They shot him down like a dog because he tried to save me from a German pig. Where is our home? You may see the black ruins out there where the road bends by the canal. My little one died two years ago—starved, starved. My son was marched away three weeks ago. Where? My daughter was taken by force last Christmas a year. She has come back to me, poor girl, but a baby at her breast. Is she a wife, then, do you think?

"May the German nation be accursed for ever and ever, and the wrath of God—"

She stopped suddenly, and gazed fixedly at the fire, quivering with suppressed passion.

There are times when speech is out of place. I rose to go, and as I bent over to take Marie's small white hand, I left a packet of chocolate in it. You should have seen the glistening eyes.

"Oh!" she cried. Just that, but I think never before did I hear so much expression in one small word.—A. H. B.

BOTTLED FOOD

The bride was telephoning to her mother. "I wish you'd come over and see me this afternoon," she said. "I'm awfully lonesome. John has gone on an outing with the men from his office."

"What sort of an outing?" asked her mother. "Is it a basket picnic?"

"No-o," replied the daughter. "As near as I can make out, they're carrying most of the provisions in bottles."

"I can't imagine what Mildred sees in that Smith boy," remarked Mildred's mother. "He hasn't got brains enough in his head to fill a thimble."

"Oh, well, I dare your mother said the same thing about me when I came courting you," replied the girl's father, indulgently.

But he suddenly lost his complacent smile when his wife retorted:

"She certainly did, and I was just as big a fool as Mildred is now. I wouldn't listen to the advice of my elders."

ALCAZAR
THIS WEEK—FAMOUS COHAN COMEDY
"A PRINCE THERE WAS"
A Delightful Broadway Romance
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, JUNE 27
Roaring Farce for National Convention Week
Fast, Furious Fun on the Flying Heart Ranch
"GOING SOME"
By Rex Beach, Author of "The Spoilers," "Silver Horde," etc., and Paul Armstrong
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
DUDLEY AYRES AND BIG SPECIAL CAST
SUNDAY MATINEE, JULY 4—Holiday Matinee Monday
The Ideal Comedy of Romance
"THE CINDERELLA MAN"
Aglow with Youth, Love and Laughter
Introducing INEZ RAGAN as Marjorie
Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Politics and money were the outstanding factors in a dull and uninteresting stock market, which seemed to have no trend and with sales from day to day made principally by the professional room traders, here and there a specialty was advanced a point or two only to react again when the buying orders disappeared. The same may be said of those stocks that were forced lower through combined attacks by the professional seller. In other words, the market got nowhere.

Predictions of easier money are not doing well, and there is increased uncertainty as to the outlook. The Treasury operations incident to the collection of tax installments, the redemption of Treasury certificates and their reissuance, is now past, but the crops are beginning to move and the semi-annual corporation dividend and interest payments fall around July 1st, so there is no basis for anticipating a sustained ease in the money market. The Treasury operations will produce a temporary reduction in the floating debt that will give some relief.

Western bankers are urging the farmers to hold their surplus crops on the farms as long as possible, and in the event the campaign is successful, both the railroads and the banks will be benefited. The movement has some chance of success, as the farmers are generally in good shape and will be able to follow the programme with material inconvenience.

However, the railroads are not clearing up the congestion as rapidly as the situation demands and goods continue to accumulate at the various centers and the strain upon the credit facilities of the country shows little relaxation. In the event the railroads fail to measure up to the situation during the crop moving period, they will incur the enmity of the farmers and add a new factor to the political situation in the event Government ownership is made an issue.

The mixture of good and bad in the situation adequately explains the uncertainty in the stock market. The professionals, who are bearish, are not inclined to gamble too heavily that the situation will not work out, and the bulls are not inclined to gamble that it will. The bears have not found it very profitable to force prices lower, as the floating supply of stock is small and the undertone of the market is strong enough to absorb the selling.

There is plenty of favorable news that could be used to advance prices to a higher level were it not for the credit situation. Pools cannot operate successfully with call money around 10 per cent, and it requires buying power to put stocks up. On the other hand, stocks are selling at so low a level that professional bearish operators hesitate to sell stocks short. In the meantime, the market is expected to be a narrow one, until such time when credit conditions become more normal or something definite in the way of news makes its appearance that will forecast a period of easier money rates.

We feel that liquidation has been so general in Wall Street that there is little left to liquidate, and stocks have gone into strong hands. Commodity prices are now going through a period of liquidation, which will undoubtedly make for easier money rates later on and, no doubt, will be reflected quickly by an advance in the better class of securities.

Cotton—A combination of bearish news the past week brought about an easier feeling in the cotton market, with prices off about a cent per pound.

Crop reports were more favorable, due to a spell of clear weather, and while conditions are far from normal, yet any slight improvement in growing conditions was made the most of.

The big decline in wool and the unsatisfactory condition of the textile trade had also a bearish effect upon sentiment, as reports from this source would indicate that there has been a big falling off in the demand for cotton goods, and mills were now running only half time, with numerous cancellations of old orders.

There was also some selling from Liverpool on reports of poor trade outlook, and a general feeling of uncertainty in England, due to the Persian and Turkish questions, which seem to be about to embroil the entire Near East, in which England is vitally interested.

Speculative trade was rather slow, and while the market sagged lower, it was due principally to the lack of outside demand rather than any pronounced selling.

Without any help from abroad adn with weather conditions more favorable for the present, prices are expected to reach a lower level. The trade appears to be well supplied with raw material, not only here but in England as well, with stocks of cotton there well above last year's figures. Then, too, an increased supply of cotton may be expected in foreign cotton growing countries, particularly India and Mesopotamia, as a result of the extraordinary efforts beinb made by the British government to increase the production of her colonies. This to some extent will assist in meeting European requirements.

Short covering from time to time may be expected whenever the market becomes oversold, and it will also be liable to have sharp rallies on crop scares.

The continued high money rates and uncertain future outlook, together with the agitation for a general price readjustment for all commodities, should have a tendency to check any pronounced upward movement in cotton quotations for the present at least.

"I'm in doubt about the wisdom of arresting the food profiteers."

"Why? I should think you'd want them punished."

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Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29516. Dept No. 10.

Estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858 Phelan Building, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.

JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between. plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 107476. Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, to Dissolve.

NOTICE is hereby given that the application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Monday, the 26th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'cloek A. M. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE is hereby given that before said hearing any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of June. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS L. ASHE,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day oi December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that therea ter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that hy said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
5-8-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

VOL. XXXVI. No. 1464 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 3, 1920 PRICE 10 CENTS

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IN THIS ISSUE

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John McCormack's Artistic Temperament

A Few of the Fair Sex at the Convention

Financial Outlook---R. E. Mulcahy

Bryan and the Democratic Party

The Criticized Hikers of Marin

California Discovered Aviation

The Democratic Convention

Woman Proven Politicians

The Failure of Sovietism

Restoring the Missions

Suffrage in Maryland

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVI. San Francisco-Oakland, July 3, 1920 No. 1464

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Theodore F. Bonnett.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Pre-Convention Reflections

If those people who are supposedly next to the facts are to be believed, everything out at the Civic Auditorium will be all over before *Town Talk* leaves the press, except the shouting. As a consequence this offers it no alternative but a mere discussion of the signs, tangents, possibilities and betting chances with reference to the candidates selected, with no opportunity to congratulate them and the cohesive wisdom of the delegates who nominated them. That this cohesion was a foregone conclusion—naturally after the "favorite sons" had been exploited in eloquent procession—seems very evident indeed after many conversaions with delegates, and drops in at the elaborate headquarters of several of the candidates. There seems to be a general impression—except among those committed to nothing else—that the matters of prohibition enforcement and the league of nations pact should be left for the next administration to adjust. At the same time, there was a sort of timorous feeling as to the possible dominating strength of the firebrand flaming with rhetorical fireworks, that the irrespressible William J. would surely fling before the convention, and also what power the agents of President Wilson sent to boost the league of nations were going to demonstrate. Aside from these two rather dominant measures, there seemed to be no special consideration of anything except the candidates, and, with reference to these, the backers of each of the more prominent ones seemed to be equally optimistic. There seemed to be but trifling consideration of the possibility of a dark horse nomination, barring a few who thought that President Wilson might be trotted out at the last moment and nominated in spite of the openly expressed opinion of the New York delegation that such an eventually would surely mean party suicide for the party. This paper does not think so, but still clings to the oft printed opinion that he would be the best candidate yet mentioned. Failing in him the *Town Talk* editorial lounger favored Cox and Edwards most, for certain reasons many times set forth in these columns. But the Palmer workers were making a strenuous fight, demonstrating that their "Fighting Quaker' would surely poll the most votes on the first ballot, with Cox second and McAdoo a close third, in spite of his alleged positive refusal to permit his name to be presented. Edwards was easily first as far as posters and literature are concerned, showing that his obviously wet press agents have both experience and ingenuity. The Owens workers are very busy indeed in well attended headquarters; and those of Gerard seem to be believers in a dark horse candidate, who naturally, in their opinion, is sure to be ex-Ambassador to Germany. *Town Talk* makes no prognostications, further than to express its preference as to a candidate, but whomsover shall have been chosen when this editorial is read may receive in advance its hearty congratulations and almost certain promise of hearty support.

* * *

More and More Battleships!

Secretary of the Navy Daniels steamed proudly into port Saturday last on the deck of the "New Mexico," flagship of the Pacific Fleet, of which he is the civilian ruler. Since his arrival on the coast, aside from stating that he has come to "watch the nomination of the next President of the United States," he has been most emphatic in his assurances that the greatest existing need of the country is that of a larger navy and one that will be second to none. He has dilated at much length upon his coming laying of the keel of the superdreadnaught "Montana" at Mare Island, and it is to be presumed that the event will be toasted with copious draughts of crystal fluid from the spiggot instead of the more befitting sparkling vintages of California champagne. He has warmly orated to the effect that the "Montana" is to be the most formidable naval war machine ever constructed, and is to cost when finished no less than the stupendous sum of $20,000,000! She is to have twelve sixteen-inch guns, a powerful secondary battery, a speed greater than that of any craft of her class afloat, and will require a complement of something like 1500 men (if she can get them). And all of this in spite of the fact that many of the wisest heads both here and abroad are insisting upon disarmament. England has more than once called attention to the palpable fact that while she has practically abandoned battleship building, except for vessels under contract and nearly completed, our Navy Department is not only completing the vessels already contracted for, but has also been given authority for further construction but little smaller in volume—at least in capital ships—than existed during the war period. The reasons for this extraordinary expansion has not been given further than to broadly state that the country needs it. Needs it for what? Are the Departments of State and the Navy in possession of facts in respect of which they have kept the American public in ignorance? If aggression is to come, from the other side of which ocean do they expect it, and what has been threatened, or said, or done by any other nation to justify these expenditures of so many hundreds of millions? If there be such reasons, our already tax-beridden people will not complain, for nearly every mother's son of them is for America first. But if the purpose of this amazing extravagance be to expand our navy because another nation has a larger one, or because our artisans must be kept at work and the profits of the steel industries maintained, then it is their right to interpose an objection, and a forceful one at that. These taxpayers too will await with interest the final completion of the "Montana," anxious to learn whether she shall prove as well designed and constructed as to make her efficient for service, or whether she will be commissioned and then laid up in reserve on account of errors in construction, as in the case of a certain destroyer but recently finished at Mare Island.

* * *

The Failure of Sovietism

There are several of the newer so-called states outside of Lenine's Russia that have more or less adopted the soviet form of government and most of them are in all sorts of sore extremes with but small hope of relief beyond their own purely theoretic visions. The *ultima thule* of a vast majority of the peoples of the world would be a condition where governments would function under control of the popular voice, and business and manufacture conducted under the co-operative system with employer and employed equally interested and equally remunerated. This theory has been the economic religion of labor ever since there was government by the people or by monarchs; but the opportunity for practical application of it never came until after the nation-disintegrating world's war. Then came many practical illustrations of the truth of the homely old maxim to the effect that "preaching and practice won't gee." It is now a simple matter to learn from the most cursory glance at such information as comes to us from the districts most interested, that the truth of the maxim is indisputable. The people are inexpressibly contented under the co-operative system of government and econo-

mics, the entire success of which has been demonstrated; but they have no food, and starvation is staring them al lin the face and will soon strike devastation in their midst unless it be relieved by outside assistance. There is plenty of food to be had from beyond their border and they have ample funds with which to pay for it. Soviet government specifies that all wealth must be under control of it, you will understand; and this wealth is ready to be squandered for food at any price. But these expenditures that would keep the people from starvation cannot be made, for the reason that the countries most involved lack transportation for these screaming necessities, and, of course, railways must be built at once. The visionary co-operatives evidently had not foreseen any such appalling calamity as this. They had failed to consider that after all the world's builders and the world's speculators must, in the end, come into their countries and milk their treasuries out of the garnered funds, which, according to their principles of economics, naturally belonged in their own pockets. It is known that hundreds of thousands of tons of steel rails are now being contracted for to construct roads for the food supply; but it seems never to have occurred to these countries, such as Siberia and the smaller states chipped off of Russia, that they are the most fertile in all the world, and the soviet peoples should go out into the fields and raise their own food instead of being supplied with money to buy it when there are no markets anywhere within reach. Blessed indeed those lands that have stable governments and the power to keep their peoples satisfied whether they will or no!

* * *

The Fighting Greeks

Greece is the last country to file a bill of exceptions to the provisions of the league of nations. That document distinctly provides that all disputes between the smaller countries must be adjudged by it without opposition and that such adjustment must be permanent. But evidently Greece considers her present position of resolving to regain territory wrested from her by "the unspeakable Turk" as having no bearing on the provision of the league of nations; so they are completely justified in their determination to regain them by further war, inspite of the awful struggle just closed, which some people still affect to believe was for the perpetuation of the world's peace. At all events, this historic country of gallant fighters who never believed they were beaten, has given notice that they will continue their struggle until they have regained Eastern Thrace, occupied Adrianople, controlled Constantinople and the Bosphorus, and driven the Turks into Asia Minor or even further. More power to them! If they be successful they will have removed from the governmental menageries of Western Europe a diplomatic elephant which has been giving them deep concern ever since the war. They have not yet decided upon the better plan for placating or removing the depredatory Islam, and will bee decply obliged when the Greeks shall have solved the knotty problem without cost to themselves.

Restoring the Missions

Every Californian will be glad to know that there has been an earnest and active revival for the further restoration of the Spanish missions, and this time there would appear to be every indication that the good work will continue until the object sought for shall have been accomplished. The suggestion is made here that some of the missions, whose "restoration" has consisted in covering the picturesque adobe walls with clapboards and topping the characteristic structures with unsightly cupolas or belfries of wood, will be at once again reformed and restored as nearly as may be possible to their pristine form, such as were designed and constructed by the original padres. Probably the most important work now in progress is going on at Carmel, near Monterey, where, with the active co-operation of Father Mestris of that parish, the old settlement surrounding the mission is to be restored to its original condition as closely as historical research can make it. Father Mestris contemplates an early revival of his pageant on the landing of Junipero Serra, largely elaborated in comparison with its former presentations. But pictorially such a presentment would be next to impossible, for the reason that the original setting for Father Serra's landing did not include railway trestles, canning factories and shipping wharves, and he should so remodel his manuscript as to make it deal with events that followed the landing instead of attempting to reproduce that notable event in itself.

Most Famous Woman's Club in California

THE WOMAN'S ATHLETIC CLUB
As It Will Appear When the Projected Enlargement is Completed

Natalie

By Renée de Coutans

The room was dark, but the door had purposely been left wide open into the hall, and the furniture and her father's and mother's big bed were dimly visible. Natalie lay snugly curled upon herself, like a soft kitten, in her white bedstead with high white bars round it, that she might not fall out.

The most beautiful music she had ever heard her mother play rose from the drawing-room, and she was listening to it in a half-sleepy, half-wakeful enchantment. Tum-to-tum, ti-tum, tum-tum—her mother went over the passage, over and over again. The phrase was so vehement, so strong, she felt a little afraid; yet it pleased her very much. Tum-ta-tum, ti-tum, tum-tim—then followed a shower of pearls, rubies, water-drops; over and over again her mother played this too, until the liquid, jewelled notes seemed to ripply from her fingers. Then she went back, and combined the two passages, and then repeated them many times. Yet Natalie did not tire of listening, and each time her ear flew to the opening bar before her mother's fingers had returned to it.

Suddenly poor Natalie was dissolved in tears. The piano now rose to a phrase so exquisitely sweet, searching, tender, so vibrant of pitiful love, that this little girl of six was pierced with its emotion; she trembled, and a needle-like pain darted from her breast to her heart.

She wept quietly while her mother played and repeated the phrase. Each time it seemed to enclose her in a more delicious and more intimate emotion; it spoke into her ear a wish to suffer, yet be happy. "Why do I cry?" she asked herself, "and why is the pain a pleasure?" She fell asleep still wondering, with those tears of pain and pleasure on her rosy cheeks, long before her mother had ceased playing.

At tea-time the next day, called to the drawing-room, she begged her mother in a whisper, and though there were strangers, to play what she had played the night before. But when her mother did so, seeming pleased and proud that Natalie had asked, to her surprise the music gave her neither the pleasure nor the pain of yesterday. The notes spoke melodiously, plaintively, but in a vaguer way. And their meaning spread out, she seemed to notice, over the other people in the room, as though each one took a parcel of it which might have been all hers, had she been lying alone upstairs in half darkness of her little bed.

Days passed before Natalie heard her mother play again, and she ceased to wonder at her new experience. But one evening, when she had had her warm bath, had been cosily tucked in bed and kissed, her mother passed downstairs to the drawing-room, and she heard her strike some chords at the big piano which stood close to the door leading to her father's study. Natalie, drowsily enjoying the comfort of her bed, seemed to see her mother beside the piano, shining and lovely in her blue evening gown. She could see the open study door, and her father reading by the light of the pretty silver lamp with the green shade. Then, tum-ta-tum, ti-tum, tum-tum—and in a moment the rippling notes fell down the keyboard. Tum-ta-tum, ti-tum, tum-tum—her mother was not practising this time. How beautifully she played, Natalie thought. On and on she went. Then the phrase of despairing loveliness, and it seemed to Natalie she had lost the whole world—father, mother, beauty, sunshine—even her Grimm's fairy book. The grieving melody sent the same sharp thrill to her heart. On her mother went, through other and still other phrases, brooding of a mystery which quivered through and all about Natalie's bed; she seemed floating in a region of fearful anguish and of great joy.

A wail rose above the music, and the sound of sobbing. "Mother, mother," Natalie cried, in a voice that struck through her mother's heart, "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it—oh, do not play it any more!" Yet soon Natalie was sleeping and smiling peacefully, the faint trace of tears wiped away with kisses, resting on her cheeks. Mothers have such cunning ways of knowing how to soothe and comfort!

Natalie never heard her mother begin again that beautiful but dangerous Tum-ta-tum, ti-tum, tum-tum. Sometimes she wondered why her mother never played it, but she never dared to ask, and slowly the music faded, faded from her thoughts.

Many years after, one day, the same piercing thrill went through her breast again, exquisitely, and again pain and joy were intimately commingled, and she trembled and shed tears of heavenly anguish. And all the world seemed to throb with mysteries too great to understand. Then suddenly came a memory of music, and of the little Natalie listening from her white bed while her mother played. And she knew why poor Natalie had wept and trembled, and why the music of a poet's love had been a music too great for her little child's soul to bear.

The Cake

By Charles Baudelaire, Translated by Arthur Symons

I was traveling. The landscape in the midst of which I was seated was of an irresistible grandeur and sublimity. Something no doubt at that moment passed from it into my soul. My thoughts fluttered with a lightness like that of the atmosphere; vulgar passions, such as hate and profane love, seemed to me now as far away as the clouds that floated in the gulfs beneath my feet; my soul seemed to me as vast and pure as the dome of the sky that enveloped me; the remembrance of earthly things came as faintly to my heart as the thin tinkle of the bells of unseen herds, browsing far, far away, on the slope of another mountain. Across the little motionless lake, black with the darkness of its immense depth, there passed from time to time the shadow of a cloud, like the shadow of an airy giant's cloak, flying through heaven. And I remember that this rare and solemn sensation, caused by a vast and perfectly silent movement, filled me with mingled joy and fear. In a word, thanks to the enrapturing beauty about me, I felt that I was at perfect peace with myself and with the universe; I even believe that, in my coplete forgetfulness of all earthly evil, I had come to think the newspapers are right after all, and man was born good; when, incorriglble matter renewing its exigencies, I sought to refresh the fatigue and satisfy the appetite caused by so lengthy a climb. I took from my pocket a large piece of bread, a leathern cup, and a small bottle of a certain elixir which the chemists at that time sold to tourists, to be mixed, on occasion, with liquid snow.

I was quietly cutting my bread when a slight noise made me look up. I saw in front of me a little ragged urchin, dark and dishevelled, whose hollow eyes, wild and supplicating, devoured the piece of bread. And I heard him gasp, in a low, hoarse voice, the word: "Cake!" I could not help laughing at the appellation with which he thought fit to honor my nearly white bread, and I cut off a big slice and offered it to him. Slowly he came to me, not taking his eyes from the coveted object; then, snatching it out of my hand, he stepped quickly back, as if he feared that my offer was not sincere, or that I had already repented of it.

But at the same instant he was knocked over by another little savage, who had sprung from I know not where, and who was so precisely like the first that one might have taken them for twin brothers. They rolled over on the ground together, struggling for the possession of the precious booty, neither willing to share it with his brother. The first, exasperated, clutched the second by the hair; and the second seized one of the ears of the first between his teeth, and spat out a little bleeding morsel with a fine oath in dialect. The legitimate proprietor of the cake tried to hook his little claws into the usurper's eyes; the latter did his best to throttle his adversary with one hand, while with the other he endeavored to slip the prize of war into his pocket. But heartened by despair, the loser pulled himself together, and sent the victor sprawling with a blow of the head in his stomach. Why describe a hideous fight which indeed lasted longer than their childish strength seemed to promise? The cake traveled from hand to hand, and changed from pocket to pocket, at every moment— but alas, it changed also in size; and when at length, exhausted, panting and bleeding, they stopped from the sheer impossibility of going on, there was no longer any cause of feud; the slice of bread had disappeared, and lay scattered in crumbs like the grains of sand with which it was mingled.

The sight had darkened the landscape for me, and dispelled the joyous calm in which my soul had lain basking; I remained saddened for quite a long time, saying over and over to myself: "There is then a wonderful country in which bread is called cake, and is so rare a delicacy that it is enough in itself to give rise to a war literally fratricidal!"

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Opening of the Democratic Convention

By Helen M. Bonnet

Last Monday morning, for once in my life, I believe I was enviable, for I was on the brink of a brand-new and coveted sensation—I was going to a national convention whose impressive purpose is to nominate a Democratic President of the United States. My newspaper friends seemed to look upon their attendance there as a duty to be endured rather than enjoyed, as they, in their varied experiences, had explored many conventions and apparently exhausted all the enthusiasim to be obtained therefrom. Intrepidly, I admit it, in this period of equal rights, that I had never before attended a political meeting. Is it to be wondered at that I tenderly guarded my admission book, half afraid that some envious being might dextrously extract it as I was passing it to the doorkeeper; or that I was very proud of my press badge wheron beamed the countenance in bas relief of the sage of Monticello? Maybe a Republican convention would not thus have moved me, but I am a perfectly good Democrat; and could I write with a plume plucked from an angel's wing, I would devote its noblest inspiration to the cause of Democracy. I think I deserved to go to the convention, for when I was a child when one of my sisters married a Republican I thought she was guilty of some sort of heresy and secretly remembered her in my evening prayers, asking that she might not be tempted to "change from a Democrat." When I registered as a voter I exultantly proclaimed myself a Democrat, recording a mute resolve that though in individual cases I would vote for the candidate, not the party, yet my choice for the head of the ticket must always be a Democrat. Were my anticipations of the convention realized? Yes, "full measure, heaped up, pressed down and running over." The superb auditorium in festive array was decorated by every type of delegate from all over our counutry. Some, to be sure, were alternates, but I couldn't tell one from the other. Women were in the minority, but they were by no means inconsequential. Bands played, glees were sung (somewhat tamely, I must own), dear boy scouts scouted, pretty U. C. ushers ushed, and the huge audience was diplomatically worked into a state of mind whose climax would be receptivity of a Democratic leader.

I was overjoyed by the prolonged vigorous applause that rang through the house when Woodrow Wilson's picture was revealed. I didn't time the applause because I thought everybody else would. Fancy my surprise when the "Bulletin" said half an hour and the "Examiner" ten minutes! The "Examiner's" watch was wrong, I know—maybe the correspondent was having such an interesting chat with an eastern writer that it only seemed like ten minutes. The delegates marched around the hall with their state banners like boys. I gave so much attention to California's place in the parade that I missed the Roosevelt fight; I'm so sorry—I love fights.

A magnetic man walked with long, measured steps up to the stage, when Mr. Kremer, the temporary chairman, announced that Senator Phelan, Governor Smith and a lady from Colorado would escort him, and he was—where? The magnetic man was Homer S. Cummings, and he didn't need any escort. He knew his way and had a deliberate air, as if he would never deviate if he started to get anywhere. Then Mr. Cummings addressed the multitude. I suppose his was the keynote speech. If so, this convention is going to stand firmly for the league of nations, for he emphasized the fact that without it the great U. S. A. is going to look like an ostracized child who first wouldn't and later couldn't get in the game. He made it plain that without the league future national peace and progress cannot be. He left not a leg to stand on to the detractors of President Wilson, to the villifiers of the fourteen points. He excoriated the Republican party for leaving no stone unturned to block the Wilson administration. I wonder why he did that. My idea is that both parties are good, but that the Democrats are some better. But doubtless rivals in politics have to paint each other black. If I remember correctly, Senator Lodge said things about the Democrats at the Republican convention. Also, I wonder if at future conventions dominated by women, will that iconoclastic attitude disappear? The most successful women in art and society are not those who point out their rivals' imperfections and errors, but those who make their own charms and achievements so dazzling as to obliterate their rivals. However, politics is a highly complex social art and women have not been accepted for a length of time sufficient to have turned their masculine associates away from beaten paths.

Mr. Cummings dwelt upon every noble quality, deed and aspiration of Wilson, every aim and achievement of the Democratic party. When he finished I admired him for his fidelity to Wilson, for his admiration for the standards of that great patriot whose genius can not be fully realized by his contemporaries, but will be in the perspective by future generations, who will have the opportunity to reap the rewards of his foresight and steadfastness.

There were cries, "Cummings for President!" at the close of the address. If Woodrow Wilson doesn't run, my choice is Homer Cummings. He has a forcefulness, a directness, a characteristic Americanism of personality, a statesman-like technique, as if he had been trained in a school for presidents. He raised his hand in protest to silence the calls in his honor. It wasn't the time yet for nominations, but maybe he is going to be the winning dark horse.

Mr. Cummings had not proceeded very far in his speech when a woman's thin voice piped up from the floor: "What about Ireland?" A man in the gallery echoed the question, and the woman repeated her demand. "Put her out!" shouted some commanding voices in the audience. The sergeants-at-arms walked quietly to her side, spoke a few words, the woman subsided, and I daresay will abide her time. What was the purpose of the convention to her? What matters to her who is chosen President of the United States or what are the principles chosen to guide the Democratic party or any party? Ireland is to that woman the most important nation in the world—all other interests must be submerged that Ireland may achieve her desire.

Outside, women pickets stood sullenly and quietly with standards bearing pleas for America to recognize the Russian soviet government. Characteristically of Bolshevism, the soviet propagandists used helpless women and children to attain their demand, and brazenly, with anarchistic effrontery, held forth the sordid reward of commercial prosperity for us. Coming from an assembly where the names of Washington and Lincoln were uttered with those of the millions of Americans who died for the grand spiritual ideas of liberty, order and the pursuit of happiness, the sight of those standards was like a blow.

There were other unhapy-looking women holding banners asking for the release of political prisoners and urging forvigeness. Those appeals seemed to me an insult to the memory of the American boys who died for their country, a mockery to the mutilated heroes whose sacrifices made it possible for those socialistic enemy sympathizers to live and flourish in a free country.

My first convention day was so intensely interesting that I can't understand the pyschology of the blasé convention writer who claims that this convention is unexciting. I long for Thursday, Friday and Saturday, when I expect all sorts of thrills as each plank is adopted and the various candidates are placed in nomination.

Some political students claim that national nominating conventions are passing. I hope not —the American people need them to keep alive their sense of governmental values; and besides, such a huge cosmopolitan country cannot be trusted with the selective primary in the vital matter of choosing a president.

* * * *

The Second Day

By Clay M. Greene

On Tuesday, at one o'clock, the hour appointed for the second session of the Democratic convention, there were indications that interest in it was waning, for there were thousands of seats unoccupied and very litle crowding in the stream of ticket holders. But by two o'clock, so far as could be observed with the naked eye, every available seat in the great auditorium was occupied by an orderly and decidedly interested crowd of our own best people, who, to be justly critical, had a shade the best of it in smartness when compared with the visitors.

At a few minutes after two the convention was called to order by temporary chairman Homer S. Cummings, who, in that position, has proved that if he has a peer, said peer has up to now been in seclusion. Mr. Cummings was compelled to beat a very muscular and noisy tattoo with his ponderous beagle—it could scarcely be called a gavel—to quiet various groups of Palmer boomers stationed in several parts of the auditorium, and they were not very well stage-managed in such work, besides being pretty bad singers. The titanic thumping of the chairman soon discouraged them, however, and the order of business began. Several committees presented their reports, all of which were adopted with practically unanimity; and then with a splendid burst of eloquence cast a bomb of surprise into the expectant multitude by introducing Sen-

ator Robinson of Arkansas for permanent chairman. The purpose of this selection was not by any means exemplified, either by the senator's brilliancy as an orator or his more than ordinary efficiency as a parliamentary ruler, and he sorely tested the patience of both delegates and audience by inflicting upon them a campaign speech an hour and a half in length, when they were anxiously and impatiently waiting for nominations. When he had finished it was after four o'clock, and the convention adjourned, to meet on Wednesday. This second day of the convention was not enthralling in an oratorical sense, nor any other for that matter, for it seemed very difficult indeed to arouse the vast assemblage to more than a very moderate degree of enthusiasm, for all of the "pep" seemed to ooze out of it as soon as the beagle or gavel passed from the ponderous fist of Mr. Cummings to the more delicate and gentle one of the gentleman from Arkansas. Nevertheless, he managed to provoke several rounds of applause. There was one each time he referred to President Wilson or the league of nations, or when he promised what the next Democratic administration would do for the returned soldiers. He also handed out two laughs—one when he announced that there was a hospital in the building for injured delegates, a dry hospital; and the other when he referred to the Sphynx-like silence of Hiram Johnson, and said that what he must have been saying to himself on his front porch ever since his return from Chicago would be altogether unlawful to repeat.

This second day was neither enthusing nor interesting to one who sat for the first time in political convention. But of one thing there remained not the slightest doubt; that was, a Wilson crowd and a sick man in the White House held it in the hollow of his hand. Nearly every round of applause followed mention of his name or one of his policies, and all of the bursts of cheers, except, of course, when the band played "Dixie."

The Spectator

Bryan and the Democratic Party

Having expressed themselves on various occasions that they were against William Jennings Bryan occupying the presidential chair, voters of the country took him with easy tolerance as a Democratic chieftain. The part he played in Wilson's first nomination brought Bryan back into good favor, but when he quarreled with the President, there was a general feeling that as Secretary of State the sooner he resigned the better. Bryan worked against a declaration of war as assiduously as he has toiled against wine —but not so long. We assume that wine, woman and song are the three devils of the Nebraskan's tortured soul, and that he will denounce them forever. One thing in his favor is that he did not advertise his lectures as on the subject of white slavery, and then launch into prohibition, the way his fellow orators used to do. At that time it was hard to get an audience assembled for the sole purpose of hearing all about beverage. For the last year or more it has been the vital question on the street and in the home. So it was most blatant hypocrisy on the part of those who claimed prohibition not an issue before the political conventions. Prohibition is the only big issue of the day. Nothing surpassed it in the current interests of the public. Every club, every social gathering, every newspaper, vaudeville performance, banquet, hike or picnic has brought up the subject of "booze," a word that was considered somewhat vulgar until prohibition caused its entry into general use. There never was an issue before the American people if prohibition could be ignored as one. The eighteenth amendment, and the constitution itself, may last a long time, yet will hardly outlive a desire for the fermented juice of the grape. Bryan himself is but a bref episode in the life of sparkling Burgundy.

Women Proven Politicians

It is peculiarly fitting that San Francisco's first political convention should be rich in color—to which the presence of women has contributed more than a little. As I heard a man remark in the Palace, "Women, women everywhere—and I can tell you where you can get a drop to drink. Some convention, believe me!" The lobbies of all the hotels are resplendent with the fair sex, wearing their badges and talking just as politically as the men. Some have accompanied the delegates as wives or sweethearts—no, not sweethearts; that would be against the Mann white slave act. Nevertheless, they look like sweethearts, and more than a few of them appear in the newest length (or rather, shortness) of skirt. Just above the bulge of the calf is de rigeur, these rare days of June. From what I could see and hear, the male contingent can no longer assert that politics is the special domain of the male mind. The way the women talk, you would think they had learned all about statesmen, corporations and roll calls from the cradle. No wonder; have they not studied diligently in their clubs? And where is the man who has gone in for economics as he would go at a spelling book? That is just what the ladies have done. They are full of the theory as well as fact. They had a hand in platform sentiment, and were even discussing the probability of a woman for vice-president. There was Annette Adams, recently appointed from federal district attorney to assistant attorney general, and bearing all the dignity of a thorough-going Washington solon. It was said that she would not have been a disappointment after Vice-President Marshall, who must be accepted as one of the most intellectual occupants of the second chair at the capital.

* * *

A Few of the Fair Sex at the Convention

The general feeling is that, at this convention, the women have interested themselves more in research and platform work than in running for office. That is a healthy sign. They wish to improve the political situation, and are doing it. In time, the natural demand will be that they hold office as a reward for labors done. One of the busiest during the past week was Mrs. Mary Hart Kinkaid. She has charge of the publicity for the National League of Women Voters. Mrs. Kinkaid is a newspaper scribe of many years' experience at Washington, D. C., and is now connected with the Department of Labor. One recognizes at once why she was selected as chairman of the publicity committee. Intelligence is in every glance. She is stately and sweet, with wavy, gray hair and blue eyes, and a manner that has made every reporter her friend. Mrs. Kinkaid states that her committee was at times so busy that reporters were received in the hairdressers' and manicure establishments. This is politics with a vengeance. Another who has earned her share of admiration is Mrs. George Bass, chairman of the Women's Bureau of the National Democratic Committee. Mrs. Bass is a charming society dame, and shows it with superb poise. She has performed a marvellous amount of hard work, attracting admiration on all sides. Her opinion is that women, before becoming candidates for office, should demonstrate, by some public service, that they are fit for the honor. Mrs. Maud Wood Park, of Boston, is another of our distinguished visitors; as is Mrs. Mrs. Richard Edwards, who, from the village of Peru, Indiana, directs the financial affairs of the Women's League. Mrs. Shallenberger, wife of the governor of Iowa, is another interesting personality. Miss Elizabeth Marbury astonished the natives by advocating a plank for light wines and beers. And why not? Wine and beer are in the home, all over the world, and, if memory serve, at one time in this country. It still remains in some homes where the cellars are big enough. So the poor man too, thinks Miss Marbury, should have an opportunity to refresh himself. It was a mistake to assume that the women would all be in favor of prohibition. This was nothing more than propaganda of the Bryanites. Mrs. Delia Dortch, of Nashville, Tennessee, has been universally admired for her brilliant southern wit and true feminine distinction. The list would be too long for half mentioning, and perhaps naming a few is unfair to the others. However, it is the general opinion that women aided the convention in many ways, and, as far as San Francisco society is concerned, they will all be cherished in the memory of a historic week.

Women Delegates Mostly "Plain People"

Of course, wicked men pointed out a few frumps as what could be expected of women in the political arena.

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Under Management

JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

I asked Ed Hamilton, the "Examiner's" star reporter, as we stood watching the rapidly gathering horde of strangers in the corridor of the Palace Hotel, if the women delegates at Chicago were as dowdy as this or that one of those who had come to exercise the unrestricted electoral franchise at the Democratic convention. "About the same," he replied; and then again I saddened at the thought that a woman who wishes to be conspicuous should deem it necessary to array herself as unbecomingly as possible, obviously with the mistaken notion that the high-brow must laugh at fashion, the suffragette scorn any kind of tasteful adornment, and the powder puff and rouge stick must not be included in the paraphernalia contained within the telescope bag or the straw suitcase. I saw two young women, smartly dressed and well groomed, very active in and about the Cox headquarters. I expressed my delight at noting that all of the votes-for-women bunch were not alike, when I was told that these notable exceptions were from San Francisco. There were many fashionably attired women in the night processions, but I was informed that they were the wives of delegates, and almost without exception the dowdies, or nearly all of them, wore the badges of delegates. Happily enough, some of them "dolled up" a little for the floor of the convention, but the majority of them did not, and although I am a strong advocate of unrestricted rights for women, I do not like the appearance of many of the representatives of the cause.

A Woman Champion of the Wets

Up to Wednesday night there seemed but the most meager of possibilities that there would be better than a mild compromise with reference to the Volstead enforcement act, in the Democratic platform, to revive the hopes of the wets. Mr. Bryan was in the committee room on Tuesday morning, eloquent, threatening and bombastic by turns, and so was an eloquent divine named Cannon, of the M. E. Church, South, who, true to his name, discharged many broadsides of rhetorical cant into the remarks of the defenders of personal liberty. Theodore Bell was there as the representative of the California Wine Association; he and Mr. Bryan had an acrimonious tilt in which the lie was almost passed, and a Volstead victory seemed almost on the point of declaration, when a woman turned the tide, in the person of Miss Elizabeth Marbury, a delegate from New York City. Miss Marbury has for many years held a high position in the theatrical world as a play broker and manager, and has already become famous as an astute, forceful and dominating politician. She was particularly convincing, from a wet point of view, in the Platform Committee, and trembled not beneath the usually withering glance of the great Commoner. When a vote was taken on the measure, resulting in a victory for the wet 24-23, Mr. Bryan roared out his bombastic threat to carry the question to the floor of the convention, whereupon Miss Marbury declared that she would carry it further than that. The Volstead act meant prohibition for the poor and license for the rich. This was not at all in consonance with American ideas of freedom, and she would carry the fight on and on, until the Volstead act should be repealed or an amendment to the eighteenth amendment passed.

All of which reflects great credit upon Miss Marbury, but it is much to be feared that the odds against her are tremendous. Anyway, good luck to her!

A Woman Visualizes the Candidates

A woman friend of mine has been judging the presidential timber offered for candidacy at this week's Democratic convention, and while her estimate is more or less like the usual feminine plan of judging the winning chances of race horses by the colors they wear, it surely has some semblance of political wisdom about it. A round dozen of candidates have been placed in this feminine crucible, and with the following result:

Bryan is unceremoniously first eliminated because of his three successive failures as a candidate, his determination to force prohibition down the throats of the people, and, moreover, he looks much more like a narrowly orthodox parson than a President.

Edwards is considered out of the running, in spite of his fine notions of personal liberty, for the reason that his countenance has no benevolence in it, does not look like a statesman's and there is an expression in his eyes which indicates that he would, like Bryan, force his own ideas upon the people in defiance of public opinion.

Meredith will not do because of a generally unkempt and untidy appearance, and no one would feel a pride in displaying his photograph abroad as the ruler of the greatest country in the world.

McAdoo simply does not appeal, for no stated reason, but there is something in his face provoking a hunch that he will not do.

Owens is summarily dismissed because he looks more like a sharp country lawyer or an oil wildcatter than a President, and then, too, Bryan seems to have a fancy for him.

Palmer's countenance is benign and altogether pleasant, but there is a certain sort of heavy mushiness about it that suggests a likelihood of a rather characterless administration if he were elected.

Glass is passed up, not because he does not look like a statesman, but he is the living image of the young woman's father, whom she is sure would make a fussy and pig-headed President.

Colby is eliminated with regret. He is by far the handsomest of the dozen, with the possible exception of Davis, but he is the society man rather than the firm executive, and should be retained in the cabinet, unless Mr. Wilson wants him to be his successor.

Girard is the ideal banker and business man rather than the head of a great government, and Secretary of the Treasury written on his face.

The young woman's first choice would be President Wilson, because she places him among the great presidents, and, anyway, he is entitled to a third term if he wants it, but should not be encouraged on account of his delicate state of health.

The young woman had great difficulty in deciding between the remaining two candidates, Davis and Cox. A photograph of the minister to the court of St. James would be displayed abroad with keen pride, because he looks every inch the statesman and diplomat; but there is something about Governor Cox's counterfeit presentment which is especially appealing because of its strong determined eyes and benevolent mouth; and then, she very justly believes that any man who could become the Democratic governor of his state, overcoming a normal Republican majority of 100,000, is the safest man to nominate, because to win the Democrats will certainly need the electoral vote of Ohio. So Cox and any other good Democrat should, in her opinion, be nominated; and there are many others, seemingly in the know, who up to the time of the present writing agree with her.

The Lord's Prayer

When Monsignor Ryan, vicar-general of the archdiocese, opened the Democratic convention with prayer, he recited the Lord's prayer, requesting the audience to join with him. He repeated it as our Lord did in His Sermon on the Mount, and as it has since the beginning of Christianity been repeated, ending with "Deliver us from evil. Amen!" All round there was a buzz of inquiry from non-Catholics, who wondered why the prayer was unfinished, why the vicar-general omitted their customary "For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, forever and ever. Amen!"

Those words were added after the Reformation,

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and were incorporated in Edward VI's "Book of Common Prayer," but not even in the early edition. The Catholic Church has retained in its service only the original words as they were uttered by Christ, and does not recognize any addition made by man.

Suffrage in Maryland

One of the Maryland delegates last Monday, after the convention, deplored the bitter opposition of his state to woman suffrage, and added that he had become converted to the cause in the few days since his arrival in San Francisco, for the reason that all the women here vote. "When I meet a particularly charming and pretty woman of your city," he said, "I ask her, 'Do you vote?' She invariably does, and though she talks intelligently and glibly about politics, her familiarity with the polls has not rubbed off the gloss of her femininity. The Maryland antipathy to granting women the balolt is based on the fact that it would increase the negro vote; but some California women argued that it would also increase the white vote and that it would have an educational effect upon the negro women, who would learn to think for themselves when they found that they could be the means of obtaining legislation which would benefit their own condition. The California women convinced me, too, that the danger is slight of a woman of any color being led by the males of her race in voting. Women usually want their own way, and get it, black or white. There is every evidence here that equal suffrage has been benficial. The California men admit it; and what is more convincing, women who were formerly 'anti' are now enthusiastic suffragists."

California Discovered Aviation

This is a somewhat broad statement to make, but it is supported by facts many times disputed and fought in the courts by claimants in another state, and never so satisfactorily decided as to make it a matter of uncontrovertible history. The landing at Sausalito last week of three giant airplanes recalled to the writer the experiments of John Montgomery at Santa Clara University, long before the Wright brothers began theirs among the sand dunes of North Carolina, and his devices were duly patented in the late '90's. I witnessed an experiment in 1900 with a glider which attempted to soar from a hilltop near Saratoga—the machine being much like that afterwards exploited by the Wrights—but it was smashed, for the reason that the hill was not of sufficient height for the take-off. Later on the reconstructed glider was hoisted to a height of perhaps a thousand feet by a hot-air balloon. The experiments were successful, but when Brother Sullivan of Santa Clara University lost his life in one of them, Montgomery discontinued the mfor several months, and then resumed them, himself only to meet a similar fate after having established the fact that a biplane propelled by a motor would fly. After his death suits were brought by the Montgomery heirs against the Wright brothers for infringement of patents, but they had not sufficient funds to continue the fight, the suits were pigeon-holed somewhere, and the Wrights will, of course, go down into history as the discoverers of practical aviation. It is pleasing to be able to add that the true discoverer has been remembered by someone, for one of our landing stages has been named Montgomery Field.

Those Hikers of Marin

Suburbanites, commuters and all that are very virtuous people, judging by the bundles that some of them carry home—and, 'tis said, only an extremely moral person will carry bundles. It is on that account that they commute and suburb. It is not quite so obvious, though, that one reason for dwelling in or near a rural community is to assume a proper standpoint from which to rail at the improprieties of a metropolitan nature. Reference is to the complaints now steadfastly made by Marin county folk against the easy manners of San Francisco hikers. "Easy" is hardly the term for some of the things you see beyond the purview of the San Francisco police. "Disorderly conduct" is what the Mariners call it. Mill Valley and Ross people have been seeing things at night on the Tamalpais trail; and disorderly—worse than that, say some. It appears that more than a few couples take the trail for the special purpose of watching the moon come up. A mistake is made in the calendar, and no moon comes. So the next best thing is to see the sun rise, a few hours later. In view of which, some of the couples pass the night near the trail. It is the climate again. Since many of the lady hikers wear togs that in darkness cannot be distinguished from male khaki, questions of fact have arisen. Nevertheless, investigators allege that romance is part of the hiking idea; and that all is not as it should be with the big outdoors of Marin County. There is a general demand that Tamalpais should not furnish sleeping accommodations to week-end San Franciscans. If you wish to sleep, go home, say the keepers of the Tamalpais conscience. Anyway, have we not always heard that the place of woman is in the home, and especially at night. There is some logic in this; yet it will be difficult to enforce by the constables of Marin. Hikers will hike; and if they can't go any further, all they can do is stop and rest.

The Criticized Climbers

A great deal more pother than the subject in all fairness calls for has been made with reference to the young men and women who are accustomed to spend their weed-ends, free from the exactions of work, along the sunny and wooded trails of Mount Tamalpais. Complaints have been made by quiet and seclusion-loving residents in the villages along the mountain's base, declaring that these large crowds of hikers of mixed sexes do not deport themselves as reputable young people should, and that their peaceful isolation is sorely scandalized every Saturday and Sunday. Some of these complainers have gone so far as to report these alleged annoying invasions of their seclusion to the police of San Rafael, some of them making definite charges of immorality. The police, however, accustomed to make arrests only upon warrants duly issued by the proper authorities, or when they are themselves withness of wanton violations of law and order, declared that they could do nothing, and that the remedy rested with the parents of the young women who permit their daughters to wander about these trails, forests and thickets unchaperoned either by night or day. According to the unwritten laws of decorum made by the upper ten, these complainers are quite justified; but they should bear in mind that the same laws are not observed by the work-a-day lower ten thousand. These young men and women, unhappily for them as well as the complainers, have been compelled to leave the protection of the home fireside and become part of the unrestricted personal license of the factory and the store counter in order to assist in the support of that home. It is unfortunate that this continued intermingling of young men and women away from watchful eyes should be permitted to exist, but it does exist, and the rich residents of Ross, San Anselmo and Kentfield should be willing to concede that they do not control the highways or the mountain trails, and that the working poor in search of healthful pastime have as much right upon them as they have themselves. As to the way these young women hikers choose to attire themselves, whether in skirts or breeches and puttees, that is entirely their own affair, and experience has demonstrated that the latter costume is by far the most comfortable and sporty, as well as the most economical. As to the charges of immorality on these hikes, that is something that is easily controlled by ordinance, provided that officers can be found who will enforce it. As to the "rowdiness" on trains and ferryboats, which ,by the way, consists principally only of laughter and singing, that is their business too. This is a free country, its people may do as they please, provided the public morals be subserved, and the people who complain about them are of the kind who would make it a felony to drink a glass a beer and a penitentiary offense to say "damn."

John McCormack's Artistic Temperament

There was an impromptu interesting number of the Olympic Club's minstrel show at the Columbia, which exceeded in thrill the programmed events, including the merry boxing bout of Kolb and Dill. It was an exhibition of artistic temperament by the adored and amiable John Mc-

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FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department), 108 Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1920, will earn interest from July 1, 1920.
3-10 LEON BOCQUERAZ, President.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after THURSDAY, July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1920, will draw interest from July 1, 1920.
2-3-10 H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

BANK OF ITALY, corner Montgomery and Clay Streets (Market Street Branch: Junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets).—For the half year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1920, will earn interest from July 1, 1920.
J-3-10 A. P. GIANNINI, President.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.—For the half year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on savings denosits, payable on and after THURSDAY, July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1920, will earn interest from July 1, 1920.
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Cormack. The world which sits at his feet listening to his angelic voice takes it for granted that the great tenor who smiles so boyishly and often, whose tones ring with tenderness and exalted passion, couldn't simply couldn't, get "real mad" like mere ungifted people if he tried. There are countless stories of his good nature, his unselfishness and boundless generosity, and there is plenty of indisputable proof that such stories are true. But now we know that John McCormack has a bit of temper, that he can "get his Irish up," and that when he does he comes right down to earth and acts—well, just like any man in a temper.

Mr. McCormack accepted an invitation from the club to occupy a box with his family, and apparently was enjoying the performance. One of the club members made a speech about the Community Service Recreation League, for whose benefit the show was given. He talked of the great work done by the league during the war, and then lauded John McCormack for his magnificent Red Cross services. The audience applauded vigorously, of course, when McCormack's work was referred to; whereupon one of the Winged-O amateur performers became so enthusiastic that, from his unaccustomed location in the wings of a real stage, he shouted ecstatically, "A song! a song!" The untactful speaker, also becaming inoculated with enthusiasm, formally expressed the same desire, and the audience (some of it) seconded the motion by big applause. John did not grant the request, and that part of the club and the audience that realized the faux pas which had been made were becomingly embarrassed. An Olympian representative, than whom does not exist a man more careful not to impose upon other people, wound their sensibilities, or cause them embarrassment, lost no time in expressing to Mr. McCormack his regret at the awkward situation in which the honored guest had been placed. Did John smile his famous smile, shrug his broad shoulders and say it didn't matter; that he knew no discourtesy was intended, and so on? By no means! He raised his glorious voice in anger, and said words never set to music. They were delivered with an intensity, a spirit applied in operatic recitative when the tenor has to denounce a tyrant or a villainous rival (the tenor in grand opera is never the villain himself). It is related that the official, though surprised at the outburst, bore in mind that McCormack was the Olympic Club's guest, and that he must be made to feel at home, stormy mood, 'n' everything. Having relieved his mind of his opinion of the lack of taste in calling upon him to sing, dear John subsided, he and the club's regretful representative shook hands, and the incident was closed.

It is tradition in musical spheres that for hours after a recital the great artists are excitable and very sensitive. Is it any wonder? They must precede each recital by days of preparation which includes diet, repose, exercise and practice. The great event being over, they are at liberty to indulge in forbidden luxuries and let themselves go. A nervous reaction sets in, and is it to be wondered at if they are easily upset?

On that Sunday, after singing to 12,000 people in the Auditorium, John McCormack presided at his birthday dinner. He was thirty-six years old the week previous up north, but the feast was postponed until the Sunday after the concert, when he could be with his wife and children, who had remained in San Francisco during his northern tour. A few friends joined them, among whom was Monsignor Ryan, the vicar-general. From this happy group McCormack was persuaded to go to the clubs minstrel show. His nerves were still taut after the strain of the magnificent farewell concert, so no one blames him for being captious. Such incidents reveal the fact that gifted souls are not divine after all; a provision of Providence, perhaps, to keep them in mind that they are as human as the multitudes who exalt them.

Oranges and Tomatoes for Children

Oranges and tomatoes are not only of great importance commercially to California, but they are also of the utmost importance in promoting the growth of young children and in keeping them well. Prof. M. E. Jaffa, consulting nutrition expert of the California State Board of Health, has recently called attention to the newer discoveries indicating the importance of including these growth-promoting substances in the diet of young children, and the "Journal of the American Medical Association," in its last issue, has laid stress upon the special value of orange juice and tomato juice in preventing scurvy and in making babies thrive, particularly those that are artificially fed. Orange juice, because of its pleasant taste, is deservedly popular. The juices of certain green vegetables also have a beneficial effect in the dietary of the young, but oranges, not only because of their pleasant taste, but also because of their ability to withstand shipipng and wide changes of temperature without spoiling, are almost as readily available as canned tomatoes. Fortunately, tomatoes can be dried or canned without losing the properties that make this vegetable valuable in the dietary of young children. California produces an annual crop of oranges valued at $75,000,000 and a tomato crop that is valued at $6,000,000. The commercial worth of these products is tremendously overshadowed, however, by their importance in promoting the growth and health of children in almost every state of the Union, thus making them into better American citizens.

A Duchess Criticizes Our Food

Perhaps the most reasonable of all European writers that have touched upon American customs is the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre. Her style is so plausible that when she praises California oranges, we feel she must be right in declaring that American cheese is uneatable, although, of course, we can prove that it is eaten right along. The duchess likes Virginia ham, but says that our butter and cold storage meats are tasteless. We have had a suspicion of something like that; and a trip to Paris readily convinced that Praisian duchesses cannot be contradicted on the subject of tasty food. Even the French workingman knows more than many of our millionaires, when it come sto saucy little concoctions. Edison admitted that much. The French certainly know how to live. They have reduced household economy to a standard of esthetics, and we'll say that no cafeteria manager should be allowed to commit quick lunch on the public until he has had instruction from a French chef. The duchess is unkind enough to remark that we drink water. To this criticism we can only hang our heads in shame, and blush still further if we are so fortunate as to find where a bottle of claret can be bought surreptitiously. She says our ice water hurts the teeth. It also hurts the pride. We are glad that the duchess has a good word to say for the American Indian. She also relates some of our virtues to him; we do not quite understand this, since we mauled the life out of all tribal customs. Yet, after all, we may have learned something from the Indian. We have his roving nature, especially when in search of a club sandwich and beverage.

Belated Discoveries

It is learned that there are only five small farms left for sale in the delta lands of the San Joaquin, which is said to be the most fertile area in the world. But it is only within the past very few years that agriculturists had the slightest idea of its importance or that it was of any value at all for their purposes. Thirty or forty years ago it was a custom to pay a yearly duck-shooting visit into those lands, which were then a wilderness of tules, while back of them, on the higher ground, there were a few herds of sheep. In noticed, however, that here and there thrifty Chinese were conducting truck gardens, whose crops were much better than could be found anywhere else. I talked with people about these wonderful vegetables and the advisability of reclaiming the land, but it was said that to clear the ground of tules was next to impossible, to say nothing of the expense, so no one ever took the trouble to even look it over. Then, when the tremendous cost of irrigation in other districts began to cut deeply into the profits of farming, someone interested inspected the delta lands of the San Joaquin, found that they would produce as many crops a year as there was time for them to grow, and the company that bought and exploited them reaped a large fortune.

It is only within the past five or six years that anyone suspected that the vast and almost arid plains in the Sacramento Valley, if properly irrigated, would produce rice, and now this same long neglected district produces more and better rice than any district of similar area in the world. Doubtless within a very few years it will have been discovered that the best cotton, the best sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa and other valuable commodities will be earning vast profits on California lands that now produce nothing but wild grass, and very little of that.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Admiral Rodman's luncheon Tuesday aboard the "New Mexico" to the Kentucky delegates was a fine affair. There were thirty guests, including Hon. Josephus Daniels, Senator and Mrs. Stanly, Governor and Mrs. Becham, Col. and Mrs. Wright (the admiral's sister), ex-Lieut.-Gov. Breckinridge, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow and Capt. and Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm. After a sumptuous luncheon movies taken by the crew of the "New Mexico" were shown.

Miss Mary Phelan received several hundred guests at her handsome Washington Street home on Monday. The affair was in honor of the visiting convention ladies. Many local society women were invited and those who are still in town were present. Among them was Mrs. Garrett McEnerney, who had been an interested spectator at the convention.

Miss Phelan was distinguished-looking, attired in a handsome black satin gown, decorated with silxer beads. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Florence Mullin and by her nieces, Mrs. Frederick Murphy and Miss Gladys Sullivan

Miss Sullivan was a picture in a gray tricollette afternoon gown, ornamented by steel beads and a wonderful jade chain. The guests were dressed in all sorts of afternoon attire—whatever accorded with their idea of the proper gowning for midsummer gatherings in the west—silk sweaters being in evidence in company with smart tailored frocks, fluffy organdies and crisp silks.

Mrs. Arthur E. Banks gave a dinner party at her home to a number of eastern friends who are delegates to the convention. Later they drove down the peninsula, returning to Techau Tavern for a supper dance.

Tuesday evening at Tait's-on-the-Beach, Judge McGill and Charles Denny entertained Capt. and Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm at dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fennell are motoring to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormack have been entertaining Capt. and Mrs. F. P. Helm at their beautiful home in Santa Cruz, adjoining the golf links.

Del Monte

The season of summer activities is now in full sway at Del Monte, the popular seaside resort almost midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Visitors from the south and valley points in California are starting to put in an appearance..

There is an interesting schedule for the summer at Del Monte, Pacific Grove and Pebble Beach. July 4th will see a celebration at historic old Monterey, with the U. S. dreadnought "Idaho" at anchor in the bay to participate in the events.

The golf tournament is to take place on the famous Del Monte links, and Pacific Grove is having an appropriate celebration.

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On July 17h and 18th there will be an aquatic circus, including a novelty water baseball game between a team from the Olympic Club and Del Monte in the Roman plunge.

The California junior championship, open to boys and girls of sixteen and under, is on the cards for July 19th to 22nd.

The California state golf championship will follow on September 4th to 12th.

There will be a horseback excursion to the deserted Indian village at Pebble Beach on July 28th. On this day the youngsters will make merry at a picnic and in a series of sport games.

The annual Del Monte tennis tournament takes place August 6th to 8th.

A fishing cruise in Stillwater Cove will be held August 18th.

There will be a number of golf exhibitions and week-end competitions.

Del Monte will have one of the busiest seasons in its history this summer.

Del Monte Attracts Many for Holidays

Del Monte's summer activities are ushered in on the Fourth of July, and promise an interesting week-end of sport and social doings. The preliminary Flag tournament on Friday, July 2nd, will be a pleasant diversion for those who come early to Del Monte for the holiday period. It is an appropriate competition and enjoyable for the champion, as well as the man who thinks he is in the "dub" class.

The regular annual Independence Day tournament begins on Saturday with qualifying rounds of eighteen holes, and is open to men and women. Entries have been received to date from golfers who have been visitors at Del Monte during the summer event for a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown of San Francisco, who have just returned from an eastern tour, are among the devotees of golf who will be at Del Monte for the tournament. Mrs. Brown is the only daughter of the brilliant Mrs. I. Lowenberg, writer and philanthropis. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Neville, who make their home in Burlingame, will come to Del Monte in a few days, to remain a month or so. Needless to say, the entry of Jack Neville in the list of contestants adds interest to the holiday tourney. Mr and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E Worden, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Monteagle and Mr. Kenneth Monteagle, and Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and family and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walton Tully are among the prominent families who have engaged accommodations at Del Monte and who are active participants in social affairs at the Lodge and Del Monte, as well as enthusiasts in out-of-door diversions.

Among the entries received for the golf tournament are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Count and Countess de Limur, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. A. H. Vincent, all of San Francisco and the peninsula; and from Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Goodfellow and Mr. L. L. Cory. Mr. Phil O'Connell of Stockton has made reservations for the holidays at Del Monte.

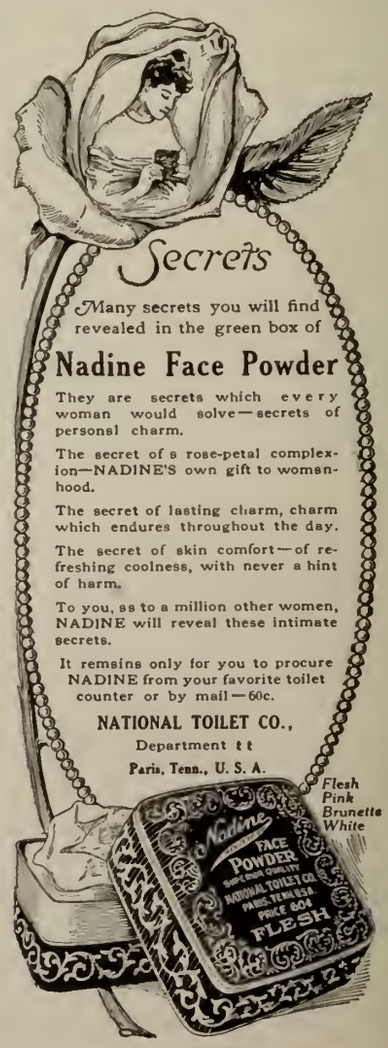
The U. S. S. "Idaho" is expected to arrive in the harbor off Del Monte in time for the festivities. The officers will form a pleasing addition to the gay social circles at the hotel, and dinner pances and special parties are planned at the Lodge and in the palm grill at Del Monte.

Mrs. J. T. M. Johnston and her daughter, Dorothy, have returned to Del Monte. Their home is in St. Louis, and they have been enjoying a lengthy season at the Monterey resort, with occasional shopping trips to San Francisco.

In Monterey Bay, off Del Monte, the scene is a picturesque one. Yachts and motor boats find pleasant sailing in the historic harbor; fishing boats of gay color are numerous; trading vessels ply their way and forth. Over the Independence Day holidays the U. S. S. "Idaho" will lie at anchor off Del Monte, imposing and stately. The officers of the ship will participate in the gaieties at Hotel Del Monte, and special dances and dinner parties are being planned in their honor.

Captain John Barneson, internationally known as a yachtsman and fisherman, is a frequent visitor at Pebble Beach. His yacht "Invader" is a familiar boat in the cove. Captain Barneson is president of the Fishing Club. He is building a new motor boat for fishing, and it is expected that it will be ready shortly to augment his fine fleet of pleasure craft. Mr. Herbert Fleishhacker, well-known banker and financier of San Francisco and New York, is building a beautiful new power boat, which it is declared will be one of the finest on the coast. Mr. Francis Carolan, a familiar figure in the field of sports, is also an enthusiastic yachtsman and fisherman. He enjoys vacation days now and then at Pebble Beach and delights in a yachting cruise.

Mrs. Cornelia Staver of New York, who has been making her home at Del Monte for the past



month or so, surprised her friends by her marriage the other day to Mr. C. E. Gilman of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman and little Miss Staver will remain at Del Monte for an indefinite time. Mrs. Gilman's mother, Mrs. Julia E. Hood, and her sister, Mrs. Alice H. Cohen, are also in the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Hyman of New York are enjoying the cool, pleasant days at Del Monte. On a recent fishing trip Mr. Hyman and Mr. Taylor Stanley, also of New York, brought in a fine batch of bass, and a fish dinner was arranged and served to their party in the palm grill.

Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux and her two charming daughters, who visited Del Monte from New York last season, are again at the resort, indulging in horseback riding, swimming and other out-of-door diversions.

Sports at Del Monte

The date for the California state championship for men has been announced by the California Golf Association, September 4th to 12th. It will be staged at Del Monte on the two courses. It will be an innovation to make use of the two courses for the holding of the championship. Eighteen holes of the qualifying round are to be played at Del Monte No. 1 course and eighteen holes at the Pebble Beach course, the new seaside links. Officers of the California Golf Association expect an entry of over 200, which will include all of the best golfers on the coast.

The Del Monte women's championship will be held at the same time as the state title event for men.

Duke Kahanamoku, holder of many world's championship sprint records, gave an exhibition of his skill at Del Monte recently. The famous Hawaiian also strolled up to the golf links and proved that he is a fair good golfer. His well developed shoulders enabled him to get in some lusty licks, and he got long distances with all of his drives.

The outstanding feature of the Del Monte girls' swimming carnival this year was the remarkable comeback of Dorothy Becker. This girl has had an unusual swimming career. When she was five years of age she was such a hopeless cripple that physicians advised her parents that she would have to be taken to the seaside if hopes for her life were to be entertained. The result was that she developed into one of the strongest and most shaply of th array of mrmaids who performed at Del Monte. Her appearance at Del Monte was the first in active competition in five years, and she made good by winning the Pacific Association 100-yard junior championship and in winning the breaststroke and landing third in the diving competitions. The girls' swimming carnival was a big success, and it is expected that some of the participants will be selected to make the U. S. team that will go to the Olympic games at Antwerp.

Members of the Del Monte Club have hailed with interest the announcement that Captain Tate will be a member of the U. S. army team that will play in the international polo tournament at the Olympic games. Captain Tate played at Del Monte two years ago as a member of the Seventh Cavalry team, which came up from the Texas border. He made an impression at that time as a wonderful, hard hitter and a good man with the mallet. The chances are that he has improved and will be an important factor in the game.

TECHAU TAVERN

A. C. MORRISON, Manager
"America's Handsomest Cafe"
247 POWELL STREET
Douglas 4700
ENTERTAINMENT EVERY EVENING
ARTISTS' REVUE
DANCING
(Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra)
LUNCHEON DAILY—12:00 to 2:00 P. M.
AFTER THE THEATRE
APPETIZING SUPPERS
DAINTILY SERVED

What a silk hat is to a conjurer, a lace veil is to a woman. Why, even the kizard Maskelyne himself can't compete with her once she gets that veil and a few pins in her hands. She'll twist it and turn it and drape and festoon it, nutil that quiet, unassuming little hat quite loses its identity, or, like some versatile actress, becomes at will a coquette, a countess, a penitent, or a prude. Oh, no. Though probably if you did buy one But they'he not cheap, those miraculous trifles. you would agree with the chap with the headache the morning after the night before that "it was worth it."

Techau Tavern Attracts Convention Delegates

Techau Tavern, always popular with the dancing and music-loving San Franciscan, is doubly attractive during the week by virtue of the many eastern visitors and officials who are taking the opportunity afforded by the Democratic convention to see many of California's famous sights and places. Dinner parties find many well-known national figures dining amid the harmonious surroundings of this feature restaurant, and entertainment is by no means overlooked. The Techau Tavern dance orchestra, which is San Francisco's foremost attraction, is claiming many devotees, while the big artists' revue, with its charming bevy of pretty , talented girls, charms its many hearers with the latest in song and dance hits. Lucky dances, featuring Hilson's ladies' toggery orders and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes for the lucky patrons, are an added attraction. The tea dansants every Saturday afternoon are also a popular attraction of Techau Tavern.

Casa Del Rey

The climax of the season is being enjoyed by the many guests of the Casa Del Rey, which is filled to capacity just now.

The Santa Cruz Country Club is also a great attraction at present, as they are having a golf tournament over the Fourth, and offering some beautiful trophies.

Some of the San Franciscans who are spending the holidays at the hotel are: Messrs. and Mmes. Paul M. Nippert, Sylvan Davis, Charles W. Pike, A. J. Blumenthal, Garfield H. Pollack, Dr. and Mrs Woolsey.

Mrs. Alfred S. Hammersmith and her party, who have been making quite a stay at Del Monte, are now stopping at Casa Del Rey.

Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille, wife of the well-known producer of movie plays, has been making quite a visit here with her daughter, Miss Cecillie, and her mother and father, Judge and Mrs. Adams. The party has just returned from a trip to Yosemite, where they spent several weeks.

Girls of Today

To be the mother of daughters and then have it positively shouted at one from every newspaper that there are three million women too many in this country alone is a trial to the bluntest susceptibilities, but as a friend said recently, "Why worry? Women can do anything in these days, and by the time your girls have grown up perhaps one of them can be President if she likes?'

Once women were brought up with the sole object of matrimony ahead, the sooner the better for them. Today they have other hopes and interests, and a great deal of the world's work is falling on their shoulders, and marriage is a thing that may be, but is not, nearly so all-important as before.

There are two main types of women and always have been,—the woman who is essentially fitted to be the wife and mother, and unless she marries and has children will pass through existence with all the best of her nature undeveloped, and the woman to whom matters of the brain and scope for her mental activities count as the most important side of life.

As my friend truly said: "There is nothing a woman can't do." Congress, the law courts, the bench are admitting her to their sacred precincts. She can take her pick of the learned professions, she will have no Mother Grundy scolding her if she sets up in a bachelor flat or goes her happy way through Bohemia and the artistic world. She is free. What that freedom really means the girls of the coming generation will never entirely understand. Only the women who have fought, who have suffered from the tirades of irate parents, the sneers of the world, and the rough and tumble of their pioneer way, the women who have shaken off their fetters and broken down the barriers of public opinion—only those women can fully understand the difference that freedom makes.

The problem of our daughters will settle itself. Given a good education and that infinitely harder achievement on the parents' part, a good upbringing, the modern young woman will be able to settle her own problems of life for herself, and no bugbears of inequality in numbers need worry her or give cause for anxious forebodings.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29518. Dept. No. 10.
Estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
EDWIN R. CLARK, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29519. Dept. No. 10.
Estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA D. BOOTH Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
LAURA D. BOOTH, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29520. Dept. No. 10.
Estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JACOB K. LANDIS, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

The Stage

Antonio Scotti Opera Co.

It has been said that one of the most potent influences for the development and encouragement of young artists at the Metropolitan Opera House has been the kindly interest which the famous baritone, Antonio Scotti, who will bring 150 people from the Metropolitan Opera House to San Francisco for a week of grand opera in October, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, has taken in nearly every young singer who has grown up with that famous organization; ever ready to assist and to give the young aspirant to operatic fame the benefit of his knowledge of stagecraft and acting. Scotti's has often been the guiding hand which has helped the struggling debutante over the shoals of their first "first season" to success.

The chief secret of the almost instantaneous successess which Mr. Scotti's grand opera company attained from the very start lies in the master hand which directs every performance. Whether the great baritone is singing in the cast or not, his watchful eye is upon every scene, and no detail, no matter how seemingly trivial, is allowed to escape his critical notice. He personally conducts all stage rehearsals, and from the most insignificant "prop" to the most elaborate and gorgeous stage setting, everything must be correct.

This is the reason that the performances of the Scotti Grand Opera Company are different from those we have been accustomed to witness as given by traveling companies. They are finished productions, given with faithful attention to traditional detail both in musical interpretation and stage direction.

Once asked why he was so particular, when one of the artists who was singing a minor role missed his entrance music cue by a few bars, he replied: "Yes, I suppose perhaps no one may have noticed it in the audience, but I knew it, and things must be done right to please me. Perhaps there may be only one or two Italians in the audience who knew that the words were wrong, but they knew it."

Alcazar

There will be another infusion of new blood in the remarkably fine company at the Alcazar next Sunday, July 4th. Inez Ragan, a young eastern leading woman of charm, magnetism and alluring blonde, blue-eyed beauty, will make her first San Francisco appearance as the heart-hungry little heiress in Edward Childs Carpenter's ideal comedy of youth, love and laughter, "The Cinderella Man." She should prove a delightful foil to tall, dark, gracefully poised Dudley Ayres as the poor but optimistic poet. Mr. Ayres won smashing overnight success and is established as the most popular and artistic leading man the Alcazar has had in years. "The Cinderella Man" had a whole year of success at the Hudson Theatre, New York. It is the humorous and pathetic story of the poor little rich girl, fresh from convent, lonely in a mansion, who plays Santa Claus to the struggling poet, starving in his garret, whose verses have captured her romantic fancy, and who is mistaken by him for her own maid. The play has the tenderness, poetry and humor of "Peg o' My Heart." The hand picked cast includes Miss Ragan as Marjorie Caner, Mr. Ayres as Anthony Quintard, Brady Kline as the lawyer, Henry Shumer as the doctor, Rafael Brunetto as the millionaire, Ben Erway as the society dawdler, Fred Green as the composer, Al Cunningham as the gentle old valet, Walter Belasco as the butler, Jean Oliver as the French maid, and Anna MacNaughton as the Great-She-Bear.

"On the Hiring Line," to have first Pacific coast production Sunday, July 11, is George C. Tyler's recent New York laughing success by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, based upon the all-absorbing servant problem, with three love stories and a very funny undercurrent of detective mystery.

An Actress Playing Housewife

To see dainty Liane Carrera on the stage or at the smart functions at which she has been the motif in local society during her month's visit in San Francisco, one would scarcely guess that her favorite occupation is housework, though the number of her elegant accomplishments is legion. If the little lady had to do it, she would doubtless protest as vigorously as the rest of womankind do when they have to perform the household drudgery, either through lack of funds or scarcity of servants.

Recently, when calling on some friends in Clay Street, the hostess mentioned that her cook had gone on a vacation. Liane's eyes danced as she said: "I can cook—I should love to come out and cook a dinner, and you have such a large family to cook for that I'd enjoy it tremendously."

One day she asked her guardian, Charles F. Hanlon, whom she has known since she was five and who is the executor of the estate of her late mother, Anna Held: "Charlie, why don't you invite me to go to your nice house on Jackson Street?" He told her it had been closed for months and was in no condition to be even a temporary abode of guests. Miss Carrera's anxiety to visit the interior but increased with such information, and her housewifely skill yearned for exercise. Knowing that Mr. Hanlon's chauffeur occupies, with his wife, a Japanese dwelling in the garden, the resourceful young lady went out there and persuaded the chauffeur to admit her to the Hanlon abode, but pledged him to secrecy.

Yes, indeed, what the owner told her was too true. "These poor, silly bachelors don't know how to take care of their houses and all their pretty furniture!" she sighed. Mr. Hanlon had told her that one of his sisters had promised to superintend the renovating of the house some time before fall, but Liane decided that there is no time like the present.

When she perceived the ravages which moths were making in a two thousand-dollar Turkish rug, she telephoned to a cleaner to come immediately and get it. While waiting for his arrival, she made an inventory of curtains and other articles to accompany it. Her next step was to dash downtown and buy a working dress and outfit and also another for her friend, Miss Helen Walsh of New York, who is her guest on the trip, and whom Liane persuaded to join her in a housecelaning orgy. The two girls went back to the house, sent for some Japanese housecleaners and were soon busy turning the house inside out. Liane, not content to be a mere superintendent, scrubbed floors, polished furniture and cleaned silver. This continued for a few days from morning until evening, when the girls returned to the St. Francis, where Mr. Hanlon usually joined them for dinner. When everything was spic and span they told him they had a beautiful surprise for him; then they drove him out to his own house. Of course he was surprised and so pleased that he readily consented to Liane's suggestions for a few "inexpensive" alterations, renovations and even new furnishings. "I'll order what is necessary, Charlie, and you don't have to trouble about anything except to pay the bills," was Liane's assurance. For several days, the busy attorney's prosaic legal messages were brightened with such tidings as, "After the drawing room walls had been done so artistically, the hall looked shabby, so I'm having it done over also"; "You must have a tea wagon, so I picked up a dream down town"; "I've converted one of your guest rooms into a den for you and I know you'll be delighted with all the lovely comfy things I've selected for it"; "Your huge Chinese vase looks awfully out of place in the living room so I've made its raison d' etre the cutest little Chinese reception room"; "Your bedroom has an entirely new color scheme, Charlie, you won't recognize it"; "It is hopelessly demodé to have any but an all-white kitchen, so now you have one"; "There was nothing the matter with the dining room but I thought you must be tired of the walls the way they are, so I'm having them done in tapestry; of course, new curtains too. Maybe the price seems high, but they are lovely and I want you to remember me every time you look at them"; "By the way, your lot is deep and what do you think if I add a darling Swiss breakfast room?"

And now Mr. Hanlon is contemplating hastening the departure of his pretty client to Seattle to attend to her property there before her passion for interior decoration depletes his own bank account unto the condition where there won't be any high wages left to pay the servants to keep the place up to Miss Carrera's standard of order, especially as he entertains no immediate notion of living in the house.

The first thing this home-loving girl did when she found herself in possession of her mother's fortune was to buy a farm near Yorktown, New York state. There was an ancient house upon it, dating from the Revolutionary period; indeed, Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau had once stopped there. That the place was dilapidated did not discourage Miss Carrera, who lost no time in remodeling it. She invited some of her New York stage friends to visit her, and allowed them to entertain themselves to their hearts' content playing house. During week-ends there were fascinating living pictures of leading men engaged in painting floors, whitewashing fences, enamelling bath tubs and raking the furnace, while Broadway prima donnas arranged China closets, marked table linen, hemmed sheets and promised to wash dishes "next time."

Why He Went

Bank Client—Halloa! What's become of the old cashier?

New Cashier—He's gone away.

Client—For a rest?

New Cashier—No; to avoid arrest.—London Tit-Bits.

ALCAZAR

THIS WEEK—REX BEACH'S LAUGHING HIT
Swift, Speedy Farce—"GOING SOME"
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, JULY 4
Extra Holiday Matinee Monday
Edward Childs Carpenter's
Comedy of Ardent Youth, Love and Laughter
"THE CINDERELLA MAN"
An Ideal, Heart-Warming Romance
The Alcazar Company
DUDLEY AYRES AND INEZ RAGAN
SUNDAY MATINEE, JULY 4—First Time Here
Geo. C. Tyler's New York Comedy Success
"ON THE HIRING LINE"
Merry Exposition of the Servant Problem
By Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford
Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, $1.00
Matinees, Sunday, Thursday, Saturday—25c, 50c, 75c
Extra Holiday Matinee Monday, July 5

The Hare in March

Elusive is the word for a hare, but at the breeding season in March the instinct of self-preservation wanes before sex passion, says Professor J. Arthur Thomson in the "Star."

The cautious hare becomes reckless of danger, showing itself in the open at all hours of the day. The bucks race about at a high speed searching for coy does, and chasing them in circles when they find them. Rivals fight savagely, kicking with their kind legs and boxing with their paws —a common trick is for one to jump over the over, kicking back as he clears, and this is sometimes fatal to the under hare. When exhausted with racing and fighting, the rival bucks sit and stare at one another by the half-hour. Then one will suddenly get up and dash over the lea, not with the usual easy loping canter, but at a tearing gallop.

We smile at one another, and say: "March hare—"

The contrasts between hares and rabbits are many, and there is no love lost between the two species. It is plan that the hare has been specialized for a much more adventurous life, and in correlation with the abandonment of the burrowing habit (of which, however, there are interesting reminiscences) the leverets are born furry and open-eyed—impatient to leave the nest —very different from the naked young of rabbits.

In many countries the hare has become the type of alertness and astuteness, and the first of these qualities is certainly characteristic. Although it does not sleep with its eyes open, it is rarely to be caught napping; it seems always in training, and we have never seen any fat in the usual place below the swin. The hare is the origin of "B'rer Rabbit" stories.

Why Does the Cuck-oo?

In a very short while the feathered homebreaker once again will fling in soft tones across the greening countryside the welcome leisurely distinct "cuck-oo—cuck-oo!" that joyous spring sound that brings a queer glad lilt of the heart to the human auditor—and strikes terror and anger and fear into the hearts of the nesting birds. A glimpse into this strange bird's domestic "manners" may help to dispel, among other things, the hazy illusion that the cuckoo "doesn't lay its own eggs." Many a small ruined nesthold later will show too plainly that not only does it do so, but that it knows only too well where to deposit them, writes Charles Boff in "John o' London's Weekly."

It remains still to be decided whether the male finds the nest and leads his mate to it, or whether she "scouts" for herself; whichever it is, a certain tree-top is chosen from which the home-seeking bird may carefully "quarter" the ground. The victims chosen vary at intervals. One year pied wagtails in a certain locality may be chosen; another, skylarks or pipits, redstarts or bramblings, and so on. For the cuckoo is guided by the position and natural appearance of the nest rather than by the color of the eggs therein, and naturally favors the kind in which itself was reared. The coloring of its eggs is, of course, quite beyond its own control. Occasionally a home-wrecker will go very wrong in its choice; for a cuckoo's egg found in a wren's nest, for instance, very seldom imitates in coloring those amongst which it is placed, while those deposited in the hedge-sparrow's nest in this country are never blue. Yet cuckoo's parasitic upon the hedge-sparrow in other countries invariably lay blue eggs, which imitate wonderfully the genuine thing. The egg is not directly deposited in the nest, but is carried in the bill of the hen, or its feet, and placed carefully in the foster-parents' nest. The cuckoo does not suck these others, but carries them away some few yards and drops them; though as often as not she leaves them entirely alone. It is the hatching cuckoo's province to attend to these.

Poison of Decorative Art

In the course of a lecture on "Architecture, the Mistress of Arts," Professor G. Baldwin Brown stated that style in the decorative and industrial arts could only be secured by the subordination of the part to the whole, whereas the picture painter claimed for his work complete independence. In painting and sculpture as practised in the modern spirit, the watchword was "Nature," and naturalism might be almost described as the poison of decorative art. Hence schools of design should be under the control of architecture, and painting and sculpture have theeir home elsewhere.

The Thinnest Thing

The thinnest thing in nature is the black spot appears on a bubble before it bursts, says "Everyday Science." That black spot is the center of a number, usually five, of concentric rings on the skin of the bubble, which form as the skin weakens. The thickness of these rings decreases by regular steps towards the center, and the bubble is so thin that it cannot reflect light, and therefore appears black. It is about seven molecules thick. But mica has been split by man into layers only one molecule thick.

Conscious of Error

A little girl was asked, upon her return home, how she liked the singing of the congregation in the church.

"I liked it very much indeed," she said, "although all the people said it was bad."

"All the people said it was bad! What do you mean, my dear?"

"Oh, it was so bad that I heard the people praying, 'Lord, have mercy upon us miserable singers.'"—London Tit-iBts.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 25917. Dept. No. 10.

Estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
FRANK P. FINLEY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON GUARDIAN'S APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
Department No. 10, Probate. No. 16330.

In the Matter of the Estates and Guardianship of FELICE BORRONO and GIULIO BORRONO, Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed herein by MARIA LEONARDINI, formerly MARIA BORRONO, the guardian of the persons and estates of FELICE BORRONO and GIULIO BORRONO, Minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards, on the ground that the sale thereof would be beneficial to said wards and for the best interests of their estate;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court on Monday, the 19th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day ,in the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall (Civic Center), of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing, in the TOWN TALK, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, June 21st, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, June 21, 1920
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardians,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of CHARLES F. HANLON, rooms 501-504 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator of the Estate of
WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, June 29th, 1920. 7-3-5

NOTICE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, the undersigned, EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and designation of PACIFIC COAST PIANO REPAIR SHOP; that the principal place of business carried on under the said fictitious name is at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that I am the sole owner of the said business; that my full name is Edward E. Schroeder, and my place of residence is No. 36 Steiner Street, San Francisco, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 29th day of May, 1920.

EDWARD E. SCHROEDER.

Endorsed: No. 5102.
Filed June 4th, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of June, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, known to me to be the person described in, whose name is subscribed to and who executed the annexed instrument and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Speculative interest in the stock market was at a low ebb the past week, and what little trading there was seemed to be for the local New York element. Many traders are away for the summer holidays, and those that are inclined to trade do so from day to day, taking either a small profit or loss—not caring to take a decided stand on either side of the market.

There was really nothing new to take the market out of its present rut. Traders are hopeful of an advance after the holidays, but don't give any reason except that the average trader is looking for a more favorable money market after the July dividend disbursements are out of the way. Money rates have been high for so long a period that they cause no adverse comment.

Crop news was more favorable as far as the middle west is concerned, where the bulk of the grain is raised, and promise a larger yield than last month, which will be reflected in the government's July report.

The railroad situation shows some signs of improvement, as far as freight conditions are concerned, although there is still a lot of unrest amongst labor which threatens to break out into a strike unless the labor board awards them an increase in wages. Railroads are expected to receave a 25 per cent increase in rates, and, with the enormous business present and prospective, there is very indication of prosperity for them for a long time to come. The outlook for the equipment companies is far better than it has been for years. Foreign orders, if they could be financed, would keep all equipment plants active for a long time to come, and if railroads in this country ordered all cars and locomotives they actually need, full capacity would be employed for years.

As to the general business outlook, a change is taking place, but it is more in the nature of a correction of those faults which have caused so much apprehension within the past few months. The wave of price cutting seems to have subsided, although it may be regarded as representing a check in the upward movement, and the confirmation of the statement in many quarters that the peak of the high prices has been reached. The curtailment of extravagance is one of the important factors governing the present economic situation.

The steel trade is feeling the car shortage and it is causing a large accumulation at the mills, while the railway congestion is interfering with the delivery of raw material, threatening a reduction in the output. The situation has been further complicated by cancellations of large orders from the Orient, due to the financial troubles in Japan. Shutdowns have occurred in many industrial plants through inability to move goods and in others because of the hesitancy on the part of retailers to make further purchases, while the public revolt against high prices continues.

Leaving out of consideration all other stock market influences and other factors, the great sustaining power to prices is the knowledge that the market has been sold to a standstill. Reactions will come as a matter of course, but the most pessimistic bears do not look for a wide open break, since the technical position is so unfavorable to the destructive side. That there are many new and genuine influences at work in the market no one will concede, and until there are, it is not probable that the public will come in to any extent. At the same time, opinion appears to be that, when the advance looked for does begin, it will not be from a much lower level than the one prevailing.

Cotton—Everything in the way of news seemed to be on the side of the bears the past week, and they made the most of it by forcing a decline throughout the list.

Spot cotton seemed to be more plentiful, and with an indifferent demand from abroad and the domestic mills apparently out of the market, for the time being at least, traders became so bearish that they not only sold the new crop months but attacked the old crop months as well, forcing the July option off two hundred points.

The weather in June punctured the bull market to a considerable extent; the top-heavy long interest was liquidated and a short interest, one of the greatest sources of strength in a bull market, has been built up.

The situation in the crop has been favorable of late—so favorable, in fact, that the general tenor of advices received from planter correspondents has changed from one of despondency to a tone almost approaching enthusiasm.

Hot, dry weather in just the exact proportions needed for a couple of weeks straight made such an improvement that many districts were reported to have larger crops in sight than at any time in recent years. However, the market is pretty well sold out, and should there be a change in the weather with excessive rains, it would mean a change in sentiment that would bring about a quick recovery.

As far as the general goods trade is concerned, bulls have to contend with the pessimism occasioned by the falling off of public purchases of cotton finished goods and the consequent weakness of the textile markets.

The money market is also a factor, as any advance of consequence would be immediately followed by a contraction in available funds, which would force liquidation. The drastic decline in silver, as well as the smash in the silk market, is having its effect, as it has cut down the purchasing power of the Far East to a point where the cotton mills of England are feeling the pressure. With the falling off of this business, the English markets have been easier in consequence.

Recent advices from England indicate a possibility that spinners in that country may be forced to make price concessions in order to keep their mills going at the rate at which they have been working during recent months

Cotton has had a good decline, and while prices may work some lower, as long as crop conditions remain so favorable, we have yet to hear from the boll weevil, which usually makes his appearance felt in July, and this year will be no exception to the rule, as the weather has been very favorable for an increase in this pest, and once he gets busy there will be many complaints of damage, which will keep the short sellers busy covering on the advances that will take place from an oversold condition.

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Assets	$64,107,311.15
Deposits	60,669,724.15
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,437,587.00
Employees' Pension Fund	318,780.48

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29516. Dept No. 10.

Estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858 Phelan Building, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JAMES INGHAM, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 26th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.

JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

No. 107476. Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, to Dissolve.

NOTICE is hereby given that the application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Monday, the 26th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE is hereby given that before said hearing any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of June. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS L. ASHE,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate, and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-8-10

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

VOL. XXXVI. No. 1465 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 10, 1920 PRICE 10 CENTS

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Stage and Society
Prohibition Prices

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVI. San Francisco-Oakland, July 10, 1920 No. 1465

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Thomas F. Bennett.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Democratic Candidate

The forecast appeared in these columns last week. Expressed in a trivial way, perhaps, but nevertheless by a careful process of elimination from a point of view distinctly feminine, the result spelt James M. Cox of Ohio, who in this opinion has a little better than an even chance of being the next President of the United States. In this opinion too, the selection of his name as the standard bearer of the Democratic party proved the wise foresight of the assembled delegates, for it is the most crucial period in the party's history, and a candidate must be selected who would combine all of the essential requirements of a sure vote-getter. Those requirements James M. Cox possesses in a high degree, and there is not one of them which he may be said to lack. First of all, a substantial fact was emblazoned on the Cox banners: "With Ohio and Cox we can win," and his past performances in carrying a normally Republican state in three successive elections disposes of what doubt may exist in that quarter. He is a candidate of the common people, risen from the people, and the fact that in his boyhood he was a printer's devil will win for him hundreds of thousands of votes. On the prohibition question, he may be said to entertain opinions that are neutral, but then all save one of the candidates were that, and about the Cox headquarters his managers wink knowingly to enemies of the Volstead act, while to the pronounced dry they declare that on that point "he's all right." He is young for a presidential candidate, which will be a strong point in his favor in respect to the first voters; he looks like a President, and his three dominating terms as governor are proofs that he will be a virile and forceful one: he is a man's man and a woman's man: a firm executive, a brilliant orator, a staunch friend, a just foe, and, in short, a piece of presidential timber free from checks or knots. He was not the Administration candidate, but for that matter the Administration busied itself far more with getting its platform over than in insisting upon equal obeisance with reference to any particular candidate, though it would have liked McAdoo. But when the Washington delegation switched from Palmer to Cox and other Administration groups slowly followed, it became apparent that the bars were up and the candidate from the state of presidents let through without Washington's dissent. So, altogether, Democrats have every vital impellent to genuine enthusiasm in the nomination of James M. Cox, and who shall say that in him they have not unearthed another man of destiny?

* * *

The Platform

This document is probably the longest ever laid before any political party as an expression of its beliefs, purposes and governmental theories, and yet, in spite of its amazing redundancy of verbiage, it is also perhaps the best, in that it leaves nothing unsaid that might possibly convince its millions of supporters that they are going to vote the proper way in November next. It is, of course, an obvious setting forth of the well-known theories of President Wilson, many times bitterly opposed in part by Democratic leaders, and still the splendid majority that approved of it when submitted to a vote of the convention proved beyond question that Woodrow Wilson is undeniably the leader of his party and still has the controlling reins of it in his own feeble hands. It is not likely that there are very many Democrats who will wade through this voluminous production of the combined wisdoms of their party's best equipped political minds. Even Republicans complained of the painful length of the platform adopted at Chicago on the ground that it was too long for the bustling business man of capital or the equally busy soldier of labor to read and digest as every truly earnest devotee of his party should. But the Democratic platform is as relatively longer as is the Old Testatment than the New, and will, no doubt, be as superficially read by those adherents who would do it the most good. The newspapers, however, will furnish condensed versions or epitomies of it that will adequately enough present its salient points; the campaign orators will do the rest, and, anyway, as a matter of fact, Democratic voters are going to be Democrats and vote their ticket no matter what the platform may be. At the same time, there is no one truly interested in politics and a student of whatever differences may exist between the platforms of political parties, who should not be interested in the lengthy but admirable statement of Democratic principles that emanated from the Civic Auditorium's rostrum on Thursday last and which consumed over two hours in the mere reading of it. From the Democratic standpoint it is clearly sound, ably expressed and "hits right out from the shoulder" in every section. Of course it premises its main features by dilating on the iniquities of Republicanism, and declaring that whatever good has ever existed in the government of the United States was effected by the unassailable Democracy; but that was only a fair counter-blow to similar attacks upon that Democracy recently dealt from Chicago. The rest of the platform is—as has been said, from a Democratic standpoint—as sound as are the articles of faith to the religionist, and leaves nothing unsaid that might add to that soundness. The Democratic platform builders are to be congratulated for the completeness of their work, and may the best one win!

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Is Bryan Eliminated?

This evidently was the fixed purpose of the most potential forces of the convention, but whether or no that purpose was carried out with sure and undeniable permanency is a matter that is open to serious debate. It is not to be denied that the edict went forth from the Administration at Washington to the effect that this redoubtable and persistent rider of hobbies that sorely hampered President Wilson's well defined policies must be eliminated for all time from any branch of party control, and able representatives were dispatched to San Francisco, in the persons of Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby and Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, to perform that extremely difficult and altogether capital operation. That this was done with great celerity and technical skill was evidenced, both in the meetings of the committee on platform and resolutions and from the rostrum of the convention hall. In direct opposition to the aggressively vigorous and matchlessly eloquent attack of the Demosthenes of the Platte, the platform, manifestly of Administration origin, was carried to the floor of the convention and passed without revision by a more than substantial majority, again in spite of that same eloquent opposition. Bryan had come to California definitely wedded to four measures, from which he proposed not to be divorced under any circumstances. These were: Planks calling for the immediate passage of the league of nations covenant with reservations, the committing of the party to a specific upholding of the eighteenth amendment to the constitution and the Volstead act, a provision against compulsory military training, and, lastly, to provide for a national newspaper, which should permit the publication of all political measures and opinions without bias or considerations of person

or party. All of these measures were opposed by the Administration represenatives in committee conference, and the Administration platform placed before the convention, where it was again opposed and defended in such bursts of oratory as San Francisco is not likely to hear again in many a day. In this one regard, Mr. Bryans' impeccable eloquence was not matched by either of his adversaries, and it plunged the vast audience into a hysteria of applause. But when Secretary Colby, with magnetic personal appearance, perfect diction and biting sarcasm, cut into splinters the Bryan planks concerning the league of nations and the government newspaper, and Secretary Glass, with unexpected vehemence and conviction, figuratively "wiped the floor" with his substitutes for the Administration planks, at the same time branding him as the most baneful influence ever known to his party, the applause went the other way. The vote was taken, and Bryan blushed to the ears when the result was announced that signalized his utter rout. Still, with his usual vanity in the infallibility of his opinions, this apparently ostracized luminary of his party persists in believing that truth crushed to earth must rise again, and that he had far rather be right than President. This, too, in spite of the incontestible fact that if he had been right in any one of three successive presidential campaigns he might have indeed been President.

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A Third Party Still Threatens

Dissatisfaction with reference to the platforms of both the great parties are as plentiful as those carefully prepared documents are redundant, and expressions of it are growing day by day, said dissatisfaction emanating from many disgruntled quarters. Samuel Gompers' labor platform was altered, to his extreme disgust, by the Chicago convention, and met no better fate, from his peculiar viewpoint, at the Civic Auditorium; Eamonn de Valera, evidently provided with an adequate campaign fund, had no better luck in dictating to the two great parties what the wording of their platform planks should be, and so, naturally enough, each of these disturbers of party serenity is equally satisfied that there is no good in anything Republican or Democratic. The Hearst newspapers, after suggesting at least two or three possible candidates for their third party, launched some time ago in Brooklyn (Brooklyn is a borough of the city of New York, on the other side of the East River) came out last week naming Senator Jim Reed of Missouri as their candidate, because of his alleged shabby treatment in being refused a seat in the Democratic convention representing the Kansas City district of his state. It is claimed that he is the logical candidate with whom to oppose the present Administration's choice, because, pursuant to the dictation of that Administration, he was so undeservedly humiliated. But the senator himself does not appear to have been consulted in respect to his wishes in the matter, nor has the Irish element, nor the various branches of labor, nor those anxious people with fishes to fry who seek to create a soldier pension fund that will make that created by the exigencies of the Civil War look like the meagre donations to the contribution plate at Sunday services. Labor has already threatened a new party at its convention in Montreal, and it is said that this vast body of voters has merely been waiting to learn what the platforms of the two great parties were going to be before beginning operations. There is as yet no information at hand as to whether Mr. Hearst has been taken into the councils of labor, although he has already apparently satisfied De Valera by his expressions of sympathy with the Irish cause. It is not at all difficult to imagine a ticket and cabinet formed out of a combination of these widely variant interests, and this one is submitted, composed of the disappointed interests: President, Hiram Johnson, vice-president, James A. Reed; secretary of state, Senator La Follette; secretary of the navy, Richard Pearson Hobson; secretary of war, William Jennings Bryan; secretary of the treasury, William Randolph Hearst; secretary of the interior, Samuel Gompers; attorney general, Judge Cohalan; secretary of agriculture, Arthur Brisbane.

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Vale et Benedicite!

We bid farewell to the earnest men and women of the Democratic convention with mingled feelings of regret and congratulation. Regret for that so many sterling men and women, welcome alike in the avenues of social intercourse and business aggrandisement, have departed from us; congratulation because they have gone forth toward their battle lines, following a leader in whom they have abiding faith and confidence, and for whom they have an immovable belief of ultimate victory, which shall prolong the governmental domination of their party for another four years or perpetuate it for some indeterminate period that is beyond the vision of present political augury. There is indeed but little to say with reference to the proceedings of this convention in criticism, and nothing at all in the nature of opprobrium or the exploitation of spleen, even among those enemies who are unjust. They have been uniformly dignified, and even their watchers of opposing political conviction—like the writer, for example—must have been deeply impressed by their solemn and at the same time enthusiastic earnestness. The personnel of this first great national political gathering that San Francisco has had the honor to welcome and house was calculated to remove permanently from the minds of adverse factions the notion that the old-time epithet, "the Great Unwashed," as applied to the Democratic party, is a befitting one. It was an assemblage of generally well groomed and always well behaved and easily controlled men and women, foregathered to uphold what in their souls they assumed to be the principles of true democracy. This they effected to their credit, and many a page was written into Democratic history to which they may hereafter point with pride. The unruly ones, and there are those in every large political body, were easily held in check by Permanent Chairman Robinson, who held down his job with splendid dignity and firmness, admirable diction and a stentorian though musical voice that penetrated to every corner of our vast auditorium. No less efficient was the stalwart and deep-chested convention secretary, who performed the herculean and tiresome task of conducting the many roll calls and vote announcements as though he had chosen the duty for which he was best fitted and liked best. Those whose ears are most pleased by flights of forensic eloquence were fed to their full, for there was plenty of it—varying in quality, it is true, but none the less eloquent and inspirational. Many of the delegates sped away to their homes and their business on Saturday night, but their places were taken by earnest alternates, who completed the work of the convention, evidently to the keen satisfaction of everyone concerned. So, ladies and gentlemen of the Democratic convention, good-bye; but come again, for you never found a better convention city and never will again, though we say it who shouldn't.

The Spinner

All through the years, the wayward years,
As days go out and days come in,
Heedless of all your smiles and tears
Your dreams I spin.

You that should strengthen them and give
Life to the slender threads I make,
This is your part; why blame me if
A thread should break?

The webs are gauze, and you must learn
To guard them well, or see them tear;
The sorrows that you reap you earn
All unaware.

And I that weave the shadow gauze,
I sit and watch you passing by;
And oh! the tears I weep, because
Of dreams that die!

—Nancy Pollok.

Perfect Liberty

From "Gold-Foil," by Timothy Titcomb

"For the upright there are no laws."
"Laws were made for rogues."
"Love rules his kingdom without a sword."
"Love makes labor light."

A typsy man, laboring alike under an uncomfortable confusion of ideas and an incompetent control of his muscles, is apt to find a sidewalk of common width too narrow for him. The trees and lamp-posts rush with violence to assault him, curbstones rise in his path with ruffianly greetings, and the inclination of a dead level is such that at last he slides into the gutter, where he breathes out his curses upon the dangers of the way. The sober man walks the same path without seeing lamp-post or tree, and without being conscious of the slightest restraint upon his movements. We put a poke upon a vicious cow, because she has a disposition to go precisely where she is not wanted to go—into a cornfield, where she will do serious damage to the proprietor, and kill herself with over-eating. She comes up to the fence that she would fain demolish or surmount, and the new restraint vexes her beyond measure. Her companion in the field is an innocent, docile creature, that is content with honest grass, and her honest way of getting it. So, while the thief stands raving and floundering at the fence, she fills herself with clover, and contentedly lies down to the pleasant task of rumination, without a thought of restraint or deprivation. For the innocent cow there is no poke.

The perfect liberty of any faculty of the mind lies within the range of its office. Acquisitiveness is a faculty of mind. It is endowed with a certain legitivate office, and in that office it has full liberty—liberty in the field in which it has its life. If it overstep the bound of its office, and steal, it preys upon the fruits of the liberty of others, and degenerates into licentiousness. Then it feels the law which defines the boundaries of its field of liberty, but until thaht time, the law is a thing unfelt. A horse, standing upon the beach, and looking out to the sea as a realm forbidden to him, may be imagined to find fault with the line of surf that warns him away from a region in which he has no legitimate rights and no legitimate office. The beach may be free to him for miles, and pastures may recede from it for other miles, over which he has liberty to run and range at will, with the opportunity to supply all his wants and expend all his vitality. If he plunge into the sea, he feels the law that defines the boundaries of his perfect liberty. Laws are the very bulwarks of liberty. They define every man's rights and stand between and defend the individual liberties of all men. The moment that law is destroyed, liberty is lost; and men left free to enter upon the domains of each other, destroy each other's rights and invade the field of each toher's liberty.

No man ever feels the restraint of law so long as he remains within the sphere of his liberty—a sphere, by the way ,always large enough for the full exercise of his powers and the supply of all his legitimate wants. It is only rogues who feel the restraints of law. We live in a free country, and its freedom consists in the protection which the laws give to each man's liberty to pursue his legitimate ends of life in a legitimate way. We rejoice in these laws, because they guard our liberty—not because they interfere with it. We make them, support them, and obey them, in the exercise of our liberty. They stand between us and that licentiousness which is the invader and destroyer of liberty. There is no state of society under heaven, and there can be none, where perfect liberty exists without an obedience to law so glad and so entire that the restraints of the law are unfelt.

Thus much is true, without any reference to God, or any relation to religion. Thus much is philosophically true. Advancing a step in the discussion, another element enter in—the element of love—the perfect law of liberty. The moment the soul is lifted in love to its Maker, and extended in love to its fellows, the whole realm of law is illuminated by a new light, and there is only darkness beyond its boundaries. Before this illumination, self-interest, or right philosophical judgment may be sufficient to keep the soul contentedly within the boundaries of law. After it, it becomes the subject of due—duty to God and duty to man. It recognizes relationships on the lines of which it is to flow out in piety and good works. The law which defines its individual liberty is in a measure sunk out of sight, and the law which defines its duty is that only which it sees. The influx of this new love is essentially the influx of a new life. This realm of duty is the one which, through the vestibule of law, I have endeavored to lead the reader.

Can the soul enjoy perfect liberty in the realm of duty? This question I wish to answer for the benefit of a great multitude of men and women who, with a sense of great self-sacrifice, have taken upon them the responsibilities of the Christian life. To these, this life is a life of crosses and mortifications. They find their duty unpleasant and onerous. It is to them a law of restraint and constraint. They are constantly oppressed with whta they denominate "a sense of duty." It torments them with a consciousness of their inefficiency, with a painful and persistent questioning of their motives, with multiplied and perplexing doubts of the genuineness of their religious experience. Christian liberty is a phrase of which they know not the meaning, for they are, in fact and in feeling, the slaves of duty. They feel themselves enchained within the bounds of a system superinduced upon their life, and not in any proper sense incorporated with it.

I ask the question again: Can the soul enjoy perfect liberty in the realm of duty? I answer in the affirmative, and express my belief that that liberty may be of as much higher quality and of as much greater extent than in the realm of pure law, as the love from which it springs is superior as a basis of action to an intellectual aprpehension and acceptation of law as the condition of liberty. Love is its own law, and duty is only the name of those lines of action which naturally flow out from love. I apprehend nothing as Christian duty which does not flow out from Christian love. All those actions which love naturally dictates and performs, if performed by an individual as simple duties—performed grudgingly and difficultly—amount to nothing as Christian actions. They become simply bald acts of morality, and have no connection with religion. Let me not be misunderstood. Love may constrain to acts that, for various reasons, are difficult of performance; but difficult acts, performed from a simple sense of duty—acts in no way growing out of love—acts performed only for the satisfaction of conscience and for the acquisition of mental peace—are not Christian acts, essentially, and cannot be made to appear such.

Love, I say again, is its own law. A man who loves God supremely, and his neighbor as himself, may do exactly what he pleases—all that he wishes to do—all that by this love he is moved to do. There is no license here, for a man possessed by these affections will please to do, wish to do, and be moved to do, only those things that follow the lines of duty. Here is Christian liberty, and it is nowhere else. Here is Christian liberty, and there is no such other liberty as this under the sun. It is the liberty of angels and of God Himself. It rises definitely above the liberty defined by law, and is, in fact and in terms, "the liberty of the sons of God"—one of the most suggestive and inspiring phrases, by the way, contained within the lids of the Bible. The most beautiful sight this earth affords is a man or woman so filled with love that duty is only a name, and its performance the natural outflow and expression of the love which has become the central principle of their life. For such men and women there is neither law nor duty, as a hinderance to perfect liberty. They are on a plane above both. They live essentially in the same love out of which law and duty proceeded. Law and duty were born of love. Love originally drew their outlines and carved the channels of their operation, and, rising into an appropriation and incorporation of the mother element, the soul loses, of course, the necessity of its offspring—has, in fact, within itself both element and offspring.

Perhaps my meaning will be more exactly apprehended by the use of illustrations. A woman finds herself the mother of a family of children, whom she loves as her own life. It is against the law that she turn them out of doors, or kill them, or maltreat them in any way. Does she feel the restraint of these laws? Does she ever think of their existence? Do they curtail her liberty to any extent? Not at all, for her love is her law. Rising now into the realm of duty, we see that she owes to them the preparation of their food, the care of their persons and clothing, ministry in sickness, home education, sympathy in trouble, discipline for disobedience, and all motherly offices. Now do these duties come to her simply as duties? Does she feed and clothe her children, minister to them in sickness, educate them and sympathize with them, from a sense of duty? Ah, no! In the domain of motherly duty, love is her law, and the performance of these duties is simply the natural outflow and expression of the love which she bears to her children. The stronger and the more perfect her love, the smaller the restraints of law and the constraints of duty; and when this love becomes, as in many instances it does become, an all-absorbing passion, law and duty, in connection with her relations to her children, are things she never even dreams of. Her neighbors may call her a slave to her children, but she knows that she is in the enjoyment of a most delicious liberty—the liberty to do precisely those things which please her most, inspired by a love that knows neither law nor duty.

Suppose now that this mother die and a stepmother take her place. She may find among those children one so intractable and ungrateful that it would be a pleasure to her to turn it out of the house, but the law prevents. She then looks upon law as a restraint upon her liberty. But, in the place she has taken, she perceives that she owes duties to this family of children. She has an intellectual appreciation of the duties of her office, and undertakes to perform them. We will suppose that, from a simple sense of duty, she devotes herself to them as thoroughly as their own mother did before her. Under circumstances like these, duty would become a bur-

den and a bondage. What was almost a divine liberty with the mother becomes to the stepmother a crushing slavery. Conscientious but unloving, she wears out a life of servitude to duty, and of course is most unhappy.

It seems to me that these simple illustrations throw unmistakable light upon this whole subject. Christian love knows no such thing as slavery to law and to duty. The higher, the purer, and the stronger this love, the more do law and duty disappear, until, finally, they are unthought of, and the soul finds itself free—without a single shackle on its faculties, or a single restraint upon its movements. It acts within the line of law, because its highest life naturally lives within them. Those lines are not described to it by a foreign or superior power; they are defined by itself, in the full exercise of liberty born of love. It performs its duties because they lie in the path of its natural action. Neither restraint nor constraint is felt, because, in the perfect liberty which is born of perfect olve, it chooses to do, and does, that against which there is no law, and that in which abides all duty.

So, if there be any struggling, sorrowful Christians, who are in the habit of taking up daily crosses, and doing unpleasant things, because, and simply because, they deem them to be duties, I have only this to say to them—that no act of theirs, performed simply because it is a duty, and performed with a sense of constraint that does not come from genuine love to God and man, can be looked back upon as a Christian duty worthily performed. At a moral act, conscientiously performed, there is in it a quality of goodness, but it is the work of a slave and not of a freeman. My servant may bring me a glass of water because I command her to, and in so doing she will perform her duty, though it may be to her a task. If, when I enter my house, heated with walking and labor, my daughter bring me a glass of water, from love of me and sympathy for me, the character of the act is essentially changed. Her act is in the domain of perfect liberty, and had its birth in love. The two acts are identical, they cost the same amount of labor, both were performed in the discharge of a duty, yet the dullest intellect will apprehend a difference in their quality that elevates one almost infinitely above the other.

There is no release in this world, or the next, fro mthe restraints of law and the constraints of duty, save in love| Duty, especially out of the domain of love, is the veriest slavery of the world. The cry of the soul is for freedom. It longs for liberty, from the date of its first conscious moments. This natural longing is not born of depravity, but points with an unerring finger to a source of satisfaction existing somewhere for it in the universe of God. Law surrounds us while we are low, and we beat our heads against it and are baffled. Duty takes us upon a higher plane—on the plane of conscience, or an insufficient Christian love, and forces us to the performance of tasks which are hard and ungrateful. We ask for something better than this, and we get it when love fills us full of itself, and absorbs us into itself. What the Christian world wants is more love. Love rlues his kingdom without a sword. There is no compulsion here. Love makes labor light. There are no unpleasant tasks here—at least, none whose unpleasantness destroys a divine pleasure in their performance. A man who feels that his religion is a slavery has not begun to comprehend the real nature of religion. That heart of his is still selfish. There is lacking the elevation, the entire consecration which alone can introduce him into that glorious liberty which the real sons of God enjoy.

Ah, this liberty! How little have we of it in the world! How we go groping, and mourning, and wailing through the darkness—walled in by law, goaded on by duty, and filled with the fears which perfect love casts out, when all the whole there hang above us crowns within our reach, which, grasped, would make us kings! Oh, it is very pitiful—this sight of Christian slaves! Most pitiful, however, does it become, when we comprehend the fact that in this slavery many think they find the evidence of their Christianity. They bear burdens throughout their lives which wear into their very hearts and think there is merit in it. Mortification, penance, bondage—are these the rewards of Christianity? Crosses, servitude, fear—are these the credentials of love? Out upon such miscievous error! Into it, God forbid that soul of yours or mine should be drawn! What great wonder is it that the world is frightened away from such bondage as this?

No; perfect love holds the secret of the world's perfect liberty. It is only this that releases us from law and discharges us from duty, by making law the definition of our life, and duty the natural free outflow of our souls. Into this liberty Divine Love would lead us. Up to it would Heaven lift us. In it only can the soul find that freedom for which it has yearned through all its history. In it only lives an exuberant, boundless joy—joy in tribulation, joy in labor, joy in every thing except that world of slavish life that lives below it, bound to law and duty, to forms and creeds, to mortifications and penances, selfishness and sin. We shall know more about it up yonder.

The Leading Lady of the Convention

By HELEN M. BONNET

Sharing honors with Homer S. Cummings, Bainbridge Colby and W. J. Bryan as an oratorical attraction of the convention was Mrs. Julia Brown of West Virginia. The lady seconded the nomination of John I. Davis, and did it well—concisely, without superfluous biographical data or comment, setting forth salient points of his fitness for the high office for which he aimed. It was Mrs. Brown's personality which shed light on her statements, so that even the opponents of her candidate will remember the fine portrait she drew of him. During the demonstration after her speech, the delegates remained standing, waving and cheering the charming speaker. Their action was the American man's tribute to American womanhood, for the speaker had just told a little boy's story of Creation, ending with, "And God came down into the garden when Adam went to sleep, took out his brains and made a woman."

The typical American man is proud to concede to woman the brains of the race, to attribute to her influence the best in his own nature. The concerted action of the delegates upon this occasion augured well for the fate of suffrage in the Democratic party. When Mrs. Brown spoke, her words were a plea for Mr. Davis, but her own fair womanliness, her intelligence and her charm, bespoke a place in the nation's councils for her own sex. She was a living, glowing proof that a woman can enter into political activities without rubbing off the gloss of her own femininity.

As soon as possible after her speech, the reporters sought out information of Mrs. Brown. She is a wealthy widow of West Virginia; but what was more interesting to learn, she was, before her marriage some years ago, Izetta Jewel, actress and one of whom San Francisco was very fond. Her stage training, of course, gave her a supreme advantage over her sister speakers at the convention, and a poise not obtainable in any way but in facing, in many guises, innumerable audiences.

Mrs. Brown is an invaluable aid to the suffrage movement. It is to be hoped sincerely that she will continue to speak to audiences in states antagonistic to the cause. The appearance, manner and convictions of such women as Mrs. Brown will have an effect to educate the opponents of equal suffrage and to make women themselves think upon questions of government beneficial to our country.

We California women, who obtained the right to vote without effort, exemplify the beneficent results of giving woman a voice in the government of the land in which she lives and to whose citizens she gives birth.

Mrs. Brown, when she was Izetta Jewel, played a most successful engagement as leading woman at the Alcazar Theatre (then located on Sutter Street) in 1911, from April 17th to June 4th. She appeared in "Wildfire," "A Woman's Way," "The Thief," "The Call of the North," "Sherlock Holmes" and "The House Next Door." Thurston Hall was the leading man and Louis Bennison was a member of the company.

After leaving the Alcazar, Miss Jewel played leads in the Poli Stock Company, Washington, D. C., where she met her late husband, who was a member of Congress.

The names of the Alcazarans who have made their mark in the world are legion, and Izetta Jewel's light could not be quenched even when hidden under the bushel of plain Mrs. Brown.

Thrills of the Convention

The Democratic convention brought to San Francisco a thrill which could be equalled only by the arrival of a magnificent grand opera company for a season of performances by the world's greatest artists. The whole city participated in the excitement and our most indifferent inhabitants were roused from political lethargy.

The psychology of the attending crowds was most interesting. A tense earnestness, a deep interest and growing desire for enlightenment characterized the behavior of the thousands of daily visitors. Unless one happened in the hall at one of the very few dull sessions, one's enthusiasm was kindled with every new session. It was nothing unusual for women, never before politically keen, to sit eight and ten hours, drinking in all the details of the convention routine, their eyes revelling in political color, their ears absorbing governmental eloquence.

I heard of a woman who said she was surprised to find that the President of the United States was not selected with more solemnity, with a nearer semblance of church ritual. But it seemed to me a very, very serious proceeding indeed for men and women from the length and breadth of this continent and from our far-away possessions to assemble and labor to agree upon one man to represent their complex interests.

It was an inspiring ceremony when the people cheered for Bainbridge Colby's superb appeal for the league of nations and when the delegates paraded round with their banners to emphasize

their agreement with him for that world-saving forum.

Did you observe that our own California's name was the only one missing from that gathering? Not because our representatives were not there, but because prohibition had rent the banner in the previous outburst after Bryan's oration. A woman waved from the stage a piece upon which read "CAL," while a minute later some loyal and very much vexed men bore "FORNIA" behind the scenes. Anyway, only the minority was snatched to victory. Next time we have a convention let every state have reserve banners in case of such awkward contretemps.

The great lesson of woman's participation in the affairs of state was learned at this convention. What fine, earnest women! The strength of their influence magnetized the multitude and tore the veil from the face of ignorance. Could any man have participated in the selection of James M. Cox for President of the United States and not have learned that for the rest of the life-time of America the soft, persuasive voice of woman will be a power in the councils of our nation?

Could any woman have listened to the arguments of the statesmen and have watched the progress of events without saying to herself, "Since I am to participate in the affairs of my country, I must be guided right that I may teach my children where to look for the light, that my word may weigh in the balance for justice, progress and truth"?

The Democratic delegates were dears—nice, comfortable, well dressed looking Americans, with good manners, good tempers and wills of their own. Every time there was a chance they made it plain that their idea of chivalry is to make it easy for woman to have her way and her say.

The women who participated were dears too. Most of them looked as if they were to be reckoned with in their own home town clubs but that afterwards they went to daintily-ordered homes, where they presided at well-appointed tables and discussed affairs of the day with contented husbands and, perhaps, grown children. I did not see one instance of a woman's being out of her sphere or of having lost feminine charm or grace or whatever it is that the antis claim woman is robbed of when she takes an interest in and does her share for the best governing of her own country.

We women of California had suffrage presented to us by our chivalrous, indulgent men. The value of it has grown upon us. The National League for Women Voters urges us to study the problems of our country and to help other states to take the view of it that our California people have. What other women in other states and countries must struggle for we have received bountifully, so surely we can give of our munificence to our sisters less fortunate than ourselves.

The Spectator

Do We Speak English?

This long-mooted question—which, by the way, has never been satisfactorily debated to an absolute decision based upon just grounds—had better be soon decided definitely and for all time, and not keep so many millions of good American citizens in suspense as to what the language is that they speak. And the question really is a serious one. We are constantly reminded by critics from the other side of the Atlantic that we don't speak English; often an actor, otherwise efficient and attractive in every way, is tersely told by some reviewer or other that he doesn't speak English; similar complaint is frequently made in our best circles of society, until many of us are at our wits' ends to determine just what sort of lingo we do speak, and there seems to be a rapidly growing tendency among those of us most at fault to declare that our captious cousins are perfectly right, and that we speak something which somewhat resembles what is known as our "mother tongue" but which should be divorced from our preconceived notions of what our vernacular really is and called "American" or "United States."

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Convention English

The above-mentioned criticisms were recalled many times during frequent visits to the Democratic convention, when after a great burst of applause, some orator would retire, utterly unconscious of the often expressed criticisms of diction and pronunciation, such as, "Yes, but what English he speaks!" or, "A wonderful oration, but where did he go to school?" or, "Dear me, what language is that?" and so on.

Then, more careful attention to the words rather than the meaning of the many fine bursts of oratory developed the entire justice of these criticisms in many cases. Even the gentleman who is perhaps one of the greatest orators of his time, namely, William Jennings Bryan, was detected in several wanton infractions of the established rules of English pronunciation, apparently unconscious that he was offending the ears of the trained orthoepist. He said, for instance, "the Demmercratic porty," "the Preserdunt," "Gentlemun auv this cawn-ven-shun," "the cawmun peepull," "concordunt res-oll-yu-shun," and many similar verbal defects in his superb oratory not according to linguistic Hoyle.

We also heard, many times, too, "isher" for issue, "cawn-caw-dunce" for concordance, "candeedut" for candidate (this almost universal), "temprunce" for temperance, "the struc-chah we rared" instead of the structure we reared, and such other discordant phrasings as "culchah," "incawntesterbull," "fyenunce," "popperlashun" and "ee-fec-tuv." Naturally enough, enunciation of this nature grated on the ears of those who have been accustomed to other pronunciations of the words referred to, and created the impression that since these peculiar defects were to be noticed in eloquent flow from the mouths of some of the country's best public speakers, what they were speaking was not English, but some other tongue not yet given a name but which should be rechristened without delay.

Then, again, it was discovered that the refined and perfect diction of Secretary Colby was in marked contrast with that of the probably better educated and further experienced Senator Glass; that whatever language Chairman Robinson spoke certainly had the sound and delivery of scholarly English, and that the splendid appearing convention secretary was almost his equal, although he did say "delliguts" and must have many times offended the ears of the Hawaiian delegates by referring to their island bailliwick as "Ha-waw-yah." He carefully gave the "a-in" half its intermediate nuance, in great contrast to the broad "a" hurled at him from the floor.

The reflections following these carefully studied examples of convention English finds the reviewer much confused. He must either conceal his ignorance behind the defense that he is entitled not to believe everything he hears, or be permitted to affirm that there are two separate and distinct languages in these United States, both equally correct. The absence of sectional accent or intonation was commendable, at least so far as the convention officials were concerned. The southern accent was not once discernible, nor the down east nor middle west. Have the lines of demarkation of U. S. speech been melted in the elocutionary pot?

It was a matter of sincere congratulation that the entire so-called weaker sex made a gratifying success in its first great political debut, and to declare that in all essential respects they were quite as strong as the men and in some directions notably stronger. In last week's issue of "Town Talk" there was a brief criticism—altogether friendly of course—of the gowning of some of the women delegates. An abject apology is here offered, because the hoped-for "dolling up" was very evident indeed as soon as the convention opened, and the absence of dowdyism upon the part of the women speakers was quite noticeable. In favor of the women delegates, too, it may also be said without fear of successful contradiction that the diction of those who addressed the convention "had it all over" their male confreres as far as graceful and well considered diction was concerned, and, except in very few instances, their addresses, in voice, elocution and the proper selection of words, were but little behind those of some of the country's famed orators. There is no longer any need of proselyting or picketing, Oh militant womanhood, for your standing in the land is now assured and your political efficiency unimpeachable.

That "Crown Prince" Bugaboo

The terms "crown prince" and "heir apparent" as applied to William G. McAdoo, in the hope of minimizing his chances of nomination as a presidential candidate, have been taken much more seriously than the facts would seem to justify. To be entirely truthful, there are no facts except the single one that he happens to be the son-in-law of President Wilson, which was, and is, entirely his own business, and it is safe to say that the President had nothing whatever to do with it. It has not been made apparent with any degree of certainty that he is even the Administration candidate, and in the Democratic convention there were many delegates committed to the Administration who voted against him persistently to the end. But the phrase appealed to the newspaper writers—perhaps one of them created it—and their exploitation of them became one of the few implied objections to the McAdoo candidacy. The writer was once entertained in the ward room of the President's yacht "Mayflower" during the Roosevelt administration and was shown about the ship during the absence of the White House family. The state rooms of "His Royal Highness," "Princess Alice" and "Princes Theodore and Quentin" were pointed out with mock solemnity, because they had been so mentioned in anti-administration newspapers, with the intention of drawing away votes from the President's re-election, which it did not do; and would not have been done had McAdoo been nominated, because feeble sarcasm is never a deterrent to any deserved elevation of a favorite. At the same time any favoritism to a relative, however small, has always created ad-

verse criticism, ever since Cornelius Nepos was elevated to the imperial throne of Rome and filled all of his official portfolios with his own family connections; and if the whole truth were known, doubtless they were quite as efficient in the performance of their duties as Mr. McAdoo would have been had he secured the Democratic nomination and been elected.

Proclaiming the News First

Numerous incidents of the two political conventions gave the dailies of the country opportunities galore to claim supremacy in reaching the public first with news of this and that. Some papers were, to that extent, supreme one day; others the next. Each in turn would utter its college yell of triumph, pledging the people that they could ever, as heretofore, trust the "Bugle" for being first on the street with the news. One eastern daily was foremost in proclaiming that Johnson would not bolt. Another was ahead of all its rivals in broadcasting the fact that Senator Reed would lose his seat as a delegate. Another beat all its contemporaries by eleven minutes with a photograph of the convention auditorium full of delegates. It is questionable that the average citizen will remember just from what source he first received word that Harding and Cox were nominated. Even in the most exciting days, the reader discredits whatever boasts are made on "record" publications and extras. Few men are so placed that they are able to experience the thrill of a ten-minute newspaper scoop. When most of us are on the streets, rival headlines are practically the same. We also know that ordinary facilities are bound to cause one paper and then another to be on the streets first. It is not humanly or mechanically possible that all the evening sheets get to the newsboys at the same instant. Any editorial pride on the turn of fate in his favor makes only a poor impression on the reader. It is not much to boast of. It is without effect on the memory. The only result is that the public finds newspapers continually aggrandizing themselves for being more enterprising than one another.

Prohibition Prices Soar

A writer in "The Chronicle's "Safety Valve," in dilating upon the profiteering in strong drink brought about by prohibition, underestimates the figures by several hundred per cent. He complains that the rum sellers and wine makers are getting immensely rich through surreptitious sale of their several commodities, and among other things states that "we are now paying three and four dollars per gallon for wine which we used to buy for fifty cents." There are many hundreds of thirsty violators of the Volstead act who would gratefully receive information that would lead to the purchase of wine at any such price, and they would be nearly as grateful if they were charged twice that sum. Here are some of the profiteering prices, secured through actual purchases or on information from purchasers who cannot be disputed: Scotch whiskey, $20 to $30 per bottle; Bourbon, $18 to $25; rye, the same; gin, $12.50 to $15; champagne, $25 to $40; California sherry, $7 to $12 per gallon; California claret, $1.50 to $2.50 per bottle; white wine, about the same; and the most villainous cocktails ever mixed (in restaurants "where you look all right") at 50 cents each.

As the "Safety Valve" writer complains, "You can get all the booze you want if you've got the price, and yet neither the city nor the government receives a cent of revenue from it. Still the fight goes on and the lawbreakers are increasing daily, the producers profiteering and the consumers only too glad to be made the victims of it. Nevertheless, the Democrats refused to pledge a revision of the Volstead enforcement act in their platform, in spite of Bourke Cockran's eloquent declaration that it could not be enforced any more than the negro vote in some of the southern states can be fairly counted. Senator Glass, however, in replying to him, said: "There is no need of a plank in the platform. Prohibition is already in the constitution of the United States, and it is up to the authorities, not any political party, to enforce it." Yes, but can they?

When Love Is the Theme

The summer sessions of our colleges have not found the tender passion too vain a study for the six-week scholar. The ordinary professor of summer school feels the opportunity of uttering thoughts too subtle for semester attention. Vacation spirit is rampant, even if one gets his moonlight and fishing from a book of verse or psychology. Several accounts from collegiate sources indicate a pedagogic idea that love is nonsense; that is, the sentimental part. As a detail of modern curriculum in and out of college, sentiment has been banished. The tired business man, the debutante, the idler, the trifler and the youth of the land have no use for it. All is hurry in love as in everything else, and the sheep-eyed wight who saves a withered blossom is far, far out of date. Love is a great drawback to efficiency, says the professor. The efficient idea is today supreme. If you are really and truly in love, with all the groans and anguish as of yore, you are useless for the sterner duties of life. There is nothing new in this. In fact, old-time philosophy went further than that, declaring the true lover to be an inefficient spokesman beside the gallant who did not half feel what he vowed. In other words, the fondly sentimental chap did not make even a good lover. So how can it be expected that he demonstrate himself a good business man? Men have become detectives through books of instruction; and at one time tiny volumes explaining how to hold a woman's hand and steal the first kiss enjoyed a large sale. From the cover illustrations, it appeared that one's prime necessity on becoming a detective or a lover was a pair of false whiskers. Today both are clean-shaven generally. This is not why sentiment has gone from love. The cause of it has yet to be explained by the college professor. Off with the old and on with the new, is now so widely practiced that it escapes comment. Let's blame the fox-trot and the automobile. When gasoline gives out, lovers may become sentimental again.

The Queen's Housemaids

The present scarcity of upstairs girls, downstairs girls, cooks, maids of all work and every sort of household help has been the destruction of the American home. People are turning to apartments, and apartments are going to the devil for lack of even one tiny housemaid. The price has gone up, and good ones are scarce at any price. So it is with a feeling akin to gratification that some of our matrons read of Queen Mary's housemaids departing for parts unknown. Forty of them quit Buckingham Palace at once! There must be a reason. Upon learning that Her Majesty paid the girls only $250 a year, plus $375 for their victuals, we exclaim, "Oh, the stingy thing!" Perhaps the whole forty (who possibly are also fat and fair) could be induced to give this country a trial. In San Francisco, a housemaid with credentials from Buckingham Palace ought to command about $100 a month with board, lodging, a Christmas present and a May-day bouquet. The Queen cannot afford that much. It requires about five soubrettes to serve her breakfast, and the prestige of having been so near the first lady of the British Isles is supposed to count for something. In London it might count for little more than attracting one of the handsomest Tommy Atkins; so the job is of little pecuniary advantage until the younug woman changes her situation. Getting back to the idea of their entering San Francisco households, it is undeniable that forty first-class housemaids would put local society on a new basis. The call for more is continuous. Why girls leave home has become a trivial problem compared with why cooks leave. At one time the cooks merely decamped to another kitchen. But

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now we hear that they are becoming salesladies, private secretaries and movie queens. 'Tis said that from "Flapjack to Film" would entitle the thrilling career of more than one star of the silver screen. At any rate, more hotels and more cafes are the rule; life is becoming more expensive; everybody seems to have more money than ever; and there you are.

Big Cities Vain of Their Populations

Now that San Francisco has figured up her metropolitan area as containing more men, women and children (and better-looking ones, at that) than Los Angeles, it remains to be seen what kind of come-back the southern city will attempt. The census found some 575,000 angels more or less divine down there. In San Francisco dwell 508,000. Yet if our city annex an equal amount of real estate, we would include the east bay cities and have a population of 897,000. Too bad that Oakland doesn't see it that way, becoming part of an unchallenged multitude of westerners instead of remaining the metropolis of Alameda County. But Oakland would rather live and breathe just as she is. She prefers liberty to marriage with San Francisco. On the other hand, Oakland has a little annexation scheme of her own, to which the towns beyond are far from acquiescent. Berkeley, for instance, is so close to the larger city that a stranger does not perceive where one city ends and the other begins. It is the same with San Leandro, except that the latter has hoisted a sign-board to reveal her place on the municipal map. All efforts to induce the union of Oakland, Berkeley, San Leandro and Alameda have failed thus far, much to Oakland's chagrin; Hayward too is in the offing. There is a plan afoot to consolidate the city and county government of all Alameda county. An election will be held, and the towns offered the borough system, whereby each will retain self-government, self-respect, and all that sort of thing. A jaunt through Piedmont readily discovers why the serene elegance of that community looks with disfavor upon consorting politically with promiscuous neighbors. San Leandro is circulating a petition to bring about a severance of school relations, being now in Oakland's educational district. Piedmont also has a high school project, and the College Town is superior to the world in educational grooves. So if the children are matters of caste disputes, how could the wives and husbands endure being the political peers of mere Oaklanders? Thus the chance of San Francisco's aim to collect the whole aggregation is remote; and San Francisco's idea of including Alameda county in a metropolitan area is heard with curling lip and ear over there. Nevertheless, the interests of the bay region are becoming more and more as one; and perhaps time will make a virtue of necessity, embracing the complete area in one huge governmental and metropolitan fold.

Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

DIVIDEND NOTICES

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department), 108 Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1920, will earn interest from July 1, 1920.
3-10 LEON BOCQUERAZ, President.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after THURSDAY, July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1920, will draw interest from July 1, 1920.
2-3-10 H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

BANK OF ITALY, corner Montgomery and Clay Streets (Market Street Branch; Junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets).—For the half year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1920, will earn interest from July 1, 1920.
J-3-10 A. P. GIANNINI, President.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.—For the half year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on savings deposits, payable on and after THURSDAY, July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1920, will earn interest from July 1, 1920.
1-t EDWARD D. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Negative Enthusiasm for Harding

Up to the present time there does not seem to have been developed—certainly it did not exist at the time of his nomination—any great degree of enthusiasm or even satisfaction over the nomination of Republican candidate Harding. It is conceded that he is "a good, clean man," a staunch Republican, and every way qualified to be the next President of the United States. But there certainly exists in many quarters a serious doubt as to whether he is going to be a good vote-getter, such as Roosevelt was and Wilson surely would be again with restored health. Of course the campaign has not gone any further than a reception on the lawn in front of his Marion home, which was reported to have been most enthusiastic and spontaneous. It is in the remoter districts, away from the larger cities, however, where the coldness toward the Republican candidate seems to exist. It was confessed this week by a Republican leader that he very much feared Harding might prove to be another Hughes—an upright, talented, honorable man, but without the magnetism that would draw the voters yelling under his banner. Then, again, there is the more damaging suspicion that, all said and done, he is a machine-made candidate, the very thing which the selective primary law was passed to avoid and yet permitted at the first application of it in a national contest. The supporters of General Wood are disappointed, those of Harden equally so, and those of Hiram Johnson (most of them at least) waiting for him to declare himself with reference to the successful candidate before stating who their preference is going to be at the November election. "The Republicans will vote for Harding, all right," this man said, "but it is not going to be a walk-over by any means, and while they will go to the polls and vote for him, very few of them up to now show much indication that they are going to take off their coats and root hard for him."

Physical Examination of Food Handlers

Pasadena has come to the front with an ordinance which requires the physical inspection and examination of all food handlers, and provides for the exclusion of all persons having active cases of tuberculosis, syphilis, gonnorrhea and other communicable diseases from food producing and distributing plants within the city. New York city has enforced such an ordinance for many years, but Pasadena is the first city in California to enact a measure of this sort.

Another Typhoid Carrier

Dr. J. W. Truxaw, health officer at Anaheim, recently had cases of typhoid fever appear in two children who were under his care. He was unable to trace the source of their infection until he determined that the mother had the same disease a year before. Believing that she might be a carrir, h had examinations made in the laboratory of the Bureau of Communicable Diseases, which proved that the mother was a carrier. She was immediately placed under state supervision, and has agreed not to prepare food for the consumption of any person other than herself, nor will she engage in any occupation that might endanger others. She will submit specimens regularly for examination until such time as she may no longer be a carrier.

If health officers will watch carefully for typhoid carriers and take steps to place them under control, they can be of great assistance in eliminating typhoid fever completely. Most cases of this disease that occur at the present time can be raced to an infection transmitted by direc contac or by flies. It is seldom that we find an outbreak due to infected milk or water. The typhoid in a carrier or in an unsanitary home has more to do with the typhoid fever problem in California today than does infected milk or water.

A Marine Who Has Never Been Home

The only U. S. marine in the world who has never seen the United States is on duty at the Aemrican legation in Peking, China. He is Private C. W. F. Childress, who was born of American parents in China. When he became of age, a few weeks ago, he decided to join the marines, and enlisted at the legation. Childress is a tall, good-looking lad, who can speak the Chinese language like a native. His services as an interpreter are especially valuable to the marines. His parents and other American residents of China have made him thoroughly familiar with the traditions and customs of the United States. He is looking forward to the day when he will see the country whose flag he serves.

French Labor Needs

The following figures concerning the actual labor situation in the mining districts are quoted, as they have an interesting relation with the state of affairs in the United States, as explained by those familiar with the industry in this country. In the period extending from 1890 to 1913, labor for the mines in France was available in sufficient strength and it was only in 1913 that a shortage became evident. The number of men

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employed in this industry was 126,000 in 1890; ten years later the figure had grown to 165,000, and in 1913 the demand already exceeded the supply, which was estimated at 203,000 men. At that time, 15,000 additional hands could have been profitably employed. Since the war this deficit has been considerably augmented, while the condition of the mines has required a further increase in the number of workers. To fill this gap it is deemed necessary to bring into the country from 30,000 to 40,000 foreign workmen. which process cannot be completed in a single year. England and Belgium, as well as the new states of Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, are facing the same problem as France, though France carries the heaviest burden in respect of reconstruction so that the difficult yof importing labor from these countries is great. Already, however, 2,500 foreign laborers have been brought to the French mines since the beginning of 1920, and by the end of the year eight or ten thousand of them are expected to be at work, which would increase the annual output by about 1,500,000 tons. The wages paid to miners in France have been increased by 300 per cent as compared with pre-war figures, an augmentation equivalent to the advance in living costs.

★ ★ ★

Prices Equalized

Turning to the consumer's point of view, it must be recalled that the state still virtually controls the coal supply of France. This artificial condition, brought about by the war and the subsequent shortage of coal, made it necessary to adopt some plan by which an equitable distribution could be assured, and involved a partial suspension of economic laws such as that by which certain industrial regions were supplied exclusively from nearby basins. A system of price equalization has also been put in force by the government, which may be termed the sole purveyor of coal. The price of coal, which is purchased by the government at about 90 francs at the mine in France, is increased to the consumer with a tax now established at 160 per cent ad valorem. The funds thus realized are used to bring the consumer's cost of imported coal down to about the same level as that of French coal, due allowance being made for the depreciation of the franc. The following prices now rule:

French coal	250 francs per ton
English coal	235 francs per ton
German coal	250 francs per ton
Belgian coal	190 francs per ton
American coal	290 francs per ton

As these figures compare with a primary cost of 90 francs for the now entirely inadequate output of the French mines, and as the country's supply largely depends upon the somewhat uncertain deliveries from foreign countries, notably England and Germany, it may be seen not only that the direct interests of the manufacturer, but also a reduction in the general cost of living and an improved exchange situation depend in great measure on the exploitation of the mines in France. This work is now beginning to show signs of marked improvement, and reconstruction on a permanent basis, which would result in a steadily increasing output until a normal supply is assured, has now been started.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
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Alcohol for Industrial Purposes

The fuel problem in France, together with the high cost of gasoline and other oil propellents, has caused the study of alcohol of a substitute for coal and oil.

A number of powder plants, which during the war installed special distilling apparatus to produce ether for munitions, etc., have turned to the prouction of industrial alcohol in quantity.

The first result of these studies has been the planting of great numbers of banana trees in the Soudan; 2,000 trees have been planted per hectare. These 2,000 trees give 40,000 kilos of fresh fruit, from which are obtained 10,000 kilos of banana meal, from which in turn are obtained 4,400 litres of alcohol.

Industrial alcohol produced from banana meal is 75 per cent cheaper than that produced from beets.

A Crown Prince Coming

There is flashed from Tokio the startling news that Crown Prince Charles of Rumania—which, after all, seems to be on the map of Europe—will leave that capital for San Francisco on the 27th of July. While it is announced in the dispatches that the visit here will be quite unofficial, it goes without saying that he will not resent social attentions, especially if there be some heiress among us who is ambitious to bring him a fat dowry in exchange for a title of royalty. It may be said, however, provided that such a bargain be made, that in order to secure the love and affection of her possible subjects, she would have to learn no less than ten languages, since the determination of the Rumanian boundaries at the close of the war included no less than ten separate and distinct nationalities, among them Besarabians, Bukovinians, Banatians, Turks, Bulgarians and Dobrudjans. This warning, however, seems quite unnecessary, for what does nationality matter where a title is concerned?

Senator Owen's Temptation

This is a tabloid comedy, based upon a conversation overheard in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel between Senator Owen of Oklahoma and an indignant woman delegate. The senator is conversing with two or three of his constituents when the Woman Delegate approaches him.

W. D.—Senator Owen, I don't suppose you remember me?

Owen (apologetically)—Really, I'm very sorry to be compelled to confess that.

W. D.—I'm a delegate from Oklahoma, and (blushing with indignation) I am also the lady who was fired from the convention hall, merely because I yelled for Bryan. What do you know about that?

Owen—Not very much—I heard of it.

W. D.—And don't you think that I am quite justified in being deeply incensed over so disgraceful a proceeding in a free country and in a convention of my party where I am a duly elected delegate?

Owen—My answer to that would depend upon the volume of the yells, what provoked them, and whether or no you were interrupting the regular course of convention business.

W. D. (testily)—It was an outrage! As deep an outrage as their failure to nominate you far President of the United States. Are you going to stand for that?

Owen—Oh yes. I feel a litle disappointment naturally, but I shall stand or fall upon the decision of the delegates, and hope you will do that, too.

W. D.—Well, I won't. I'll have nothing to do with any party that will refuse to nominate my candidate, that will break the heart of William Jennings Bryan, and then fire a delegate from the convention hall, merely because she insisted upon yelling her protest. You hear me, Senator; I'm going in for a new party and you must go with me!

Owen (a smile suffusing his handsome face)—I'm afraid I can't do that, madam. In the first place, I'm a Democrat to the backbone.

W. D.—Then have a little more backbone. Break away and become the candidate of my third party.

Owen—No, I'm going to support Jim Cox. Besides, the organization of a third party is no easy matter. It would take a long time to get anywhere with it, and after all the trouble the chances are that it would be no better than the old one cast aside.

W. D.—And you refuse to let us make you President of the United States?

Owen—In that way, yes, most assuredly.

W. D.—Then let your error bear its own fruit! I'm going in for a party that will accord its women delegates the politeness that is due to the sex, in spite of such foolish tyranny as is parliamentary lawk. I believe that woman should not only have all the benefits of suffrage, but the right to yell when she pleases, at any time she pleases, about what she pleases, such bullying chairmen as Joe Robinson to the contrary notwithstanding. I bid you good day, Senator.

Owen—Good day, madam.

(Curtain)

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mrs Hancock Banning of Los Angeles and Mrs. Irving Wright and daughter motored up from Los Angeles last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and family are at Del Monte Lodge. While they were in San Francisco, Mr. Rockefeller was so impressed with its charms that he looked at some residences with a view to having a home here. He also looked over the Havens place in Piedmont, with a similar view.

Messrs. and Mmes. Harry M. Stetson, George W. McNear, W. H. La Boyteaux, Misses Elizabeth and Mary La Boyteaux of N. Y., sojourned at Del Monte over the Fourth.

Mrs. Olga Braslan of San Jose sang a programme of Russian, French and English songs at Del Monte on the 4th, assisted by Mr. Claud Argall and Mr. Thomas Vincent Cator, for the Monterey Missions Restoration fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hervey Pettingell of Los Angeles are spending a few days in the city. Mr. Pettingell is president of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, also vice-president of the board of liberary directors of the L. A. Public Library, and is returning from the convention of the American Library Association, held at Colorado Springs, Colo., where he was sent as a delegate.

Techau Tavern Features

Ofttimes a place is distinguished by virtue of some one outstanding feature, a restaurant by virtue of its good cooking, its matchless service, its soothing music or gaiety of entertainment, but when one finds all these features individually standing out as an authentic attraction of high merit, and when they all, in their entity rank in the topmost standards of public approval, then indeed do they command attention. And so it is at Techau Tavern, the matchless dancing floor, the Techau Tavern dance orchestra, which has earned the sobriquet of "the foremost attraction in the city," while the dainty, alluring artists that compose the ballet and revue would banish the dullest of dull cares from anyone's make-up Saturday afternoons society attends the tea dansants which are so attractive to many that they are becoming a custom, and the lucky dances every evening, featuring Duval's paste rouge in individual containers, Hilson's ladies' toggery orders and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes form a continual round of surprises and amusement.

Casa del Rey

Mrs. Clara W. Scott etnertained a number of friends at her country home near Santa Cruz over the past week-end. Some of the guests were Messrs and Mmes. Murray Vandal, Peter Jurs, Mrs. George Gross and Mr. Richard Towers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alton Somers, who have been spending several weeks at the Casa del Rey, accompanied by their children, and Mrs. Charles Judso and Mrs. Florence Baldwin, are returning to the city shortly for a brief stay, after which they will spend the remaining summer at the Diablo Country Club.

The beach at Santa Cruz, with its hundreds of brilliantly colored umbrellas, resembling a flower garden of huge bright poppies, was never more gay than during the past holidays, when the wonderful weather attracted crowds.

The golf tournament at the Santa Cruz Country Club created much interest, many players coming down from San Francisco to be contestants.

In the ladies' first flight, Miss Lucy Hanchett won from Mrs. F. A. Anderson of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. W. F. Bogart of the California Club won the second flight from Mrs. O. J. Bartlett, also from San Francisco.

Mr. Bob Jones won the gentlemen's tournament from Henry Kron of Santa Cruz.

Dr. W. Waldeyer was the victor in the second flight, winning from Mr. G. H. Mullen of the Olympic Club.

Another diversion was the trips up in aeroplanes and hydroplanes.

Hotel Cecil

Miss Elizabeth Lafitte sailed yesterday for her home in Honolulu after a delightful visit at the Hotel Cecil.

Accompanied by her daughter and her friend, Mrs. H. M. McChesney, Mrs. W. C. McCreery arrived this week from St. Louis.

The noted traveler, N. Golavine, left yesterday for New York. He is planning to sail son for London.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morrow and Mr. J. C. Culberson are recent arrivals from Chicago

Vincent Cook of Portland, Ore., will be at the hotel for several weeks. His wife may join him about the latter part of July.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lane are making their home at the Cecil.

Mr. Alfred Morton returned from a business trip through the southern part of the state, and has joined his wife at the hotel.

Miss Sally Fox and her mother, Mrs. George Lars, are sojourning at the hotel. They have just returned from the Orient.

Del Monte Sports

The next golfing event to attract interest in California will be the California junior championship, which will be held over the historic Del Monte No. I course on July 19th to 22nd. The event is open to boys and girls of sixteen years of age and under; and already a number of promising players have indicated their intention to make entry.

There will be a qualifying round of eighteen holes on Monday, July 19th, and championship flight of eight, and as many additional flights of eight at handicap as there are entries.

There will be one round of match play each day on July 20th, 21st and 22nd.

Ashton Stanley, who won the title last Thanksgiving Day by turning in a creditable round of 88 in the final match against Carlos Hines of San Jose, will be on hand to defend his laurels. Ashton is now fourteen years of age, and is getting in some practice licks in order to be on the top of his game. His best round to date has been an 86, but he has averaged around 93 to 95.

One of the familiar figures in the Independence Day golf tournament at Del Monte was Louis F. Monteagle. He has been a regular in the Del Monte tournament for a number of yeras. Only recently he returned from a trip in the east and showed his gathering of friends at Del Monte that he is still able to swing a club.

Charlie Small, the Olympic Club swimmer, went through his first tournament at Del Monte on July 4th. Charlie had a rather large score of 122 in the qualifying round, but when he learns to approach he will cut down this figure materially. Al Blanc was another beginner in the tournament that showed promise.

Women golfers are still talking about the record first nine in 44 which was accomplished by Miss H. P. Braddock in the qualifying round. Miss Braddock is a southpaw and has only been playing the game for the past year and a half. Critics are stamping her as one of the promising women golfers on the coast.

Elliott Callender, the long-hitting Fresno player, must be reckoned as one of the leading golfers on the coast. In the second round against P. H. Anderson of Stockton, on July 4th, at Del Monte, Callender turned in a card of 72, which is one under par and the best performance of the season this historic course. He negotiated the first five holes in seventeen strokes, 4-4-2-4-3. This three for the 493-yard fifth hole is certainly a wonderful bit of golf.

H. J. Lion of San Jose showed a return to his old form in the Del Monte tournament. He has been a campaigner in golf tournaments on the coast for a number of years and is still playing a sound and sure game.

The U. S. navy was represented in the Del Monte tournament by Lieut. Geisenhoff and Ensign Dowd. The U. S. S. "Arkansas" was in Monterey Bay, and a number of officers and men have recently taken up golf.

John G. Levison, the Presidio southpaw, made a very good showing in the Del Monte tournament. John is not playing as much golf as of old. He has developed into a full-fledged rancher, with his place located near San Jose. He goes out on the course there on occasions, but does not get the steady practice which he did when he was living in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Loser of San Francisco are at Del Monte for a stay of several weeks. The popular young couple have just returned from New York, where they spent their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nares of Fresno, who have taken the Porter Thomas home at Pebble Beach,

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Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.
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The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
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High Class Family Hotel
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"America's Handsomest Cafe"
247 POWELL STREET
Douglas 4700
ENTERTAINMENT EVERY EVENING
ARTISTS' REVUE
DANCING
(Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra)
LUNCHEON DAILY—12:00 to 2:00 P. M.
AFTER THE THEATRE
APPETIZING SUPPERS
DAINTILY SERVED

have been entertaining Miss Kate Hall of Fresno as their guest for the past two weeks.

Miss Helen Foster, a frequent visitor at Del Monte, had her favorite mare "Judy" shipped down from San Francisco by covered motor truck. This is the first time this season that any of the riding horses have been sent down to Del Monte in a private limousine, but "Judy" is a much petted pony. She is a thoroughbred, and Miss Foster is an expert equestrienne. Miss Foster is the daughter of Mr. Walter Foster of Foster & Kleiser.

Del Monte Social Notes

One of the interesting dancing parties in the palm grill at Del Monte was made up of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Langton, Miss Constance C. Hart, Miss Anne D. Peters, Mr. John Gates, all of San Francisco, and Mr. Phil O'Connell of Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, with the latter's fascinating daughter, Miss Frances Ames, who have taken a house in Monterey for the summer, were at a luncheon party at the Del Monte Country Club.

Mrs. H. K. Williams of San Francisco was the guest of honor at a dinner dance at Del Monte Lodge given by her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Loser. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Loser, Mrs. W. L. Ross and Fred Morton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime were hosts at a dinner dance at Del Monte Lodge. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, the Misses Folger, Mr. Bob Miller, Mr. Eric Pedley, Miss Dorothy Johnston and Mr. Jerome H. Kuhn.

Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux, Miss Mary Stewart La Boyteaux and Miss Elizabeth La Boyteaux, Miss Marion Baker and Mr. Gordon Johnson formed a gay group in the palm grill at Del Monte.

Jean St. Cyr of New York gave a delightful dinner party at the Lodge, which was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Vincent, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne and Miss Ysabel Chase.

Prior to the polo match Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins entertained at luncheon Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Mr. Eric Pedley, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. Hugh Drury, Mr. Robert B. Burroughs.

Another interesting dinner dance at the Del Monte Lodge was attended by Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nares, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, Miss Kate Hall and Mr. B. H. Cory.

In the palm grill at Hotel Del Monte, Mr. and Mrs. E. Swift Train, Mrs. John F. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney formed a congenial group at dinner.

At another table were Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Garrott, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker. They were among the spectators, also, at the polo match.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Ryone, Mr. and Mrs. William Houghtaling and Mrs. C. E. Gamage made up another party in the palm grill.

Guests at another party in the grill were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crowley, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Mann and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Haldorn.

Mr. Richard Walton Tully, author and playwright, participated in the golf tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Monteagle and their son, Paige Monteagle, were among those who came down to Del Monte for the week-end.

Others who were at Del Monte over the Fourth were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. David Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hirschman, Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L .Coleman, Jr., Mr. John Levison, Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Beamer, Mr. and Mrs. Chester L. Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Frankenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Mr. J. Le Roy Nickel, Jr., Mr. William Dearborn Clark, Mr. Russell Wilson and Mr. Tallant Tubbs.

Pebble Beach was also a gay center over the holidays, with the residents of the fashionable colony entertaining extensively.

Society at Del Monte

Miss Marie Antoine Field of Monterey, prominent clubwoman and active in social affairs of the peninsula, is one of the untiring workers on the Missions Restoration Committee. A magnificent ball is planned for the latter part of the week.

Interesting visitors at Del Monte are Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Mrs. James G. Blaine (Beryl Whitney), the Thomas Watson Cushings, who will spend the summer at the popular resort; Mr. and Mrs. Donald Packer, a well-young young couple who are spending their honeymoon days enjoying Del Monte's lovely surroundings. They will make their home in Los Angeles. Mrs. Packer was Miss Fern Cook, daughter of Mrs. A. A. Cook of Los Angeles. The Cuyler Lees will spend the summer at Del Monte.

Motorists who made the trip from San Francisco to enjoy the holiday week-end at Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tripler Hutchinson.

The young golf aspirants at Del Monte regret to learn of the possibility of "Togo" Osborne not being able to enter the junior championship, July 19th to 22nd. The Osbornes were guests at Del Monte for a month, indulging in golf on the two courses there.

A dinner party in the palm grill at Del Monte recently was made up of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow and Mrs. J. F. Neville. A party of young folks who enjoyed the dancing included Mrs. Alvah Kaime, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Alena Folger, Miss Dorothy Johnston, the St. Louis belle who has returned to Del Monte, Messrs. Richard Lee, J. H. Kuhn, Byington Ford, Eric Pedley.

Mrs. Arnold P. Gilmore and her charming daughter, Miss Isabel Gilmore of Coronado, took in the Fourth of July celebration at Del Monte.

Mrs. A. S. Gage of San Antonio and her two popular daughters, the Misses Dorothy and Roxana Gage, have been entertained extensively since their arrival at Del Monte. They have been spending the summer months in California for several years past. Miss Dorothy and Miss Roxana Gage are both expert swimmers and are seen often in the Roman plunge.

A number of society people have come from the south to participate in the golf tournament and the social pleasures at Del Monte over the Fourth of July. They include Dr. and Mrs. Stewart J. Fitch, Pasadena; Dr. Julia Morton, Ventura; R. D. Skelley, Riverside; Mr. W. E. Hodges and Mrs. Elsie S. Hodges, Santa Barbara, and Norman F. Barber, Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted B. Wilcox, Jr., of Portland, who have been at Del Monte on their honeymoon for the past two weeks have gone to San Francisco to sail for Honolulu, where they will make an extended stay.

Mrs. George Nickel entertained Mrs. L. A. Nares and Miss Kate Hall at tea at her summer home in Pacific Grove. Mrs. Nickel and her children have taken a house on the Monterey peninsula for the summer, and Mr. Nickel plans to spend much of his time following his favorite pastime of golf over the two splendid courses at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nares are enjoying their stay at the Thomas home, Pebble Beach, where they will be for the summer. The Nares plan to build their own home shortly.

Mrs. H. W. Ohlandt and Miss Olga Broughton, with her two children, Jimmy and Baddie Broughton, were among those who celebrated the Fourth of July at Del Monte. They plan to make a stay of several weeks. Mrs. Ohlandt and Mrs. Broughton are keenly interested in golf.

Ray Baker, Washington's Premier Diplomat

Raymond T. Baker was very much in evidence during the convention. Some of his home town friends in Oakland could scarcely believe that "Ray," who is as merry and genial as ever, is really a very important personage; but nobody

STATEMENT

At the Close of Business June 30, 1920, of the

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL

108 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Member of { Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco / The Federal Reserve System

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$ 4,685,155.49
Bank Premises	514,300.00
Safe Deposit Vaults, Furniture and Fixtures	33,800.00
Real Estate	6,000.00
United States, Municipal and Other Bonds	4,788,990.47
Collateral and Personal Loans	3,491,483.73
Letters of Credit, etc.	472,497.59
CASH ON HAND AND IN BANKS	1,566,129.83
Total Resources	$15,558,357.11

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid in	$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus	275,000.00
Undivided Profits	268,574.16
Contingent Fund	46,112.79
Letters of Credit, etc.	610,273.00
The Federal Reserve Bank	1,391,800.00
DEPOSITS	11,966,597.16
Total Liabilities	$15,558,357.11

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LEON BOCQUERAZ ..... President
J. M. DUPAS ..... Vice-President
J. IRILARRY ..... Asst. Cashier
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begrudges him his success, for he has always been "a nice boy" who gladly went out of his way to help anyone who needed a boost and who has never been known to harm anyone.

In the lobby at the Auditorium, a local politician said of him to a cabinet member: "Well, Ray's the same old Ray. He must be a joke in Washington." "He is such a joke that he has become the best diplomat in Washington. He can walk into the President's room almost any time and will be greeted by 'Hello, Ray!' His good nature and merry way have won him an easy path, but his ability and attention to business keep him in his big job, director of U. S. mints," answered the cabinet minister.

The wealth of his wife, widow of the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt, has not been such a strong factor in Ray's career as might be supposed. Baker's self-earned place in the political world has given his charming wife an entreé to circles whose doors often remains closed when Wealth knocks.

Theirs was a love match. Ray was warden at the Nevada state prison when Mrs. McKim was residing in Reno, and as he had always been a society favorite, he was very popular among the charming society exiles who were sojourning temporarily in Reno. It was rumored at the time that Mrs. McKim would gladly have broken her engagement to Alfred G. Vanderbilt to marry Ray Baker, but Ray was too square a chap to undermine a rival, so she married Vanderbilt, by whom she had two children. When, some years later, Vanderbilt went down with the Lusitania, the stricken wife was inconsolable until she met once more the genial Ray. They are very happy and are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter born very recently at Adler Sanitarium. Mrs. Baker came west to be near her husband's mother, of whom she is very fond.

When Senator Perkins (Ray's brother's father-in-law) had him appointed warden in Nevada, "it was again to laugh." Could any man be more out of place in a prison than gay, jolly Ray Baker, society butterfly? He turned out to be the best warden Nevada ever had and made a superb record there. When he left the penitentiary to assume other duties, the convicts wept and so did he. He had been a ray of sunshine in their dreary lives. His friends say that he is prouder of their affection and trust than of the friendship of cabinet ministers.

The Stage

Orpheum's Lucky Scribe Departs

There is gloom in O'Farrell Street and a shadow in newspaper offices, for Gerald Dillon, best known and most popular press agent of the west, has departed from the Orpheum. He gave his resignation some weeks ago and left for Los Angeles this week, when his successor arrived upon the scene.

Mr. Dillon's connection with the Orpheum dates back some fourteen years, and his skill and newspaper acumen were long responsible for the continuous good advertising of our leading vaudeville theatre before movie houses enticed the easily amused away from the "living stage." For the continuance of floating the Orpheum on the crest of theatrical success, "Jerry's" services will be sadly missed. For, in these days of centralization, the managerial office is supposed to be 100 per cent efficient which can put over publicity without the aid of a skilled press agent. It is, in business parlance, called "expert efficiency," which often results in being "penny wise and found foolish."

In San Francisco, where there is a painful dearth of good theatrical attractions and an oversupply of movies, people for a while will patronize almost any show; but to maintain the name of any certain theatre as a "household word" without the aid of a skilled press agent to bolster it up when its reputation is wilting, that is a feat which efficiency experts must pass up—it comes not within their scope.

It is now not at all a difficult feat to gather in shekels at the box office, to obtain the patronage of the floating multitude. But wise, far-seeing managers, like Flo Ziegfeld, David Belasco, Charles Wagner, Charles Dillingham, never let go their connection with the theatrical pulse, and are careful to employ writers like Gerald Dillon to reach the exclusive clientele, as well as the man in the street who has to go to a theatre to kill time.

There is consternation in publicity departments of many theatres all over the country since the recent convention in New York of the Newspaper Publishers' Association, which passed a resolution to curb the latitude of the press agents, owing to the high cost of labor and paper.

Dillon's Popularity and Technique

Such a man as Gerald Dillon could always get his copy in and the writers were as glad to interview artists at his suggestion as he was delighted to arrange an interview with one whom the writers selected as good copy.

Having been a newspaper writer himself and having also been associated with the Metropolitan Opera House in the palmy days of publicity, during the régimes of Grau and Conreid, Mr. Dillon knows all the tricks of the trade, including the paramount artifice of not deceiving the columns which extend to him their hospitality; he has had the good taste not to sulk when critics refuse to gush over poor shows, remembering their obligation to tell the truth to the public. In his creed of efficiency he knows that a critic is not a press agent, and that as long as a theatrical writer is consulted by confiding readers for guidance he must write what he sees and hears; in that policy only lies expert efficiency for theatre, paper, press agent and writer.

* * *

Orpheum's New Director

The Orpheum's new manager is Mr. Bray from New England, and the methods of his press agent will doubtless differ from "Jerry's." Mr. Dillon, though a native of Australia, is imbued with the spirit of California. He was chosen by great artists coming on western tours to direct their publicity here. The lamented Will Greenbaum leaned on him as a staff in his publicity campaigns for high priced song birds.

The artists who play the Orpheum circuit will miss Mr. Dillon most, for her never lost an opportunity to get them a coveted special write-up. He was welcome through years of unabused confidence in all newspaper offices by the guiding powers there.

Doubtless the inevitable movies will gobble up "Jerry" Dillon, for the extravagant magnates of that industry have a sense of values which places a high estimate upon such rare publicity experts as he is.

One by one our favorite footlight favorites are absorbed in the dumb show, and San Francisco's latest theatrical loss will doubtless soon become a movie propagandist.

Mostly Concerning Inez Ragan

It is always a difficult matter when one queen passes out of a realm where she has reigned with undisputed sway, and we accept another in her place, to be altogether sincere when we bow our heads with becoming reverence and devoutly ejaculate: "The Queen is dead; long live the Queen!" We never know precisely how we are going to like the new incumbent, or whether she will exert her sway with the same wisdom and efficiency we have known and admired in her predecessor. This condition exists just now at the Alcazar Theatre, where the justly adorable and long adored Belle Bennett has accepted a call into another realm and surrendered her throne to a very charming little heiress apparent in the person of Inez Ragan. The first impressions of the succession are altogether encouraging. Miss Ragan is exceedingly pretty, gives every outward indication that she has had sufficient experience to justify her selection as leading woman of the Alcazar, and that is saying a great deal when we remember how greatly the patrons of that delectable place of amusement followed her predecessor through the many changes of her career in the same position. It is not quite obvious to many of these patrons just why the management deems it necessary to employ an actress with an ingénue gurgle who must, in a well organized stock company, be called upon to play every kind of part known to the range of the drama, except on the basis that an ingenue can play a vamp much better than one of those apparently inevitable blemishes of the modern drama can play a sixteen-year-old girl. Proceeding from that basis, I feel quite sure that Inez Ragan is going to be a welcome addition to the Alcazar company. As has been said, she is very pretty, of the pure blonde type, is full of tenderness and sweetness, with plenty of certainty of poise, and her gurgle may be said to be consid-

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The Misses Hannon
368 Sutter St. Phone Kearny 3210
Deliveries by telegraph anywhere on this continent in one hour

ALCAZAR
THIS WEEK—IDEAL ROMANCE
"THE CINDERELLA MAN"
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, JULY 11
New York's Recent Jolly Comedy Hit
"ON THE FIRING LINE"
Comic Exposition of the Servant Problem
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
DUDLEY AYRES—INEZ RAGAN
SUNDAY MATINEE, JULY 18—Special Event
The Greatest of Romantic Comedies
"Peg o' My Heart"
Millions Have Laughed and Cried with Peg
In This Wonderfully Appealing Heart Story
SOON—"THE TAILOR-MADE MAN"
Every Evening—Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat.

erably less grating to the masculine ear than was Belle Bennett's in some of her roles. Her characterization of Marjorie in the rather namby-pamby play of "The Cinderella Man," which was the offering of last week, was satisfactory to a degree, and she really looked and acted like the foolish young person who, disappointed in one lover, projects herself into the attic room of another whom she has never spoken to, and carries a hamper of much-needed food across snow-covered roofs through his window, thereby placing herself, at least technically, liable to arrest for burglary. This is a story difficult of belief, but as Eugene Scribe once wrote; "It is the possible rather than the probable that is most interesting in drama," and anyway, this charming little person made her role seem startlingly real, and furnished us with most encouraging notions that we are going to like her in pretty much everything she may be called upon to play, although, of course, we might not care to see her attempt Camille, the Countess Zieka or Lady Macbeth. It goes without saying that she was much more than adequately supported by the probably best stock company in America. If the new and already established leading man, Dudley Ayres, could have made himself appear a trifle more in need of food as the struggling poet, he would have been an ideal Cinderella Man, but then no one should expect an athlete to shrink himself into the figure of a living skeleton. I like the new comedian, Ben Erway, a little better each time I see him, and as for the other members of the cast, why individualize when it goes without saying that they are bound to be good anyway?

Clay M. Greene.

Charlotte Greenwood Pleases

"Linger Longer Letty" has proven an acceptable medium for the peculiar mannerisms and grotesqueries of its long-limbed star, Charlotte Greenwood. She has quite a fund of personality. Much of it arises from the fact that she has a long stride and a long reach, enabling her to perform a dozen or more stunts beyond the physical scope of a fair-sized ingénue . The production gives musical comedy a home-like touch, with many opportunities for the company, most of which they seem to appreciate.

Alcazar

Its new leading players, Inez Ragan and Dudley Ayres, having scored brilliantly and decisively in "The Cinderella Man" this week, the Alcazar now having the strongest, most artistic acting organization in years. Next Sunday's offering is "On the Hiring Line," George C. Tyler's recent laughing hit. It is by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, very successful collaborators in drama and fiction, who are credited with one of the wittiest, jolliest and most novel comedies of the past New York season. Mrs. Fessenden, ex-actress, does not like the country and drives the servants away, forcing her husband and stepdaughter to do all the work. Fessenden swears he will get servants who will stick. He engages two private detectives, man and wife, to act as butler and cook. They stumble on a proposed elopment and a mysterious love letter and the whole household, including several guests, are plunged into a whirlpool of comic cross-purposes. There is a splendid cast, headed by Dudley Ayres as the distracted householder; Inez Ragan, the actress-stepmother; Jean Oliver and Ben Erway as the young elopers; Brady Kline as a temperamental actor; Rafael Brunetto and Emily Pinter as the flirtatious couple; Al Cunningham and Anna MacNaughton as the detective servants.

"Peg o' My Heart," the most phenomenally successful romantic comedy ever acted in America, will be given for the one week commencing Sunday, July 18th. This is the beginning of a big summer drive of famous plays, one after another in rapid succession.

More Faddist Art

Perhaps it should be called Art Faddism, or Nature Art Convolutions, or something in which the word "art" is employed, because there really is something artisic about it all, despite the uncontrollable indignation of those whose artistic instincts impel them to insist on holding the mirror up to nature. Anyway, there was an exhibition of paintings and sculpture last week in the Italian room of the St. Francis, which many people were heard to say was unquestionably the best of the year. It was apparently given to exploit quite a large number of the startling, daring and incongruous efforts of Leon Baskt to depict nature as she ought to be painted, and not as she really appears to the ordinary eye. The eccentric and gifted Whistler once wrote to the effect that to hold the mirror up to nature meant nothing more nor less than the production of bad art. If this be true, then the exhibition referred to was good art, for nothing in it bore the slightest relation to nature except in so far as their titles declared them to be in the catalogue. Leon Baskt has been startling the world's searchers for something new for some considerable time by these daring and whimsical protests against the right of nature to color her scenes in her own way. He has been hailed as the inspirational apostle of the newer impressionistic school. Such adjectives as "wonderful," "delicious" and "glorious" were heard in commending these paintings last week, but if figures elongated out of all proportion, draperies in colors that bore not the slighest relation to each other and nearly all of them bordering on the wildly grotesque are deserving of these enconiums then the exhibition was a truly great one, and the nature-lover is color blind, has no idea of form and is entitled to no opinion of his own. The works of sculpture displayed were a direct contradiction of this theory, and Haig Patigan and Joseph Mora most likely have been invited to show them as a demonstration of how flat and uninspiring is nature in bronze, marble and plaster, when compared with the idealistic dreamings of imaginary existences, as exemplified by the fantastic exploits of palette and brush.

Most of Patigan's exhibits have been seen and admired before, but the newer ones demonstrate his acceleration of rapid strides toward perfection in showing that nature is worth while reproducing without alteration, and his pediment for the new Metropolitan Life Insurance Building is a shining example of this advancement. Mora's well known and daring accuracies in presuming to reproduce nature as he sees it are again exemplified in his cowboys and Indians in bronze, and one day some one is going to prove that they are as good as Remington's and quite as valuable. And Remington, too, copied nature.

A STEP-SON OF KNOWLEDGE

By S. Weir Mitchell

Once, at night, the Caliph, having lost his way, said to one standing where the roads divide, "I have lost my way." Cried the stranger, "How canst thou lost what thou hast never owned?" Then, seeing that he to whom he spake was ill at ease, he added, "Be not dismayed. As is the pig, so is the pearl. Allah hath made both. What one man loses another finds. Thy grandson may be fortunate."

"Oh dervish, quickener of the soul," said Haroun, "I have found in thy mouth knowledge, but it does not help me to reach home; for, truly, to ask and to get are not as one, and kibobs of rubies fill not the empty belly."

"Thou art wise with such wisdom as is feeble in the knees," cried the stranger. "Thou hast a vain desire to get somewhere. Better is it never to arrive than to sit on the throne of satisfaction. In the bazaar of the philosophies are no divans."

"Alack," said the Caliph, "I am neither a pig nor a pearl," and went his way.

Nobody believes in the lockout system if he has forgotten his latchkey.

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified, that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of CHARLES F. HANLON, rooms 501-504 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator of the Estate of
WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, June 29th, 1920. 7-3-5

NOTICE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, the undersigned, EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and designation of PACIFIC COAST PIANO REPAIR SHOP; that the principal place of business carried on under the said fictitious name is at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that I am the sole owner of the said business; that my full name is Edward E. Schroeder, and my place of residence is No. 36 Steiner Street, San Francisco, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 29th day of May, 1920.

EDWARD E. SCHROEDER.

Endorsed: No. 5102.
Filed June 4th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of June, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, known to me to be the person described in, whose name is subscribed to and who executed the annexed instrument and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

My Commission expires April 4, 1922.
Rooms 206-7, Humboldt Bank Building.
Phone Douglas 2324. 7-3-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Now that politics has taken a back seat, for the time being at least, and with the July holidays out of the way, the market will be governed more by the news from week to week.

Wall Street traders are outspoken in their belief that the Republican party has nothing to fear this coming November, and it is only a question of how big a majority the Republican ticket will receive. Traders who bought stocks last week did so with this idea in mind, and were forecasting a pre-election boom that would discount the election of the Republican candidate.

One of the principal bear traders in an interview said the market, in his opinion, had been sold to a standstill and that, no matter how bearish the news was from day to day, the market failed to decline. This would indicate that far-seeing speculators were picking up stocks whenever they were to be had without going through the formality of bidding for them. That there is a large short interest in the market is indicated by the demand for stocks in the loan crowd.

Money rates were tight, with call money as high as 16 per cent, but even these high rates did not bring about any decline. The high rates were considered only temporary, inasmuch as July 1st is the date on which the largest distribution of dividends and interest on bonds is made, and it will take but a few days for this money to get back to the banks, which should mean another period of easy money, and this is why the high rates caused no alarm. Then, too, there is considerable gold on the way from England, which should arrive the coming week, as well as some ten million that was received from the Orient the past week.

The railroad situation commands attention, and every now and then something in the way of new troubles on some of the eastern lines makes its appearance. The satisfactory settlement of the question of railroad wages will depend, to a large extent, upon the attitude of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the matter of rates; and heavy increases in rates will naturally be reflected in commodity prices, but the market has evidently already discounted the prospective advance in rail rates. In the event that wage grants are liberal, rate advances will have to be liberal also, but it is felt that labor is assuming a more intelligent attitude toward wage increases and will not insist upon unreasonable increases. The situation is already showing some improvement and reports from various sections of the country indicated that conditions were rapidly approaching something like normal.

The steel trade is being constantly handicapped by these intermittent strikes, and were it not for these labor troubles this industry would be working at nearly capacity, as all the big steel corporations report large unfilled tonnage on their books.

The domestic situation is improving in every direction, except in that of the railroads, and if a settlement could be brought about there at an early date, things ought to get better all around. Of course, the banks will not tolerate a big bull market, but it is to be doubted if they will refuse to help a reasonable movement tending to discount the indicated improvement.

One of the greatest factors in the market is the crops, and with the season practically half over, indications would point to an abundance of all kinds of grain and fodder crops. Winter wheat is being harvested throughout the entire belt and promises a much larger yield than a month ago, with the spring wheat crop in almost perfect condition. Corn will be a bumper crop if present indications are fulfilled, and while the cotton crop is a trifle short, yet conditions are improving and it is just possible that when harvest time approaches the crop will have made up its early loss.

At any rate, there seems to be tonnage enough for the railroads to last them well into the coming year, and there will be no such thing as idle cars. In fact, the railroads are on the eve of a very prosperous period and, with labor trouble at a minimum, this class of securities should be the leaders in a market that has all the earmarks of a big,broad affair that is just getting started from a level that looks very attractive.

Cotton—With more favorable weather conditions throughout the belt and the government figures showing a condiition of 70.7 as of June 25th against a general expectation of around 68, the cotton market was at the mercy of the bear trader, with a consequent loss in price.

Weather reports from all over the belt show a big improvement, and while there was the boll weevil to fall back on, the bulls could not muster enough courage from the news to make any headway. Boll weevil are said to be numerous throughout the stricken territory, as well as in some new sections of the belt hitherto unknown before, which would indicate that this pest is gradually finding his way into new territory. The weather the past week has been against any increase in the pest, and it was generally clear and hot throughout the entire belt, and this pest does not thrive on sunshine.

Conditions abroad have also aided the bears. Manchester reported uneasiness amongst the big mill owners as to the immediate future, as cancellations of orders are becoming more numerous and, in addition to this, many old orders are being completed, making the probability of part time operations in the near future more likely.

The rapid decline in silver has also affected the purchasing power of the Far East. Statistics are becoming more bearish. The carry-over this year is estimated at around six and one-half million bales, which, added to the linters and even the average estimate of this year's crop, will furnish around eighteen million bales of cotton for this year's consumption. Of course, a large part of this cotton will be of low grade, which will not play much part in determining prices on high grade cotton; but low grade cotton is more or less a drag on the market and the carry-over of this part of the crop does not mean as much as the figures would indicate, but it will have a sentimental effect upon the market as long as it is included in cotton statistics.

On the whole, the market looks more favorable for the short seller, especially so with the continuation of favorable weather. Usually we have hot, dry weather to contend with in July and August, with no moisture. This year the ground is well soaked and a period of hot, dry weather is just the kind of weather we want, as cotton is a hot weather plant, and with plenty of moisture as a base there is no reason why hot, sunshiny weather will not do its part in producing a crop well above present indications, regardless of the boll weevil pest.

A Kentish widow is the latest to project her soul into space and bring back a description of the hereafter. One of the things she says about it is that people are allowed to smoke over there. We had always supposed so.—Corvallis Daily Gazette Times.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON GUARDIAN'S APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
Department No. 10, Probate. No. 16330.
In the Matter of the Estates and Guardianship of FELICE BORRONO and GIULIO BORRONO, Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed herein by MARIA LEONARDINI, formerly MARIA BORRONO, the guardian of the persons and estates of FELICE BORRONO and GIULIO BORRONO, Minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards, on the ground that the sale thereof would be beneficial to said wards and for the best interests of their estate;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court on Monday, the 19th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day ,in the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall (Civic Center), of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing, in the TOWN TALK, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, June 21st, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, June 21, 1920
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardians,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-4

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.

JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 107476. Dept. No. 9.
In the Matter of the Application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, to Dissolve.

NOTICE is hereby given that the application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Monday, the 26th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE is hereby given that before said hearing any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of June. 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS L. ASHE,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. NOLAN. DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
No. 21,950. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, also called W. H. NOLAN, Deceased.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT, MARY SHEA, M. J. CALNAN, CATHERINE MILAN, and Estate of Catherine Milan, MARY B. NOLAN, sometimes known as MINNIE C. NOLAN, MARY B. FENT and GLADYS FENT.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that WALTER E. DORN, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, petitioner herein, has filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit: the estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is an heir at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on or about the 16th day of December, 1916, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State of California, consisting of real and personal property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of money, solely.

That a petition for letters of administration was heretofore filed in the above entitled court by WILLIAM J. HYNES, Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES was, by a judgment of said court duly given and made on the 26th day of December, 1916, appointed administrator of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased; that thereafter, to wit: on the said 26th day of December, 1916, the said WILLIAM J. HYNES qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court, and that the said WILLIAM J. HYNES ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting daministrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said WILLIAM J. HYNES administrator of the estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate; and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That, as petitioner is informed and believes and so alleges, the said intestate, WILLIAM H. NOLAN, did not leave surviving him any issue, nor wife, nor descendant, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, and that CATHERINE MILAN was the next of kin of said deceased and that the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased WILLIAM H. NOLAN.

That subsequent to the death of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, CATHERINE MILAN died in the City of Bangor, County of Penobscot, State of Maine, leaving a Last Will and Testament, and that in said Last Will and Testament THOMAS J. MILAN, son of said CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was named executor and a legatee.

That thereafter, to wit: on or about the 26th day of March, 1920, a petition for Letters of Administration with the Will Annexed in the matter of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, was filed in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, No. 29,247, wherein your petitioner herein was petitioner, and that thereafter, after due and proper proceedings had and taken in the matter of said estate your petitioner, WALTER E. DORN, was duly and regularly appointed Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that thereafter, to-wit: on the 17th day of April, 1920, said WALTER E. DORN duly and regularly qualified as such Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration were issued to said WALTER E. DORN on the 19th day of April, 1920, and that said WALTER E. DORN now is and ever since has been the duly and regularly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, and that said Letters of Administration have never been set aside, revoked or annulled.

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate except JOHN H. LENNON, FRANK LENNON, FANNIE LA POINT and MARY SHEA, and that the said estate of CATHERINE MILAN, Deceased, is the only claimant to said estate or any part thereof, who has appeared herein, so far as known to your petitioner.

And that this petitioner prays the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests herein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the court has made an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate, and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said WILLIAM H NOLAN, Deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 30th day of April, 1920, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the court fixed Wednsday, the 7th day of July, 1920, as the day and the time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City andf County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased.

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein, do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court, and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then, that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heiship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said WILLIAM H. NOLAN, Deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for the Administrator of the
Estate of Catherine Milan, Deceased,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed filed, April 30, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
5-8-10

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the young mother, happily; "the baby can walk!" "Good for him!" returned the cruel father. "Then he can walk the floor himself at night."

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